For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

213509

213503

M 17 51
BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JULY
1957 • 35

THE MAGAZINE
WOMEN
BELIEVE IN



WORLD'S
MOST FABULOUS
JEWELS
WHO OWNS THEM?

CRISTINE'S CHILDREN—NOVELLA COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

CAPTIVE—BEGINNING 2-PART SUSPENSE THRILLER

CAMPUS LOVE AND MARRIAGE IN WISCO

BEAUTY SECRETS BY DAWN CROWELL NORMAN—16 NEW IDEAS FO

JUN 59 NO
CALIF
BURLINGAME
BURLINGAME PUB LIBR

NOT A WHISPER OF BAD BREATH WITH NEW IPANA

...its distinct taste tells you so



- New Ipana® Tooth Paste with germ-killing WD-9 prevents bad breath. Use it regularly. Ipana's distinct taste and refreshing after-taste tell you it cleans your entire mouth.
- Ipana with WD-9 actually has twice the decay-germ killing power of any other leading tooth paste. So it can help your children fight tooth decay effectively, too.

Product of Bristol-Myers



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



8 ounces $1.00

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

When you buy a shampoo, keep in mind one thought – the condition of your hair. It is either dry, oily or normal. For each of these hair conditions, there is a different Breck Shampoo. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. You will enjoy using a Breck Shampoo because it is mild and gentle in action and not drying to the hair. The Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition leaves your hair clean, soft and beautiful.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.

Copyright 1957 by John H. Breck Inc.

JOHN H BRECK INC • MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS • SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETT
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • OTTAWA CANAD

Ladies' Home Journal

CONTENTS

JULY, 1957

VOL. LXXIV NO. 7

JOURNALITIES





The Gordons

For anyone who's interested in how writing teams collaborate, we quote MILDRED and GORDON GORDON (*Captive*, p. 42): "People think we must have battles royal, but we don't. In talking we come up with ideas neither of us would have had singly; see pitfalls and mistakes we probably wouldn't spot alone. We start with an interesting character or background, and after we get the outline down on paper we decide who is going to write what. Every few days we exchange pages—and blue-pencil out everything good that the other has done." Mrs. Gordon adds that every morning her husband has to lock her in the den of their Spanish-style home in Sherman Oaks, California—otherwise she'd be painting the garage or repairing the roof instead of writing. She still can't get over the fact that her husband worked with the FBI on counterespionage during the war. "He's blind as a mole around the house," she says. "But maybe looking for spies isn't as difficult as looking for cuff links."



Lucy Cores

From Larchmont, New York, LUCY CORES writes that in private life she is Mrs. Emil Kortchmar, with a husband, sons Michael and Daniel, a dog named Pooching Arfie, and Eliza the cat. *Cristine's Children* (p.44) is her first appearance in the JOURNAL, but she also has to her credit a number of short stories and four books. Her sons, she tells us, are most understanding about the inroads writing makes upon a mother's time. In fact, one day they turned up with a literary effort of their own, entitled Metamorphosis:

I met a morphosis one day,
I simply looked the other way.

Future writers? Well, right now they're far more interested in sailing and swimming on the annual family trip to Martha's Vineyard.



Abbot Mills

Oregonian ABBOT MILLS, who wrote and photographed *Campus Romance* (p. 109), ought to be an authority on the subject—he was a student at Pomona College in California when he met and married a Scripps College girl named Jody, whom he describes as "wonderful, sweet, tender, understanding, beautiful, and a great comfort to me in my old age." After college Abbot spent two years as a newspaper reporter, and has free-lanced as a magazine photographer. One of these free-lance jobs (photographing his sister and her family in Montana for a How America Lives story) led to a position on the JOURNAL staff as photographer and assistant to the picture editor. Now Abbot has (besides the beautiful wife) three children, a fourth on the way, and a new house in Connecticut—rather a lot to comfort him, we think, at the old age of thirty.

Printed in U.S.A.

Novelette Complete in This Issue

CRISTINE'S CHILDREN, *Lucy Cores* . 44

Stories

CAPTIVE (First part of two), *The Gordons* . 42
THE LITTLEST ONE, *Marjorie Dann* . 48
THE DURABLE FIRE (Conclusion), *Howard Swiggett* . 52
DAUGHTER OF KINGS, *Lesley Conger* . 62

Special Features

THE BANISHMENT OF ANXIETY, *Dorothy Thompson* . 11
NEW BABY—RIVAL OR RESPONSIBILITY?, *Benjamin Spock, M.D.* . 16
OVER 60 AND LOOKING FOR A JOB? . 31
TIME TO MAKE A FRESH START, *Margaret Hickey* . 31
THE WORLD'S MOST FABULOUS JEWELS, *Peter Briggs and Margaret Parton* . 46
YOUR TOWN CAN STOP RHEUMATIC FEVER, *Ronald M. Deutsch* . 60
HOW AMERICA LIVES: CAMPUS ROMANCE, *Abbot Mills* . 109
WILLIAM MAKES GOOD, *Polly Toland* . 121
WHAT JEWELS MEAN . 136

General Features

OUR READERS WRITE US . 4
DIARY OF DOMESTICITY, *Gladys Taber* . 25
UNDER COVER, *Bernardine Kielty* . 28
THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE, *Harlan Miller* . 34
"DON'T HUSBANDS HAVE ANY RESPONSIBILITY?," *Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D.* . 36
FIFTY YEARS AGO . JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN . 41
ASK ANY WOMAN, *Marcelene Cox* . 96
REFERENCE LIBRARY . 99
THIS IS A RING LEAVER, *Munro Leaf* . 100

Fashion and Beauty

PRETTY DAUGHTERS OF FAMOUS FATHERS, *Wilhela Cushman* . 56
BLACK AND WHITE . . . BUT BRIGHT WITH COLOR, *Nora O'Leary* . 58
LOVED YOUR LETTER!, *Dawn Crowell Norman* . 61
HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING, *Bet Hart* . 90

Food and Homemaking

SUMMER DIET PLATES . 64
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS: FRUIT DESSERTS . 66
POTPOURRI, *Marie Ross* . 76
MEMO TO FREEZER USERS, *Margaret Davidson* . 82
COOLERS TALL AND FROSTY . 116
COOL COOKING WITH PLUG-INS, *Margaret Davidson* . 122
SUMMER SHELF MAGIC, *Nancy Crawford Wood* . 132

Architecture, and Interior Decoration

GARDEN FLOWERS THE YEAR ROUND . 50
THE 1782 DUTTON HOUSE, *Richard Pratt* . 54
PREFAB HOUSE TO BUY IN PARTS, *Carol L. Crane* . 102

Poems

SUBURBAN SONG, *Marjorie Lederer Lee* . 71
WIFE, *Eva Sparks Taylor* . 80
INLAND, *Jean Todd Freeman* . 88
THE BIGGEST THING, *Georgie Starbuck Galbraith* . 129
INVITATION, *Susan Moira Mok* . 135

Cover: Mark Shaw, Photographer
Tina S. Fredericks, Picture Editor

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

At least 30 days before a change is to take effect please send your complete name, new address and a mailing label from a recent issue. If this is not possible, write out your old address and send it with the new one, including zone number. Address the Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide necessary postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Ladies' Home Journal, © 1957 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published on last Friday of month preceding date by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada—1 Yr., $3.50; 2 Yrs., $6; 3 Yrs., $8.50; 4 Yrs., $11. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $4. All other countries—1 Yr., $7. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U. S. payable in U. S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company. Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Richard Ziesing, Jr., Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of Ladies' Home Journal. The Company also publishes The Saturday Evening Post, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.



"How we use Murine to rest our eyes"

MRS. JIM PIERSALL

and daughter, Eileen, family of baseball star, Jim Piersall

"I use Murine to rest my eyes after reading or sewing, and I've taught Eileen to use Murine to 'wash', not rub, playground dust out of her eyes," says Mrs. Jim Piersall. Use Murine to relieve *your* eyes of that gritty or tired feeling. It's so gentle and soothing. Makes your eyes feel clean and rested again. Get Murine now with new, *unbreakable* dropper.

MURINE
*for your eyes**



The Murine Co., Inc.
Chicago, U.S.A.
*Trademarks Reg.
U.S. Pat. Off.



For weight watchers... new low-calorie **D-ZERTA GELATIN**

Now weight watchers can have dessert—sweet *low-calorie* D-Zerta Gelatin. It contains no sugar but is so delicious and refreshing the whole family will enjoy it. Makes wonderful salads—try all 6 flavors.

D-Zerta Pudding is made without sugar, too, but it has all the goodness of America's best-liked puddings. Comes in 3 flavors—*Vanilla, Chocolate and Butterscotch.*

D-Zerta and Jell-O are registered trade-marks of General Foods.

Compare the calories in one serving	
Strawberry Shortcake *(without cream)*	399
Peach ice cream	280
1 oatmeal cookie	114
D-ZERTA PUDDING *(with nonfat milk)*	54
D-ZERTA GELATIN *(all 6 flavors)*	12



Made by the makers of JELL-O desserts...so you know it's good!

Our READERS WRITE US

Katy Grows Up

Long Island, New York

Dear Editors: Katy has grown to be a very friendly young lady. She's friendly sometimes to the point of being obnoxious, like going up to our youngsters' beds and waking them by her loud purring and kneading. I think her kittenish pranks annoy our other cats too!

Katy is extremely fond of our kids—and they of her. The girl in this picture is my daughter, Maria. Cordially,

WALTER CHANDOHA


CHANDOHA

Friendly young ladies.

▶ *When Katy, as a kitten, appeared on the March Journal About Town page, she received so much fan mail that we made up a limited number of photographic reproductions of the original picture. These prints are matted on heavy paper, 8"x10", and may be purchased for $3 from Photographic Dept., Curtis Publishing Co., Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. If any reader is not completely satisfied, we will be happy to refund her purchase price. ED.*

Smart Cooky

Pineville, Louisiana

Dear Editors: We have at our house: a hamster; a baby; and a seven-year-old boy who:

1—discovered catchup at an early age;
2—feels that way about spinach, broccoli, carrots, asparagus, peas, string beans, Lima beans, etc, etc.;
3—is allergic to all other foods;
4—reads comic books in the dark;
5—has a room I "rake" every week;
6—when I shout at him "punishes me" by not letting me see his school papers that week—or month.

Thank heavens I am the only one in the family who knows the recipe for brownies. Have you any other recipes I can use? Please advise. Most sincerely,

LOIS W. BRANTON

From Another English Friend

London, England

Dear Editors: I am absolutely disgusted with the letter from Marguerite Budd, of North Wales (April JOURNAL), and I would not like your readers to think she speaks for the majority. She doesn't. Most of us here are deeply grateful for what we sincerely hope is a deep and abiding friendship between our two countries. As in all friendships, no doubt there must be differences of opinion from time to time, but with mutual trust and understanding these breaches can be healed. We owe a very great deal to the U.S., and I speak for many people when I say that I am thankful for the sight of U.S.A.F. planes in British skies.

As the widow of an American pilot who died fighting the war which (according to Miss Budd) England had already won, I wonder if she has any idea how long this country could have gone on fighting if it had not been for American lend-lease?

Sincerely,

LAURA KLOCK

▶ *Miss Budd's criticism of U. S. foreign policy has filled our mailbags with protests from both here and abroad. ED.*

Note to Doctors

Hatboro, Pennsylvania

Dear Sirs: I am entering menopause and am bewildered and shocked by the attitude of doctors. I have never before had any of the aches, pains and reactions to people that I am having now; but when I have asked questions regarding my health and mind, two gynecologists and our family physician have smiled indulgently and said, "After all, you're forty-four—your body is going through changes." *What* changes? If my pituitary or adrenal or thyroid gland is unbalanced (I got this information out of a book at the library), I'd like to have something done about it!

Why is the menopause treated as if the less we know about it, the better? I am a semi-invalid, and it irks me no end. Women do not become weepy and anxious because they want to be—and why should a whole family suffer because the mother is irritable, nervous, achy and confused?

Sincerely,

"JUST 44"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Rebuttal From Russia

From the Literary Gazette, Moscow

by O. Vasiliev

"'We Saw How Russians Live'—Under this title the editors of the American magazine, Ladies' Home Journal, Bruce and Beatrice Gould, published in their February number their impressions of their four weeks' stay in the Soviet Union.

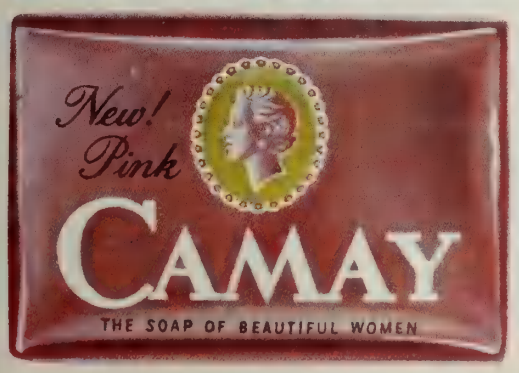
"Full of prejudice and hate for the Soviet Union, they came to our country to find some traces of 'dissatisfaction,' unknown to anyone, in Soviet society. Not finding anything of the kind among us, upon their return they published hackneyed and tired anti-Soviet polemics ——"

▶ *Come, come, Mr. Vasiliev. How about your Mr. Khrushchev's irate threats to Soviet students that if they didn't stop voicing their "dissatisfaction" they would be thrown out of the universities and ordered off to work as common laborers, where they'd soon learn to appreciate the joys of living in the Soviet Union?*

We are informed that the Literary Gazette has seldom heretofore bothered to rebut a traveler's report on how Russians live. One of these days we hope to visit Russia again and see how they've improved. ED.

New and lavish PINK CAMAY





Probably the most lavish soap
that ever pampered your skin
(yet costs no more than ordinary soaps)

Kept fresh and fragrant in Pink Pearl foil

© The Procter & Gamble Co.

20th CENTURY-FOX presents
CARY GRANT
and
DEBORAH KERR in Leo McCarey's
AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER
CINEMASCOPE COLOR by DELUXE



Produced by JERRY WALD · Directed by LEO McCAREY
Screenplay by DELMER DAVES and LEO McCAREY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

What Can Parents Do?

Somewhere in the U.S.

Dear Editors: I am writing about the child modern society has given the dubious title, "The emotionally disturbed child."

My husband and I are in the "middle-class" income bracket, and we have four perfectly normal children, and one, a boy, who is definitely "different." He is now twelve years old, and for the past three years has been refused admittance to the public schools here. We have been sent to one agency after another, and the boy has also been in a Methodist children's home. (They returned him to us after a year, saying he was a disturbing influence.) He steals, destroys other people's property, and is very noisy and restless. Although he receives four hours' tutorage weekly, the amount our local board of education thinks is enough to satisfy his needs, his education on how to get along in society is very neglected.

I understand there are many children like him here in America. Can anyone shed any light on this subject?

Yours truly,
Name withheld

National Disgrace

San Diego, California

Dear Editors: We read constantly of the physical unfitness of our future mothers, but nothing is done about it. There are boys' clubs, Little League associations, Big Brothers, and numerous other programs to build up the boys; but girls are expected to sit quietly at home. Even the much burdened Y.W.C.A. costs twice as much for girls as the Y.M.C.A. does for boys, with half the activities offered.

It is a national disgrace and even the President has asked that something be done about it. Healthy, busy girls are just as important as boys and just as unlikely to get into trouble. Can't something be done?

Yours,
MRS. V. DALE ALLEN

Who, Me?

St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Mr. Gould: I am highly complimented by the article in the April JOURNAL, in which your author numbers me among the ten richest men in America today.

Unfortunately, however, I am not in this class at all. Your author must have confused my so-called "wealth" with the gross sales of our company, Anheuser-Busch, Inc., which are slightly in excess of $278,000,000 before taxes. In no other way can I account for the figures which have been used.

As a matter of fact, I hardly know where to begin in setting the record straight. In the first place, the total net worth of Anheuser-Busch is approximately $120,000,000; and secondly, the company is owned by approximately 18,000 shareholders.

I am honored to be president of Anheuser-Busch, but I personally am only one of the smaller minority stockholders. Contrary to the author's statement, no individual owns a majority of stock in Anheuser-Busch.

As to Grant's Farm, it is an area of great historic significance. It is owned by Mrs. August A. Busch, Sr., my mother, and, by an arrangement with Anheuser-Busch, Inc., the grounds are made available to and for the enjoyment of the public. Last year, about 80,000 persons made tours of the area. This year, from the requests we already have, it appears that over 100,000 persons may visit Grant's Farm by courtesy of Anheuser-Busch.

Nor am I, as your author states, the "owner" of the St. Louis Cardinals. I am the president of the Cardinals, but the club is also owned by Anheuser-Busch, Inc., and the purchase was approved by the stockholders on March 10, 1953.

For your information, we have never entertained 11,000 persons at Grant's Farm at one time, as your author states. This is a physical impossibility. Anheuser-Busch, Inc., did invite that many customers to visit Grant's Farm and, as I recall it, it took about ten days to accommodate this group.

However, I do appreciate the nice compliment paid my wife and family, although I might add that I find it impossible these days to indulge in many of the sports I am credited with enjoying.

As I said earlier in my letter, I am highly complimented to be numbered among such distinguished Americans as your author places me, but I am sorry I don't qualify by about 250,000,000%!

Not wishing to parade under false colors, I thought the record should be set straight.

Sincerely,
AUGUST A. BUSCH, JR.

Bright Spots From Hungary

New York City

Dear Mrs. Gould: "Children are one of the bright spots in Russia," you say in your account of how the Russians live. As I read this, I thought of the three bright spots from Hungary in our nursery—Miklos, Attila and Susanna.

These children arrived in time for our 1956 Christmas party and have been a day-by-day pleasure since. I'm not sure now what I expected of them; perhaps that they might be bewildered, easily frightened or maybe cowed and withdrawn—but that's not the way it is. They get into and use all the materials, the blocks and trucks, painting and woodwork. They "belong" to the group even though their English is confined to "Good morning," "tie my shoes," "yes," "no." Their willingness to do chores that most of our youngsters avoid or put off (folding a blanket after rest time, replacing materials on shelves) is truly amazing.



Susanna, Miklos, Attila.

Susy really doesn't belong in the five-year-old group with Attila, her brother, or with Miklos, a child of another escapee family. She is not yet even four. But she asks no privileges for her youth. Often she will cock her little head and stand still as still—watching the teacher to find some clue as to what is expected of her. Or I look at stalwart Attila manipulating a train through a tunnel of blocks and wonder about the terror he must have felt when he became separated from his family on their way to the border of Austria. He looks so untouched by anxiety now. I watch Miklos, sweet and bright, and remember that though he is playing with his toys now as though they were his God-given right, he had none in Hungary.

I think these are bright spots in our nursery more because of the joy they are giving us rather than the satisfaction of what we may be doing for them.

Sincerely,
MARJORIE R. MIDDLETON
Director, Winifred Wheeler Day Nursery

It Burns Me Up!

If the manufacturers of wash dresses insist on adding shoulder pads, why aren't they made so they will wash without getting all bunchy?

D.M.
Analomink, Pennsylvania

Whatever happened to old-style slacks with the loose leg? Those tapered pants don't look good on everybody (they look like Dutchboy knickers on me) so garment makers, please note!

GENE ELLIS
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Why are T shirts cut so that they get wider after each wash? If they were cut to stretch vertically they would not be useless so soon, especially for a growing child or long-waisted adult.

MRS. OTTO HOFMANN
Austin, Texas

3 good old-fashioned reasons you'll be glad

Del Monte means Freestones, too!



discover these different Del Monte Peaches

—the ragged-centered, tender peach with the wonderful old-fashioned flavor.

You've never tasted peaches so perfect for juicy, old-fashioned shortcakes as DEL MONTE Freestones. And just wait till you've had these different peaches drenched with cream—or in a warm, fragrant cobbler—or peach sundae.

Yes, the same special genius for peaches that has made DEL MONTE the world's favorite Cling Peach brand brings you the very finest Freestones, too. DEL MONTE Freestones are the real "back-home" kind—delightfully soft and tender, brimming with juice and summery sweet-tart flavor.

More and more grocers have these exciting peaches now. You'll find them right nearby your old familiar friends, DEL MONTE Cling Peaches. Wouldn't it be fun to surprise *your* family with DEL MONTE Brand Freestone Peaches tonight?





More grown-ups and growing-ups
depend on Mum than on any other deodorant

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

New MUM stops odor...without irritation

So safe for any normal skin you can use it every day

If you've ever worried about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily or right after shaving or a hot bath—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum Cream is so gentle and safe for normal skin, you can use it whenever you please, as often as you please.

Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection that you can't possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because new Mum Cream works in a completely different way. It's easy to understand why.

Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor...contains no astringent aluminum salts. And it keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day. When Mum is so effective—yet so safe—isn't it the deodorant for *you?*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING CERTIFIED

WON'T DAMAGE CLOTHES

MUM® stops odor 24 hours a day with M-3

(bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene)

OUR 30th ANNIVERSARY OFFER TO NEW MEMBERS!

Any 3 OF THESE FINE BOOKS ($2.00)

(value up to $35.00 in publishers' editions) *Yours for only* $2.00

when you join the Literary Guild and agree to take as few as 4 selections during the coming twelve months



THE Literary Guild wants you to share in this 30th Anniversary celebration by accepting the most generous offer in its history. Yes, you may choose any 3 of the wonderful books shown on this page for only $2.00 (value up to $35.00 in pub. editions) — *and you will also receive,* FREE, the 2-volume edition of "Stories to Remember", selected by Thomas B. Costain and John Beecroft (pub. ed., $7.50), as your first Bonus Book in advance.

For 30 years the Guild has brought to its members the finest new books by such outstanding authors as W. Somerset Maugham, A. J. Cronin, Robert Penn Warren, Thomas B. Costain, Samuel Shellabarger, John P. Marquand, Pearl S. Buck, Anya Seton, James Hilton, Daphne Du Maurier and many others. Practically every Guild selection has become a national best seller, and many of them have been made into smash hit movies! But the greatest tribute to the fine type of reading enjoyment members have received is the fact that more than five million people have joined.

HOW THE GUILD OPERATES. Why don't you join the Literary Guild now — while this 30th Anniversary offer is in effect? As a member you will receive each month your copy of "Wings", the Guild's beautifully illustrated magazine which reviews the forthcoming Guild selection. You may choose either the regular Guild selection or an alternate selection from among the many described. But you need not accept a book each month — only four during the coming year. With every fourth book thereafter, you will receive a valuable Bonus Book FREE.

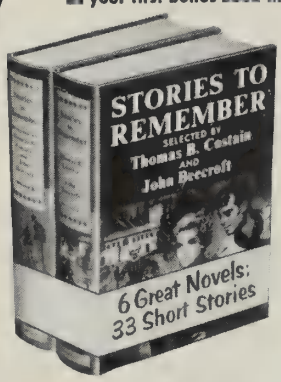
Even though Literary Guild selections are priced at $3.50, $3.75 or even $4.00 in the publishers' editions — as a member you get them for only $2.00 each, plus shipping. (Occasional extra-value selections at somewhat higher prices.) And you get them as soon as they are published!

MAIL COUPON NOW! Take advantage of this generous offer while you can get 3 of the books illustrated here for only $2.00, *plus* "Stories to Remember" as your FREE Bonus in advance. Send no money. If not satisfied, you may return the books within 7 days and owe nothing, or pay $2.00 and become a Guild member on a trial basis. Mail coupon now!

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., Publishers, Garden City, N. Y.

Plus

THIS 2-VOLUME SET OF "STORIES TO REMEMBER" **FREE** as your first bonus book in advance!



- Two beautiful volumes!
- 60 illustrations!
- 832 pages!
- Pub. edition, $7.50

Guild members regularly receive a Bonus Book as a reward for each four selections they accept. However, under this Anniversary offer, you will receive this wonderful 2-volume set as your first Bonus Book *in advance.* It will be sent to you in the same package with the 3 other books you select from this page.

CHOOSE THE 3 BOOKS YOU WANT AND MAIL COUPON NOW

AMY VANDERBILT'S COMPLETE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE. Your way to be socially correct always, by America's foremost authority. 704 fact-crammed pages! Pub. edition, $5.50.

AROUND THE U. S. A. IN 1,000 PICTURES. *Ed. by Runyon & Bergane.* All 48 states (in a new edition) *and* 10 world "tours" in 2,000 photos! 2 vols. Orig. pub. at $15.00.

BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. 13th Edition. New, completely revised version of America's indispensable reference book! Nearly 113,500 index entries! Pub. ed., $10.00.

THE BIBLE IN STORY AND PICTURES. 75 inspiring stories from the Old and New Testaments. 80 illustrations, 8 paintings, 193 photos! 512 pages, 2 vols. Pub. ed., $7.95.

The Complete Short Stories of MARK TWAIN. *Ed. by Charles Neider.* For the first time — all 30 of Twain's delightful stories collected in 1 big volume! 704 pages. Pub. edition, $3.95.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF COOKING *by Meta Given.* Brand-new approach to cooking! Plans meals, guides shopping; 2,000 recipes, hundreds of pictures! 2 vols. Pub. edition, $10.00.

THE FAMILY TREASURY OF CHILDREN'S STORIES. *Ed. by P. R. Evans.* A fine library of favorite stories and poems for ages 2 to 14. 250 pictures, 1024 pages. 3 vols. Pub. ed., $7.50.

HAMMOND'S ILLUSTRATED TRAVEL GUIDE *by Dr. E. J. Jordan.* Thrilling new scenic guide to the most beautiful spots in the U.S.! 151 color photos, 64 color maps. Pub ed., $7.50.

KIPLING: A Selection of his Stories and Poems *by John Beecroft.* This great writer's finest works, including *Kim, Jungle Book,* stories, poems. 2 vols., 1038 pages. Pub. ed., $7.50.

Ladies' Home Journal INTERIOR DECORATION *by Elizabeth Halsey.* Now you can make your home a dream house for pennies — with this big, beautiful guide to every phase of home decoration! Hundreds of diagrams and photos, before-and-after pictures. Helps you solve every problem — from color and floor plans to lighting fixtures and table decorations! 10½" by 14" in size! Fully indexed. Pub. ed., $6.95.

MODERN HOME MEDICAL ADVISER. *Ed. by Morris Fishbein, M.D.* 24 specialists tell you about disease and illness—both symptoms and treatment. Pub. edition, $4.95.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICAN PRESIDENTS *by John and Alice Durant.* Answers every question about all presidents in 566 rare pictures, unusual text. Pub. ed., $10.00.

THE SCAPEGOAT. *Daphne Du Maurier's* exciting new novel about a young Englishman, tricked by his double into assuming the strange man's wife and family! Pub. edition, $3.95.

Thorndike-Barnhart DICTIONARY. 1957 De Luxe Edition. The only *all-new* quality comprehensive desk dictionary. Handsomely bound in 2 volumes. Pub. edition, $10.00.

TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS. *Ernest Gann* tops *The High & the Mighty* in this exciting story of a sailing-ship voyage that changed the lives of the crew and passengers! Pub. ed., $3.95.

THIS COUPON WORTH UP TO $35.00

30th Anniversary — WHICH 3 BOOKS DO YOU WANT WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE LITERARY GUILD [IP-STR] — 30th Anniversary

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 7LHJ, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me the THREE books checked here as my Introductory Membership Package. Bill me only $2.00, plus shipping, for all three. Also send "Stories to Remember" in two volumes as my first free Bonus in advance.

Enroll me as a member of the Literary Guild and send me "Wings" every month. I will notify you in advance if I do not wish to receive the Guild selection described, or whether I wish to receive an alternate selection. My only obligation is to accept four selections, or alternates, during the coming year at only $2.00 each (plus shipping), regardless of the higher publishers' prices. I will receive a free Bonus Book with each fourth selection I purchase thereafter — and I may resign my membership at any time after purchasing four books.

SPECIAL NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted I will return all books in 7 days and this membership will be cancelled!

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (Please Print)

Street and No.

City Zone.... State.....

- ☐ Amy Vanderbilt's Etiquette (4)
- ☐ Around World & Around U.S.A. in Pictures—Set (8)
- ☐ Bartlett's Quotations (20)
- ☐ Bible in Story & Pict.—Set (18)
- ☐ Comp. Stories of Mark Twain (28)
- ☐ Ency. of Cooking—Set (3)
- ☐ Family Treasury of Children's Stories—Set (51)
- ☐ Hammond's Travel Guide (16)
- ☐ Kipling—Set (33)
- ☐ Ladies' Home Journal Decor. (7)
- ☐ Modern Home Medical Adv. (22)
- ☐ Pictorial History of American Presidents (37)
- ☐ The Scapegoat (205)
- ☐ Thorn.-Barn. Dict.—Set (9)
- ☐ Twilight for the Gods (54)

TO RESIDENTS OF CANADA: Selection Price, $2.20 plus shipping. Address LITERARY GUILD (CANADA), 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ontario. Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada.

30th Anniversary — THIS OFFER GOOD ONLY DURING THE LITERARY GUILD'S 30th ANNIVERSARY — 30th Anniversary

Could this be a preview of the pie you'll be serving? Then maybe it's time to change your shortening!



Isn't it nicer to be sure of more golden-brown results? You are, when you use golden Fluffo!



Something Golden Happens

(golden flakiness you've never gotten with any other shortening)



Pure shortening, not a table spread.
Golden yellow from pure, wholesome carotene.

Expect surprising results when you use Fluffo; it's an altogether surprising shortening. To make it, we had to break down old-style shortening to its very molecules, and improve them; it takes the cream of the crop to make golden Fluffo.

No other leading shortening gives you such tender, flaky, golden-brown pies. No change in the measurement your favorite recipe calls for—just a wonderful change in results.

No other kind of shortening gives you such crisp, light, golden-brown fried foods. Everything fried right and light in Fluffo is beautifully browned all over—and just as digestible as it looks.

Fluffo even handles differently; it's so much lighter and fluffier it's a joy to use. Blends with fewer, easier strokes, and the golden color lets you see how perfectly you're mixing cake batter or pie dough. Try Golden Fluffo; how can you possibly miss?

THE BANISHMENT OF ANXIETY

By **DOROTHY THOMPSON**



McEVOY'S DAM, lithograph (12⅛"x15⅛")
by Emil Ganso, pictures a landscape near Woodstock in mountainous Ulster County, New York, west of the Hudson River. Ganso is represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Whitney Museum, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Cleveland Museum of Art, among others. At the time of his death in 1941 he was professor of fine arts at Iowa University. Courtesy the Weyhe Gallery, New York.

If we try to describe to ourselves the outstanding characteristic of the Western mind in this mid-twentieth century, could we not truthfully say that it is anxiety—anxiety and fear?

A spate of books and articles, telling us how to obtain peace of mind, how to achieve relaxation, how to sustain physical and mental powers, are symptomatic of this obsession.

It invades the physical, mental and spiritual realms.

We are afraid of illness and are constantly reminded to watch for symptoms prefacing the onset of chronic and usually mortal diseases, and to change or modify our habits of life to prevent or postpone them.

We are afraid of death and abandon the rituals that remind us of it.

We are afraid for our children, lest they grow up "maladjusted," and, again, we are advised by innumerable psychiatrists and educators (many of them contradicting one another) on the care and training of children.

We are afraid of, and for, the society in which we live, which we see threatened by internal and external forces and subversions, most of which escape precise definition. We live in an age of investigations, when the courts of law no longer suffice as tribunals, and when a youthful and transitory interest or belief may arise from the past to plague our adult years.

We praise the blessings of science, but shrink from its implications.

We find the world divided into two hostile camps, see no possibility of reconciliation between them—and fear even to suggest that there might be. We arm to the teeth for war with atomic weapons, though warned that war with such weapons will destroy civilization for centuries, possibly poison the chromosomes of future generations, and conceivably destroy the planet. And the only "deterrent" we can find against such war is the threat of war itself.

We are exhorted to turn to religion. The popular evangelist is also a phenomenon of our times. Yet, for many, the organized churches hold inadequate answers for the human malaise. The scientific approach to truth has affected all our minds, rendering us skeptical of formal creeds, rituals and practices that appear tied to past historical epochs and prescientific mentalities. Our minds must be able to reconcile religious yearnings and insights with reason, and the churches offer, for many, either no solution or one which, watered down into a mere "ethic," frustrates the religious instinct which can be the most powerfully creative of all instincts, and their guide.

Out of these anxieties and fears, a nostalgia arises for a simpler past, which we tend to sentimentalize, remembering its virtues rather than its faults. This is not to say that the remembrance of past virtues is not, in itself, creative, or that it holds no insights or clues to future transformations. Another feature of our times, called forth by the times themselves, is a vivid interest in the study of history and the forming of a *philosophy* of history, in the search for knowledge of whence we came and whither we may be proceeding.

Many of the anxieties that beset us are as old as the race. Sickness and death are not phenomena of this century. In all the Western countries the anticipatable *average* span of life is steadily increasing despite the fact that children born congenitally weak survive to enter the statistics of adulthood.

Death is the price we pay for having had life. What enhances the modern anxiety is the decline of faith in the immortality of the soul, which is not, I think, helped by the repetition of a credo-faith in the literal resurrection of the body.

We cannot blindly escape into religion by rejecting the methods of scientific inquiry unless we are to settle for a vague obscurantism. The search for truth is part of the religious instinct itself. The soul craves for truth as well as the intellect. But insight into great human and cosmic truth is seldom won by the method of the mathematician. There is such a thing as *revealed* truth, the essence of which is true for all men in all times, immediately recognized as such by those of open heart; validated by human experience; bringing with it conviction without argument. It is truth that is wrung out of *suffering*—out of the suffering mind that will not abandon the search or quench the thirst for the meaning of human existence, nor accept the idea that it is meaningless, wherein lies the last and ultimate despair.

Is it not this conviction (held by a few) and the suspicion (lurking in the minds of many) that existence is, in essence, *meaningless* that help to account for our modern anxiety and fear? But whence comes this suspicion? From science, which is often blamed for it?

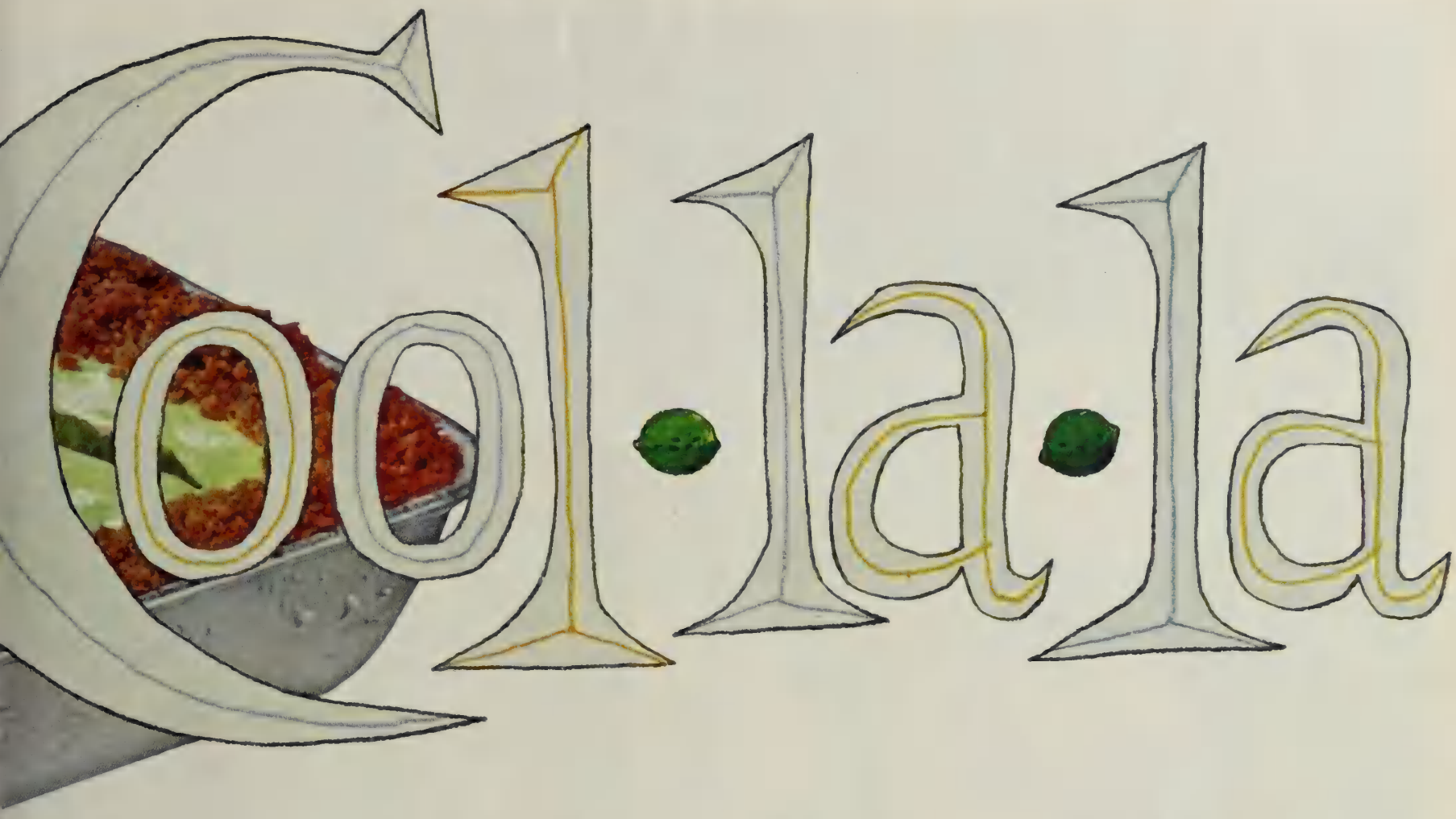
It is falsely blamed. The scientific spirit of inquiry assumes from the outset that *everything* is meaningful, on earth, in the universe, and in man himself. Science is a perpetual search for the meaning of phenomena. In that search it destroys many previously held concepts and assumptions. But it also rediscovers the scientific truth of some things rejected by previous scientists. The researches of science are *upsetting*. Often science claims too much—the scientists themselves less often than their popularizers—and the result is distrust and disillusionment. Or science, in rejecting whatever cannot be "proven," submits tests of proof where they are inapplicable. Or science, delving into the physical secrets of the universe, comes up with discoveries that are put to destructive purposes by powerful men directing human affairs with neither scientific nor religious and human insight.

But the spirit of science asserts that the world and the universe are meaningful. The cosmos is not a haphazard tale told by an idiot, but a complex CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

Executive Editor: Mary Bass *Special Projects Editor:* Laura Lou Brookman
Associate Editors: Hugh MacNair Kahler, Bernardine Kielty, Wilhela Cushman, William E. Fink, Richard Pratt, Louella G. Shouer, Mary Lea Page, Dawn Crowell Norman, Margaret Davidson, Nora O'Leary, Donald Stuart, Tina S. Fredericks, Helen Everitt, Peter Briggs, Anne Einselen, Margaret Parton, Cynthia McAdoo Wheatland
Contributing Editors: Gladys Taber, Gladys Denny Shultz, Margaret Hickey, Ruth Mills Teague, Barbara Benson
Assistant to the Editor: Nelle Keys Perry
Editorial Associates: John Werner, Ruth Mary Packard, Ruth Shapley Matthews, Alice Conkling, Joseph Di Pietro, Elizabeth Goetsch, Nancy Crawford Wood, Jean Todd Freeman, Eileen Sharpe, Betty Coe Spicer
Assistant Editors: Victoria Harris, Alice Kastberg, Virginia Price, Dorothy Anne Robinson, Albert Serwazi, June Schwartz, Carol Crane, Liane Waite, Joyce Posson, Neal Gilkyson Stuart, Ruth Imler, Elizabeth Hart
Editorial Assistants: Lee Stowell Cullen, Patricia Martin, Flora Casparian, Alberte Wright, Simone Smith, Hazel Owen, Laura Date, Patricia Corrigan, Corinna Wildman, Isabel Blythe, Helen Olchvary, Olivia Donovan, Abbot Mills, Sally Platt, Marley Marseilles

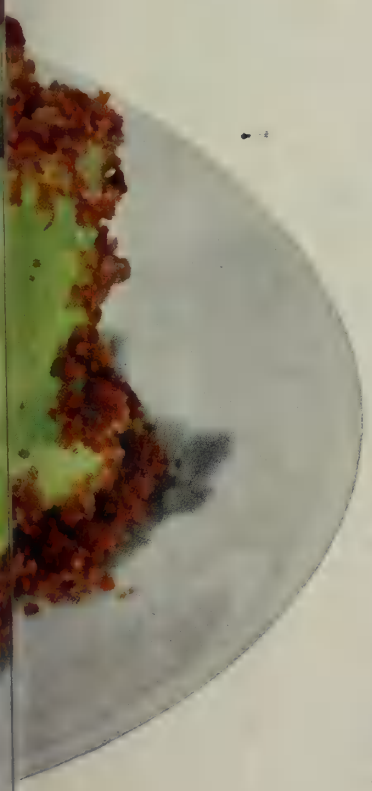
So easy, NO COOKING . . . just mix and freeze





MAGIC FLORIDA LIME ICEBOX CAKE

The secret: Borden's Eagle Brand and Genuine Florida Lime Juice



Try this tangy cool dessert on your family tonight. Easy as sitting in an igloo—no cooking, no second beating, no refreezing. All you do is mix, freeze and serve. And what creaminess! What lime-iness! What wonderful eating!

(Makes 6 servings)

1 cup fine graham cracker crumbs (12 to 14—2¼" squares)
3 tbsp. butter, melted • 2 eggs, separated
1 (15 oz.) can Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup fresh Florida lime juice and
1 tbsp. grated lime rind (optional)
(or 1 (6 oz.) can fresh-frozen Florida limeade)
¼ tsp. vanilla extract ▪ ¼ cup sugar
3 to 4 drops green pure food coloring (if desired)

Combine crumbs and butter. Reserve ¼ cup mixture. Press remaining mixture on bottom and sides of lightly buttered refrigerator tray; chill. Beat egg yolks until thick; combine with Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Add lime juice or limeade, rind and vanilla; stir until mixture thickens. If desired, tint pale green. Beat egg whites into soft peaks; gradually add sugar; beat until stiff but not dry. Fold into Eagle Brand—Lime mixture. Pour into tray. Border with reserved crumbs; decorate with slices of lime rind. Freeze until firm—4 to 6 hours.

FLORIDA LIMES

Fresh...or Fresh-Frozen Limeade

Buy tree-fresh, genuine Florida limes, extra-juicy, packed with Vitamin C. More luscious and larger than other limes. Or enjoy their tart-sweetness in fresh-frozen limeade—at your grocer's. Remember—the *finest* limes come from Florida.



BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND

Sweetened Condensed Milk

Specially blended like no other kind of milk. Eagle Brand is wholesome milk and sugar, pre-cooked to a rich creamy consistency. It's the magic ingredient that makes the *smooth* difference . . . makes heavenly desserts of all kinds.



2 FREE BOOKLETS! "Eagle Brand 70 Magic Recipes," and "Florida Avocado and Lime Recipes." Write Dept. J-57, Box 171, New York 40, New York.

What *is* ACRONIZED* Chicken?

Important facts about poultry freshness every homemaker should know!

Acronized chicken is new, revolutionary! *Naturally* fresh chicken . . . at the very peak of its country-sweet flavor . . . *not* the result of a freezing or pre-cooking process.

Acronized chicken is clean, *quality* poultry, with its farm-fresh flavor retained by a new processing agent that effectively retards the growth of bacteria which cause spoilage and loss of freshness and flavor.

Acronized chicken comes only from specially-licensed plants that must be maintained in the highest standards of cleanliness and sanitation. Each plant is subject to continuing rigid inspection.

Acronized chicken is identified by the Acronized seal —your guide to the tastiest, juiciest chicken you can buy—at any price.

Look for this
ACRONIZED seal of freshness,
on your favorite brand of poultry!

ACRONIZED* *Trademark

50 CYANAMID 1907 1957

AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY
FARM AND HOME DIVISION NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

of laws, of causes and consequences, not arbitrary but certain.

Science represents the search for certainty, while recognizing that the ultimate and total certainties will always elude man, who did not create the cosmos but lives as one of its creatures within it.

And religion, it seems to me, is a companion search for certainty, for the truth about man's relation to the Creative Power outside and within himself, and for the truth about creative relations with his fellow men.

The anxieties of "modernity" cannot arise from the search for truth, but rather (it seems to me) from our willingness to settle for half-truths; to place our faith in institutions promising what they cannot of *themselves* fulfill; to elevate as of permanent and unquestionable value formulas for the governance of men, that of, and in, themselves cannot fulfill their Utopian promises.

It is the failure, or partial failure, of institutions which we have invested with so much confidence that, I think, accounts for our fear and anxiety.

Because, for instance, we have placed almost unbounded faith in modern medicine, we are the more dejected by its limitations.

The institution which, in our century, we have invested with the most confidence and the greatest power is the democratic state. The belief in this state is, I believe, one of modernity's most extraordinary idolatries. We naturally expect it to police us against crime and punish the criminals, to defend us against foreign foes, and to conduct our relations with other states. Naturally, because these have always been the powers and responsibilities of states.

But we also expect it to educate our children in wisdom and morality, provide for part of their recreation and to some extent feed them; to assume the burden and responsibility of public charity; increasingly to govern the relations between workers and their employers; to set standards of wages; to prevent racial discrimination; to provide for everybody's old age. We entrust it to make and dissolve marriages. We direct it to conserve and expand natural resources. And finally, we have empowered it to conduct propaganda for America all over the world, and to invest our incomes in providing for the defense and for lifting the standard of living of people throughout the earth. And we instruct the state to do this while preserving our individual liberties.

This enormous apparatus is called into being partly by the existence of another enormous apparatus engaged in doing the same things, another form of state devoted to establishing Utopia—a strange competition by which we copy to some extent what we aim to defeat.

I am not here raising the question of whether any and all of these things are the proper function of the state. But it is fairly obvious that the state *of itself* can perform none of them.

This truth has been brought out in a most arresting book by William Ernest Hocking, "one of the great survivors of the golden age of American philosophy." Professor Hocking, long "emeritus" of Harvard, has written The Coming World Civilization, from the wisdom and erudition of his eighty-three years, but with the robust affirmativeness of youth. And in a chapter called The Impotence of the State he affirms (and demonstrates) that it cannot punish, cannot educate, cannot create satisfactory family relationships, cannot govern economics, cannot re-create (by recreation) and cannot even establish a system of workable law.

It cannot punish because it cannot instill into men a conviction of sin without which there may be penalty but no punishment. It cannot by itself mold the minds and volitional wills of children and youth. It can only hire teachers. It cannot re-create anyone. It cannot determine the economy because it cannot, of itself, create an industrious people; and though it can legally administer, it cannot create an inner lawfulness. The state, in short, depends upon forces outside its command. It cannot create conscience—in the individual or society—and thus cannot, of itself, supply the life force on which it depends.

One might say that the more power it has, the less satisfactorily is it likely to perform its functions, for it drains its powers and responsibilities from the people it aims to serve, to that extent deprives them of both, and finally stultifies itself.

Professor Hocking is not in despair. On the contrary, he sees a world-wide awakening coming in a "postmodernity" age, in which new recognitions of religious truths and insights will assert themselves with new light.

The recognition of truth always banishes anxiety, which is the product of uncertainty. He who recognizes an idol as such fears neither its magic for evil nor trusts in its power of salvation. His strength is not in himself, but within himself, where it holds company with those who have discerned the meaningfulness of existence, and in whom alone there is the comfort of faith. END

BEST OF THE YEAR

When the Benjamin Franklin Magazine Awards for distinguished achievements in writing and editing were announced by the University of Illinois, it was revealed that the "best article about science or health in an American magazine" in 1956, in the opinion of the judges, was The Uninsulted Child, by Gladys Denny Shultz. It was published in the June, 1956, JOURNAL, and described the latest scientific findings about mental and physical deficiencies in infants, and the strong hope that, with thoughtful, proper prenatal care of mothers, these may largely become preventable.

Five other members of the JOURNAL staff and three free-lance writers who wrote articles for the How America Lives series published in 1956 shared the award for second place in the classification of "articles describing life, culture or institutions in the United States." They are Margaret Parton, Betty Coe Spicer, Eileen Sharpe, Neal G. Stuart, Laura Date, of the JOURNAL staff, and Betty Hannah Hoffman, Peta J. Fuller and Vanna Phillips, contributing writers.

Benjamin Franklin said, "Nothing gives an author so much pleasure as to find his words respectfully quoted by other learned authors." Besides being pleased and proud of our writers, the JOURNAL is impressed by the standard of excellence in writing, in gathering and interpreting facts shown by all the award winners, and by the alert, imaginative and profoundly responsible sense of public service on the part of American magazines which they reflect.

This is no place for "second-best"...

Nancy Holmes suggests . . . tomatoes and rings of Potato Salad, made special with Best Foods Mayonnaise

this is the place for Best Foods

(It's real whole-egg mayonnaise!)

Potato Salad Supreme—for festive buffet or with dinner tonight, Best Foods makes this salad *your* specialty. Made from the famous recipe with freshly-broken whole eggs—even extra egg yolks—Best Foods stays smooth, light and distinctively flavored, even when thinned.

What's more, it brings out other food flavors, never hides them. Yes, it's truly best, yet it costs no more!

BEST FOODS POTATO SALAD

8 medium potatoes, cooked and sliced
4 green chopped onions; salt, pepper
4 tbsp. Best Foods REAL Mayonnaise
2 tbsp. vinegar 2 tbsp. hot water

Combine above ingredients while potatoes are still warm. When cooled, toss with ½ c. celery, ½ c. Best Foods. Place rings of salad around tomatoes nestled on greens. Garnish tomatoes with small swirls of Best Foods.

P. S. Best Foods® *Real* whole-egg Mayonnaise keeps sandwiches fresh-tasting!



Get rid of toilet bowl odor and stains. Keep your bathroom fresh as apple blossoms.

Use perfumed VANISH Toilet Bowl Cleaner



REGULAR & KING SIZE

New delete



REMOVES RUST & STAINS from sinks and bathtubs, without harming the enamel. Delete also shines copper pots, pans, stainless steel, chrome car bumpers.

ASK YOUR GROCER

© 1957 JUDSON DUNAWAY CORP., Dover, N. H.

New baby—rival or responsibility?



STAN SZASZ

If the older child can feel mother is on his side, still thinking of him, it is the best proof that he doesn't need to worry.

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



DR. SPOCK

"I think most young children show some mixture of love and resentment for the baby who displaces them."

I think a small child's jealousy of a baby used to be considered a sin by a majority of mothers, and there are still some who feel this way. When I would ask how the two-year-old was accepting the new arrival I was amazed how often the mother would say, in a protesting tone, "Oh, doctor, he *loves* her. He constantly wants to pat her and hug her. Sometimes he doesn't realize how hard he's doing it and he makes her cry." It made me feel like an evil-minded man to keep thinking that such behavior was partly jealousy, when so many mothers were insisting on calling it 110 per cent love.

When I said "sin" I wasn't really joking. I meant that most parents felt that jealousy of a baby was so wrong that they couldn't admit it—even to themselves—they *had* to call it enthusiastic affection or thoughtlessness.

Of course the doctors and educators who have been pointing out the frequency of jealousy have not been doing it in order to give children a bad name. We have known how severely some children are hurt by jealousy and we have wanted parents to realize how natural and common it is so that they can help their children over it.

One of the hardest jobs in earlier days, when so many parents were trying to deny jealousy, was to get them to sense how devastating it can feel to a very small first child. He can't bury himself in a book or go to a far-off place to forget it all. He doesn't have a job to which he can turn for distraction. He doesn't have a choice of good friends from whom he can get consolation. His whole life is in his home and his whole security comes from the parents who, he feels, have turned away from him.

The best job of dramatizing his plight that I ever heard was done by a woman psychiatrist giving a talk at the Child Study Association in New York. She said to the mothers assembled, "Imagine what it would feel like if your husband came home from work one afternoon, leading by the hand a gorgeous hussy, and said to you, 'I've decided that since it has been good to have one wife, it will be even better to have two. I love this girl Marilyn and I know you'll love her too.'" It's preposterous to think that a wife could be delighted with such a stranger just because her husband expected it, but that's just what we expect of the very young child.

From my experience I think that most young children show some mixture of love and resentment for the baby who displaces them from the youngest position in the family. Even when no resentment shows on the surface, it seems to me fairer to assume that the child has at least occasional twinges of it, underneath. The proportions of delight and dislike will vary tremendously, depending on the child's nature and his situation in the family. On the average the first child, having assumed all his life that he has his parents to himself, will show the greatest strain, but this is certainly not true in many individual cases. The child who has had lots of experience with other children and the one who is relatively independent of his mother are apt to be less upset. By the age of four or five a child is much less likely to show gross disturbances of behavior, because he feels so much more grown up than the baby and less dependent on his parents' attention.

Of course even in earlier days parents would have to face the fact of jealousy when it took uninhibited form: the direct attack with a heavy object, the deliberate push, the mean pinch. I think that parents have usually been able to accept jealousy that was expressed in polite verbal form. The classical example is the child's statement, after the baby has been home a couple of days, "You can take him back to the hospital now." Perhaps parents have felt that as long as a child wasn't aware himself of just how sharp his feelings were, they could accept his jealousy with a smile.

Many young children react to the feeling of being displaced not so much by antagonism as by what the psychiatrist calls regression. This means slipping back to a more babyish stage of development, in an effort to find comfort and security there. Common examples are wanting a bottle again, wetting at night or in the daytime or even soiling, reverting to baby talk, wanting to be fed by the mother again. In one sense regression is a less desirable way for a child to respond than if he becomes angry, knows just whom he's mad at and tries to get even. In the latter case he's refusing to surrender and is going into action to defend his rights. In regression he's been knocked a little groggy and is in retreat. Actually the ordinary symptoms of regression are so common and are usually so temporary that we realize they are not serious under these circumstances. But when they are severe and persistent, when the child is acting like a woebegone baby all day long, it's time to come to his rescue, with psychiatric help if necessary.

After twenty years during which doctors, nurses and other parent educators have called so much attention to jealousy, most parents have come to assume it is normal and have worked conscientiously to help their children make the best of it, knowing that this is all that can be expected. Nowadays it's only a small proportion of parents who try to deny it. But another small number get into unnecessary trouble, I think, by developing an excessive fear of it. This may induce them to pay an exaggerated amount of attention to the displaced child, allow him unreasonable privileges, let him get away with demanding or even rude behavior. When he catches them enjoying the baby, they may startle as guiltily as criminals caught in the act. No child can remain secure or happy when he senses submissiveness in his parents. When they act as though they'd done him wrong, it convinces him that they must have. This increases the jealousy. I think that the excessive fear of jealousy is based on two false assumptions: that it's usually severe and that it's all to the bad. Probably the heavy emphasis that I and other writers have put on it—insisting that it's universal and that it ought to be coped with—is to blame for the dread that has been generated in some parents, particularly the very sensitive, conscientious ones, and those who suffered greatly from jealousy in their own childhoods.

In any case, I want to point out some of the constructive influences that the birth of a baby can have—and usually

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19



Fragile ... handle with Johnson's

YOUR BABY'S DELICATE SKIN needs the safe, lasting protection of Johnson's Baby Powder. It's the powder that Chafe-Guards baby's skin—even when wet. Purest, most trusted baby powder in the world.



THAT PRECIOUS SKIN NEEDS gentle cleansing, too—with Johnson's Baby Oil. It's the purest oil of all, specially blended with lanolin to soothe and soften baby's skin. Favorite with mothers everywhere.



HAT BY JOHN-FREDERI

because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Moments like these are rare—and who knows *when* or *where?* When a memory is in the making, don't let *anything* come between you. Double check your charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next-to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)

Veto deodorant

One touch of VETO dries away perspiration worries!

VETO is for you in more ways than one



Cream



Spray



Stick



Aerosol Mist

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

does have—on a child. It can foster, it can speed up, it can strengthen his maturing. A very simple and clear example, which I admit doesn't happen very often, is the child of about two who surprises his mother by abruptly accepting toilet training or becoming dry at night or giving up his bottle when the baby arrives. The great contrast between the baby and himself—in size, in abilities, in behavior—apparently makes him suddenly realize how grown up he is, gives him pride in this and stimulates him to go further still. Such cases, though rare, should remind us that even the child who reacts in the usual babyish way, by reverting to the bottle or wetting, must also have become acutely aware of how far away he is from infancy; there is always the possibility of using this awareness positively by appealing to his grown-up side.

I think the parent can help him to feel the pride and the challenge by calling attention at times, in a gently pitying tone, to the baby's inability to sit, walk, run, talk, understand, use a spoon, cup or toilet, go out, play with toys, and so on. All he can do is suck warm milk and cry. The parent at other moments can be on the lookout for opportunities to compliment the child on new achievements and skills, to ask for his help occasionally in a polite, grownup-to-grownup manner and then show appreciation in the same spirit, to grant him new privileges, however slight, as a consequence of increased ability or reliability, to remind him of other skills and privileges which are just around the corner. This two-sided campaign, if carried out tactfully and truthfully, is quite legitimate. Its purpose is to help him keep a sense of balance and to get full enjoyment of his grownupness, at a time when stresses are apt to make him forget both.

Sometimes he will make a direct comparison between himself and the baby and ask his parents to agree that he is smarter or stronger. I think it is all right for the parent to agree occasionally, and the mother might add that she would be in a terrible jam if she didn't have so much help from him. But I do believe that the parent should not go in for direct comparisons between her two children from *her* point of view, as if she were appreciating one more than the other or loving one more than the other. Parental expressions of comparison or preference sharpen rivalry. They give the child the sense that the parent is a player of favorites. Even if he seems always to be judged the favorite, it can't help but remind him of the possibility of falling from favor, the necessity of frequently reassuring himself that he still has it. The campaign I've been advocating consists in reminding the child of the inherent disadvantages of babyhood from *his* point of view, the delights from *his* point of view in being older.

ITALIAN PROVERBS

The teacher is like the candle, which lights others in consuming itself.

For a web begun God sends thread.

He who would have no trouble in this world must not be born in it.

Who at twenty knows nothing, at thirty does nothing, at forty has nothing.

One other caution about this program should be mentioned. If a child who has been hard hit by jealousy seems more inclined to regress to babyhood than to feel any pride in being big and *if* the parents are too insistent in calling everything babyish that the child wants to experience and everything grown up that he doesn't want to do, he only becomes more totally convinced that a baby is just exactly what he wants to be. In other words, there must be some signs that the child responds to the appeal of grown-upness if it's to help.

Another aspect of helping the young child to move ahead when a baby comes has to do with encouraging him to feel—to some degree—like a parent. To be sure, this is another form of being grown up, but it's very special. It isn't just taking pride in greater size and capability, which apply to every succeeding stage of childhood. It implies a great leap ahead all the way to adulthood. Boys and girls, especially in the three-to-six-year-old stage, are normally fascinated with acting like fathers and mothers, even if no baby comes along. I think it is the strongest drive at this age and will operate without any encouragement from the parents. But when the arrival of a baby tends temporarily to produce regression and to discourage progression, the mother can tip the scales back again by stimulating the urge to play parent. The child escapes to some degree from the painful situation of being a rivalrous child by pretending that he is completely out of childhood. He convinces himself that he is not in the same league with the baby at all, but approaches him from an entirely new angle as a sort of third parent. His jealous feelings are actually transmuted into altruistic loving ones.

The techniques are well known to many parents: calling the baby "our baby"; encouraging the child to play a responsible role in fetching his bottle from the refrigerator or a diaper from the pile; helping the mother to dry him after the bath; asking the child to watch the baby while the mother is busy or out of the room; having the child take a visitor into the baby's room to show him off. A tactful mother can think of a dozen ways each day in which the child can feel that he and she are working side by side with a common purpose, even if the jobs are actually more of a hindrance than a help. After a while the help may actually prove helpful. In a less direct way a little girl may find equal satisfaction in caring for her doll in a way that exactly mimics her mother, in technique and in spirit.

There are several obvious limits to this approach. The mother dares not permit the child to perform certain jobs, such as carrying the baby around. On the other hand, the craving to hold the baby is so strong in young children that I think it's worth the trouble and the slight risk to arrange the child and baby on a sofa or on the floor so if the baby is dropped it won't be far.

Another limitation is that the impulse to play parent and to feel like a parent is distinctly less under the age of three. One can't say that there is always a small amount at two and a half and a fair amount at two and three quarters. It varies greatly in different children, depending on the sex of the child, his temperament, his ease in getting along with his mother.

Certainly a most important limitation is the degree to which the child enjoys playing parent. There is no point in the mother's imposing the role on a reluctant child. If he has no enjoyment of parenthood, the jobs will only increase his dislike of the baby, or at least his feeling that the baby is a prime nuisance. And neither boy nor girl should be encouraged to be parent all day long. He should still have plenty of chances to be a romping irresponsible child and to be playing with his friends.

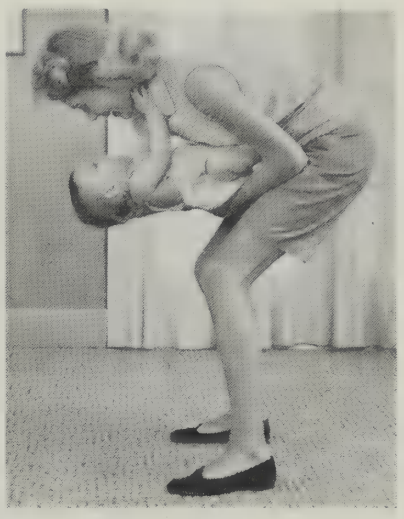
I also think that the parent should put the emphasis on the fun of baby care. Frequently the jealous child will prefer to play the part of a rather controlling and disapproving parent. The child who escapes from jealousy only to become a cross, bossy parent hasn't made much progress and will be a pain in the neck to friends and younger brothers and sisters.

There's a third way in which jealousy can be a constructive experience. If a child does not become too seriously upset by it, and is helped by tactful, loving parents to outgrow it gradually, I think he can end up with a stronger character. For a while he imagined that the baby was going to come between his parents and himself. He feared that they would never love him as much as they had before and he perhaps felt more resentment than love for the baby. But he becomes convinced as the weeks and months go by that his parents are just as devoted to him as ever. Reassured by this, he is better able to enjoy the good points in the baby and he develops an increasing fondness for him. It isn't just that he's got

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

An information-packed article about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun

What You May Not Know About Your Newborn



When you finally see your wonderful baby, you're probably not surprised by a reddish-pink skin or the soft spot on top of baby's head. And don't be alarmed by a "cross-eyed" look. New babies can't control their eye muscles for a few weeks. Is your little one's head a bit lopsided? A newborn's head bones aren't hard yet, but the odd shape doesn't last long. Why does baby sometimes breathe *slowly*—other times fast, with gurgling noises and snorts? That's normal. He's just getting used to living in air.



• **Happy baby care** is easy today. It's "legal" to enjoy your baby, and Heinz Baby Foods give you the time! (Ask *your* mother how cuddling baby was called "spoiling"—how many hours she spent straining baby food.) Today Heinz prepares over 80 different kinds of baby foods—cooks and packs them in small but specialized kitchens in the nation's garden spots. Now millions of babies are better *eaters*, because they love the better flavor, color and texture of Heinz Baby Foods.

• **What comforts your baby most?** A tummy comfortably full of good food—as much or as *little* as he likes, and served where he likes to be—cuddled in mommy's arms. When your baby's mealtimes are relaxed and friendly, it helps him learn to be a relaxed and friendly baby.

• **Don't let baby-care backache** spoil the fun of your life-with-baby. (But do let your *doctor* diagnose that ache!) Back-saving tips: squat rather than stoop; lift baby, held close to you; straighten up seat first, shoulders last. This will save your back. Carry baby in your arms, not on your *stomach!* (When your tummy sticks out, your back sways in. So keep stomach muscles tight.) Good posture helps *prevent* an aching back.



• **Oh boy, chicken** — one of your baby's best friends, nutritionally speaking. Chicken is rich in calcium—a boon to babies who are on a milk "strike." It's an excellent source of body-building protein, too—the nutrient every baby needs every day. Heinz makes *better-tasting* chicken dishes for tiny babies and toddlers: Strained and Junior Chicken Noodle Dinners; Vegetables, Egg Noodles and Chicken; Chicken Soup; 100% Chicken Meat; and Junior Chicken-Farina-Vegetable Porridge. Every one is a *delicious* food to grow on.

Over 80 Better-Tasting 57



HEINZ Baby Foods

- Strained Egg Yolks
- Strained Orange Juice
- Pre-Cooked Cereals
- Strained Baby Foods
- Junior Baby Foods
- Str. and Jr. Meats
- Teething Biscuits



a completely new wave! Even-Waving

SIMPLIFIED...NO MESS...NO GUESS



1. WAVE right from the applicator!

Applicator holds all the lotion! Sponge top is wide as a curl. New *Even-Waving* Lotion spreads smoothly—without splashing or dripping.



One easy stroke wets every strand—clear thru. No combing needed. Never too much lotion—never too little. Most *even* waving ever!



2. NEUTRALIZE right from

Sponge comes off. See those eight spray-tips They spray neutralizer *inside* each curl—whe hands can't reach. No mess! No miss!

The most even wave ever!
No stragglers—no frizz!

You just can't miss getting the most even wave of your life—because New Way Toni waves more evenly, more thoroughly—without mess or guess!

way to Toni!



he applicator!

Now, the spray-tips are inside the curl. Press! Neutralizer flows in. *All* waving action stops. Can't under-wave! Can't over-wave!



. . . first double-easy applicator
. . . first even-waving lotion



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

$2.00 value New Way Toni . . . plus
$1.00 value Double-Easy Applicator
$3.00 value Now . . . only **$2.29**

Be Beautifully Gray

LOOK GLAMOROUSLY YOUNGER... RADIANTLY ALIVE



NEW BEAUTY DISCOVERY

Colors and Conditions

WITHOUT TINTING OR DYEING

You'll look years younger as Nestle Color Creme Rinse glorifies your hair with wonderful, natural-looking, temporary color. Quickly, easily, safely it adds beautiful smoky, delicate silvery or rich charcoal-gray color to gray, white and graying hair.

In moments, unsightly yellow and "off-color" streaks vanish and mixed-gray hair of all shades is cleverly, evenly color-toned. And—the wonderful conditioning cremes in Nestle Color Creme Rinse correct dryness and brittle ends, make hair easier to manage, add the glorious lustre of youth! Six beautiful colors that rinse in—shampoo out!



29¢ 75¢

Nestle COLOR CREME RINSE

At all cosmetic counters or ask your beautician for professional applications.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

back almost to the state he was in before the baby was ever heard of. Since he has lived through a real crisis and has not been defeated by it, he must have been strengthened. He must end up surer of parents' love, more tolerant of other children, more serene about life and his ability to cope with it. The same kind of thing happens after a soldier goes successfully through his first battle, a mother through her first childbirth, a child through an operation. "The blade is tempered by the fire." I assume that this is why the first child in a family is so often able to show mostly affection and very little jealousy of the third.

Many parents have written to me pointing out that the advice so often given—to prepare th child for the birth of a baby—has only limited application under the age of three and almost none under the age of two. I agree. No matter how patiently you try to explain the coming event to a one-year-old, you have the feeling that not much is getting through. He may be able to repeat the words. He may be able to form a dim picture as the crib and the layette are made ready. But he certainly is not prepared for the feelings he will have when he sees his mother actually caring for the infant. So I don't think the parent should work at it too hard. It is worth while to make any shifts in living arrangements months ahead of time so that he doesn't feel dispossessed when the rival appears. But for the most part the parents must count on their tact and considerateness when the infant arrives. The core of the matter is to avoid the excessive enthusiasm for the baby, the preoccupation with him. This is hard to carry out because there is something about a baby that seems to call forth the doting attitude of parents, grandparents and friends. But it is unnecessary to ignore the baby altogether. Even a one-year-old has some capacity for affection for him and is helped to increase it by identifying with the affectionate parent. And there is no point in the parent's trying to heap large doses of *forced* attention on the child. What will reassure him most is realizing throughout the day that his mother and father are not forgetting him, but are talking with him, helping him, occasionally playing with him, keeping tuned to him, in the relaxed, assured manner they always had.

Riches are not from abundance of worldly goods, but from a contented mind. MOHAMMED

There is no doubt that one of the parents' jobs is to keep the one- or two- or three-year-old from actually hurting the baby, whenever possible, by such methods as watchfulness, very firm prohibition, prompt interference, keeping the baby, if necessary, in a closed room when he is asleep and the mother is busy. Though a small child may not be able to resist the urge to be mean, he feels very guilty if he succeeds. He, as well as the baby, needs protection from his hostile feelings.

And finally, everything we have learned from child-guidance work reinforces our conviction that it helps the child to be able to *talk* about his jealous feelings. (This is very different from letting him carry them into action.) When he has tried to be mean and has been stopped, or when his mother detects that he's feeling angry or depressed, she can remind him again that she knows he feels cross at the baby sometimes, knows he would sometimes like the baby to go away so that he could be alone with mommy and daddy. This usually brings temporary improvement in spirits and a permanent improvement with time. It keeps him from feeling unbearably guilty. It makes it unnecessary for him to hide his antagonism deep inside where it would last longer and do more harm to his character. It shows the child in the most convincing way that his mother is still thinking of him and loving him, which in the long run is what will get him over his despair.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

"America's Most Popular Nurser"



Model Feeds Baby with Evenflo

Janet Bailey, winner of titles "Miss Ohio," "Cherry Blossom Queen" and "Professional Models' Queen," is shown with her 8-month-old daughter, Lucia. Janet reports she has used Evenflo Nursers right from the start and that her baby finishes her bottle readily. She is shown using an Evenflo "Colorgrad" Nurser with ounces marked in red for easy reading.

Because their patented Twin Air-Valve Nipples are so easy to nurse and their wide mouth bottles so handy to use, ***more mothers use Evenflo than all other nursers combined!***

SELF-REGULATING PRECISION FEEDING **Evenflo®**



Evenflo Complete Units 25c
" Deluxe Pyrex Units 40c
Unbreakable Plastic Units 8-oz. 39c; 4-oz. 35c
Unbreakable Plastic Bottles 8-oz. 25c; 4-oz. 20c
Evenflo Nipples & Parts 10c
Evenflo COLORGRAD Nursers 35c, 3 for $1.00

THE PYRAMID RUBBER CO., RAVENNA, O.

DISCOURAGE
THUMB SUCKING NAIL BITING



THUM TRADE MARK

Just Paint on Fingertips
60c at your drug store

Welsh Winkie "Hitch - Hiker"

When There Is More Than One Tot To Take Along



STROLLER–WALKER–SLEEPER
- AUTO SEAT
- BOOSTER CHAIR
- STROLLER FOR TWO!

Sold Separately

Wonderful new folding feature, the latest in folding mechanism. Exclusive spring seat—such smooth riding for baby.

Baby Grows Into—Not Out Of The Winkie

WELSH CO., St. Louis • World's Only Maker of "Boodle-Buggies"

Make $62.50 EASILY on Just 50 CHRISTMAS CARD Assortments



Best Spare-Time Plan *Anywhere!*

Yes, you make $1.25 on every Fine Arts box! You can't help but make extra money quicker with this fast-selling, big profit Christmas Assortment. You don't need experience. New ideas in Slim, Religious, other most popular Cards at 21 for $1 up, stationery, inexpensive Gifts you'll enjoy showing to friends. Over 200 amazing values.

GET SAMPLES *NOW!*

Up to 65c of each $1 is your cash profit. Samples start you earning at once. **Send no money.** Get gorgeous Personalized Christmas Card Album FREE. Bargain List, other Samples on approval. **$1.25 Gift FREE on 15-day Offer.** Write now!

Boulevard Art Publishers, Dept. 526-X
235 South Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois

FINE ARTS
Special Assortment
Ultra-fine quality cards, sold as to 35c each. You sell for 8c and make $1.25 on box of 25 for $1.95

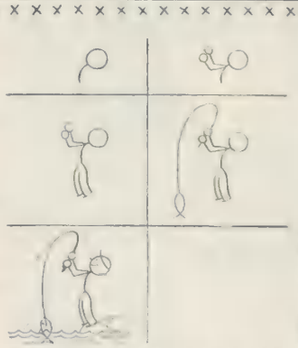
Salad Secret

Bring out all the natural, delicate flavors with



POMPEIAN
Pure Virgin Imported
OLIVE OIL
2 oz. to 1 gal.

Insist on POMPEIAN... oil from choicest olives.
Free recipe book. Dept. L-7 Pompeian, Balto. 24, Md.



NOW YOU DRAW ONE, TOO!

Hours slip happily away when boys and girls have fun like this with the drawing lessons in JACK and JILL magazine! And there's *much* more in each issue...stories, games, puzzles and ideas for things to make and do. To send a year's happiness to your favorite child, just fill out and mail this coupon. We'll send a gift card signed in your name—and bill you later.

Prices (U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada) 1 year $3.50 2 or more 1-year gifts from the same donor—$3 each.

UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTY: The Publisher agrees, upon request direct from subscribers to its Philadelphia Office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis Publications not previously mailed.

JACK and JILL Dept. 7307 Independence Sq., Philadelphia 5, Penna.

My Name_____
Street or R.D _____
Town_____ Zone_____ State_____
____Bill Me ____Payment Enclosed

Please send a JACK and JILL gift subscription to:

Name_____
Street or R.D._____
Town_____ Zone_____ State_____
____Birthday ____Just a gift

Sign my gift card_____

Additional subscriptions may be written on a separate card or paper

Curtis Magazine

MONEY... *in Your Free Time*

Write us for details and supplies.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
992 Independence Square Phila. 5, Penna.



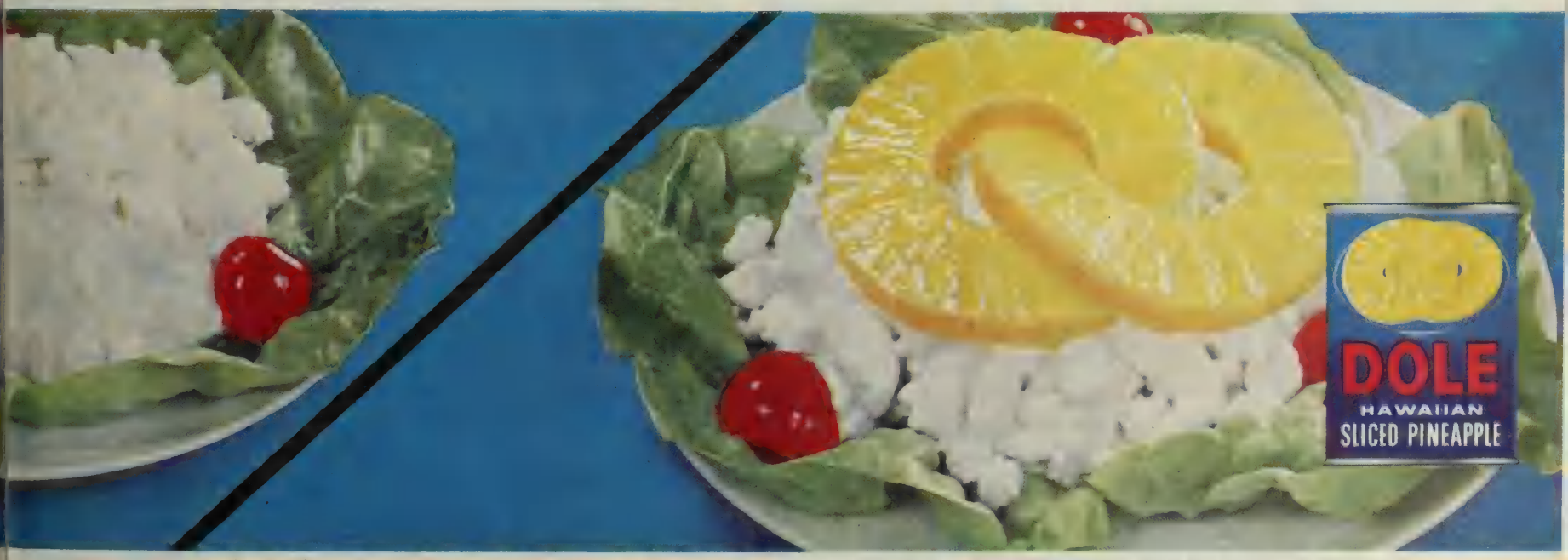
See the difference **DOLE** makes!



Look how DOLE Crushed Pineapple lifts just plain ice cream to a sundae treat—in a jiffy!



Look how DOLE Pineapple Chunks make a gelatin mold sparkle! It's so easy, too, with delicious DOLE.



A simple cottage cheese salad becomes fit for a king, crowned with golden Hawaiian DOLE Slices.

VONDER-WORKING VARIETIES • Sliced • Chunks • Spears • Tidbits • Crushed • Juice

Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii—San Jose, California

New fun with cupcakes

from Betty Crocker



"Gay tricks! Easy tricks! Win-yourself-a-kiss tricks! There's no end to the fun you can have with light 'n lovely cupcakes made with Betty Crocker Cake Mixes! Easy cupcake directions are right on the package. (Takes about 15 minutes to bake 24!) Then add your own decorative touches. Or start with a brand-new idea—fresh fruit to make luscious little upside-down cakes! Here are just a few ideas. You'll think of many more, I know!"



Merry-Go-Round Cakes



Use Betty Crocker White Cake Mix. Frost cupcakes with Chocolate Fudge Frosting. Trim with animal crackers. Add candies.

Snowballs



Betty Crocker Yellow Cake Mix makes these cupcakes. Frost with Betty Crocker Fluffy White Frosting. Roll in coconut.

Peach Surprise



Use Honey Spice Cake Mix, first placing in each of 14 custard cups, ½ tsp. butter, 1 tsp. brown sugar and 1 peach half.

Cake Cones



Use Devil's Food Cake Mix, filling flat-bottomed cones a scant ½ full. Trim with Fluffy White Frosting and candy sprinkles.

Trix Cakes



Use any Betty Crocker Cake Mix. Frost cupcakes with Fluffy White Frosting. Then dip in Trix—the gay fruit-colored cereal!

Kissin' Cakes



Use Betty Crocker Peanut Delight Cake Mix and Peanut Creme Frosting Mix. Make candy nose and eyes, a cherry mouth.



"I guarantee a perfect* cake—cake...after cake...after cake!"

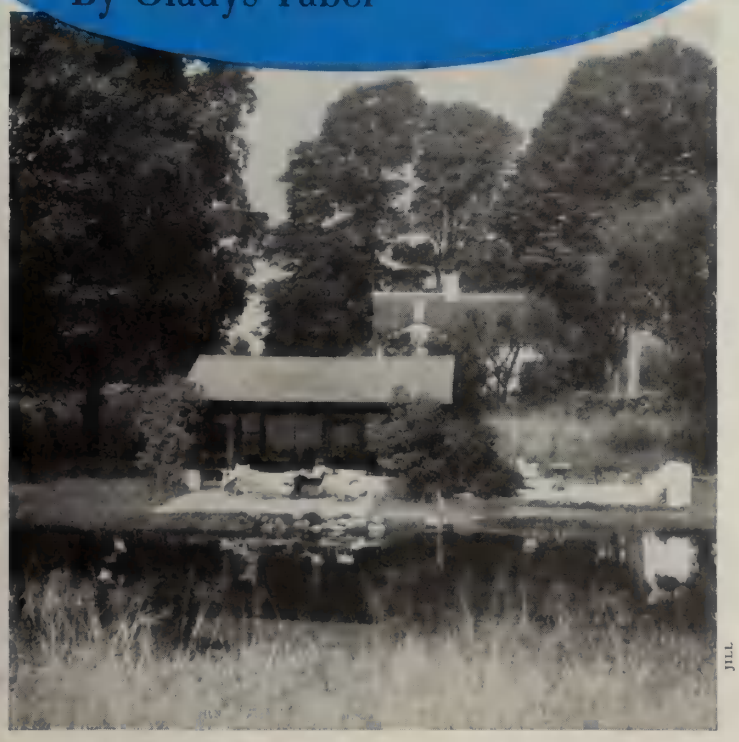
*Yes, every mix we make for you is guaranteed to come out perfect, or send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.

Betty Crocker

General Mills

DIARY of DOMESTICITY

By Gladys Taber



Recipe for July: first a swim, then supper by the pond.

A day is an odd sort of unit. It begins, flows like a tiny rivulet toward eternity, and ends as we fall asleep. No day can ever be like any other day. Nor do we ever experience exactly the same thing twice! We can, and do, store precious moments away in memory, but nothing ever repeats itself.

And so, when I wake up on a still July morning, I think of the day ahead as a small new world to adventure in. What shall I make of a whole day? It won't be anything sensational, but it can be filled with living. As my Virginia friend says, "You dip your bucket where you are."

I let the dogs out, and watch them follow the tracks of all the mysterious night people who have taken the yard over in the moonlight. Holly, the Irish, follows a dizzy circle, and I wonder just who went that way. Each cocker picks its own trail, and the day lawn is filled with flying ears, bounding paws and happy waggings. Dogs have the gift of savoring every moment, which may be one reason they are such fun to live with.

Coolness is laid like gauze over the earth, and I savor it fully, for later on it will be hotter than boiling maple syrup. The giant sugar maples cast deep shadows, which move a bit as squirrels fly through the upper branches. Squirrels seem almost to be winged, more creatures of air than earth.

Jill is already making the coffee. "I wish it could taste as good as it smells," she says, sniffing the fragrance.

We carry our trays to the terrace. A soft-boiled egg, a slice of crisp toast and coffee make a good breakfast. We like a glass of iced tomato juice with a squeeze of lemon in it instead of fruit on a hot day. Holly and Sister and Jonquil sit with earnestly uplifted eyes and get most of the egg and toast.

"The beans are at it again," says Jill.

I reflect that it takes a lot of time to keep up with those beans. For beans are like a circus with all rings going at once. I doubt if there is any other growing thing that can outdo a bean. But at least we can now freeze them, whereas in the old days we got out the cold-pack kettle and beans went on all day.

After breakfast, we do the maintenance chores. This takes a good hour and a half, and we fly around not speaking a word to each other unless we bump in the narrow low doorways. The dogs are fed. The pans are scrubbed. Fresh water is set out on both sides of the house, as well as inside. The beds, the dusting, the pickup take time. We feed the barn cats across the road and scrub their pans.

Then I attack the middle kitchen. Elswyth Thane once pointed out that if we had a middle kitchen, there must be three of them. But we call it the middle kitchen only because it is in the middle—between the back kitchen and the family room. It is all very confusing. This kitchen, I firmly believe, upsets itself during the night. I clean it up after supper, and it looks very tidy, but by morning it is clearly the haunt of gremlins.

Or the brownies are at it. How I used to love reading about the brownies, who came nightly to drink the bowl of fresh milk—and woe to the housewife who failed to set it out for them!

Jill burns the trash, cleans the kennels and runs. Then she decides what to weed and what to put off. You have to have a philosophy about weeds, for you never really get to the end. And weeds have a natural determination, far beyond that of anything edible.

After lunch we have errands, and this is not simple when you have to go ten miles in one direction for the bank and ten in another for the express office and ten in a third direction for cedar chips for the kennel. Often we add up fifty miles, what with one thing and another.

But wherever we go, we go on quiet country roads and see the meadows rich with hay. The whole color of the country is richly green, and the cows stand dreamily in upland pastures, and bouncing Bet spreads pink carpets everywhere.

Every year more farmland is given over to houses, fewer fields are tilled, but



So easy! 50% more jelly ...and fresher flavor

because you boil only 1 minute with SURE-JELL or CERTO



Recipe: perfect homemade plum jelly. Crush *5 lbs. ripe* tart plums. Simmer 10 min., covered, with 1½ cups water. Squeeze through jelly bag or cheesecloth layers. Mix 5½ cups juice with *1 box Sure-Jell* in saucepan. (Or use *Certo*—recipe on bottle.)



Bring to boil, over high heat, stirring constantly. At once, stir in 7½ *cups sugar,* bring to boil again. Boil hard *1 min.,* stirring constantly. This short boiling time gives you fresher flavor! And less juice boils away, so you get up to 50% higher yield!



Remove from heat, skim off foam and pour into glasses. Paraffin at once. Yield: 12 medium glasses, at mere pennies a glass! And you're *sure* of perfect results with all kinds of fruits—when you use powdered *Sure-Jell* or liquid *Certo!*

Your choice!

SURE-JELL

powdered natural fruit pectin

or CERTO

liquid natural fruit pectin



Pectin causes jelling. Amounts of pectin in fruits vary . . . but *no guessing* with recipes you get with *Sure-Jell* or *Certo.*

Products of General Foods

PY-O-MY announces new Ice Box Pie Mix—with a bag of complete graham cracker crust and a bag of chiffon filling all in one package.

This New Chiffon Ice Box Pie Mix Needs No Baking



One morning, not long ago, a group of the Py-O-My baking mix people anxiously opened the door of a refrigerator and took out a Chiffon Pie.

This was no ordinary pie. In fact—it represented 16 months' work to develop a "baking mix" that needed no baking! It had to be simple enough so that *anyone* could make a delicious lemon, chocolate, strawberry or butterscotch pie—just by adding milk or water—and chilling.



Why all the excitement? Because if a fluffy, full-flavored, ice box pie could be made even by a beginner—without turning on the oven—America's housewives would have a new dessert—as convenient to make on hot summer days—as during the rest of the year. And *that* would be *something!*

Over 600 test mixes had been made in these 16 months. But—until that morning—some didn't whip easily enough. Others whipped well—but the flavor was too faint. In some—the graham cracker crust crumbled too easily. Others were too complicated to make—or didn't chill quickly enough. In some—the filling was more like a pudding than light chiffon.

All of which brings us back to that morning not long ago. If you've "found" Py-O-My Ice Box Pie Mix—you know the rest.

But if not—here's the story. This new Py-O-My mix contains two bags—one a complete graham cracker crust (no more rolling out crumbs!)—the other a fluffy chiffon filling. Only milk (or water) need be added. You just mix and chill.

Your choice of 4 flavors

Is it delicious—and easy? The best answer is that almost every good grocery store is already featuring it—and if your grocer doesn't have your favorite flavor—he can now get it for you quickly.

Enjoy your first package this week. Ask for new Py-O-My Ice Box Pie Mix in your family's favorite flavor—Lemon, Chocolate, Strawberry or Butterscotch.



Contains two bags. 1. Complete graham cracker crust. 2. New chiffon filling.

this is still basically an agricultural countryside, and the villages still keep the old look of New England. White church spires lift above the summer green, and most of the houses, in the villages or in the farmyards, are white, because they have always been so. And the old split-rail fences mark off pastures. We still have many stone fences, but they are dwindling as people quietly take the best stones for terraces and paths. Nowadays most of them are too low to keep the cattle safe, and sometimes a strand of barbed wire is strung along the top.

Here and there black Angus crop the good grass, and they are lovely with their furry black coats and compact bodies. They are still to wonder at after all the years of Holsteins and Guernseys we are used to. They always look like overgrown Teddy bears to me.

A buffet supper by the pond is fun. Hamburgers are glorified with Louella's Goop. For this, you put ¼ pound blue cheese through a sieve, cream well ½ cup soft butter or margarine, and add. Then add ½ clove garlic, crushed, 2 tablespoons prepared mustard, salt and freshly ground pepper.

When you take the charcoal-grilled hamburgers off, and spread the Goop on, it melts in, and slithers over, and is indescribably delicious. The rolls should be crisply toasted, better a little blackish at the edge, so they will invite the juicy melting sauce. And the salad can be a pick-up-and-eat one—scallions, carrot sticks, celery curls, olives, slivers of dill pickles.

A late swim makes supper especially good, and it is pleasant to sit as dusk brings those lovely violet tones. The cicadas are in full swing now. Hal Borland says that cicadas live on sap, but that mostly they just make noise! They do sleep at night, because they must have to rest their voices some. I don't really mind them, for they mean summer.

A prejudice is a vagrant opinion without visible means of support.

BIERCE

A cool breath steals from the pond as the moon rises. It is such a tangible thing that I think I could pick up handfuls and hold them to my cheek. The pines give off their fragrance, too, and in July the smell of hay makes the air especially sweet (but is ruinous to those who suffer from hay fever and asthma).

Sometimes we do broilers, and simply marinate them in spicy garlic French dressing which we buy at the market. Everyone does her own. I think one of the greatest improvements in products has been in the salad-dressing field. When I make my own, I just toss in half a dozen things and stir and season and add dry mustard and Worcestershire and so on, but I think for quick use the new dressings are elegant. You can buy a dozen kinds, and they are a far cry from the first French dressings.

If it has been a very hot and very much doing-of-beans kind of day, we take a night dip in the pond. I always tell myself that water snakes do not go out at night, for the water is so black almost anything could be in it and I would never see it at all. The plop of the little frogs is pleasant, but any strange huffing or chonking makes me wonder what is swimming around under me!

Possibly a baby Loch Ness monster has made his way in from the uncharted swamp waters and ended in our pond. Or an otter is there. But I do not worry overmuch, for I know any wild creature is all right if you let it alone.

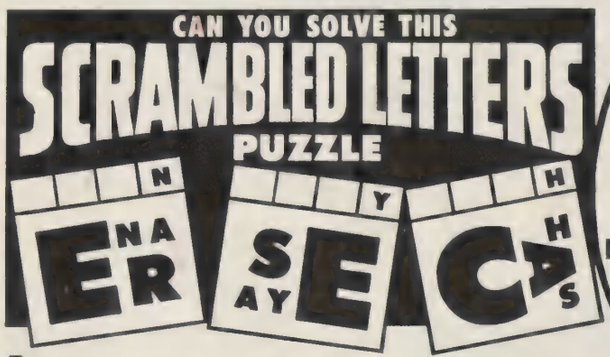
The day ends. It is time now to read, and write letters, and, of course, pick up the middle kitchen again. It has now disarranged itself completely. Jill lets the dogs out, lets them in, lets them out.

What has my day been worth? Possibly I said a comforting word where it was needed,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS

SCRAMBLED LETTERS PUZZLE



WIN THIS BEAUTIFUL ROSE BALL PEN DESK SET WITH PERFUMED INK



There are three boxes in the puzzle. In each box are four letters that form a word. We'll start you off by writing the last letter of each word in the squares above the boxes. Can you put the other letters in the correct squares? Try it and see. When you have unscrambled the words correctly, write the 3-word sentence in coupon and mail for FREE GIFT!

YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE $50 – $100 AND MORE!

We're running this Test to find people with active minds who want to make money. We show YOU how easy and simple it is to get spare time orders for our All-Occasion and Christmas Greeting Cards, Stationery and Gift Items from friends, neighbors and co-workers. They are so beautiful, so different, so amazingly low in cost they sell themselves on sight.



Pink plastic rose pen holder. Jet black base. Sleek pink-and-gold ball pen leaves an air of delicate fragrance on correspondence. This exquisite set is yours FREE when you mail your answer. Solve and mail it NOW!

HURRY! SEND YOUR PUZZLE SOLUTION TODAY!

We'll send you a Rose Ball Pen Desk Set ABSOLUTELY FREE when you answer our Puzzle. You don't pay a single cent for it—now or ever. But you must hurry! We reserve the right to reject entries dated 60 days after the month printed on the cover of this publication. Mail answer today for your FREE Desk Set gift, FREE Imprint Samples and Christmas Card Assortments *On Approval*. Only one entry accepted from each household. Write to: **ARTISTIC CARD CO., Inc.,** 112 Way Street, Elmira, N. Y. (In Canada, write 103 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ont.)

PASTE ON POSTCARD OR MAIL IN ENVELOPE!

HERE IS MY THREE-WORD SENTENCE:

1st WORD

2nd WORD

3rd WORD

Puzzle Editor, **ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.**
112 Way Street, Elmira, New York

Here's my solution. Rush my FREE Rose Ball Pen Desk Set—also spare time Money-Making Plan, Free Imprint Samples and Christmas Card Assortments On Approval.

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

ORGANIZATIONS! Check here for special Fund Raising Plan. ☐

...WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?



Other Models Available

Funeral Directors Say:

THE Wilbert® BURIAL VAULT

Used for over 1¼ MILLION interments. Made of thick, precast asphalt and reinforced concrete. Quality controlled! Guaranteed! It's true peace-of-mind protection! Send for FREE booklet, "Facts every family should know about funerals and interments". Write Wilbert, Box 147-J, Forest Park, Ill.

Wilbert—the Foremost Name in Burial Vault

® Trade Mark of Wilbert W. Haase Co.



New 1957 4-STYLE CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT OF 24 CARDS

FREE SAMPLES Name Imprinted Christmas Cards

Make $50, $75, $100 Extra Money

Start a GREETING CARD & GIFT SHOP at home

Show friends New Ideas in Christmas All Occasion greeting card assortments, gift wrappings, home and gift items. It's easy—it's fun! Profits to $1.00 per box. Bonus. Write for Free Trial Outfit of Feature boxes on approval. Free Catalog, Selling Guide, all details and Sensational Free Offer.

NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS North Abington 767, Mass.

MONEY...

In Your Free Time

Spare-time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
988 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania





NEW IMPROVED GOLDEN-LIGHT MAZOLA® OIL

...now 3 ways better than ever!

Mazola won't smoke or burn even up to 440° F. This means clean, smoke-free frying you just can't get with solid shortenings. Crisp golden-fried foods look so good . . . taste even better.

No fresher oil available! Protected by a new process, golden-light Mazola is a superior salad oil for all homemade dressings. Here's lightness you can see... freshness you can taste!

Lighter, more delicate flavor. New, improved Mazola is the best liquid shortening for all baking. Look for Mazola in the clear glass bottle... see the golden-light quality of this pure corn oil.



Mazola
PURE GOLDEN CORN OIL



rhythm step

JOHNSON, STEPHENS & SHINKLE SHOE CO., ST LOUIS, MO.



NEW RADIOEAR 850
cuts harmonic distortion to an all time low

Only expensive HI-FI phonographs produce distortion-free sound to compare with the RADIOEAR 850 hearing aid. So powerful it offers to added thousands their first opportunity to hear through a clear transparent tube, with no receiver in the ear. Send today for Free six page booklet—No. 527.

radioear
CORPORATION
Pittsburgh 16, Pa.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____
527

UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



© 1946 KING FEATURES SYNDICATE INC. WORLD RIGHTS RESERVED

"Darling, remember those dinner invitations you gave me to mail last week? . . ."

For light relief in July heat try ***Ogden Nash***, whose latest book **YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE** (Little, Brown) is a joy. Not only is Mr. Nash one of the funniest men alive and writing, but he's so exactly like the rest of us! Take "The Invitation Says From Five to Seven":

The major trouble with a party
Is you need a guest to give it for,
And the best part of any guest
Is the last part out the door. . . .

The best location for a party
Is in a room without a floor.
And the best way to give a party
Is leave town the night before.

●

Hammock reading seems to have gone out lately in favor of solemnity and worry, but for those who want them, there are still a few laughs to be found. **THE PINK HOTEL** (Putnam), by ***Dorothy Erskine*** and ***Patrick Dennis*** (*Auntie Mame*) is one—about a resort hotel—which I promise will not be depressing. **CINDY AND I, The Real Life Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Joey Adams** (Crown), is also far from serious. And **THE BRAVE COWARD**, by ***Art Buchwald*** (Harper).

"A modest record of my accomplishments," says Art Buchwald. "I like to think it has gotten me where I am today—just six seats down from an Elsa Maxwell dinner party, and four stalls down from the Rothschild racing stables."

About his cover girl, as Joey Adams calls his Cindy, he says she is 5'3½" and weighs 110 pounds. With full make-up, 125 pounds. She's easily recognized by her patent-leather haircomb—jet black with a part in the middle. Whether she combs it with an iron or paints it on, he doesn't know. But he has discovered why she never shuts her mouth: her hair is too tight.

●

The new novel that I've enjoyed most—fresh as the Elysian spring—is **NATALIE**, by ***Alexandra Orme*** (*Comes the Comrade* and *Paris Original*). We Americans have no preparation for an understanding of a girl like Natalie, or the people she lives among. Life has given us no inkling. But here she is—a fourteen-year-old Polish girl, living in one room of a squalid Budapest boarding-house with her grandmother, a princess with an outrageous angle on morals, and her mother, pious, bourgeois and dull. They sleep on the floor. They steal rolls from the dining room. They wear rags, except for the ostrich plumes which the princess dons when invited out.

Natalie is the pest of the pension. Undernourished and skinny, always with dirty hands and loose cotton stockings, but with golden shining hair which she brushes unceasingly, she sneaks into people's rooms and listens; she speaks Hungarian, Polish and French fluently, and deliberately disconcerts the various groups in this international rubbish heap.

Though Natalie is a bad girl, this is no *Bad Seed*; it is no *Anne Frank*, though war and bombs and émigrés make it a sinister background for the young; it is no *Lower Depths* because it is often hilariously funny. Her devoted companion is a little Russian boy, somewhat younger, much smaller, and these two make a combination quite without equal in all my literary memory. (Simon & Schuster.)

●

A far more normal child than Natalie, living a far more normal life, with parents and sister, *but* in Hollywood, is the eleven-year-old heroine of **DEDE O'SHEA**, by ***Peggy Goodin*** (Dutton). This is authentic American and never strikes a false note—at least where the children are concerned.

In **HOUSEFUL OF LOVE**, *by* ***Marjorie Housepian***, *there are also plenty of children—the real story of an endearing Armenian family living near Gramercy Park in New York. (Sometimes you drop into a restaurant and have rice rolled in a grape leaf and shish kebab of lamb—that's the section.) Like all Armenian books—Saroyan, Bezzerides and the rest—this one is warm, affectionate, good-natured, full of family and love of family.*

●

Just as his fine novel of the business world, **THE DURABLE FIRE**, started running in the JOURNAL, and within forty-eight hours after it was chosen as the June Book of the Month, the author, Howard Swiggett, died in a Long Island hospital. It was a great loss to the literary world, for Mr. Swiggett was a writer of widest interests and knowledge. Besides his many popular novels (*The Power and the Prize* has been made into a movie), he wrote fascinating historical studies. In this reader's opinion his biography of Gouverneur Morris, *The Extraordinary Mr. Morris*, is one of the best American biographies ever written.

●

It is hard to believe that a book about how sheep are raised, bred, born, fed and sheared can be fascinating. But it is. OF SHEEP AND MEN, by *R. B. Robertson* (Knopf), is as good as its predecessor, also a fascinating book, *Of Whales and Men*. This time we're steeped in the atmosphere of the Scottish border.

●

I don't know quite why, but readers in the mass seem to adore **YOU AND YOUR OPERATION**, by ***Dr. Benjamin R. Reiter*** (Macmillan). I might add that I couldn't put it down myself, and I've never had an operation (fingers crossed). It tells all.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



DAN KILGO

"Well, well, senator—I heard your speech favoring socialized medicine."

Four big handsome, profusely illustrated books have come out, one after the other, called **PEOPLE, PLACES, THINGS. IDEAS**, edited by ***Geoffrey Grigson*** and ***Charles Gibbs-Smith*** (Hawthorn). They are informative, entertaining, and should be good books to have about for the school child (as well as the rest of the family) to browse in. **IDEAS**, the latest one, has short discussions, by 63 contributors, on everything, from Art for Art's Sake to Nature to Yoga. A good gift, but expensive ($12.50 each).

●

***A charming juvenile, of which adults will appreciate every word, is* GOD'S TROUBADOUR. The Story of Saint Francis of Assisi by *Sophie Jewett*, *a new edition with thirteen beautiful Giotto paintings as illustrations* (*Crowell, $2.75*).**

Doll by Madame Alexander

Yardley products for America are created in England, and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

To make you feel so fresh and feminine

YARDLEY dusting powder . . . of course



The freshest, most feminine thing you can slip into after a bath or shower is a fragrant cloud of Yardley dusting powder. Fluff it on generously with its own big velvet puff to smooth your skin, to scent it delicately . . . delightfully! It's a wonderful basic way to capture the fresh, feminine feeling that only Yardley can give you. Choose from five delightful fragrances—April Violets, Bond Street, Red Roses, Lavender, Lotus. Generous box, $1.85 plus tax.



Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

OVER 60 AND LOOKING FOR A JOB?

. . . Arlington, Virginia, Offers Help



GEORGE TAMES

Rising prices, fixed incomes and the desire to be useful and occupied bring many an older person to the Over-60 Employment Service. Here 72-year-old Mrs. Anna Matthews asks office manager Mrs. Fannie Vossen about part-time work.

Time to Make a Fresh Start

By MARGARET HICKEY

Today, a woman of 50 is as likely to be holding down a job as a woman of 20. More and more mature women, according to Womanpower, a recent report of the National Manpower Council, are making a fresh start or returning to the jobs they left for marriage and children. By 1965, women will account for more than half of the expected increase of 10,000,000 in the labor force over 1955.

But jobs for mature women will more than ever call for definite skills. The woman with previous office experience who can brush up on her ability will have an easier time. There will be even greater demand than there is today for teachers, nurses, dietitians and nutritionists, librarians and technicians, recreation and other group workers.

In Washington, D.C., a booklet on job-training courses prepared by six women's groups for mature workers lists as free courses advertising art, bookkeeping, office machines and practice, shorthand, typing, cashiering, retailing and sales training. Boards of education in other states have organized similar refresher courses.

Last year the Department of Labor allocated $449,500 to state employment-security offices to pay the salaries of older-worker specialists in each state headquarters and in about 70 larger cities. In Cleveland, Ohio, through counseling, job leads and direct referrals from the Vocational Guidance Bureau (a Red Feather agency), many workers who had given up or had been told they are too old are finding they are needed after all.

Senior Achievement, Inc., in Chicago, is fitting skills of retired people into light manufacturing and assembly work, done on a subcontracting basis with industrial firms, and also supplying clerical help to outside employers on a part-time basis.

A booklet prepared by the Massachusetts Division of Employment Security offers these tips to the "Over Forty and Looking for a Job":

Register with your local public employment office. Use the placement bureau of your trade-union, professional association, school or college. Ask your friends about openings. Call on your former employers. Apply in person or by letter to firms where you would like to work. Answer help-wanted ads. Watch newspapers for announcements of new plants, branch banks or stores to be opened in your neighborhood. END

The telephone on Mrs. Vossen's desk has been busy all afternoon. Calm and businesslike, and looking not at all like her 72 years, she answers promptly, "May I help you?"

"This is B——'s real estate," a harried voice on the line says. "Can you send me somebody who knows what the inside of a file cabinet looks like—and who has a notion of what a day's work is?"

Mrs. Vossen puts down the receiver and riffles through the green metal box on her desk until she finds the name she wants. "Indeed I can! I'll send Mrs. George over first thing in the morning."

In an ordinary employment service, such calls are routine. But the fact that many are now coming to the Over-60 Employment Service of Northern Virginia means that a number of business firms are beginning to recognize that older people *can* fill jobs reliably and efficiently.

"You never have to worry about whether she is going to show up," is the current report from the real-estate man who interviewed—and hired—68-year-old Mrs. George, a white-haired widow who believes in punctuality. "And she keeps the office running smoothly when I'm out with a client," he adds. Mrs. George's employer previously had hired high-school girls part time, in the hope that they would fit in as permanent employees after graduation. But this didn't work out. The girls quit, were married, or did their work so carelessly he had to let them go.

Mrs. George hadn't expected it to be easy to find a job after the company where she had worked for several years closed down. But she did think her experience ought to count for something. Interviewer after interviewer, however, had the same curt smile and the same "We'll let you know," and Mrs. George soon realized they really meant, "You're too old."

In January, 1956, a newspaper item about a new employment service for older people changed all that for Mrs. George and many others in the same situation.

The service, now located in the office of the Recreation Center on North George Mason Drive, Arlington, Virginia, was started by a group of 27 women—the Soroptimists International of Arlington County, a women's service club. Their interest in senior citizens began in October, 1954, when at the request of the Recreation Department they agreed to serve refreshments at Silver Age Club meetings. But they soon learned that the Silver Agers wanted more than a cup of punch and a good time on Saturday afternoons. They wanted jobs—and not volunteer jobs either. Some needed money to help pay their taxes on their homes, which Social Security benefits couldn't possibly cover. One member, her income having dwindled since retirement, wanted to be able to continue to contribute to her favorite charities. Another wanted to earn money to pay her bus fare to and from Silver Age meetings. A number wanted something to *do*. "I looked forward to retirement for so long," one elderly gentleman remarked sadly, "but it's turned out to be pretty monotonous."

Several Silver Agers had left applications at the state employment service. "Over there they consider forty-five a senior citizen," a spry little woman commented. "What chance have you got when you're *seventy?*"

This was a problem for Mrs. Evelyn Devers, chairman of the Soroptimists' service objectives committee, to solve. She asked three members—Mrs. Pearl Sharpe, a building contractor; Miss Martha Schubmehl, a secretary on Capitol Hill; and Dr. Lois Platt, a cancer researcher—to work with her. Together they called at the office of Carroll Early, manager of the Northern Virginia State Employment Service, for ideas and suggestions.

"We do try to place these older people," he told them. "They make up about four to five per cent of all our applications, but it's largely a matter of getting employers interested—and frankly, we don't have the time to make personal contacts."

"That's where we could make our start," the Soroptimists decided.

When Evelyn Devers and her committee talked with W. A. Richardson, director of the Recreation Department, about setting up an employment service, he offered them use of a desk and telephone in his offices. That was in October, 1955. With the help of Mr. Early, the Soroptimists drew up an application blank containing information a prospective employer would want. Then they ordered 500 forms printed. Next they began scanning newspaper ads for jobs that elder-agers might fill, including those that stated "not over 40," and called the firms to ask if they would be willing to list their vacancies with the service. Nearly everyone was willing—whenever anything "suitable" came up. Only a few admitted their policy was to hire within a specified age bracket.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

IMPORTANT SKIN DISCOVERY FROM JOHNSON & JOHNSON

The first truly effective Medicated Powder

FOR BABY...AND ALL THE FAMILY

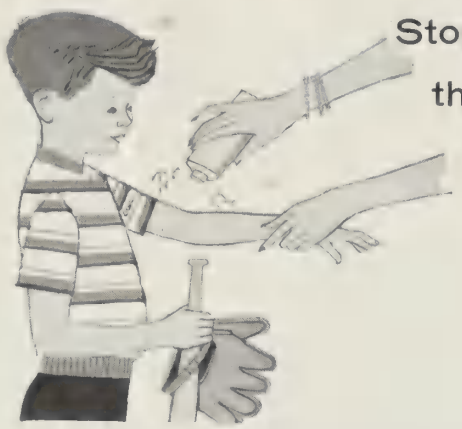


For diaper rash, chafing, urine scald

Only powder that clears up and prevents even "problem" diaper rash

New, exclusive Johnson's formula stops not only *ordinary diaper rash* caused by wet-diaper friction—but sore, difficult *ammonia dermatitis.*

Clears up rashes completely—prevents their return. Ends ammonia diaper odor, too. No other powder can give your baby this sure, soothing protection.



For heat rash, bites, minor skin irritations

Stops more kinds of skin irritations than any other medicated powder

The special formula contains two antiseptics...clears up really *stubborn* rashes as well as simple chafing.

And you can feel completely at ease when you use this medicated powder on the baby or children. For it has been hospital-tested, hospital-proved *completely safe* for the most sensitive skin.

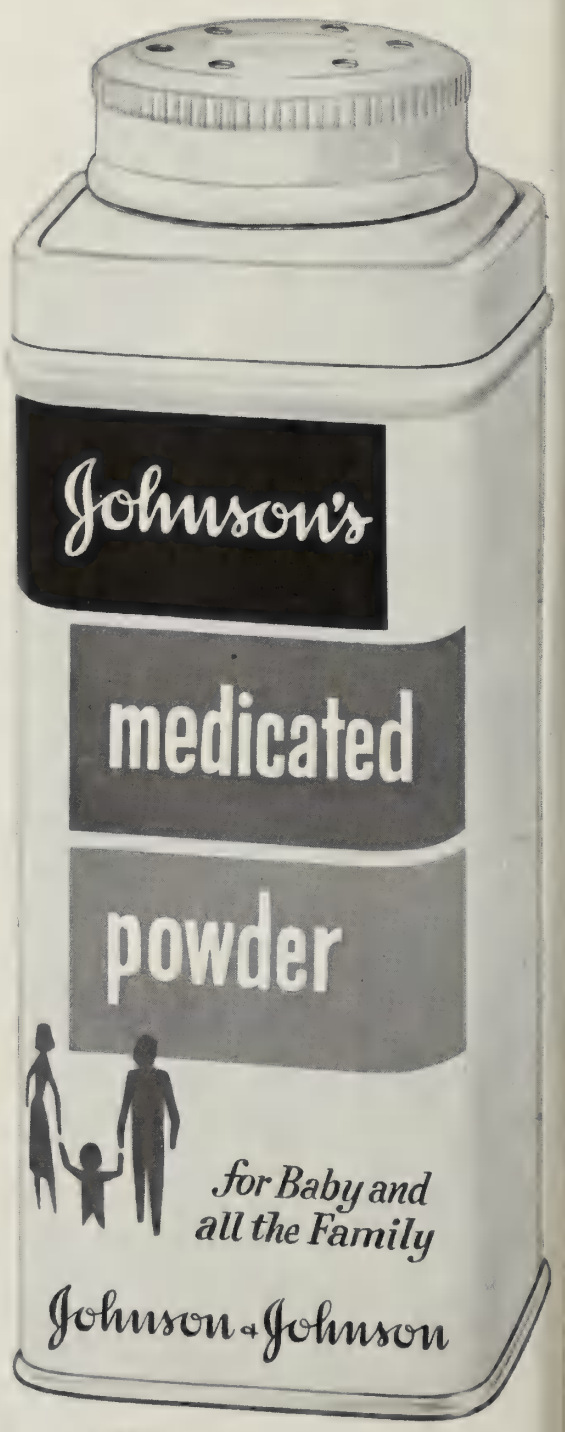


For girdle chafe, feet, underarms

Exclusive absorbent action keeps skin cool, dry—in hottest weather

The moment you smooth on Johnson's Medicated Powder, your skin will feel cooler, more comfortable. Its thirsty absorbing agents dry up moisture *fast.*

And it's the pleasantest medicated powder you can use. Silky-soft, never gritty—clings gently—smells fresh and clean. Get a can for your family today!



4 ounces, 49¢

NEW Johnson's Medicated Powder

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

On January 23, 1956, the Over-60 Employment Service opened officially, with scheduled hours 1:30 to 3:30 on Monday, Wednesday and Friday and staffed by volunteers from the Silver Age Club and by Soroptimists who could leave their jobs or businesses.

During the next month Soroptimists sent out 1500 letters to businessmen on the Chamber of Commerce mailing list. More and more job offers came in—until the volunteers found it hard to keep track of their placements, and complained they couldn't read one another's notes. Mrs. Libby Deaver, director of the Silver Age Club and a Recreation Department worker, found herself shouldering more and more responsibility.

Soroptimists convened a hasty meeting to discuss hiring a permanent part-time manager to take charge of the service. With Mrs. Deaver's concurrence, they decided to ask Mrs. Fannie Vossen, a charter member of the Silver Age Club and a volunteer worker at the employment service, to act as manager. Her salary of $30 a month would be raised through Soroptimist fund-raising projects.

Mrs. Vossen had worked during World War II in the censorship division of the post office in New York City. In recent years she had been living with her son in Arlington. The $30 extra income now meant that Mrs. Vossen could leave her son's crowded household and share a house with a friend.

Shortly after Mrs. Vossen took over in May, the Over-60 Service moved from the Recreation Department building to the new center in an apartment-development neighborhood close to two modern shopping centers and to bus lines.

When Mrs. Vossen first arrives at the office, which she shares with Libby Deaver, supervisor of the center, she looks over the newspaper ads for possible jobs for senior citizens, puts through calls to prospective employers to find out if they would be willing to consider an applicant over 60. At first, some are hesitant. "Can they keep up the pace?" is their first concern. The personnel director at one large department store is one who has come to realize that age limits deprive employers of the qualified workers they need. Arlington County is short of good workers because so many people under 35 are in the armed forces or employed by the Government. "I'm tired of these irresponsible teen-agers," the personnel man who previously had refused to hire anyone over 55 told Mrs. Vossen. "Do you think you could find us two salesladies, a guard and a man for our receiving department?"

Mrs. Vossen immediately began lining up appointments. Her friendly, poised manner ("She has simply bloomed since she took that job," her friends say) often helps reassure the older man and woman sensitive about being unemployed for the first time in their lives. She tries to place people in jobs near their homes whenever possible—though some applicants come from Washington, D.C., and from towns as far as 100 miles away. Applications must be made in person, and references, other than Government service, are checked by telephone when an applicant is being considered for a specific job.

A supervisor at another store which has no age policy does try to fit the older person to the job he can do best, even if it means as many as four transfers. A 62-year-old man hired in the receiving department sometimes had to handle only two packages at a time. But when as many as 70 flooded in, he got a little rattled. This was solved by transferring him to the packaging platform where he is "working circles around his 50-year-old partner," according to his supervisor. The same supervisor discovered the "gift of gab" in another employee past 60 and stationed him at the sidewalk pickup station to pacify impatient customers waiting for their purchases to be sent down from the storerooms.

The manager of a bank, which only recently became interested in hiring older people in an effort to stem high turnover in personnel, follows the same procedure. "Keep the older people away from the pressures of deadline production work, and they do an excellent job."

Through the Over-60 Service this bank employed 65-year-old Mr. Brown, who had retired at 62 after 32 years of Federal Government service, in its stockroom. Mr. Brown's earnings are a welcome supplement to his Government retirement pension, a few investments and the income from his wife's dressmaking.

From May to December, 1956, 42 applicants were placed. Altogether, though, there were 99 applicants and 133 openings—for baby sitters, companions, housekeepers, clerical workers. One young mother called in September to request a baby sitter for New Year's Eve; at Christmas there were four requests for Santa Clauses. Mrs. Vossen explains that many of the job openings could not be filled because some applicants had no means of transportation. A number of the offers were for "live-in" baby care, which few wanted, although one woman did respond to the plight of the father of a six-week-old baby whose mother had to spend several months in a hospital. Some applicants could not be placed because they were hard of hearing. One opened a business of her own.

Many of the jobs, unfortunately, offered ridiculously low pay for the duties involved. And there are practically no offers of professional or executive positions. One attractive, young-looking woman, a former teacher, had followed up a dozen leads without success before coming to the Over-60 Service. Now she is selling in a store—and doesn't like it. Other women, among them former business and professional women, have resigned themselves to baby-sitting. "It seems sometimes," Mrs. Vossen laments, "that employers come to us with jobs nobody else wants."

In her follow-up calls to employers, Mrs. Vossen keeps tab on the progress her "clients" are making. One employer reported that his new clerk was inclined to be "childish" and a little jealous, but made an extra effort to do things right. Sometimes it's hard for an older person, especially one who has formerly been a boss, to take orders from a younger person and do things differently from his accustomed way. But for the most part, employers are well satisfied. One woman with 40 years' experience in bookkeeping systems in insurance companies and mortgage banks now is working part time for a plastics manufacturer, has her own office and chooses her hours. A 65-year-old man who had to give up his contracting business after a back injury, but is still wiry and strong, now is the night manager of a gasoline station, earning $90 a week. For Mrs. Rose Landry, a Silver Age Club member, the service has filled the crushing need to earn enough to live. "You see," she explains to Mrs. Vossen, "when my husband died his pension died with him." She is now taking care of three small children in a motherless home.

Soroptimists understandably are concerned about the future of the Over-60 Service. They feel it should be located in an office all its own and have a full-time director. And they're meeting with other service groups to find out if this can be done. There's certainly no question about continuing interest in the service. Applications are pouring in. A number are even registering several months to a year before their planned retirement in order to have a job waiting for them. END

My code of life and conduct is simply this: work hard, play to the allowable limit; disregard equally the good and bad opinion of others; never do a friend a dirty trick; never grow indignant over anything; live the moment to the utmost of its possibilities; and be satisfied with life always, but never with oneself.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
Testament of a Critic
Published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.



Unretouched photo of Jan Rylander, St. James, L. I. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: Left side of Jan's hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.

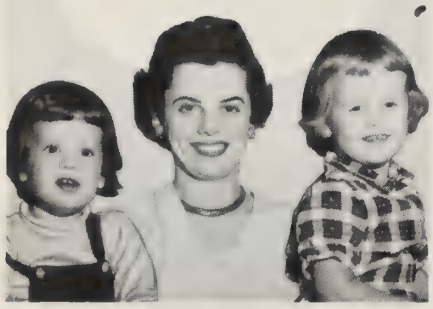


Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results show New Woodbury, with its curl-keeping ingredient, holds waves best. Protects hair from drying out – leaves it shiny-clean, without dulling soap film.

Costs *less* than other leading brands. And right now, for a limited time, the big $1 size is only 59¢. If you don't agree Woodbury is the finest shampoo you ever tried, we'll return your money.

WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

"It's easy to give accurate dosage with St. Joseph Aspirin For Children"



says MRS. WILLARD SMITH, *Detroit, Mich.*

St. Joseph Aspirin For Children makes it easy on both mother and child. It's easy to give dosage "just as the doctor orders", no cutting or breaking is necessary, you simply count out the number of tablets prescribed. More mothers trust this specialized tablet, more children like its pure orange flavor, it's America's mother and child favorite! Approved by more doctors than any other brand.

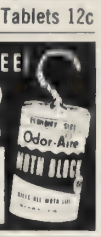
World's Largest Selling Aspirin For Children





200 Tablets 79c • 100 Tablets 49c • 12 Tablets 12c

$1,000.00 INSURED GUARANTEE
CLOTHING REPLACED
IF DAMAGED BY MOTHS
Odor-Aire Moth Blocks, Nuggets & Crystals; Bowl Clean; Bathroom Deodorant; Roach Block; Mildew Block; Insect Block; Diaper Pail Deodorizer; Garbage Block.



FREE! Beautiful Christmas GIFT WRAPS
Get YOURS! A gay collection of 18 handsome sheets for Gift packages. Will be sent entirely FREE! Also get details on Sunshine Plan to earn . . .
BIG Sums of EXTRA MONEY



You'll have fun . . . and you'll delight your friends and neighbors when you show the beautiful SUNSHINE SUPER-VALUE PERSONALIZED CHRISTMAS CARDS . . . full-color cards with **names imprinted**, costing only a little more than **3c per card and envelope!** Many other exclusive Sunshine Christmas Card Assortments—at astonishing **low prices** that mean quick sales, BIG EARNINGS for you! Write TODAY for your **free** Christmas Gift Wraps and the Kit with all details on the Sunshine Plan.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS, INC.
70 Warwick St., Springfield 1, Mass. • Pasadena 1, Calif.

New Way To Sell Christmas Cards...
EASY WAY TO MAKE $100



9 Ways To Make $1 Per Box
Show friends FREE Samples of 62 gorgeous new Christmas Cards. Give discounts when ordered *without* name imprinted, yet you make full profit—**$100 profit on 100 boxes.** 250 Card and Gift Shop Novelties pay you up to 50c on every $1; CASH BONUS besides! No-risk Money-Back Guarantee assures you **up to 20c more profit per box.** No experience needed. Get FREE Album, best Assortments on approval and offer of $1.25 gift FREE for prompt action.
Mail Coupon TODAY!

EXCLUSIVE! Sell original designs shown nowhere else, low as 40 for $1.25.

CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN, Dept. 37-B
1400 State Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio
Please send exclusive samples on approval with FREE Album and "TINY TV" prompt action offer.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....



"TINY TV" Salt & Pepper Console FREE For Prompt Action

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"What do you mean, didn't I get anything done today? I got *everything* done at least *twelve* times!"

"I suppose the routine morning-and-evening husband-wife kisses are O.K.," muses Betty Comfort, frowning in perplexity at the power lawn mower, "as a regular token of affection. But I think the unexpected kiss is more convincing."

Too many of our friends seem tangled in exaggerated private anxieties, their reverse-English 1957 daydreams. "Their tiger hiding behind the potted palm," our local psychiatrist calls it. (Our braver friends make a pet of this animal.)

One or two of my Dream Girl's chums are so utterly vivacious, so overwhelmingly animated, that I'm tempted to slip 'em a tranquilizer before I confront 'em conversationally.

Even our town's more arrogant males concede it's the women who import the culture inside our city limits. In one suburb the Great Books club includes sixteen housewives, only one businessman.

Stop me if I've mentioned the fifty-foot lot before; I think it's a corset on modern life. Myself, I'd give up a crowded barbecue terrace or even a swimming pool in favor of a hundred-foot lot, or bigger.

It's neighborhood gossip: The father in the house with the turquoise awnings successfully insults every young man who calls on his only daughter. "If you make me a spinster," she warns him, "I'll give you no grandchildren!"

My neighbor who owns a house on a Florida beach tells me life's rugged down there. "Every week or two," he says, "I have to spray the encrusted salt off our TV aerial."

At our town's biggest supermarket, the manager tells me, one customer's shopping check in every ten adds up to $25 or more. "Usually," he explains, "they're the ones where the aroused husband comes along to teach his wife how to economize on groceries."

I've stumbled on a new, sure-fire way to end a quarrel with my Princess of Sheer Delight: I remind her of a romantic evening when we backed out of her garage through a closed garage door. Could we have been necking?

"Another way I recognize a gentleman," muses Peter Comfort, moving the sprinkler toward his wife's favorite plants, "is that he ranks people high instead of low. Till they betray themselves, anyhow."

At a party I cornered a glamorous local disk jockey and chided him for playing a fifteen-hour all-Elvis program. He promised me to play a program of 100 different versions of Stardust.

When Marquis Childs, the columnist, came to our house recently I noticed his resemblance to Jack Benny. "Yes," he said sadly, "when a stranger asks me for an autograph I sign 'Your dream man, Jack Benny,' and try to collect a quarter."

After eating one of those fried-chicken dinners they deliver in twenty minutes after a phone call, I'm positive somebody'll get rich someday delivering tasty diet dinners, not quite so greasy.

Love across the Pacific's dateline: A cablegram to Junior in Japan on a Thursday that newborn Harlan III had landed reached him Friday in a plane 900 miles offshore. He phoned back on Saturday from his air base in Japan, reached his wife on a Friday in the States, the day before.

One of our town's tycoons who thinks he resembles Greg Peck gets his suits cleaned after each wearing. His wife estimates indignantly that if he wore 'em three times he could buy her a mink coat in eight years.

I've promised my Dream Girl not to be so nervous about the poison ivy around her vegetable garden if she'll relax about garter snakes, upon my oath that they're harmless. When they flick their tongues she thinks it's a nest of cobras in our old cistern.

At lunch we exchanged brags about the magical teachers we had in the fifth grade. After the pie à la mode we wound up pledged to organize an annual Teacher's Day, celebrated like Mother's Day and Father's Day, sentimentally, with gifts.

Whenever I visit Florida or California I'm convinced people up North ought to paint their houses brighter colors. A few of the younger people do; it's their elders who need the cheerful tints.

Our town's oldest obstetrician is impatient with expectant families who go to pieces waiting the last two weeks for a new baby to arrive. "Do they want the poor brat," he asks, "to arrive underdone in this frigid world?"

Often when I turn off the radio in the middle of an irritating tune, or terminate TV in the middle of a boring skit, the silence has the lovely quality of a Bach sonata.

We've talked for years of revolving shelves in the awkward corner cupboards of our kitchen, where we bend and squat and poke into far dark corners so peevishly. I've bet my wife a necktie to a new hat we get it done this year.

A proud gramp down the block showed me a letter written by his daughter-in-law he accidentally saw. "Our baby is now very handsome," she wrote. "At first he looked like his grandpa, but now he resembles his father."

On the country-club terrace the girls were overheard compiling a list of the town's ten most eligible bachelors, till one girl crimped it. "An eligible bachelor gets that way," she said, "because girls can't stand to date him more than once."

My wife read me aloud that the average house now has thirty electrical appliances. Why doesn't our high school eliminate one or two of its courses, offer instead training in household repair and maintenance?

One of our morbid border-line patriarchs thinks retirement is murder if it's compulsory, suicide if it's voluntary. Our mail carrier thinks if a man's smart enough to enjoy retirement, he's smart enough to hold down a good job.

If the people along Main Street (like the folks on the Appian Way) are ever the same age, maybe it's because they keep meeting schoolmates of twenty years ago who tell 'em they haven't changed an iota.

. . . When our youngest inevitably O.K.'s my favorite necktie by adopting it as his own,

. . . Or my son-in-law says my muscles are remarkable for a man of my age,

. . . And Junior offers to buy me a bush jacket if I'll visit him in Japan,

. . . Or my Dream Girl comes up after all these years with tinned potato pancakes,

Then I'm glad I'm not an eligible bachelor, just a defensive husband, a pleasanter role.

Such delicate color and softness . . . in the luxurious velvet-banded silk net negligee specially designed for Scott . . . in the luxurious matching Soft-Weve—Scott's superb "facial quality" 2-ply bath tissue. Choose from five exquisite Soft-Weve colors to complement your bath or powder room.

Probably the most noticed luxury in your home...

Soft-Weve® *by* **Scott**



MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

"Don't husbands have any responsibility?"

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

FOR HUSBANDS ONLY

Each month my mail includes several letters along familiar lines—I always "take the husband's side," or "blame the wife for whatever is wrong." A recent article about a husband's brutality produced a record-breaking number of such protests. Because I suggested ways the wife might avoid arousing her husband's temper, and so protect herself, my critics complained that my counsel is always directed to the wife, no matter who is to blame. "Don't husbands have *any* responsibility?"

Of course they do. No wife, however conscientious, devoted and perceptive, can achieve a happy marriage without her husband's co-operation.

But the counselor can accomplish little by sympathizing or assessing blame. He tries to help his clients find ways to improve the situation, or adjust to it, no matter who is responsible.

When all the facts about a critical marriage problem are known, it is usually clear that neither party is wholly to blame, or wholly innocent. Occasionally, however, an exception comes along, in which the guilt is obviously one-sided. Mrs. Osborne's experience is an example.

She first consulted me over two years ago, in great distress because her husband had abruptly demanded a divorce. He made no accusations, but said he didn't love her, and wanted his freedom while he was young enough (36) to find happiness with another woman.

She agreed their marriage wasn't perfect—"How many are?"—but she loved her husband and had worked hard to make a happy home for him and their three children.

For about six months we played for time, hoping he would change his mind. Then he renewed his demands, offering a substantial settlement if immediate action was taken, but warning that further delay would alter his attitude. To safeguard the children's financial welfare, the wife reluctantly accepted his offer. She and the children moved to another city.

The next months weren't easy. She missed her husband, despite his indifference and lack of appreciation. However, she found part-time work in her own profession, and has done a splendid job of rebuilding a life for herself and her children.

After the decree became final, the family had no contact with the husband except for occasional notes to the children and a short visit Christmas Day. Then two months ago he asked to see her, and she agreed. Here is her account of what happened:

"He asked me to marry him! He said when he dated women his own age he found himself wondering why they weren't married, and when he dated younger girls, they seemed too childish. He said he'd learned there is more to marriage than he had realized, that he really needed me, felt we could now make a success of marriage. He wanted a companion, a home and his children. I told him we both needed time to think it over."

We discussed the pros and cons. She said it was a temptation to accept, but she had to think it through. I agreed.

Yesterday she came in to tell me her decision. "I've made up my mind not to marry him. He doesn't love me any more than he ever did and I'm no longer interested in a marriage for *his* convenience. I've spent two years getting used to the situation he created, and making a life for myself and my children. I don't want to risk facing the same thing all over again. I'm sorry for him, but I no longer love him. If we couldn't make our marriage work when I loved him, how can we hope to now?"

Mrs. Osborne did her utmost to achieve a successful marriage. Now she has made a satisfactory adjustment to a divorce she didn't want. Her husband has done neither. Husbands (and wives) can understand the point, without comment from me.

PICKING UP THE PIECES

"I was to have been married a week ago today. Just six days before the wedding, my fiancé called and said it was all off. He'd become so involved with a girl he'd met just two months ago that the only fair thing was to cancel the wedding. What could I do? My mother canceled the arrangements and we left for a short trip while I tried to pull myself together.

"Now we're back, and I dread facing people. Everybody's sorry for me, and I'm sorry for myself. We'd been engaged since I graduated from college a year ago, after dating for three months. I know you can't help me, but can you help me help myself? All I have left is a sense of failure. I resigned my job to get ready for the wedding. Shall I go back to it, or find work in another city? Somehow I have to pick up the pieces and go on living."

Broken engagements are not unusual. Though never a pleasant experience, in nearly half the cases both members of the couple are able to accept the situation without serious difficulty for either. Understandably, the girl is more likely to suffer than the man, particularly when, as in this case, it was he alone who made the decision. Then she is almost certain to feel that she is unwanted and a failure.

The first step toward recovery is to recognize the truth—she has done nothing to be ashamed of, to hide or to regret. It was not she who broke a promise, who postponed a vital decision till the eleventh hour. Her error was one of judgment in trusting a person who didn't deserve it.

This man's behavior shows that he is too callous, irresponsible and uncertain of his own feelings to be a good risk as a husband. Perhaps even now the girl is beginning to realize that she is better off without him. But she is left without occupation for the present, plans for the future, or diversion to take her mind off the situation. The sooner she can fill in some of these gaps, the more quickly she will regain a wholesome outlook. Here are some suggestions, directed specifically to her, but adaptable to other girls in similar plight. She should:

- Get busy. A demanding, useful job will leave little time for brooding, and will bolster self-confidence. She would be wise to return to her former job at once, avoiding the additional strain of adapting to new associates and unfamiliar surroundings.
- Get back in circulation. It may be necessary for her to take the initiative by telephoning a few friends, since they, too, may feel diffident about approaching her. As invitations are extended, she should accept and reciprocate.
- Postpone major decisions and long-term plans. This is not the time to set out on unfamiliar paths. For the present, she is almost certainly better off in her home community than in a strange city.
- Accept dates, but regard them as opportunities for companionship and recreation, not romance. She should be slow to form a serious attachment, lest she react on the rebound. A long engagement following a short acquaintance ended in disappointment, as is often the case. She, or any girl, will do better to reverse the procedure.

Her broken engagement was a painful experience. But it undoubtedly spared her the greater ordeal of a broken or unhappy marriage. She knows that a man she thought acceptable once wanted to marry her. She can be confident that she will meet others, better qualified, who will feel the same way.

DO YOU AGREE?

At what stage in breaking up the marriage is a wife most upset?

The time when the couple finally separates.

ASK YOURSELF:

Is My Husband Provoking?

The questions below concern shortcomings common to many husbands, and annoying to many wives. Answer "Yes" to each one that reflects a type of action which is a habit with your husband, and a source of irritation to you.

Does Your Husband:

1. **Forget errands he promised to do?**
2. **Grumble nastily when meals are unavoidably delayed?**
3. **Drop cigarette ashes heedlessly?**
4. **Dole out household money grudgingly?**
5. **Talk loudly or shout unnecessarily?**
6. **Twist your words to mean something else?**
7. **Leave his belongings scattered around?**
8. **Keep talking when he has nothing to say?**
9. **Insist that every nickel be accounted for?**
10. **Have an excuse for his every mistake?**
11. **Criticize you when things go wrong?**
12. **Expect you to wake him most mornings?**
13. **Conveniently "forget" needed home repairs?**
14. **Ignore a ringing telephone?**

Not one husband in a hundred has a perfect score, and half of all college wives answer "Yes" to at least six of these questions. If you give your husband as many as ten "No" answers, count yourself lucky—he is a rare jewel. But if you think he has too many "yeses," ask yourself if you are overcritical—or what little habits you have that annoy him.

Avon invites you to a fragrance try-on



"Avon Calling" means selecting cosmetics and fragrances at home, with the help of your Avon Representative.

It's *new* . . . this Avon way of trying on fragrances in your own home, to be sure they're becoming! Avon makes selection so easy and pleasant by enabling you to explore the world of fine fragrances until you discover the ones you like best. Seven scents to choose from . . . each different . . . all delightful . . . all distinctively Avon. When your Avon Representative calls, she will invite you to a fragrance try-on. You'll enjoy it!

IF YOU WISH AN AVON REPRESENTATIVE TO CALL, PLEASE CONSULT YOUR PHONE DIRECTORY.

© AVON cosmetics

RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

AVAILABLE ONLY THROUGH YOUR AVON REPRESENTATIVE WHO CALLS AT YOUR HOME

COPYRIGHT 1952, AVON PRODUCTS, INC.



Discovery!

Discovery!

Feminine Fabric

sheerest luxury . . . . perfected protection

make New Modess your own discovery this month

Modess . . . . *because*



You're Prettier than you think you are!

...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!



Here's Proof **that Mild and Gentle Palmolive Care Cleans Cleaner, Deeper, Prettier!**

When you wash with your regular soap—in the ordinary, casual way—you leave hidden dirt behind that hides the prettiness of your complexion. But what a glorious difference after a 60-second Palmolive massage! You'll look fresher, lovelier! And to *prove* that hidden dirt is gone, rub with a tissue. The tissue will stay snowy-white . . . proof that Palmolive care cleans cleaner, deeper, prettier!



Be Palmolive Sweet and Clean All Over It's Wonderful for the Bath!



Yes—new complexion beauty is yours in just one minute with Palmolive Soap. Because Palmolive care removes beauty-robbing hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!

Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know, editors you like, and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

Feminine hearts beat faster in July, 1907, when Enrico Caruso sang Love's Pleading. Small boys wore knee-length dresses called Russian tunics and little girls played in ruffled white lawn aprons. On their open porches on hot summer evenings, families sang By the Light of the Silvery Moon and played Diabolo. Pres. Teddy Roosevelt, who timed his antitrust, anti-railroad bombshells to explode every Monday morning, exulted, "The White House is a bully pulpit."

A reader asks Editor Bok in the July, 1907, JOURNAL, ***"Why do you not attack some of the great evils of today, like cigarette smoking, drinking, Mormonism, tight lacing, theatergoing and card playing, just as you attacked patent medicines." Answers Bok, "We are not in the attacking business."***

"Bathing Without a Bathroom" mentions many ingenious methods of taking a bath, with tubs of papier-mâché or tin, folding rubber baths, sitz baths, or sponge baths with water heated over an alcohol lamp. The writer concludes that no baths can equal in fascination "those gambols under the hard pelting of a warm summer rain."

"I want a pattern for a silk bathing suit," requests a reader who signs herself Great Expectations. Replies Mrs. Ralston, "Silk, you know, is treacherous and does not wear as well as mohair. Be sure and choose a dark, gunmetal color.

"Can I dye a pair of white canvas shoes to match a new lavender evening gown?" Answer: "No, but you can paint them with any good water color."

"A woman fortunate enough to own a gas range can eliminate much heat from her kitchen in the summer, but for the majority of housewives a gas stove is out of the question."

"How to Shake Hands: Some hands feel like a dead thing, others by overcordiality inflict torture, while others are impertinent in giving too lingering a pressure," believes Mrs. Kingsland, manners expert.

"A bon-voyage luncheon for friends going abroad: For the center of the table have a large mirror set in a bed of water cress and smilax. Serve bonbons in little steamboats floating on the mirror, and ices in papier-mâché globes."



HARRINGTON HARLOW

Manhattan's steel-lined sky line during a summer thunderstorm creates a spectacular picture; but it's safer to be in one of the buildings than at home.

This is thunder-and-lightning month here in New York, and we are ready with a brief report. First, forget about lightning never striking more than once in the same place. Why, last summer it struck the building next door seventeen times and the Empire State Building forty-eight, though nobody in either building felt it. In fact, with all this steel to dissipate the charge, *Cynthia Wheatland* is safer here at her desk by the window than one of her JOURNAL fans crouching on a feather bed in the country. Which brings us to this exciting photograph of a flash over Manhattan taken by a lawyer friend of ours from his window in New York Hospital while recuperating last July, with his camera at his bedside. One prong is striking the poor old Empire State Building again, another our building. And as for thunder turning milk sour, don't believe a word of it, said *Sally Platt* when we appealed to her as a specialist. "To turn a cup of milk sour," she said, "simply add a tablespoonful of vinegar."

As the final installment of The Durable Fire was being prepared for this issue, word came of ***Howard Swiggett's*** *death. Just a week before, his novel had been made the Book of the Month selection for June, one of the last pieces of news Howard heard. . . . An alternate selection for June, suggested for its "superabundance of perfect summer reading," is the Ladies' Home Journal Treasury, edited by* ***John Mason Brown****. "I never knew a book about a magazine to get such bright and gay reviews from the newspapers," Mr. B. exclaimed happily here the other day. "As packed with variety as a woman's pocketbook," quipped the New York Times, while the Atlanta Journal-Constitution observed, "Women will enjoy reading it immensely—after their husbands lay it aside."*

"Here are some snaps I took on the Libyan Desert back in February," ***Phil Stern*** told ***Tina Fredericks*** a few days after he returned in May from months of photographing in North Africa. "Ran into ***John Wayne*** doing a film called Legend of the Lost, starring ***Sophia Loren***. The temperature was over a hundred and ten degrees, and the only shade in sight was under the copy of the January LADIES' HOME JOURNAL which Sophia was holding over her head. Thought you might be amused—you know, it's her favorite American magazine, now that she's learned to read English"

PHIL STERN-GLOBE PHOTOS



Sophia Loren puts the Journal to a new use.

Two readers who now realize by what an infinite process of selection we arrive here at the picture essence of a story are *Judy Dorlester* and *Steve Ambrose*, the principals in this month's How America Lives piece. A week or so after they'd been extensively photographed and interviewed on the Wisconsin campus by *Abbot Mills*, they paid a visit to the Workshop, where in the picture department with Abbot they looked at the pages *Florence Sweet* was pasting up. "Say, Abbot, how many pictures was it you took of us out there!" Judy exclaimed, counting the pictures on the layouts. Abbot guessed about 800, explaining that though many are taken, few are chosen. In this case a higher percentage than most. Out of 800, nine. You can count them yourself.

The day after ***Charles van Doren*** was dethroned on the Twenty-One program by ***Mrs. Nearing***, we had the pleasure of meeting the Belgian ***Baroness Moens de Fernig*** at luncheon with ***Mary Bass*** in the Entertainment Room upstairs. The baroness was here with her husband, who is commissioner general of the world's fair to be held in Brussels next summer to celebrate the atomic age, and she showed us pictures of the United States pavilion, a simply enormous cylinder of glass, very atomic indeed, designed by ***Edward D. Stone***, the architect of many JOURNAL

JOSEPH DI PIETRO



Mary Bass and the baroness get a bird's-eye view of the town.

houses, the baroness was interested to hear. It was Mary Bass who asked the baroness if she'd heard that the King of Belgium had caused the downfall of Van Doren when Charles said "Leopold" instead of "Baudouin." "Oh, yes," she laughed, "and we've already invited him to come over and meet the king, a charming young man himself. But Charles had made other plans. He was getting married."

Author-photographer Abbot Mills (left) with H.A.L.'ers.



AUDREY SALISBURY

Everyone froze

for a second.

Then Ruth said in a low,

angry voice,

"Get out of here!"

CAPTIVE

What do you do when you suddenly realize that the nightmare is real . . . that the impossible has happened and you are right there in the middle of it NOW?

By THE GORDONS

FIRST OF TWO PARTS

He was a rugged, limber man in his mid-thirties whose bluff good looks were drying up from too much sun and wind. The land was sweaty hot about him, and the acrid smell of gunpowder fused with thousands of particles of red dust, suspended in the still air, to smart his nostrils.

The explosion of a .45 cracked and shook the quiet and reverberated until it lost itself. The strip of red mesa pasted across the far horizon wavered, and his chest was a caldron that burned out the scream, rising from deep down. His gun arm shook as he struggled to squeeze the trigger in answer. But his body no longer obeyed, and he sagged forward. His thought then was of a woman, a woman called Anne Hayes, who two hours before had put up a carton of hot coffee for him back in the little mountain town of Flagstaff, Arizona.

Shortly before seven, he had driven into Flagstaff. He pulled into a vacant lot behind the Pueblo Bank and parked under a lone light that shone ineffectually on a barred door. He slid his tight, faded Levis across the seat, and climbed out. He was wearing a lumberjack's shirt open at the collar, a battered Stetson, and well-hacked boots. His name was Clayton Jackson, but no one had ever called him Clayton except his mother.

A man emerged from the shadows, in his twenties, hair cut short, with a ready-for-anything look. He took a tug at a wide black gun belt, fitted with cartridges. A holstered .45 rode on his hip, like a part of him. He said nothing.

"Harya, Jim," Clay greeted. "Been waitin' long?"

"Not long," Jim answered. He was wearing dark green trousers and shirt, and on his left shoulder was an insigne that read: NAVAHO POLICE.

Clay continued, "Skinned off a retread on the way in. Had to pick me up another."

Jim nodded. English did not come easy for him, although when he tried he could speak it like a white man. His full name was Jim Begay.

He knocked on the bank's back door as Clay turned back to the car and honked twice, glancing across the street to an all-night café whose lights still burned. A sign read simply: ANNE'S. A woman hurried to the door, waved happily and called, "O.K., Clay," in a husky voice.

Humming to herself, she turned toward an old-fashioned, nickel-plated coffee urn that was burping. She was blond, full-lipped, not too young, not too slender, with a face reminiscent of the flowers in the glass behind the counter, full-blown and faded but not yet ready for discard.

She drew the coffee into a carton, and dumped in sugar and cream. The phone ring startled her. She wiped her hands hurriedly before answering.

In the bank, Charlie Frazier counted the bills jerkily. Everything he did he did fast, whether he had to or not. Twenty-one years of working as a teller in a little cage for the same bank, with the same faces bobbing before him and saying the same words, had worked him into a nervous state in which he could scarcely quiet his body to sleep. Yet his eyes were still clear behind his horn-rimmed glasses, and time had been frugal with the wrinkles.

He droned off a list of names: Uranium Exploration, $16,700; Garson Steel, $7900; Red Butte Trading Post, $3700; Big Wash Trading Post, $3400; Bekihatso Trading Post, $4100; and so on. The total came to $62,700. Clay stuffed it into a moneybag as though it were so much newspaper.

Charlie hastened to open the back door, and the rusty, screeching bars that protected it. "Tell the trader at Tonalea my wife wants a couple saddle blankets next time he gets some in."

Clay nodded.

As the three emerged from the back door, Anne walked toward them with the carton. Jim Begay smiled for the first time. "Hello, Miss Hayes."

"Hi, Jim. How's the baby?"

"He's fine, Miss Hayes."

Clay said, "Much obliged, honey," as he took the carton, then opened the back trunk and tossed the moneybag inside.

Charlie's eyes stayed with Anne until she moved uncomfortably, then he grinned at Clay. "Why don't you two get married?"

"She hasn't asked me," Clay answered.

"I have, too," Anne retorted.

Clay and Jim Begay took Highway 66 east out of town, past motels and steak houses and lumber mills. Smoke from sawdust burning in the giant beehives alongside the mills mixed with the scent of pine woods, and Clay took a deep breath, relishing it.

They turned north on Highway 89, Clay gunning the car through towering pines, past a marker pointing to Sunset Crater, an extinct volcano, and at last breasting the summit at 7250 feet, and dropping until the trees grew scrubby and then ran out. After that, miles of nothing except the gas station that was Deep Wells and the trading post known as Gray Mountain, topping a black plateau. They came then to a slight rise and looked out over a pink land of mesas and gorges that stretched out to turquoise skies, a land brilliant in the yellow glare of the rising sun, a lonesome country without sign of man or habitation.

"Geminy," Clay said, "I never see it I don't get a bang out of it."

Jim nodded soberly. "It won't be around like this much longer."

"Nope, I reckon not."

"I keep thinking ——" His words drifted away.

"Same here. Maybe it'd been better if they'd never found uranium."

Jim sat thoughtful a moment, then said quietly, "This is the finish for The People. The white man's going to absorb us." He added dryly, "I CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

© 1957 by Mildred and Gordon Gordon

They baffled him. frightened him. infuriated him ... and he couldn't



But they belonged to the woman he loved.

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE NOVELETTE

By LUCY CORES

Mr. Willing swallowed two red pills and took rapid stock of himself, as he always did when four o'clock came around. Everything considered, he was in not too bad shape. The migraine brought on at lunchtime by being slapped on the back by an overhearty author seemed to be receding. He could now lift the arm that was afflicted by bursitis a little higher; pretty soon he would be able to type his own letters and not have to use Miss de Vries, who was a good secretary but who embarrassed him by yearning at him. Mr. Willing didn't care to be yearned over even if he was a sick man. Unfortunately, his rather pale mournful face with its forelock of fair hair had a quality of sweetness that made rebuffs ineffective. Among the secretarial staff of his magazine, Mr. Willing was known as a living doll.

He ticked off the last name on his appointment pad, took another pill—a yellow one—and was ready for his interview with C. Massey, whose mystery novel they were considering serializing.

Ten minutes later he found himself falling in love. Miss de Vries, who always worried about Mr. Willing's falling prey to one of those bold and spectacular lady novelists, hadn't even a premonition about C. Massey, who turned out to be a slim, dark-haired woman in her thirties, not at all spectacular.

But Mr. Willing, who had just turned forty, had, unlike many of his contemporaries, no special penchant for loud glamour. The slinky young glamourpusses on the magazine staff unnerved him. He preferred precisely the sort of quality that Cristine Massey had: that of subdued charm, and the gentler sort of sophistication.

"Very nice indeed," said Mr. Willing. He was referring to the manuscript before him. "Your first, I understand."

"My first mystery novel." Her voice was both soft and clear. "I have written articles in collaboration with my husband when he was alive."

Mr. Willing, murmuring regrets, felt his spirits rise unaccountably. He went on discussing the manuscript with his usual competence. But there was something pleasantly disturbing about the proximity of this latest author: the faint clean perfume of her, the way a few black tendrils curled at the nape of her neck, the droll way her eyebrows slanted when she smiled. She had long sooty eyelashes which imparted a certain velvety quality to her blue eyes, so that whenever she looked at him, he felt as if he were being stroked. When the interview was over, he was conscious of downright panic. Hastily he suggested further discussion over dinner this very evening and was absurdly relieved when she accepted.

"I hope you like this restaurant I'm taking you to," he told her, as they left the office. His hold on her elbow tightened tenderly. Though she wasn't very tall, she matched her stride to his, making their progress a harmonious affair, unlike the jerky unassorted motion of less well-matched couples. "It has good Provençal cooking and very considerate proprietors— always go there. It's quite near, but perhaps I ought to call a cab; it's starting to rain and you have no rubbers."

"Oh, I never catch colds."

Mr. Willing gave her a sad, incredulous smile as he hailed a cab. In his experience, people always said that until it was too late. He himself took no chances, and kept a pair of rubbers and an umbrella in his office at all times. "The colds I catch," he told her, as he handed her into the cab, favoring the arm with the bursitis, "are unbelievably savage."

At Chez Michaud Mr. Willing noted fondly that his guest had a healthy appetite as well as a discriminating palate. She ordered *escargots*, onion soup, *filet mignon*. He himself asked for his usual Melba toast and boiled chicken.

"Unfortunately," he explained, in response to her questioning gaze, "I am not allowed to eat after the fashion of mankind. Nothing important—a small friendly ulcer."

"I am so sorry." She really sounded sorry, her eyes widening at the multicolored array of pills he scattered on the table before settling down to his meal. Mr. Willing sighed.

"I must be making a terrible impression on you. A complete crock."

His newest author met his rueful eye gravely, though a small shadowy dimple formed by the corner of her mouth. "On the contrary," she said. "Everything considered, you strike me as a fine figure of a man."

Altogether it turned out to be a totally delightful dinner, over far too soon, he thought as he took her to the station to catch a train to Ellendale, the small town in Connecticut where she lived—at a commuting distance from New York, he learned gratefully.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked her. "Are you coming in soon? Next week, perhaps?"

"Well ——" She looked doubtful and he was conscious of an absurdly fierce pang of

tell them apart.



disappointment. "You see, my daughter Marnie is just coming in from college ——"

"You have a daughter old enough to go to college?"

"Yes—it's her first year. . . . Thank you for the flattering astonishment." There was laughter in her voice. "I had Marnie at nineteen—and she's eighteen now."

"A wonderful age," said Mr. Willing heartily. He was thinking that if Cristine Massey had a daughter it was nice that she was old enough to go to college, leaving her mother comparatively free. "Won't you be able to get away for dinner at all?"

"Yes—but I don't think I'll have time to make any of the revisions you suggested."

"I am not talking in my editorial capacity now," Mr. Willing assured her.

"Oh. Oh, then I'd love to, next Thursday."

In the weeks that followed Mr. Willing contrived to see a great deal of Cristine Massey, and not in his editorial capacity. They went to concerts and plays—finding happily a delightful community of tastes wherever they went—or just spent their evenings in conversation. Cristine was one of those rare women who would rather talk about

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

THE



PIX



PHIL BURCHMAN

At home with Prince Charles and her family, Queen Elizabeth uses jewels with the restraint shown by any well-bred Englishwoman. Three strands of pearls, small pearl stud earrings and a handsome brooch are her usual choice for the rare days of privacy.



As a tiny princess, Elizabeth (left) wore a little necklace of coral. It has now been passed on to her daughter Anne (right).

Queen Elizabeth's latest official photograph. She wears the riband and star of the Order of the Garter adorned at the shoulder by her favorite diamond bow brooch, a gift from Queen Mary. The famous diamond-and-emerald tiara and necklace were also inheritances from her grandmother. The flawless emeralds, won in a charity lottery by her great-great-grandmother, have been handed down in the family.



COMBINE PHOTOS

For semiformal public occasions such as the Ascot races, the queen often chooses a four-strand pearl necklace, little pearl earrings and a large diamond clip. She is said to have twenty sets of pearls from which to choose, and hundreds of diamond brooches, jeweled clips.

At home Margaret likes to wear turquoises because they match her intensely blue eyes. But for official photographs and formal public events, she must wear precious stones. Here, with a filmy evening dress, she wears diamond necklace and earrings, and wide diamond bracelet.



PHIL BURCHMAN

Princess Margaret, noted for her sense of style, is particularly fond of this large rose-topaz brooch, and often chooses it for semiformal daytime occasions. With it she wears five strands of precious Oriental pearls.



COMBINE PHOTOS

For evening dress Margaret, like Elizabeth, often wears diamonds. When the sisters appear together in public Margaret's jewels are invariably simpler than those of the queen. But they are as real.



WIDE WORLD

WORLD'S MOST FABULOUS JEWELS

Pearls for daytime, diamonds for evening,
emeralds and rubies for those very special occasions when a woman should look her best—
the ladies of the British royal family together own the most dazzling
jewel collection in the world today. By PETER BRIGGS AND MARGARET PARTON



COMBINE PHOTOS

Three-strand pearls to visit a hospital or christen a ship. With them the queen chooses a flower brooch of rare jewels, small pearl earrings and one of her favorite tiny wrist watches.

Queen Elizabeth is the personal owner of one of the greatest—and possibly *the* greatest—jewel collections in the world today. She has emeralds the color of mountain pools at sunrise, sapphires like the ocean at high noon, pearls shining with the luster of a creamy sunset, diamonds glittering with the icy fire of the Snow Queen's palace—and she has lots and lots and lots of them. So have the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, and all the women of Great Britain's royal Windsor family.

Probably only the family and the Keeper of the Royal Jewels know the full extent of the collection, for royal wills are private and many of the pieces have been inherited. The gems, only a few of which have ever been seen by the public or photographed, have never been appraised. The collection is not insured, and is held simply as a "crown risk." Entirely separate from the Crown Jewels, which belong to the nation rather than to the royal family, its extent and value remain a family secret. Most jewelers, unable to examine the stones, refuse even to guess at the collection's value, although one estimated it might be $150,000,000. This is merely speculation, since many of the gems have never been on the market; others have such great historic value that, like the Crown Jewels, they are beyond price.

This royal collection is perfectly in keeping with a tradition which has existed since human beings first decided kings and queens were a good idea. From the beginning of time royalty has amassed jewels, either for their value (you can flee for your life with a couple of diamonds clutched in the non-sword hand), their beauty or their magic properties. Royal Roman matrons, who seem to have had considerable marriage trouble, prized diamonds because they were thought to enhance the love of a man for his wife, and amethysts because they were believed to preserve the affection of husbands.

Renaissance kings believed that the ruby would reconcile disputes and bring about peace and concord. When they trotted off to war they wore a turquoise on their left arm, believing that it would protect them from injury by falling, particularly from horseback. It is doubtful whether Elizabeth, who has never been known to fall off a horse, values her jewels for these reasons. But it is no secret that she knows a good gem when she sees it, and will wear nothing less than perfect.

In this she apparently takes after her red-wigged ancestor, Queen Elizabeth I, who had a passion for pearls (despite the fact that according to the old lore they were emblems of the un-Elizabethan virtues of purity and modesty). Sailors like Sir Francis Drake kept a sharp lookout on her behalf for good pearls as well as Spanish galleons and new

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135



PIX

he queen mother has perhaps alf a dozen tiaras from which choose when she really wants dress up. Here she also wears iamond drop earrings and one her many diamond necklaces.

No queen has ever worn jewels with the regal splendor of Queen Mary. But no queen today would wear as many as Queen Mary thought appropriate. The emerald-and-diamond tiara and the emerald necklace now belong to Elizabeth, who shortened the necklace and added one of the emeralds and a portion of the Cullinan diamond as pendants.



COMBINE PHOTOS

Queen Mary, Elizabeth's grandmother, appreciated and knew jewels, as she did most works of beauty and of art. She passed on much of her knowledge and many of her pearls, diamonds and rubies to her granddaughter.



HAY WRIGHTSON

Pearls have always been fashionable for such events as christenings and hospital visiting. Today, however, Queen Elizabeth's would be shorter than the ones worn here by Queen Mary.



KEYSTONE PRESS



ILLUSTRATED BY C. FREDERICK SMITH

The littlest One

Bonnie was too little to understand
that the heart has room
for more than one.

By MARJORIE DANN

Bonnie didn't know what had wakened her or why she was afraid. She listened to the soft breathing of Emily and Alice, in the big brass bed in the other corner. She heard Timothy's sleepy babbling, off in the other room, but still she was afraid. She tightened her arm around Rudy's neck and wished for daylight to hurry.

Rudy was her new Teddy bear. Yesterday Bonnie had found him sitting under the Christmas tree, holding his stubby arms up, his yellow glass eyes filled with love for just her. Annabelle was suddenly lost; but no matter—Annabelle was quite grown up now and could do very well for herself. Besides, Annabelle's ear was chipped and her face was cracked from Timothy's dropping her on her head.

Suddenly Bonnie knew what had frightened her. Sobbing in the house, low and muffled. And stirrings belowstairs. And over all a strange fear that snaked itself under the coverlet and under her flannel nightdress and made her cold.

There was another sob which wavered away on a sigh, and then a long, black stillness. Bonnie huddled under her coverlet and said in loud, shaky whispers into Rudy's ear:

"Don't you be afraid now. It's probably just the old owl, stuck in the chimney again. Go back to sleep, littlest one."

She pulled the cover over her head and his, so that he might not hear the sound again and be afraid. She longed to slip out of bed and go downstairs and wedge herself in between mamma and papa. Papa would turn over and cuddle her and whisper, "Hush now and sleep, my littlest one. Don't wake mamma." And mamma would smile, without opening her eyes.

But there was the cold hall, and the darkness, and the strangeness, and some fearsome thing that might get Rudy.

When she came up from under the cover again, dawn was putting long, gray fingers through the window. Alice, the gentlest one, was tossing about, trying to wake up. Timothy coughed and creaked his bedsprings and went back to sleep.

He was the teasingest one, but no one did much about it because Timothy was weakly. Papa would sometimes lay a hand on his head and say, "When will you learn to be kind to your sisters, teasing Tim?" But papa's eyes would crinkle and his hand was gentle and Timothy would begin teasing papa.

The door at the foot of the stairs opened. The banister was shot through with shafts of yellow lamplight. Papa's voice boomed up from below:

"Emily, Alice, Timothy, Bonnie! Come see what we have for you! An after-Christmas gift! Just wait till you see!"

Emily always managed to get the lead, because she was the biggest one. Bonnie was last, holding up her nightdress with one hand to keep from tripping. But papa would wait for her, holding the door open as she came down, a step at a time. When her bare feet touched the last step, he would reach out and swing her up high and sing:

"*Diddle, diddle, dumpling, sugar bun;*
Come to papa, littlest one!"

Her feet touched the last step. She held up her arms, Rudy and all, and almost lost her balance. No one was there.

Papa sat in the rocking chair near the blazing black range, holding something in his arms. Something wrapped in soft flannel, and held the way Bonnie used to hold Annabelle, when Annabelle hurt herself. Papa looked at the children about his knee, an all-alike look, not the special look he had for each of them. Alice leaned over.

"Do let us see!" said Emily, anxious with excitement.

Papa turned in his chair to face the lamp. He laid the bundle on his knee. There was a tiny head, with hair like the down on a peach. There were two eyes, so tight shut they were only wrinkles. There was a small mouth that kept twisting itself into strange shapes, whimpering and mewing.

"It is our new one," said papa, smiling at all of them.

Emily and Alice and Timothy pressed closer, their eyes big. Bonnie backed away. She would give herself to mamma until papa was quite finished with this new one. Mamma would tell her, as she did every morning, that she simply couldn't last another minute without a good-morning kiss from her littlest. And mamma's face would be serious and pleading until she got the kiss.

Bonnie hurried to the sink. The pump rattled and water splashed. But it wasn't mamma. It was Mrs. Burschendorff, from over the field. She dipped white squares up and down in a pan of suds.

Bonnie stared, not too close, her first two fingers in her mouth. Mrs. Burschendorff beamed down a big smile. "Well, good morning, little Miss Bonnie. Aren't we proud of our new baby brother! Yes, indeedy, we are!"

Bonnie sucked hard on her fingers and stared.

"Nah, nah!" Mrs. Burschendorff said. "We don't suck fingers. We're a big girl now. We can dress ourself."

Bonnie pulled her fingers from her mouth and wiped the wet on her nightdress. "Mamma dresses me," she said, and put the fingers in her mouth again.

She turned back to papa. He stood with the new one in his arms.

"Come now," he said, "we will go see mamma. But you must all be very quiet. Mamma stayed awake all night, waiting for this little new one."



So they followed him through the parlor where the light was dim, past the fat black heater stove with its fire-lighted windows, past the Christmas tree draped with strings of popcorn and cranberries and tinsel; Emily first and Bonnie last. Bonnie stopped at mamma's doorway and looked in. The others went close to the bed. Mamma looked white and tired, and they thought she slept until she opened her eyes.

Papa put the new one carefully in the curve of mamma's arm, and she held her cheek against the fuzzy head.

Emily picked up the tassel of mamma's braid and said, "I remember when Bonnie came like this. But this time I'm big and I can help."

Mamma smiled at Emily. Then her eyes went searching.

Timothy picked up the other tassel of braid and said, "Mamma, I will never, never tease the new one." And he wanted so much for everyone to believe him that everyone did. Mamma smiled at Timothy and her eyes went on searching.

"I will rock his cradle and sing to him," said Alice, the gentle one. "I will learn new songs for him."

Mamma smiled at Alice, but still her eyes were searching.

"Mamma," said Bonnie from the doorway, "please dress me." She tried to keep her voice from shaking.

Papa put his hand on Bonnie's head, motioned for the others to come and said, "We'll see that you get dressed. Emily will dress you."

"Mamma dresses me," said Bonnie, sucking on her fingers.

Back in the kitchen, Mrs. Burschendorff had big bowls of steaming oatmeal set on the table. "Dress now," she said, "and be quick, before your breakfast is cold." She hurried her voice so they would

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

uddenly she knew what had frightened her.
Sobbing in the house, low and muffled.
And stirrings belowstairs.

Garden



The joy of tulips is in the grace and movement of their stems.
Begin your arrangement with the deeper colors low,
and let the lighter colors extend their slender long stems
into free and graceful curves.
Do make the most of
their beautiful spiked leaves.



Zinnias in profusion are the spirit of
midsummer. Their multicolored brilliance
and variety in size make them most effective
massed together rather than in combination with
other flowers. A solid white or black container
with some weight is most compatible.



Roses in June—forever romantic.
And sweet as heaven, single or clustered,
they charm in any container—here a
milk pitcher. Cut them gently on a dewy
morning, not at midday, for long life.
For rose fanciers, there are more varieties of
blossoms than ever, old and new.



Anemones, temperamental to grow, are so full of charm
and color and delicacy it pays to coax them into your garden
for late spring-early summer bloom. Speckled and solid,
they'll hover like butterflies over any jar, cup or bowl—
brilliant on a bookshelf, in an entry hall, on a window sill.



Sweet peas—with glorious fragrance, delicate bloom, whirl of color
to span the season (count on July to September)—are deservedly the darlings
of gardeners. Little work brings a heavy yield. Here they
mass in nosegay effect in a Victorian bowl to captivate all callers.
Or fluff them out loosely in a contemporary dish.

Flowers the Year Round

Count on color and fragrance
all year for the house—
daffodils in April, geraniums
in December, vivid variance
between, if you garden.
Here, cut-flower arrangements,
most of which call for only
a handful of blossoms; or why not
take a leisurely walk and
gather a medley of wild flowers?



he first daffodil of early spring
as beauty in a single stalk.
he strong stem with its
oth of blossoms can
and alone in a needled
older, sheathed in
s own foliage. Pebbles
over the holder. For a patio
ble or against a blank wall, the
ngle tall spire is dramatic.



Wild flowers and weeds are among the happiest collections of all, can be gathered from country roads and summer shrubbery. For a foot-loose assortment try black-eyed Susans, daisies, Queen Anne's lace, spiraea—anything the children bring home from a Sunday walk. Idea for connoisseurs: assorted wild flowers come in seed packets. Sow your own for a surprise package in spring.



Lovely, the geranium—for being an outdoor or indoor plant, blooming all year, sometimes with pungent leaves as delightful as blossoms. A whole mass of scarlet makes a cheerful cut-flower arrangement in a breadbasket (a low bowl and needled holder are concealed). Foliage acts like a ruff around the blooms.

ARRANGEMENTS BY
LOUELLA SHOUER, JUDITH GARDEN,
ANN HAGAN, LEO AARONS, RACHEL CARR

Along in midmorning Paula Hewitt telephoned Rosalie to say, "My dear, how are you after that thrilling rescue? I want to hear all about it, but I've called about something quite different. You wouldn't want to come in to lunch, would you?"

Rosalie hesitated. "I really don't think I'd better, but why don't you come out? It's lovely and cool."

"I think I will if you're sure it's convenient. Is two o'clock too late? I'm counting on some help from you." Rosalie detected a tinge of anxiety in her voice which was somehow comforting to her. It was a relief to think someone else needed help.

Paula arrived a little before two in a flowered cotton dress of staggering cost and simplicity. Asked about a drink, she said tomato juice only. There was no sign of anxiety about her. She loved the house, the garden, the weather and the food, and even Smoky, who sneezed heavily and backed away, snarling, after a sniff of the delicate fragrance about her. Rosalie thought how unworthy of herself it was to wish Paula had been anxious about something.

Rosalie asked, "You said you were counting on some help from me?"

"Yes, but there's an awfully long preamble to my problem. I'll wait till we've lunched."

Over the coffee she said, "Well, to begin, did you hear from Jim?"

"Yes, I did. A nice little note about the rescue."

"I told him to write you. He told you he'd left those awful people?"

"Yes."

"Evidently he didn't tell you what he was doing."

"No, but he said he had hopes of getting everything straightened out. What is he going to do?"

"You can't guess?"

"No."

"Want to try Twenty Questions?"

"Please not."

Paula lit a cigarette. "Although not accurate yet in every detail," she continued calmly, "I think you'll understand the situation more clearly if I tell you we are living together."

Rosalie choked over her coffee. "Paula, are you sure you want me to hear this?"

"Sure, it all bears on your helping me. But to go back. I told you about my taking Jim to lunch the first time. He was pathetically pleased at having someone he could talk to, and he talked a great deal. What he wanted was someone who didn't care what he'd done or what his shortcomings were—and I told him I didn't. I suppose at the time I was flattered and certainly very moved at having someone bare his whole life to me. Well, I found myself doing the same. And I concluded that in a very odd way we needed each other."

"But ——"

"What he really needed was to get it out of his system. But Evelyn was unable —— I don't make the mistake of saying Evelyn was all wrong for him, and I'm just right. I'm sure now that he and I are both rather shallow people who are at our best when everything's pleasant. And of course, with all this money, you can have an awful lot of pleasantness. Unfortunately, at our third meeting, deep remorse and self-accusation overcame him and he left me, never to see me again. I spent a horrible night because I realized that the one thing I wanted was to get him on his feet and out of those horrible places he was working and living. I telephoned him at six in the morning and I said I cried all night, which wasn't quite true, and that I needed him, something which I doubt anyone had ever said to him. For which I was grateful, because if any of his friends had said to him after his resignation that he was needed, for anything, anywhere, by anyone, I wouldn't have got him."

"Paula, dear, I see what you mean—at least I think I do—but how will it all end? After all, there's Calvin and there are all of Jim's debts and—I don't know—the world at large, I suppose. Besides, can it be good for him to go on that way?"

"It's good for him, all right. You'd hardly know him. As for that money thing, I'm giving him the money to pay everybody. We don't know how to do it with Mr. Rutledge and I hope Stephen can think of a device."

"Calvin?"

"I have already devoted half my life to being deceived and made a fool of by him, so that I'm not feeling too responsible. He can have the apartment. I have another one."

"Isn't it difficult about seeing people?"

"No, we don't see them. That will all straighten out. I can see you're shocked, but you must understand this and you must make Stephen understand it. For all the good there still is in Jim, regeneration by atonement, expiation, that sort of thing is beyond him, far beyond him. He would not have been able to hold on at Excello. He would have gradually drifted down. Now, as to your helping us."

A slight shiver ran through Rosalie. *We can't have them here*, she thought.

"You mustn't think I've lost my head or my heart in all this," Paula said. "I see Jim's faults more clearly than anyone else. There is a basic fine gold in Jim. It's what Stephen saw in him originally. His faults are many, but they don't exasperate or bore me. In most ways he's very conventional. Of course he can't be trusted with money, but, on the other hand, he has a great deal of sense about it. He is still pathetically devoted to Stephen and yearns to regain his good opinion."

No, no, Rosalie said firmly to herself, *we cannot have them out here.*

"What he wants most to do now is to write and publish a book, and I think it would be a very good thing for him to do. The trouble is he's chosen the wrong thing to begin on. Have you read Marcel Proust?"

"Um, not all."

"Well, I had only heard the name and knew nothing about him. I went up secretly to talk to the Suydam professor of French at Columbia and got him to give me two hour lectures on Proust. Jim wants to write on The Comic Spirit in Proust."

"The Comic Spirit is one of Stephen's big ideas."

"I told you, dear, how Jim imitates him."

"It isn't original with Stephen, of course."

"No matter. My Frenchman told me," Paula continued, "that while the satire and comedy are marvelous, there's a frightful amount of Lesbianism and homosexuality all through it. I don't think Jim is ready for that; I mean he isn't out of the morbid state enough himself to be objective."

"Paula, have you been going to an analyst?"

"Well, to get advice about Jim, I am talking to the chief psychologist at the Suydam Clinic."

"So what is the alternative?" Rosalie asked.

"That's where you can help us. I propose that I take Jim to Europe for six months and that we put a whole *équipe*—wonderful French word—in Paris and Oxford on Principal Errors under Jim's supervision. Do say you'll try to get Stephen to agree."

"Does Jim know about this?"

"To a degree. Don't feel that it wouldn't be all Stephen's book. What we do can be dismissed in a line's acknowledgment, but it would provide Jim with one of the disciplines he needs."

"Stephen would certainly do a great deal for Jim, but I don't think he would like this idea, Paula. I really don't."

"If we get material and give it to him to use, I can't see the harm."

As she said it they heard the far-off whistle on the firehouse in the village. "What's that?" Paula asked.

"Four-thirty."

"I must go. If Stephen agrees, you won't oppose it, will you?" CONTINUED ON PAGE 68



© 1957 by Howard Swiggett
THE DURABLE FIRE
is soon to be published in book form by
Houghton Mifflin Co.

was
inevitable
that I should
volunteer
for Sardine_"

THE DURABLE FIRE

By HOWARD SWIGGETT



An entertaining feature of the old saltbox is the saltbox wing that sprouted from one corner.



THE 1782 Dutton House

FROM CAVENDISH, VERMONT

By RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

First let me tell you that this enticing old house is now part of a rare townlike collection called the Shelburne Museum in Shelburne, Vermont, which includes many other examples of vintage Vermont and nearby New England; not only houses but barns, a store, a jail, a bridge, and even the great side-wheeler Ticonderoga from Lake Champlain down the road. And contained within this collected village are myriad other collections, housed and displayed with naturalness and taste, yet with showmanship too—fine early furniture galore, of course, together with carriages, quilts, wood carvings, dolls, decoys, and tantalizing arrays of tools for men in particular. It is entertainment and enlightenment of the first order and a sight to see, all brought together here and made accessible by Mr. and Mrs. J. Watson Webb, Americana collectors extraordinary.

Brought together or not, the whole place looks and behaves so much like a long-standing village that it seems a misnomer to call it a museum, though that's the name it goes by, and that's what I suppose it really is. In it, the delightful saltbox that Salmon Dutton built for himself at Cavendish, thirty miles to the northeast, has been made very much at home here after its move. And I am sure Salmon would feel very happy in the house if he could only see it now, for it is furnished just as he would have furnished it himself, if only he had had the time and patience to pick and choose and assemble with the perfection which is here displayed; though the Webbs assure me that Mr. Dutton was a man of means and possibly something of a connoisseur himself. There are several more rooms in the house, and a number of them are almost as dreamy as these.

EZRA STOLLER



In the dining room with its paneled fireplace wall, connoisseurs of early decoration exclaim with delight at the stenciling discovered under layers of old wallpaper and are seized with pangs of violent envy when they suddenly espy that priceless William and Mary highboy, its drawer fronts decorated with painting—not that there is anything less rare about the rest you see here.

We took this close-up picture in the parlor, with *its* paneled wall, and *its* stenciling too, in order to bring out clearly the lived-in look that Mrs. Webb has achieved in a house that is meant to be a museum of its period. Outstanding are the old wing chair covered in a paisleylike wool material, the rush-bottom ladderback, the butterfly table in the foreground, the primitive portrait.



Between the great Queen Anne highboy and the four-poster of painted pine hung with fringed dimity stands a marvelous high-back Windsor in front of the dimity-curtained window. It is unfortunate that a camera cannot take in everything, for then collectors could even see the Spanish feet on the stretcher table. It would be nice if these pictures started the art of stenciling again.

Pretty

. . . wearing some of

the loveliest

of the summer-night

fashions . . .

dresses that

many other pretty

girls will also

adore and wear . . .

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

JOHN ENGSTEAD

Gretchen Foster, daughter of Director Norman Foster, wears a three-tiered white organdy with a cape collar, a beautiful dress for a very special evening (it could even be a country-wedding dress). The fashion of the long dress, and of snowy white is loved by the young everywhere. Miss Foster wears it with a pearl bracelet.



Ava Astaire—her father is Fred Astaire—adores party separates. This embroidered organdy has a blue linen sash.



Linda Hope, daughter of Bob Hope, agrees with the starchy-white theory. This dress is eyelet organdy with a pink ribbon neckline. She wears a ribbon around her blond chignon.

Daughters of Famous Fathers



Jane Fonda, daughter of another well-known father, Henry Fonda, wears a long printed dimity, a fashion for a garden party or summer evening at home.



Sharon Disney, whose father is famous Walt Disney, likes short dancing dresses. This cool blue polka-dot cotton is pleated in tiers and has tiny ribbonlike shoulder straps.

BLACK and

The coolest, prettiest look this summer is black and white but bright with color. These gay easy-to-make designs have both your time and your budget in mind. Some can be made in an afternoon; others can be made for infinitesimal sums. One pattern consists of three different tops—each to be made from less than one yard, all pretty over a black linen sheath. Our two "conversation piece" skirts—one a potpourri of black-and-white prints arranged patchwork fashion, the other a chintz stripe with a gay dish-towel apron front—combine with black sleeveless blouses. Because these designs are all so easy to make, any one of them would be a nice last-minute addition for the warm weather ahead. By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal



A sheath in black-and-white warp-printed cotton satin is a perfect dress for a bright cummerbund, beads. Make it today, wear it tomorrow. Vogue Design No. 9027.



For the beach, giant black polka dots on white terry cloth—kimono fashion. The pattern also has longer versions. Vogue Design No. 9248.



This patchwork skirt in black-and-white prints is a real "conversation piece." We've topped it with a sleeveless black piqué top with giant-sized bows. Skirt, Vogue Design No. 9243. Blouse, Design No. 9244.

A hand-appliquéd and embroidered dish towel makes an amusing apron front on a black-and-white-striped chintz skirt. Or, use a printed towel. Vogue Design No. 9243. The blouse, No. 9244.



Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 95. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

© VOGUE

WHITE...

but bright with Color





Wide beading with black ribbon is a perfect accent for a simple white piqué bodice. Add a perky bow. Vogue Design No. 8931. The four-gore black piqué skirt is Design No. 9216.

Nylon organdy with a flocked design in a lace pattern is an effective evening dress to make in minimum time. The top could be worn with a black skirt, too, and the skirt with a black sweater later. Two-piece dress. Vogue Design No. 9246.

CUMMERBUNDS BY HELEN LYNCH. SCARVES BY VERA PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMMA GENE HALL



Polka-dot cotton satin makes a charming drawstring topper for a black linen sheath. Add a red cummerbund, and a straw hat. Vogue Design No. 9245.



Crisp white piqué trimmed with black washable grosgrain ribbon. Wear it over black or a bright color. Opens in back. Vogue Design No. 9245.



A brief bolero, again trimmed with washable black grosgrain and accented with arrowheads. Vogue Design No. 9245.

Your town can stop Rheumatic Fever

Science has given us the means to wipe out this crippling, often fatal, disease. But we are not using it.

By RONALD M. DEUTSCH

Last winter the doctors took stock and saw that many thousands of children were still being crippled by, and many were dying of, rheumatic fever—a disease which should have been beaten two years ago.

A million Americans now suffer from rheumatic fever. It causes the majority of all heart disease among children and young adults, as well as most of the heart deaths among those groups.

Yet, ironically, medicine has known for some five years how to prevent rheumatic fever. The only drug needed is plentiful and quite cheap. But still the waste of lives goes on.

Why?

As early as 1955 Dr. E. Cowles Andrus, president of the American Heart Association, gave the answer. "Rheumatic fever," he said, "can be made a rare disease, *provided that the medical profession can obtain the full and intelligent co-operation of parents, teachers, nurses and social workers.*"

Despite a two-year "Stop Rheumatic Fever" campaign conducted by the Heart Association and the U.S. Public Health Service, adequate co-operation has not yet been achieved. This is why the toll continues—in all but a few forward-thinking communities.

Pioneer among these is Orange County, a suburban neighbor of metropolitan Los Angeles. "In Orange County," say Heart Association officials, "there has not been a rheumatic-fever death in over a year—among the young people in a community of some 600,000 people.

"Orange County has shown that when a community works together, rheumatic fever can be licked. If every American community followed the simple pattern set by Orange County, rheumatic fever could be a thing of the past."

How is Orange County beating the disease?

Researchers know that rheumatic fever follows attacks of beta hemolytic strep—one strain of the streptococcus bacterium. In most people this strain causes the sore throat often known as "strep throat."

But a few of every 100 strep patients—as many as 10 in epidemics—suffer strange aftereffects. In a few weeks there is a low fever; joints may swell and ache; nodules can appear under the skin; tissues anywhere in the body may become infected and inflamed. Many or all of these symptoms may not be detected. But sometimes the inflammation hits the brain and results in the temporary but unmistakable signs of chorea—the involuntary movements known as St. Vitus's dance.

The tragedy of rheumatic fever, however, comes when—as it has in so many cases—the heart tissue becomes inflamed and scars. The disease itself subsides slowly, after months, sometimes many months, of bed rest. But for many there is permanent heart damage.

Each patient, it seems, has a heightened susceptibility to strep and to rheumatic fever. With each attack there can be more heart damage and weakening. For some 20,000 Americans each year, these recurrences mean death.

As soon as doctors pinpointed strep as the trigger mechanism for the disease, they had an answer. Give penicillin when strep-struck and the bacteria cannot get a foothold. There can be no rheumatic fever.

Keep penicillin in the blood streams of patients who have had an attack, and the susceptibility to strep is no problem. These patients' fears of new attacks are ended.

Physicians saw the end of rheumatic fever in sight. But there was one weak link. Unless strep was spotted at once, the penicillin would go to work too late.

In 1955, when strep hit Orange County hard, doctors realized that unless children ill with strep could be recognized in time, the toll of rheumatic fever and the consequent heart disease could be alarming. Working together, doctors, the Orange County Health Department and the Heart Association took steps to meet the disease.

The only way to diagnose strep certainly is by a simple lab culture. A smear is taken from the nose or throat of the patient, cultured, and eighteen hours later is studied for signs of bacteria. So the Health Department offered to take as many cultures as doctors sent in for study.

Meanwhile, Orange County's doctors became public speakers. They talked about rheumatic fever and strep at P.T.A.'s, at service clubs and union meetings. School nurses instructed teachers in the signs of strep. The Heart Association prepared a pamphlet on strep symptoms which every child took home from school. Local newspapers and theaters publicized the program. The police stations became clearinghouses for cultures, and a Health Department messenger made rounds to pick them up and rush them to the lab.

The people of Orange County responded enthusiastically. In a short time it was almost impossible for a child to go twenty-four hours with strep symptoms before someone—his parents, teachers, neighbors, school nurses or even his playmates—spotted them.

How well did the campaign work? Despite epidemic levels of strep in three cities, far fewer than the normally expected number of rheumatic-fever cases developed. Several strep carriers, who could infect others though they showed no strep symptoms themselves, were discovered when members of their families were cultured. In most cases, heavy doses of penicillin knocked out the carrier condition.

Now programs along the Orange County pattern have been begun in a number of cities across the nation, and still other cities are considering the plan. As the facts are reported by these communities, their experiences are serving to guide the newer programs. And the Heart Association has developed special films, leaflets and experts to help them.

Your town should know how it will face the future threats of strep and rheumatic fever. For the epidemics strike every year. But until a working program is under way, you can protect your own child.

If he has had rheumatic fever, he should have penicillin or sulfa drugs throughout the year, to guard him against recurrences. The new long-acting form of penicillin makes one monthly dose protection enough.

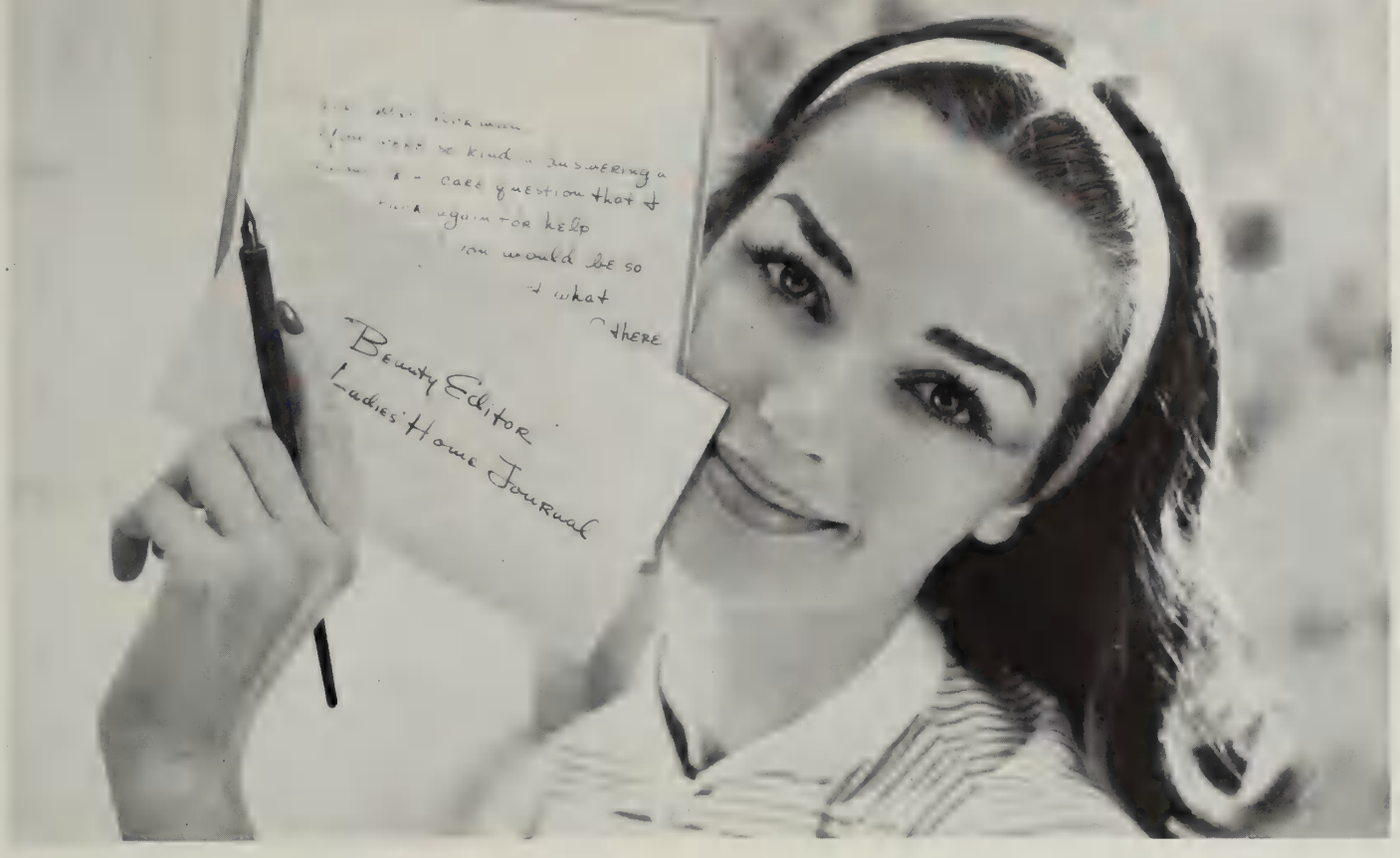
If your child has *never* had rheumatic fever, you can be alert to the signs and symptoms of strep. These are (1) A sore throat which comes on suddenly. Often, if you press gently at the angle of the jaw, there is tenderness. Swallowing may be painful. (2) Fever, usually 101°–104°. (3) Headache. (4) Nausea and vomiting. (5) Exposure to the disease, or to scarlet fever.

If a number of these signs are present, call your doctor. If he suspects strep, a throat or nasal culture should be made. If this is positive, penicillin should be given at once, and the doctor should then watch for signs of rheumatic fever, which usually appear in from six to eight weeks. It is difficult even for a physician to diagnose rheumatic fever, and for the layman it is impossible to do more than watch for signs of low fever, weakness and easy fatigue.

Only the understanding and the willingness to act of an entire community can really beat rheumatic fever. The reward in whole and useful lives can be immense.

Not long ago, Dr. Leonard Scheele, then Surgeon General of the United States, said, "Many thousands of new cases of rheumatic fever occur each year, and there are many more thousands of old cases. An intensified campaign can... forestall much untimely death and suffering. Here is a very real and great public-health opportunity."

The opportunity is yours. END



PRIGENT

Loved your letter!

Dear Readers— *Thank you for your wonderful letters! I love to hear from you and to have you tell me about the beauty problems which are uppermost in your minds. With your special questions right here at hand, I feel I have the inside track on how I can help you the most. In recent weeks, for instance, I have noticed that you seem especially interested in ways to improve your skin. (Who doesn't want to radiate under the summer sun!) Here are some answers, worked out in consultation with our dermatologist, which should help make you just as fresh and smooth and glowing as you would like to be! Most sincerely,*

Dawn Crowell Norman—
Beauty Editor of the Journal

Q *I have a sprinkling of brown spots on the backs of my hands that look like king-sized freckles. What causes them, and can I get rid of them?*

A Dermatologists call these "lentigos," which *are* freckles, often caused by prolonged exposure to the sun. It is not unnatural for "king-size" freckles to appear on hands as we grow older, which explains why elderly people are likely to have them in profusion.

The most sensible way to avoid *any* freckles is to see that your skin is sufficiently protected by sunburn preventives when you are out-of-doors for long periods of time gardening, sunbathing, driving in an open car, and so on. Gardeners should doubly protect against hand freckles, as well as raggedy-looking fingernails, by wearing suitable gloves. Coat your hands with lotion or cream (petroleum jelly is good too) before pulling on your gloves, to give yourself a beauty treatment as you work.

A dermatologist is the physician best qualified to determine whether treatment for removing freckles would be feasible. Under favorable circumstances, he might try a mild remedy such as an application of dry ice or the use of a special acid, to banish or at least tone down the discolorations. If there are no noticeable results after the first or second treatment (indicating that the pigment penetrates into the under layers of the skin), the doctor would abandon treatment rather than risk a stronger remedy which might remove the freckles at the expense of leaving scars in their place. If yours are the deep-seated type which refuse to respond to treatment, don't feel discouraged. At least *men* think freckles are cute!

Q *As my skin darkens under the summer sun, my make-up looks drab and colorless. What to do?*

A Most sun-tinted skins take prettily to lighter, brighter colors. The rich, deep blue-reds that looked so perfect with winter black and spring navy may be too dark combined with your new golden glow—and your more colorful summer clothes. Try, instead, one of the pretty pastel pinks, a sun-kissed orange or a pinky-coral shade. These fresh, new accents on finger tips as well as lips will do a lot to liven your look. Powder shades need to be cued to summer, too; substitute one of the warmer colors—a pinky or golden beige, for instance, for the lighter shades you have been wearing. For evening glamour try eye shadow—in a flattering shade of blue, green or violet—smoothed ever so sparingly on your upper eyelids. You'll like your summer-lady look—and it's always fun to make a change!

Q *I'm a working girl and get to the beach only on weekends and my two-week vacation. How can I get a really good summer tan?*

A The best time for summer tanning is early in the day when you can be out-of-doors under the pleasantly warm, but not hot, sun without danger of burning. Thus conditioned, your skin has a better chance to take small amounts of midday sun safely.

For your short jaunts to the beach, be sure to take cover-up clothes with you (things that can cover you from the top of your head to your toes!) and use a sun-screening preparation which will help prevent you from burning while it simultaneously works toward pretty tanning. These preparations come in sprays, liquids, creams or lotions and should be chosen according to personal preference and record of past performance. A few sun-screening preparations are designed purposely to discourage tanning (for the fair-skinned girls who wish to stay that way) so be sure to read the directions on the package before you buy!

Treat yourself to no more than five to ten minutes' exposure to the sun on your first day out, take ten to fifteen minutes the second day, and so on, but increase exposure time slowly. *Controlled* exposure will *gradually* bring you the tan of your dreams—but at least when you have it it will be painless and pretty!

Q *My hair turns to straw the minute the sun gets at it. How can I avoid this parched, unpretty look?*

A Try using a hair spray with a cream or lanolin base for putting up the ends of your hair; and when your hair is combed out, spray it lightly with the same preparation to help hold curls in place. Hair that has been artificially colored dries out more quickly, needs extra care. Preface your shampoo with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87



Daughter of Kings

Solva's story is significant.

Not because she discovered she was the descendant of a queen. But because the man of her dreams discovered Solva.

By LESLEY CONGER

By five-thirty in the morning, every morning but Sunday, Solva Bjornson stood in the back room of the little bakery, kneading dough with her strong, square hands. She wore a white apron—a fresh one every day—and her pale hair, wound around her head in a thick braid, was also bound with a strip of white cloth, so that not a single strand should ever fall into a customer's loaf.

The milk truck, clanking empty cans, shifted gears on the hill; Miss Addie Blough, waking in her tidy little room behind her tidy little store, sighed and turned over, letting her metal curlers dig into the other side of her head for a while. The sun rose. Solva Bjornson punched the dough down, folded it under, set it to rise again, and began the sweet things—twisted coffee ring, nutmeggy doughnuts, flaky pastries glazed with sugar. The bakery smelled wonderful, like a dream of home and mother, and when the dough was ready Solva made the loaves, plain honest loaves as plain and honest as her own broad face. She hummed a little and forgot herself; in the bakery, forgetting herself, Solva was happy.

Mrs. Bjornson, Solva's mother, came later, after the beds were made at home and the dishes washed up. She sniffed the yeasty, cinnamony, nutmeggy, raisiny smells with the nose of an expert, put her hat on a shelf, hung her coat on a hook. At nine she unlocked the front door, swept the sidewalk, and they were ready for business.

Mr. Bjornson, Solva's father, left the house right after breakfast (two shredded-wheat biscuits, one poached egg, stewed prunes and coffee) and waved at Solva when he went past the rear window of the bakery. Then he unlocked the door of his little repair shop (Bjornson's Fix-It), went in, put his hat on a shelf and hung his coat on a hook, and began tinkering. He soldered wires in Mrs. Kroll's waffle iron, replaced the condenser in Miss Addie Blough's radio, mended a broken switch in little Sally Baxter's toy electric stove that could really cook. He took apart a broken cuckoo clock and a vacuum cleaner which made a lot of noise but refused to pick up dirt.

At the end of the day, when the cuckoo clock cuckooed and the vacuum cleaner cleaned, and when the breadboxes in Ferndale were full, then the Bjornsons locked the doors of the bakery and the repair shop, walked up the narrow sidewalk to the corner, and they were home.

Mrs. Bjornson folded the weekly newspaper front to back and read in the social column the account of the latest wedding. Mr. Bjornson rattled the pages of the daily paper, which came by mail, and read of murder and violence, of Li'l Abner and Rex Morgan, M.D., and an enormous advertisement prescribing sheep fat (spelled backward) to ward off baldness. He touched his thinning hair, under which his pink scalp gleamed in the lamplight, and wondered. Solva, having finished her book from the lending library at the back of Miss Addie's corner store and knowing therefrom that love triumphs over all, sat and knitted.

"And Mildred Logan is only seventeen," said Mrs. Bjornson. "Why, Solva used to baby-sit with her for Mrs. Logan!"

These remarks required, for the Bjornsons, no elucidation. Mr. Bjornson did not look up from the paper, in which Steady, industrious, German descent, desired meet affectionate lady 35–45, some means, no objection one child, send photo, no triflers, please, obj. mat. The conversation was an old one; he gave one of his old replies.

"She's a good girl," he said. "Some man will want her."

Solva shut her eyes for an instant involuntarily. Knit, knit, purl, purl, turn, bind off three—hands deft and quick, but big as a man's—knit, knit, purl, purl.

"There'll be a man for you," Mr. Bjornson said, speaking loudly to Solva now, from behind his paper. "You wait and see. A good man will come—a good, strong man who wants a good, strong woman. Not all men are romantic fools." But he was thinking, nevertheless, *Good, strong girl, 23, Norwegian descent, desires meet kind gentleman*—and he turned the page with distaste and began to read the Will Swap column.

Solva said nothing. She hunched over her knitting, as if by crumpling herself up she could make herself smaller. But even with her shoulders round and her head bent—as it always was, looking at the ground when she walked, at people's skirt hems and trouser cuffs and feet, and sometimes, bravely, at the middle button of a shirt—even so, she was still a tall girl, tall as a man, and big, and plain, a big plain girl with no fragility to her, except perhaps in her heart.

"After all, he doesn't have to be rich," said Mr. Bjornson ridiculously. And he reached over and turned up the radio which had been muttering softly to itself, and they listened to the ten-o'clock news, shaking their heads at the endless disasters which constantly overtake the innocent of the world, the airline passengers, the travelers on buses, the sleepers in an apartment blown sky high by a faulty furnace; and then, after a cup of hot chocolate, they went to bed.

In the big bedroom, Mr. and Mrs. Bjornson talked in bed. They talked about the bakery and about the repair shop, about new linoleum for the kitchen and about the twinge in Mr. Bjornson's back, and then they gave each other a little pat on the shoulder, and turned away, back to back, to go to sleep. And each of them, before sleeping, gave a secret and tender thought to their daughter, Solva.

In the small bedroom, Solva lay awake, staring at the ceiling. *Send a man*, she thought. Just a good man, not young, not handsome, not rich; not a romantic fool, else why would *he* want Solva Bjornson? Just a good man—or even . . . even *not* a good man—just a man who would want her. She touched her broad, smooth cheek with gentle finger tips, wishing CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

They all turned to look; but what really matters most is that Edward saw what they all saw: Solva Bjornson, maker of good bread; tall and fair and rega

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERS



Summer

Four tempting luncheo
within your limit of 400 calories—all me
just ke

Most of us seem to be concerned with either attaining or maintaining a lithe and lissome figure. Our philosophy about diet menus is that they needn't be repetitive or lacking in flavor. They can be glamorous and have just as much plate appeal as more fattening menus. So these four delectable meals prove.

CHARMER ONE

This summer luncheon, pretty as its picture, would be a wonderfu choice for your next bridge luncheon. It's so easy to prepare and serve Cook the shrimp the day before. Make the consommé and sherbet, an scoop out the pineapple shells, in the cool of the morning. There will b plenty of time between then and lunchtime to arrange a bouquet and se the table with your most summery mats and china or milk glass.

MUSHROOM CONSOMMÉ. Simply canned consommé dressed up with finely chopped cooked mushrooms, and you know how really low in calories *they* are. Allow ⅓ pound mushrooms to each 3 cups consommé. Figure on 16 calories for ½-cup serving. Since this menu is under 400 calories, increase the serving a bit if you wish.

SHRIMP-AND-PINEAPPLE SALAD. For 4 salads, simmer 24 medium-sized shelled and cleaned raw shrimp in a little water with lemon slices,



MUSHROOM CONSOMMÉ
SHRIMP-AND-PINEAPPLE SALAD
RYE WAFER
LIME-MINT SHERBET
HOT OR ICED TEA

371 calories

"The summer's flower is to the summer sweet," and this light, refreshing luncheon is to the dieter both a delight and good eating. Hot consommé to perk the appetite, followed by a chilled crisp shrimp-and-pineapple salad and fresh lime-mint sherbet to make you forget the heat.

STUART-FOWLER



CONSOMMÉ
CHICKEN BREASTS IN ASPIC
TOMATOES STUFFED WITH
GREEN-BEAN SALAD
MELBA TOAST RELISHES
YOGHURT WITH RASPBERRIES
ICED TEA

400 calories

Floating flower candles twinkle among the rosebuds as you sit down to this summer plate that is "the very pink of perfection": slices of cold chicken, laced with *pâté*, reposing in aspic; a refreshing green-bean-and-tomato salad, relishes and Melba toast. Doesn't it make you hungry?

Diet plates

dinners—

ur family and guests will relish too—

e calorie scores a secret!

pot herbs, a piece of bay leaf, salt and whole black pepper for flavor. Cool in the broth, then drain and chill in the refrigerator overnight. Cut 2 small fresh pineapples in half lengthwise. Trim the tufted green tips; cut out the core and remove the pineapple meat in as nice pieces as you can. Cut into slivers. There should be about 3 cups. Chill along with 1 cup canned bean sprouts that have been well drained. Just before serving, mix with 2½ cups thinly sliced cucumbers and ½ cup cottage-cheese dressing to which you have added a little more minced green onions or scallions and 1 to 2 teaspoons curry powder, depending on how hot you like it. Now is the time to taste for salt. The salad may need it. Serve in the pineapple shells, which you have also chilled well. Though this is all you will be serving for your main course, it's a filling salad and the servings are generous. Count on 168 calories for each salad, one rye wafer (20 calories) and hot or iced tea with lemon and sugar substitute (absolutely *no* calories).

COTTAGE-CHEESE DRESSING. This is a good basic dressing to have on hand while you are dieting. The flavor may be varied in many ways without adding any more calories—curry, for instance, as in the above salad, caraway seeds or herbs for vegetable salads, and so on. To 1 cup creamed cottage cheese (if you are CONTINUED ON PAGE 131



VEGETABLE-JUICE COCKTAIL
BROILED SWEETBREADS
JULIENNE CARROTS
ZUCCHINI CREOLE
ORANGE-AND-ONION SALAD,
COTTAGE-CHEESE DRESSING
HOT TEA

400 Calories

Dieting or not, who wouldn't enjoy sitting down to this mouth-watering porch supper? Sweetbreads twined with crisp bacon, zucchini cooked in ■ creole sauce so you'll never miss the butter, and carrots cooked in bouillon for the same reason. Instead of dessert, a refreshing orange-and-onion salad.



POACHED EGG AND
BACON WITH SPINACH
TOMATO-AND-CUCUMBER ASPIC,
COTTAGE-CHEESE DRESSING
CELERY
STRAWBERRIES COOKY
ICED COFFEE

395 Calories

The simplest meal can be a feast—and with calories in line! A poached egg on spinach, the dieter's stand-by, is enhanced by the company of a shimmery tomato-and-cucumber aspic, strawberries ripe from the vine, and a crisp sugar cooky. Serve your supper on ■ tray—pamper yourself with ■ "just for you" nosegay from the garden and off you go to the coolest corner of the porch.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

From the Journal Kitchen

Fruit Desserts

The thrifty French, who know more than a thing or two about good food, say, "Always use what is in season; quality is at its peak, prices at their lowest."
It is a pleasure to follow this rule with luscious summer fruits—from the first strawberries to the last melons and grapes. A dessert should provoke exhilaration and leave satisfaction.



STUART

Drama for a midsummer night—and as cool as can be. Fruit Flotilla is the name for a crisp delicate meringue filled with raspberry sherbet and wreathed with ivy or vinca vine.

FRUIT FLOTILLA. Here is a celebration dessert—gay and beautiful. A ring of meringue has raspberry sherbet heaped in the center over which are sprinkled crystallized violets or a few whole raspberries. (Variation: lemon sherbet with rose petals.) Serve it with trailing strands of periwinkle (myrtle), vinca or ivy wound around the edge of the platter for an aura of glamour.

The Mering e: Deliciously tender and not difficult to do. It may be made several days ahead of time. If it gets soft, set in a slow oven again to crisp. (The same recipe may be used for individual meringue shells.) Beat until stiff 3 egg whites with ½ teaspoon baking powder and a speck of salt. Have ready 1 cup sifted sugar; in another cup, 1 teaspoon water, 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1 teaspoon vinegar, mixed. Continue beating the egg whites, adding alternately, a small amount at a time, the sugar and the liquid. Shape the meringue into a ring on a well-greased baking sheet. Bake about an hour in a very slow oven, 250° F., until firm and dry. Let it cool.

Raspberry Sherbet: Heat 1½ cups milk with 1 cup sugar until sugar is dissolved. Cool. Pour into a freezing tray and freeze until partially frozen. Thaw ½ package frozen raspberries and strain to remove seeds. Spoon the frozen mixture into a cold bowl and beat until light and fluffy—but still thick. Add the juice from the raspberries and ¼ cup fresh lemon juice while beating. Pour into 2 freezing trays and partially freeze again. Whip the whites of 3 eggs until stiff but not dry. Whip 1 cup heavy cream. Combine. Spoon partially frozen raspberry mixture into a cold bowl and beat only to soften. Carefully fold in the egg-white-cream mixture and return to the freezing trays. Freeze until firm. Makes about 1 quart sherbet.

CHERRY FILLIP. Pit 1 quart fresh red cherries, or use canned ones already pitted (1 can). Add 1 cup sugar. Heat with ½ teaspoon cinnamon, a pinch of cloves and ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Simmer the fruit, covered, for 10 minutes. Then remove the cherries with a strainer scoop. Add ½ cup red-currant jelly to the juice and continue boiling down. When syrupy, remove from heat, add to the cherries and chill. Serve very cold with sweetened whipped cream flavored with maraschino juice. Or serve hot over vanilla ice cream.

FRUIT FROST. Those delicious coconut chips that are so often served as an appetizer become news here treated as an accent for fruit. Not only do they supply a bit of drama with this surprise use, but their crunchy texture achieves the similar pleasure of a crisp cooky—but with a difference!

Select fresh ripe apricots or nectarines; peel, halve and remove pits. Canned apricots may be used, in which case pour off the syrup. Arrange the fruit in a pretty bowl, and if you use fresh fruit sprinkle it with a little lemon juice. Chill. Meanwhile, let ½ pint vanilla ice cream get a little soft, then whip it together with 1 pint heavy cream, whipped and flavored with ½ teaspoon vanilla. Keep the cream in a refrigerator tray until ready to use, but don't let it get too hard. Heap the cream on the fruit and bring to the table garnished with coconut chips. Other fresh fruits or berries are just as delectable served this way: peaches, raspberries, red currants well sugared, strawberries, blackberries.

OMELETTE AUX CONFITURES. This sweet omelet is another French classic, and anyone who has a light hand with eggs should not fail to try it. First prepare the fruit you intend to use—blueberries or red raspberries are a good choice. Wash, drain and sugar the fruit. Prepare the skillet for the omelet by warming it, shaking a little salt in it and rubbing vigorously with a paper towel. Discard the salt. It is important to have a scrupulously clean pan. Beat 2 egg yolks until light and lemon-colored. Add gradually, with continued beating, ¼ cup confectioners' sugar. Flavor with ½ teaspoon grated lemon peel. Fold in the separately beaten whites of 4 eggs and a pinch of salt, about ⅛ teaspoon. Melt 2 teaspoons butter in the skillet and let it coat the bottom. When warm and foamy, turn in the omelet and cook it over low heat. Cover with a lid. Cook until nicely browned around the edges. Don't be afraid to look. Place in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 5 minutes, or until the center is done. Now drain the sugared fruit and have it ready when the omelet is cooked. Remove the omelet from the oven. Turn the fruit onto one half of it. Slash the edges of the omelet at the center to facilitate the turning and flip the other half over the fruit (without breaking the center if you can). Serve at once with a little powdered sugar. Serves 4.

PEACH ALASKAS. Peel, halve and stone 2 large fresh ripe peaches. Sprinkle with lemon juice to keep them from turning brown, and chill thoroughly. Meanwhile have ready any ice cream or fruit ice of your choice. Let it be well frozen. Prepare a meringue by whipping 1 or 2 egg whites and adding 3 tablespoons confectioners' sugar for each egg white used (more or less to your taste). Preheat oven to 450° F. On a baking sheet place 4 commercial sponge cups as a base for the fruit; then add the fruit. Scoop the ice cream into the hollow of each peach half. Spread a heavy coating of meringue all over the ice cream, peach and sponge cup. Set the sheet in the oven just long enough to brown the meringue. Serve at once on dessert plates upon which you have previously placed a grape leaf.

PEAR ZABAGLIONE. This classic sauce, zabaglione, is a worthy accompaniment for almost any fresh fruit and is a welcome change from so much cream, whether plain, whipped or iced. First peel, halve and core 3 fresh Bartlett or French pears. Keep them from turning dark by dropping them in water with a little lemon juice. Have ready a syrup made in the proportion of 2 cups water to ½ cup sugar, boiled with a bit of lemon and orange peel and a stick of cinnamon. Simmer the pears in the syrup until tender. Remove them from the syrup and chill them. Serve them in pretty dishes, topped with pitted black cherries, fresh or canned, and surrounded with zabaglione sauce, made as follows: Beat 4 egg yolks until light and lemon-colored. Add ½ cup confectioners' sugar with continued beating. Set over hot water and continue beating with a wire whisk until foamy. Be careful that the bottom of the pan does not touch the hot water in this process. Flavor with ½ cup fresh orange juice—or sherry, if you like—and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Remove from the heat and cool. Makes about 2 cups.

SAVORY BANANAS. Our grandmothers used this old-fashioned dessert. The sour-sweet combination enhances the blandness of the banana to produce a delicious flavor.

Allow 1 banana to a person. Peel and split the banana lengthwise and lay it open on the plate. Sprinkle it with lemon juice, then with sugar, then with cinnamon. That's all. What could be easier?

MELONS WITH CHEESE. The flavor of a sharp cheese with a good melon is an idea that appeals to the Italians, who, like the French, are fond of good eating. The success depends on a *good* cheese and a *good* melon.

Chill the melons to be used. Quarter them, remove the seeds, cut off the rind and slice them thinly. Arrange the slices on dessert plates alternately with thin slices of cheese.

Watermelon Disks

Slice a watermelon. Cut out the center portions of the slices in round disks. A bread-and-butter plate might be used as a pattern for this. Place a disk on each dessert plate. In the center of the disk place a scoop of pistachio ice cream. Garnish with salted almonds or pecans. This makes a pretty pink-and-green *décor*.

How to make a
SOUPER
BARBECUE SAUCE



Here's a humdinger of a barbecue sauce for *any meat* — smooth and tart and ready in a fraction of cookbook time. And soup's practically all there is to it. Just add the chef-tested extras in our recipe — or your own favorite herbs and spices. It's a *simple* secret to the outdoor (or indoor) cook's success!

CAMPBELL'S SOUPER BARBECUE SAUCE

- 1 tablespoon brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup
- ¼ cup sweet-pickle relish
- ¼ cup chopped onion

Combine all ingredients in a skillet or saucepan. Simmer until onions are done and tender, and the spicy-sweet aroma tells you all the flavors are blended thoroughly. Makes 1½ cups.

Good cooks cook with *Campbell's Soups*

Not just a promise

... a guarantee!



SOFT, SMOOTH,

RADIANT SKIN IN 7 DAYS

... or it costs you nothing!

Here's your chance to see how lovely your skin can be when you give it proper care with the proper soap... that means, lather-massage a full minute morning and night with Cuticura Soap.

Cuticura Soap does such wonderful things for your skin because it is: *Mildest of all leading soaps by actual laboratory test.* Uniquely *superemollient* to help maintain the natural moisture and normal, healthy acidity of your skin. Mildly medicated for extra skin care and protection. No other soap contains Cuticura's remarkable skin softening, skin smoothing ingredients. And it's fragrant, triple milled, long lasting too!

For problem skin—hateful blackheads, externally caused pimples, flaky dryness—use jade-clear Cuticura Ointment nightly to soften and gently stimulate as it soothes and relieves.

See exciting new softness, smoothness, radiance in 7 days—or return the bar and wrapper to Cuticura for a full refund.

New Way To Wash Hair—
Squeeze On Cuticura Shampoo.

Better than soap shampoo—better than soapless shampoo—combines best features of both. Leaves hair brighter, softer, more manageable. And unbreakable squeeze bottle gives you up to 50% more shampoos! At leading drug counters.



Cuticura

Wishing won't help your skin
— Cuticura will!

THE DURABLE FIRE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

"But I know he won't agree. He's not changeable."

"You can't say that. Everybody changes. Look at me. Ask Stephen to call me. Here's my new number."

Half an hour before, Lorna Hume had telephoned Stephen. "Stephen, it's Lorna. Do you take a train at the Long Island about five?"

"Yes."

"Could I meet you for a few minutes outside the bookstore on that level? It will take only a moment. Quarter of five?"

"All right," he said, and at that time was waiting as the commuting rush streamed past him. He felt vaguely uneasy that she had something she must say about the tabloid story. Then he saw her, cool and trim-looking, at the top of the steps leading to 34th Street. They both waved as she ran lightly down the long stairs, but as they met her smile was so sorrowful that it touched his heart.

"I hope you'll think this was better than writing or having you at the apartment. I tried to think it out."

"What is it?"

"You don't know about Principal Errors?"

"Well, I know I'm working on it."

"Stephen, my dear, it has been written by Professor John Bancroft Twombley of Harvard, and is about to be published."

"Oh," he said, "how's it possible? Not the same book as mine?"

"Yes. Here, this is in the trade paper this week." She handed him a clipping:

Loud and louder paeans from the editorial offices of Dunstable and Company about the new book on which the Sales Department foresaw a modest two thousand going to libraries. The Volume of the Month for November. All this for ■ volume of erudite research on which Professor John Bancroft Twombley of Harvard has been engaged for ten years. The book is entitled Principal Errors of Rulers and Peoples Since the Reformation. There is ■ strange and tragic story of the source of the book epitomized in its dedication to the memory of Col. Garrett Maynard, who died of wounds received at Anzio. Professor Twombley, then in the American Intelligence, met Colonel Maynard there and was given by him the idea of the book ——

"I feel so terrible at telling you. I still don't know anyone who can take things as you do. I wanted to be unselfish and have you able to go straight to your wife. That's part of why I met you here."

The commuting rush was increasing, men and women discarding cigarettes to find the change for an evening paper, or another pack of cigarettes.

"It still doesn't seem possible. I never heard of Twombley." He straightened up and patted Lorna's arms. "I suppose the only thing that matters is that he was better equipped than I, and it will be a better book. Can I keep the clipping?"

She nodded, said good-by quickly and left him. He turned and went for his train. Monday morning he had not wanted to go in the club car because of the rescue story. Now what did it matter? A great quadrant of his inner life was lost, and hereafter his only familiars would be the bankers and brokers, lawyers and executives of the club car. He had never been any better than they, anyhow. Several of them would probably have had the moral courage to go to Parry's assistance.

Rosalie, seeing Stephen drive in, called from her window, "Why, darling, how lovely you're home early. I'll be down in just a moment, bursting with news. Paula's been here."

He walked into the library and sat down, looking at the long table with the boxes of notes, the results of so many long, happy hours. He had not told Rosalie of the moral conflict he was going through about Parry, or of Hewitt's call about Cramer, and now he did not want to tell her their book was lost. The synopses he had written Saturday and Sunday were back from the village typist, and Rosalie had put a jug of small golden zinnias as a paperweight on the first copy.

He heard her coming down the stairs and she burst in, gave him a quick kiss and pushed him down on the sofa.

"Paula Hewitt and Jim are living together! That's why you couldn't find him. She's paid, or is paying, all his debts."

"Keeping him?"

"I know it sounds like that, but it isn't just that. It was comic, and yet it wasn't ridiculous or sordid—she's frightfully practical and she seems to understand him. Believe it or not, she says she needs him and I think she does."

"I thought he had it in him to make something of himself. What will they *do?* Keep going on round-the-world cruises?"

"Oh, no; he wants to write a book on Proust."

"But he doesn't know anything about Proust. That's fantastic."

"Paula realizes that. What she wants to start with is to go to Paris and for you to let him put researchers on Principal Errors at her expense and turn the results over to you."

"On my book?"

"I told her, of course, you'd never agree——"

He looked down at the rug, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees. "I've already lost the book. Someone else has written it." Giving her the clipping, he got up. She read it quickly and followed him, her eyes full of tears.

"Oh, my dearest."

He smiled grimly, looking down into her face. "I've had an unbroken run of luck from the moment you came into Pastor Larsen's church. I couldn't expect it to last forever."

"How did you find out about it?"

"Lorna Hume saw the clipping and brought it to me at the station."

"Just now?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps with her you would have finished it in time. Oh, darling, why did this have to happen?"

Lowry saw Cramer, with his son in train, sweep through the office at eleven-thirty the next morning. Within a few minutes Miss Marshall said the president would like to see him, and he went to his office.

Without his usual greeting, Cramer said, "Do you know where we can reach Mr. Hewitt?"

"No. Is something the matter?"

"I've brought him back from Chicago a sick man. John and I took him to his apartment and got him to bed. His wife wasn't there and the servants didn't seem to know where she is."

"Is he seriously ill?"

"We had to leave before his doctor got there. When a man vomits all night and looks like death, I call him seriously ill."

"Appendicitis?"

"He has no appendix and he had no chest pains. It's not his heart. He's overworked—I don't know what it is. Where in the world could his wife be?"

"I'm sorry, but I don't know."

Cramer's usually benign face was wrinkled with anger and impatience. "Did you telegraph him in Chicago?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"He got a telegram from someone, the boat captain told John, that seemed to start this. I thought it might have been from you about this disgraceful incident in the papers. I have already seen it. I never thought I'd live to see the day when an officer in one of my companies would be written up in a scandal sheet. My work has been with men whose names don't get in the papers unless it's some fine community effort. Are you still a Johnson trustee?"

"So far as I know."

"We might as well have this out. . . . Miss Wilkins, find out if Mr. Hewitt's doctor has been there yet or if Mrs. Hewitt has been found. . . . Now, sit down. When Cal showed me the clippings about you—I had not yet received them from Miss Wilkins—I had been deeply moved by the apparent heroism, as my telegram showed; he minimized it all as your good friend. And he to

me what I should have guessed, I suppose, that your real interest was not your company and your job here, but a book on which you spent half your time."

"I did not spend half my time, or any time except weekends, on it. It's somewhat academic today, as someone else has written the book and is about to publish it."

"This is not a subterfuge because of the papers to keep your name out of it?"

"No. Do you mind coming to the point of all this?"

"There you are, that perpetual chip on the shoulder. That resentment toward me. You seem to feel I'm against you. Not at all, but I am for the company."

"So you would like me to resign?"

There was a pause, and when Cramer spoke again it was with his customary tone of unction. "Friend Lowry, those are your words, not mine, but, and this is as friendly as it is frank, I wonder whether, no doubt with good intentions, you are one of those men who give the kiss of death' to whatever you engage in? Peale, Doran, and so on, and if what you say is so, evidently to your own book. When the directors put them all together and then read how you and a member of your family and your friends amuse themselves ——"

"I'd be careful, if I were you, Mr. Cramer. I'd strike out that last sentence. And make quite sure you never refer to it again."

"Are you threatening me?"

"I suppose so, yes."

Cramer, pinching his face like a barber testing the work of his razor, blinked at him a moment.

"Well, I have work to do," Lowry said briskly, and left.

Even now what to do, where to turn and stand was a problem. In all that had happened so far with Cramer, the directors, or even friends like Colonel Channing, could say, "Cramer has his objectionable points, but it still seems to come down to the fact that his personality is so strong that you can't handle him."

He dialed Hewitt's apartment and, after saying who he was, Hewitt answered.

"How sick are you?" Lowry asked.

"I'm not sick except deep inside. I know you know about Paula. Have you any idea where I can get hold of her?"

"No."

"I'm going to call the Pinkertons and get her traced."

"I wouldn't call them. I've read they don't take divorce cases."

"This is no divorce, Steve. I want her back, that's all, before Cramer knows about it. I got to thinking last night how when you're married for years, all the little things you do for each other. Brought tears to my eyes—there's somebody who knows how you take your coffee. Why, I'd be lost without Paula. We men don't realize what a job running a home is. My clothes were always pressed. All I had to do was throw them over a chair. I haven't the foggiest idea who pressed them. It's been years since I knew who did the laundry. All those little things. I suppose you think I'm sentimental."

"Not at all."

"Steve, I want you to know I did everything I could for you with Cramer."

"So I gather."

"If the Pinkertons can find Paula, I'll have to go there and fight it out with Peale. My honor demands that, but I tell you I'm sick of responsibility. If Paula won't come back, though I'm sure she will, and wanted to settle with me—I don't know what would be fair, maybe ten, better twenty per cent of the Suydam estate—I think I'd take it and live in Vermont."

"I should think even ten per cent would be a million dollars."

"About, I guess."

"Well, Calvin, the possession of a million dollars would only involve you in new responsibilities. People would want to get it away from you."

"I only say this to you, Steve. I've been hurt deep inside and I'm tired of slaving. If Paula persists, then she's got to pay for it. Isn't that the sensible way for me to look at it? I hope you'll keep in touch. It's a time when a man appreciates his friends."

Miss Marshall signaled as soon as Hewitt had hung up to say that Mr. Devers, one of the engineers, was waiting and wanted to see Lowry at once. He said to send him in.

Devers was a tall man, with the same pointed features, the high receding forehead and steel-rimmed spectacles of Burnham at Larus. In eight months Lowry did not recall having said more than hello to him, though he had heard Evans speak highly of him, especially in connection with the calculating on the bridge bid. Across the outer breast pocket of his coat was a stockade of pens and pencils with a slide rule. An outsize slide rule with a sheaf of papers was in his hand and his hand was shaking violently.

Instinctively Lowry knew at once what he was going to say. He got up to hear it, standing.

"The bridge bid," Devers gasped; "it's out five hundred thousand dollars. There's an error in man-hours. It's not my error originally. Have we got time to withdraw?"

"No. How did you happen to recheck this?"

"I got nervous about it."

"Does anyone else know?"

"No, sir."

"Are those your work sheets?"

"Yes, sir."

"Miss Marshall, bring me the work sheets on the bridge bid, please." She brought the



"Martha, it's the vines or me. One of us has to go."



FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

3 ground beef dishes made extra delicious with Franco-American Beef Gravy



Skillet Burgers with Gravy! Shape 1 lb. ground beef into 6 patties, season to taste, then brown on both sides in skillet. Then add 3-ounce can sliced mushrooms, drained, and cook until browned. Add 1 can Beef Gravy and simmer a few minutes.

Here's the kind of gravy a man can remember from 'way back. Only *this* is FRANCO-AMERICAN Beef Gravy. It's rich, brown, perfectly smooth. Made from good *lean* beef so it's low in calories. (Only about a fourth as many as homemade gravy.) And it's always ready, handy as your pantry shelf. Franco-American Beef Gravy makes all kinds of dishes taste better. Here are just a few.

Baked Beef Patties! Combine 1 pound lean ground beef, ½ tsp. salt, dash of black pepper, 2 tbsp. minced onion and ¼ cup Beef Gravy. Shape into 4 large patties. Bake in small casseroles or 8-inch baking pan about 30 minutes at 350° F. Pour off excess fat, then pour remainder of gravy over meat and return to oven until heated through.



Skillet Supper! Cook 1 lb. ground beef and 1 small onion, sliced, in 2 tbsp. butter (or margarine) until brown. Stir occasionally to separate meat. Add 1 cup very thinly sliced raw carrots, 1 can Beef Gravy, ½ tsp. salt, dash of pepper. Cover, cook slowly, stirring occasionally, until carrots are tender, about 15 minutes. Serve on cooked rice or noodles.



Now, delicious beef gravy on your mashed potatoes, anytime

With Franco-American Beef Gravy in your pantry, you're all set for potatoes and gravy *anytime*, even when your meat doesn't give you gravy-makin's.

folder quickly. "Now show me where it occurred," he said to Devers.

Well, there it was, the original calculation O.K.'d at the point of error by all, including Evans. Lowry started his own calculation in pencil, Devers breathing down his neck as he followed with his slide rule. The error was now so palpable that it was as though they had all been hypnotized when they passed it.

"I feel pretty sick, Mr. Lowry."

"There's a lot of sickness around, evidently," Lowry replied. "Miss Marshall, see whether Mr. Cramer's gone to lunch, please."

She returned to say Mr. Cramer was having a glass of milk at his desk. Lowry picked up the papers and walked to his lonely execution. He said as unaffectedly as possible that he was solely responsible for something that had happened and then he told Cramer what it was. If Cramer listened pitilessly, it was with the professional calm of an auditor. With an auditor's control and competence he followed Lowry's finger through the two sets of work sheets.

"Naturally I'm not a bit surprised," he said, picking up the papers and handing them back. "Leave these with my assistant, if you will, please. What do you propose now?"

"I've known of this only a few moments longer than you have. I've not had time ——"

"Have you telephoned Caracas to see if we could simply not bid?"

"They've already filed and it was effective when we had it notarized at the consulate here."

"Miss Wilkins, ask John to come here, please." When he came in, his father said, "Mr. Lowry has something to tell you. Be good enough, Mr. Lowry, to go over it all again in the same detail. I may have missed something."

Lowry went through the humbling business. Young Cramer listened aghast, trying hard by glancing at his father to ape his impassivity.

"You see the whole situation, John?"

"Yes, dad."

"Not a very nice one, though what was to be expected," Cramer said. "Have you thought of what you intend to do, or is this 'just one of those things that happen' in your eyes?" he asked Lowry.

"Without minimizing my responsibility, I may say that this line of talk is not conducive to clear thinking."

"Are we expected to feel sorry for you, or for the stockholders who must take the loss? Unlike you, I'm said to be a slow thinker, and I see the way out."

"Then may I hear it?"

"I want to talk it over with John. Is it asking too much for you to hold yourself in readiness in your office, or can you tell me where I can reach you?"

"I'll be in my office," Lowry replied.

It was not until after five that Cramer appeared at Lowry's desk. It had been apparent from the normal behavior of Halleck and the other department managers that nothing was known of the error, and Curtis had been downtown the entire afternoon. Evans was reported at the Tidewater plant, in New Jersey.

As Lowry went back over every step of the bid's preparation, he could not see where, even now, he would have done anything differently. Every care and control possible had been used. But all the justification in the world was not going to avail him. "While it was not your responsibility, Mr. Lowry, personally to prepare the figures, and aware as we are that Mr. Evans and Mr. Curtis had the same duty and responsibility, nonetheless taking this and various other things into consideration, we feel the best thing all around is to make a settlement with you on the most friendly and favorable basis for you, looking to the discontinuance of your services." That was about what they would say, he supposed.

"I want to say first and right off," Cramer began brightly, "that I very much regret my attitude and what I said in our talk this morning. I hope you'll accept my apology." He put out his hand and Lowry took it.

"Certainly no apology is necessary, but it's nice of you to say this. I feel very badly about it, to put it mildly."

"Now you mustn't feel too badly, because we're going to find a way out. I've got to leave again now. Could you come to my hotel at seven tonight for a further talk?"

"Certainly."

He was glad Rosalie was out when he phoned that he would not be home for dinner, as he was not sure he could have kept the reason to himself.

By six, when he left, the office was empty. He went down to the drugstore in the lobby and had a sandwich and a glass of iced coffee, glanced through an evening paper, and started uptown on foot to Cramer's hotel. At two minutes before seven he went up in the elevator and rang the bell at Cramer's door.

Cramer opened it himself and, going in, Lowry saw over the back of a chair facing the south windows the crisp hairs of Hewitt's head.

"Hello," he said. "Are you feeling better?"

Hewitt looked very worn. Cramer said that friend Hewitt had insisted on getting out of bed to be of whatever help he could, as soon as he had heard of the trouble. "There'll be just the three of us and we're not going to have anything to say about who's to blame. We're going to be constructive. Calvin, suppose you start us off." Voice and manner were benign.

"Well, Steve, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if when D. P. gives you his plan, you were to tell us you were hours ahead of us and it was rolling."

"*Have* you done anything yet, friend Lowry?" Cramer asked.

"No."

He waved the "no" aside and said, "That's all right. Go ahead, Calvin."

"I think I've told you, Steve, that I've always made it a point to keep the good will of the little fellows I started with. Never got too big for them. Now in your way you have that same quality."

"You and I had some words about Doran's resignation," Cramer interjected with a smile. "You were right. I was wrong. You kept his good will, helped him get a job."

"I wouldn't say that about the job."

"It amounts to the same thing. Now, friend Lowry, the way out of our problem is apparent. You can pick up that telephone and put a call through to Paris for your brother-in-law or Doran. I leave that to you. Explain what's happened and have Doran go to the Venezuela ambassador in Paris—let him give the ambassador the whole story, including this list of benefactions C. I. C. has made to Venezuela. The ambassador can tell Caracas whatever he pleases, so long as all present bids are thrown out and new bids asked. I quite understand some money will have to pass, but it will be a manageable amount, not a disaster. When in Rome—well, you know the old saying. You see how perfectly the whole thing meshes—your brother-in-law's natural desire to help you, Doran's chance to make up ——"

"And the ambassador?"

Cramer chuckled. "I guess I needn't tell you about Latin American diplomats after your long experience."

Hewitt got up and came over to put his hand on Lowry's shoulder. "Steve, believe me, it's the thing to do and you can do it easily."

"Is there any more to this?" Lowry asked.

"No," Cramer replied. "There are details, but they're going to be left to your own good judgment."

"Well, of course, I would never do what you propose, so there's no more to say," Lowry said. "Mr. Lainvee wouldn't be a party to it any more than I would. Nor would Daran—which, by the way, is his name."

"You seem to be taking a moral tone," Cramer said, "about a business proposal while a matter of primary morals didn't bother you at all. You insult, if I may be permitted the word, Mr. Hewitt and me by implying we have asked you to do something improper. All we have done is suggest a way for you to get out of your trouble."

"Does Mr. Delano know of this?"

"Naturally he knows," Cramer said, "of your trouble. What we have said here is within these four walls and between the three of us."

"You told him. What did he say to you?"

MOTHERS! SAVE 50¢ ON YOUR FIRST BOX



Take the word Chux (in white letters) from the pink-striped end panel on the $1.98 box. Write your name and address on reverse side of panel and send to

Chux
Box 49-C
Mount Vernon, New York

Chux will refund 50c for box panel mailed on or before Sept. 1, 1957. Limit 50c per customer.

Offer good in Continental United States and Territory of Hawaii. Subject to state and local regulations, and not valid where restricted or forbidden by law.

"I was obliged to call him out of a meeting," Cramer said. "I can only tell you he was aghast."

"Well, I shall see him in the morning," Lowry replied, "and tell him what I propose."

"Suppose you tell *us* now."

"Steve, let me urge you to consider what it would mean to you to have the solution on its way before you see him. I think I can speak for D. P. when I say, with this book of yours now out of the way, as he tells me, we can forget bygones."

"We certainly can," Cramer added. "If you feel I can put it to Doran better than you, well and good. Or Calvin can, if you prefer that."

"You don't seem to understand I will not allow it to be put to Daran or my brother-in-law."

"We have been frank with you. Why can't you be frank with us?" Cramer asked.

Lowry looked at him. There was something almost and truly pathetic in his tone. He was not the shifter, the turncoat, the little valiant that Hewitt was. He was one of those men without any ability to see himself as he was, and he was in water far over his head. Sure that blame was as clear-cut as an arithmetical error, he wanted to be sure it was all Lowry's before it was all his own.

"There is nothing more I have to say tonight," Lowry told him and went to the door.

Late in the afternoon Rosalie drove up to her door and got out of the car, hot, sticky, exasperated. That morning the cook had appeared with one bare foot enormously swollen from an insect bite and demanded that she be taken to her sister in Brooklyn where she could "have some care." Doctor Hovey's arrival and assurance that hot Epsom-salt soakings would cure it by night did not shake her strong wish to be with her sister.

The way to the City of boarded-up Churches was difficult, though vestiges of its once Victorian charm—trees, a street of detached frame houses amid a long line of brownstones—fascinated her. The married sister and her neighbor, with their children, were waiting on the sidewalk, in the evident hope that a mad dog had bitten their relative.

"Oh, no," Rosalie said, "it wasn't the dog."

"It was that dog, all right," the cook said. "It's his fleas and the ants all over the place ——"

All glanced at Rosalie. She said she was very sorry and carried Helga's large bag up the steps.

"Will you call me when you're better, Helga?" Rosalie asked. "You must rest until you're entirely well."

"I don't know when that will be, Mrs. Lowry. The pain's already running up my leg. It costs you plenty when you have to have them off," Helga replied as though she had already had a number of pedal amputations.

"Well, we expect to pay for everything," Rosalie said.

"Money doesn't buy a leg," the married sister said. All the children began to cry and the neighbor made a general comment on the heartlessness of certain people.

An hour and a half later, Rosalie reached Garden City for shopping she had to do for the children. Coming out to drive home, she found herself in the worst of the afternoon heat. The way back was one long detour around new roads, new sewers, new shopping centers, new developments.

She got out of the car with an armful of bundles. From the garden side of the house she heard the children yelling. She hurried into the cool, dim house, hoping to bathe and change a very damp and wrinkled linen dress before she faced the children. They ran her to earth by the hall table and she looked at them in amazement as they embraced her. They were all clean and scrubbed, all of them in spotless shirts and shorts.

"Oh, mummy, we're *so* glad to see you," Lainvee said, mounting the table to hug her. "The most wonderful thing. We're going to have a club and you will be head and daddy will be storyteller and Richard will be treasurer and we meet every Sunday evening and I thought up the most wonderful name for it. The Sprikeling Club, you know like a sprikeling day. Oh, mummy, say we may and daddy is storyteller but members like Peter and me and Richard can tell stories, too, like when we were children."

Richard broke in: "And, mummy, come out now in the hammock and tell us about when you were a little girl in Estonia. Please, mummy, it's as cold as ice in the hammock."

"Please, mummy, about Uncle Armas teaching you to swim."

"Oh, darlings ——" she said.

"Why are you crying?" Lainvee asked. "Because you don't know what happened to grandmother and grandfather? Would you like to tell a happier story?"

"No," she said. "Any story you want, but wouldn't you like me to have a bath and change my dress first? I'm so sticky."

"Oh, no, you smell best of any mother in whole Ridingtown and Penny Rossiter thinks so too," Lainvee said.

In the hammock she told the often-told tale of herself as a child on the Baltic dunes. Smoky came to listen, sitting torridly against her ankles. They all sighed happily when she finished.

Then with cries of "Me, me, me," all three children were off in a flash to answer the ringing telephone. The winner, Richard, called his mother. She came to answer, hoping it was not Stephen to say he would be late.

"Mrs. Lowry, this is Martha Rossiter. I've been trying to get you, but you were out."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"I should like to see you right away and unfortunately I must be here. Could you come to the school? I can't very well explain over the telephone."

"Why, yes," Rosalie said. It could mean, she supposed, but one thing. She was being summoned, politely, to testify in her own behalf before Ridingtown's high court of respectability. Anger, shame and embarrassment surged through her.

"I'll explain, but, on the off chance that Lainvee might want to play with Penny, would you come alone?"

When Stephen reached home at about nine she had not returned. The children told him where she had gone and he called the Rossiters' house. The maid said Mrs. Rossiter had gone out to dinner and then the movies, but what movie she did not know. She said she didn't know Mrs. Lowry by sight, but yes, a lady had been there and left in her car about five-thirty.

SUBURBAN SONG

By MARJORIE LEDERER LEE

Of all the sounds, enchanting, clear,
That fall upon suburban ear—
A bark of dog, a hum of bee;
A burst of robins, April-free;
A church bell, sonorous and sweet,
Winging its way from Maple Street;
The splash of hoses, fresh as dawn,
The whir of mowers on the lawn;
A tree saw, and a model plane;
The whistle of a distant train;
A cricket clicking out its code,
And children shouting in the road—

Of all the sounds that stop and start
And make a music in my heart
The best occurs at after five:
A car that turns into the drive,
Brakes smartly in the evening gloam,
And tells me that my love is home!

What do giraffes have to do with High Blood Pressure?



IN ITS SEARCH for more knowledge about baffling diseases, medical science takes some strange turns. For example, doctors have gone to Africa to study the blood pressure of giraffes.

They found that it takes an unusually high pressure to pump blood from the giraffe's heart to his brain—a distance of some 14 to 15 feet. Yet, its heart and blood vessels are not under strain.

Doctors are trying to learn more about how this is accomplished for it could shed new light on the disorder affecting an estimated 6 million Americans—high blood pressure or hypertension.

This condition causes certain of the smallest blood vessels to tighten up and make the heart work harder to maintain the flow of blood through the body. Fortunately, most cases of hypertension can be helped by proper treatment.

This condition can often be controlled simply by relieving day-to-day emotional stresses . . . worry, tension and "drive" . . . which push blood pressure up and tend to keep it excessively elevated.

If you have hypertension, your doctor may suggest a way of life especially adapted to your needs. Among other things, he will probably recommend—

1. Plenty of rest, including a short daily nap and 8 to 9 hours of sleep every night, since blood pressure usually falls during rest.

2. Avoidance of fatigue. If you stop short of tiredness, you can accomplish more in the long run and also overcome the tenseness and irritability that come with fatigue.

3. Weight control. This is an important factor in treating, and possibly *preventing*, hypertension. In fact, hypertension is four times as common in overweight men as in those who are underweight.

If changes in living habits do not control this disorder, then other treatments . . . including medicines, special diets or surgery . . . may be used.

Hypertension is usually more easily controlled when discovered early. This emphasizes the importance of periodic health examinations for *everyone*. Those who have reached middle age, are overweight, or whose parents or close relatives had elevated blood pressure should be especially watchful.

When hypertension is diagnosed, a patient should continue to see the doctor regularly. Then possible complications can be prevented, postponed or, if they occur, treated promptly.

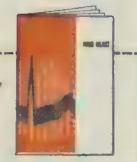
Other helpful and encouraging facts about hypertension are given in Metropolitan's booklet, "Your Heart." Return the coupon for your free copy.

COPYRIGHT 1957—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.



Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me Metropolitan's free booklet, "*Your Heart*," 7-57-J.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

New Spray-Set
by the makers of
Lustre-Creme...

SETS HAIR TO STAY THE SOFTEST WAY!



SUPER-SOFT
LUSTRE-NET HAIR SPRAY

Loved by Hollywood Stars because it's non-drying... contains no lacquer... mists hair with Lanolin!



HOLLYWOOD FOUND IT FIRST—NOW IT CAN BE YOURS!

There are 2 types of Lustre-Net. Super-soft for loose, casual hair-do's. Regular for hard-to-manage hair. *5½ oz. can—a full ounce more!* Only $1.25 plus tax.

"What did your mother wear?" he asked Lainvee.

"That blue linen. She had it on all day."

Yes, the lady had on a blue dress. Yes, she would leave a note for Mrs. Rossiter to call Mr. Lowry.

He sent the children off to bed, waited while ten minutes took twenty years to pass and called the police, gave a description of Rosalie, and the license number of the car, and asked if any accident had been reported. They checked and said no. He hesitated. "You would know, wouldn't you, if something more serious had happened?"

"We'd only know, Mr. Lowry, if it were reported or a body or abandoned car were found. Nothing so far. We'll have our cars on the lookout."

He remembered the caveat from Jane Alden about the school, but whatever Mrs. Rossiter might have said, it was impossible to suppose so essentially levelheaded a person as Rosalie could have been overcome by it. She had left the house before his message about being late, so she would not be at some friend's for supper. And she was not one of those people who stop for a minute and have no idea of the passage of time. Anxiety became almost certainty that she had been waylaid. Yet a former Resistance officer would not fall easily into a trap.

Then he saw the lights of a car turning in the gates and went to meet it. He saw it was a police car with its red top light—coming to break the dreadful news.

The police driver had been one of those in the boat. "Just checking, Mr. Lowry. Your wife left here to go to the Ridingtown School. Have you any idea where she'd have gone from there?"

"I told the lieutenant I had no idea——"

"Is there anybody she'd be likely to meet?"

"No, no. I explained that ——"

"O.K. O.K., keep your shirt on. We'll find her." His radio crackled and he held up his hand. Lowry could make nothing of the gibberish coming over it. "Nothing. Bus rammed a car in Lynbrook. See you."

At twelve minutes past ten, as he stood in the doorway within arm's reach of the telephone, she arrived. He ran to the car and as she opened the door he picked her up in his arms.

"Are you all right?"

She turned her mouth away as he kissed her, but put her arm around his neck. "What you mean, yes. I must get to the telephone. Put me down."

She looked exhausted but composed in the light. He followed her into the library.

"Close the door," she said, picking up the telephone. "Give me the overseas operator." Then her voice broke and she said, "Stephen, please help me. I can't speak. Get Armas. He must come at once."

In the long wait she told him in a torrent of emotion, sometimes in his arms, then with the length of the room between them. Mrs. Rossiter had said it was difficult for her. She knew it was difficult for Rosalie. There was the possibility of a mistake.

"I thought it was all about the rescue. She said she knew I was born in Estonia from the children's application. Then she said it all came from a newspaper account of the rescue and my picture. She said, 'Mrs. Lowry, have you any idea what I am going to say?' I shook my head and she said, 'I never had this experience before. Forgive me if I do it badly.' She had not seen the article or the picture. A maid of the Dubosques', who have the school in Lattington, went to Mrs. Dubosque and showed them to her. She said it was a wonderful thing. And the maid said she had shown them to their new school cook, who said, 'It is not wonderful to me. That woman is my sister.'"

"Inge?" he asked.

She nodded. "I've been there. It is Inge. She looks over sixty. I said, 'Inge, my darling, what joy to find you.' I told her about Armas and that I would help her pack her things and she must come with me and she said she never wanted to see me again. Oh, Stephen, she is full of hatred. She said, 'I have no sister. I have no family. I don't want anyone. Go away.'"

"Darling, in the first surprise of seeing you it may not have been unnatural."

"She wouldn't listen to anything. She looked horrible—old, some of her teeth gone, her hair thin and pulled back—and she said, 'Did you ever suffer?' I tried to answer and she said, 'You look as young and beautiful as when you ran away from your mother and sister that day in Tallin while they searched for you.' I said I had not run away, I couldn't get home. Stephen, you have to hear all she said. She said did I want to learn what they did to my mother and her, and, oh, Stephen, how many there were and that she had remembered it all these years except when she mixed it up with the day the Nazis came. And I said, 'Inge, my sister, you must try to forget.' She screamed at me that she did forget with her cooking, and her clean food, until she saw me. And did my husband, the American businessman she read about, know about wars and labor camps? I said you knew and understood everything, and she said, 'Does he know what it's like when you're no longer good enough for a Nazi camp guard?' I think I'm sorriest of all for you because now I'll never be *riante* again for you, and that's all there is about me you really love."

"Dear," he said calmly, "there are some other things."

"I have no right to this house and its lovely things." She looked around the room at the new things bought in America. On the sofa were some of the children's things and she sat down holding them, overwhelmed by the thought of her mother and all the tender little things of girlhood.

"You must stop crying this way," Stephen said. "Inge is ill and we shall have her cured. You mustn't get sick. Too much depends on you."

"Everything I said about love she rejected and kept telling me the horrible things that happened to mother and her. That last morning I saw her she was one of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen, and now she's ghastly like someone from the House of the Dead. I tried to put my arms around her. She said I had hidden from them that day. You must understand what happened, you must let me speak of it. I can't go on with it inside me any longer."

"Dearest, I knew when Nedberg translated as 'an unhappy time' whatever you told him, I didn't need ——"

"But *I* need to tell it. Can't you listen?"

"Yes, of course," he said quietly. He started toward her and she shook her head, standing by the fireplace half turned away.

"I was at the bakery three streets from the flat. We thought we had several hours yet when their motorcycles burst into the street and, farther down, I saw them jumping out of their lorries. Then it seemed like masses of cavalry tore past at a gallop, spreading out across the square, and I saw I couldn't get home and I saw a cellar door under a shop. I ran down the steps. It was dark and I crouched in a corner. I could hear them yelling and some firing and I was terrified more at the moment because I was afraid mother and Inge would try to go to the bakery to find me. I had on a pretty little wrist watch father had given me and I could see its dial in the dark and I thought of the long-long daylight that day. You could tell from the noise that the streets were full of soldiers! You cannot imagine how frightening it was. Late in the afternoon I could tell by glass breaking and the yelling that they were beginning to loot the

A man who has tried to play Mozart, and failed, through that vain effort comes into position better to understand the man who tried to paint the Sistine Madonna, and did.

GERALD W. JOHNSON
A Little Night-Music
Harper & Brothers

shops. I heard them breaking the shutters open over my head, and then the door. It was a little dress-and-notions shop. Then three of them came down the other stairs in the cellar and saw me."

"My darling."

"It wasn't then. They were laughing and they weren't drunk yet, and an officer with a flashlight came in and began to question me. I was afraid to say who I was because of father. They took me to the street. It was crowded with their horse wagons, piled with every sort of thing from the shops. Three doors away there was a sort of headquarters where people were being questioned and sent off under guard to the railroad. I saw a woman I knew who whispered to me that our apartment house was full of them and mother and Inge were arrested. I was taken before a colonel and when he saw me he ordered his aide and his orderlies out of the room and he sat on the edge of the desk, offering me a cigarette. He said I was very beautiful and that he could tell from my face that I was an aristocrat and I said I was a peasant. I mustn't think they were rapists; was I afraid, he asked? I tried to say no. He took my hand and I couldn't get it away and he said that if I was nice to him, I had nothing to fear and that he would protect any women in my family too. I didn't believe him. He drew me to him. He kissed me. I didn't struggle. I was trying to think. Then he released me. It was not beastly, a bare half minute, and I said, 'May I think a little?' and he said yes, not too long and if I said yes, I must mean it. He wanted love, real love, he said, and then he took my wrist watch off and put it in his pocket. Then a general and a lot of officers came in and soldiers marched me out to a room in the back of the place and I couldn't understand what they were saying. They left me alone. It was much later when two of them came back and I was terribly hungry, frightened as I was. It's hard to believe how quickly you get hungry at first. They were drinking and they offered me the flask. I knocked it away and the man holding it almost dropped it and he turned on me. I fought and fought. I forgot mother and Inge and everything but myself. One of them laughed and took his coat off and put it on the floor. The other one did it first. I don't know when it was he fell asleep. The other one drank until he fell half asleep. I got up very quietly. The streets were almost quiet. The other one was by the door and when I opened it he sat up and started to pull me down beside him. I was on one knee. I managed to smile at him. I patted his cheek and made it clear I would be back in a moment. And he let me go. The streets were full of patrols. I could not go near our apartment. I realized my whole family were gone like my wrist watch. At the time I didn't want to live and yet I did, terribly. Each hour that I was not found I wanted more to live and escape. I knew in my bones my father was already dead and even then, as I have all these years, I tried not to think about what was happening to my mother and Inge. And now at last I can run away from it no longer because she has told me, hating me. I don't know what I shall do except that I can't go on even with you and the children as I did. Don't pity me. Be sorry for your poor self, married to me."

He went over to her.

"No, no," she said, crossing her arms.

The telephone rang and he reached across the sofa to answer it. There was the seemingly interminable pause before he heard Armas.

"Armas," he said, "Rosalie has found Inge here. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . No, very bitter. . . . Yes, very old. . . . She is dead. . . . Can you leave tomorrow night? . . . Good. . . . He wants to speak to you, darling." He handed the phone to Rosalie.

"Oh, Armas, come quickly. She may listen to you because you were taken. . . . I don't know. . . . Good-by. . . . What? . . . Oh, what does it matter about me?"

When she hung up, he took the telephone and asked for the police and told them Mrs. Lowry had returned. That there had been trouble with the car.

She sat, breathing like a spent swimmer. "Now that you know about that day and night it's almost like the stone rolled away, but I don't see how you will stand being with me. I thought about telling you all the way home." In a moment she went on, almost without emotion. "Mrs. Dubosque sent me out to speak to her alone. She was looking down absorbedly at carrots she was dicing and there was an air of peace about her until she glanced up. I said in Estonian, 'Inge, my sister, what joy to see you,' and she said, 'I have no wish to see you. I have no family. I have my work.' And when I talked to Mrs. Dubosque before leaving, I said I hadn't been able to persuade her to come to our house. Was it possible for her to keep her temporarily? She said she knew how bitter Inge was and realized how terrible it had been for us, but that I must understand that to her Inge was an individual and that if she wanted to stay with her, her conscience would not let any pressure be worked on her. She said that Inge had had a thorough medical examination, and was entirely well. The school psychiatrist found her competent, self-reliant and adjusted to her sphere in life."

"But, dear, all this is very encouraging. Stop crying. Here, blow your nose." He tossed a large, clean handkerchief into her lap. She obeyed, trying without success to control her tears.

"I feel as though if everyone's to know my sister went through these things and is a school cook —— Oh, Stephen, if she won't come to us, what am I to do? How am I to go on day after day with her so close, without seeing or talking to her?"

"Dear, she's alive. Time and love are on your side. All these other things will be solved."

He looked at her, his heart aching with love and pity for her woe. If anything, her story had been less dreadful than he had feared.

"What is it," he asked, "that you blame yourself for? I understand the first shock of seeing Inge, changed as she is. I know that any arrangements will be very difficult. They will not be impossible. This is all very terrible, but are you glad or not that Inge's alive? Or is a dead sorrow better than a living?"

"Why do you ask such a terrible question?"

"Because I want you to be yourself, the person who has learned to live with the present so well until now. Unless you feel you're superior to the human race, you have no reason to blame yourself for what you've done. Few people, none we know, have faced the terrible choice you did that day. To me you *are* superior to everybody else. Who else is capable of bringing Inge back to herself? Think of the challenge to your love and wisdom. And there's something else. You must not let me down. I need your love and absolute confidence because tomorrow Cramer may be able to force me out of the company. There was a great blunder in the bid for the bridge in Venezuela for which I am responsible."

"Oh, Stephen ——"

"Now don't be guilty about me."

"No, no," she said, "I won't. I'll take care of you. I'll help you. Oh, darling, if it helps I'll be *riante*."

"That," he said, "is very good news. I shall now carry you up to bed. All will yet be well."

"I know," she said, as he swung her up in his arms.

As he reached the bottom of the stairs with her, Richard's head poked over the banister. He yawned prodigiously, rubbed his eyes and said, "Oh, mum's home! That's super! Good night, dad, good night, mum."

Lowry awoke a little before seven the next morning. Rosalie was not beside him. The room was tidy and their bathroom empty. He was so light a sleeper, she so sweetly drowsy in the morning that for a moment he was half afraid of what might have happened.

He went to the head of the stairs, hearing the boys talking in their room. The aroma of coffee was in the air and he heard the chink of table silver as a sideboard drawer was opened.

"Forks *and* knives, mummy?" Lainvee was asking.

"Yes, darling, and spoons."



CYD CHARISSE LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries–it beautifies

thick and creamy...
blessed with lanolin!
needs no after-rinse!

of course, it leaves hair more manageable!



Cream or Lotion

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVORITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS

"Well, would Aunt Inge live here with us, then, mummy?"

Knowing that all was well, he went to shave and shower. When he came down, Rosalie met him at the pantry door with floury arms. Tired though she looked, he saw from the beauty and peace of her face that all was indeed well.

"Mummy's made scrumptious muffins, daddy, and I beat the eggs. I have to turn the bacon now," Lainvee informed him.

"Dear, I thought your wife's cooking your breakfast was what you needed on a day like this. Are you all right?" she asked, opening a drawer for a napkin to cover the muffins.

"I started early because I wanted to call Mrs. Dubosque, unless you think it's too terribly early, before you left. I have told Lainvee about Inge and she accepts it quite easily, so the boys will hear about it from her at breakfast. You do think I was right, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "but it was startling to find you gone from bed."

"Darling," she said, kissing him, "I am not a lie-abed-till-noon just because I don't like the sunrise. I was up very early in a place called Norway, if you can remember."

Mrs. Dubosque answered her call and brushed away her apologies pleasantly.

"I wanted just to ask whether my sister was there and as usual. Our brother will be here tomorrow and I thought I would make no further effort to see her before I talk to him. But if anything happens, will you call me, please? I can never tell you how grateful I am to you."

"Well, first, your sister is as usual. I think—now I can't be sure—but I think in spite of everything she was glad to see you, because this morning I said, 'Inge, your sister is a woman whose goodness shows in her face.' And she said, I thought just a little proudly, 'In a beautiful face.' I'll call you if there's anything. And please don't thank me."

"Just to be sure, please don't mention my brother's coming."

"No, of course not."

Rosalie drove Stephen to the station. There she said to him, "Now, my dearest, please understand that whatever you decide to do, I will help. I was not born of a peasant family for nothing. I have a savings account, a hoard in a small way, but plenty to pay off the maids and still have enough for the children's first-term tuition. And I have no objection to your getting rid of the car or the station wagon. Or of anything but me and the children."

"This is all very good, my angel," he said, "but I have no intention of losing to Master Cramer."

"No, I am sure of that too. I just wanted you to know you have a sensible wife with reserves—even reserves of love."

In asserting he was not going to lose to Cramer, Lowry had pretended to a greater confidence than he felt. As he went through the office, he saw that Curtis was already at his desk.

"Have you heard about Venezuela?" Lowry asked.

"Yes, I've heard," Curtis said. "I was at a meeting at Mr. Delano's when he was called out to hear it. I'm afraid it's rather a bad setback for you."

"I realize that."

"Mr. Delano is not a Rutledge. He blew his top. I couldn't but think how wise you'd been in not going to him about Parry." Curtis' voice was as cold as his words, his manner aloof as though he were making clear that he did not want to be involved in support of Lowry any more than of Parry. "For your information," he added, "Mr. Delano will not be at his office today."

Though Lowry had not expected him to say, "Well, it's not your fault; it's an organization mistake and we're all in on it," he had not expected so arctic an attitude.

The ordinary activity of the business filled the morning. Lowry talked to Delano's secretary about seeing him the next day. She said she would speak to Mr. Delano on his return. Paula Hewitt telephoned. She said Rosalie had told her about the book and had said not to call him but she was so sorry, it would have meant so much to Jim to be working on something with him again, and, besides, she had another reason for calling.

"Would you like some money for your Johnson Foundation? Something in low six figures to start with?"

He groaned, knowing of course what would follow if he accepted this offer. A first gift and then the next, then a place for Jim in the foundation, then why not on the board? She would say, "If you want him with you, Dennison and Caithness won't say no." And how holier-than-thou he would sound if he said, "Paula, you can't just buy his way back."

So he said, "Paula, this is very kind of you. I'd have to talk to Mrs. Johnson and ——"

"Oh, I'll talk to her," she said quickly.

"Well, let me think it over."

"But you could use the money, couldn't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then why don't you and Jim talk it over? Be a lamb and say yes. It would mean so much to him."

"All right," he said, "but not this week." He hung up with a sigh.

Before leaving his house the next morning he got word of delayed arrival for Armas and, calling Idlewild again on reaching the office, was told his flight was now expected at eleven-thirty.

He turned from his telephone call telling Rosalie that he would not be able to meet Armas, to find Cramer beaming.

"Friend Lowry, just by chance Miss Wilkins heard the operator telling you that your brother-in-law's plane was late and I hurried in to say how glad I am you've reconsidered my little suggestion."

"His coming over is fortuitous. He's come on a family matter."

"Why won't you tell me what you intend doing? I strongly urge you to work with me.

A new idea in smoking...

Salem refreshes your taste



Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

SALEM is a *new idea* in smoking—*you smoke refreshed.* SALEM refreshes *your taste* the way a bright, clear spring day refreshes you! You get Springtime freshness in every puff! The freshest taste in cigarettes flows through SALEM's pure white filter... rich tobacco taste with a new surprise softness and menthol-fresh comfort. Smoke SALEM ... you'll love 'em!

Smoke Salem ... smoke refreshed

f you plan to go to Mr. Rutledge or Mr. Channing, I can tell you they carry no weight."

"I hope to see Mr. Delano if he's back."

"Do you know where he was yesterday?"

"No, I don't. Do you?"

"Do you feel that my proposed solution was thically wrong?" Cramer asked, without nswering.

"Well, I try not to sit in judgment on peo-le, but you must know what I think about t."

"In my desire to help perhaps I spoke too uickly, but any issue you raise on that will ot cover your responsibility for the loss we're nvolved in. Let me say one final word. You'll eed friends. You must know that Charley urtis won't lift a finger to help you. Hewitt s gone. Are you wise in turning on me? I lon't believe so. I think you'll find I'm right."

"Well, we shall just have to wait and see," owry replied and Cramer left. A few mo-nents later Lowry saw him with his hat on, eaving the office.

Shortly before noon he was surprised by a elephone call from Curtis, saying that he vas at Mr. Delano's office, where Lowry was sked to be at one-thirty.

"I had better tell you that Mr. Cramer has ust left, after giving us a run-down on the ridge. I'm afraid that's all I can tell you."

Lowry thanked him and buttoned his coat. He had already heard of Armas' arrival from Rosalie, who said that he was going alone to ee Inge. By nightfall they should know where hey stood at home and abroad.

When the receptionist at Delano's an-ounced him, Curtis came out after a moment ke a bailiff to lead im in.

Delano, behind his lesk, said, "Howdya lo," without getting p. A third man, look-ng out the window, urned around and aid, "Good after-noon, Stephen." It vas Rutledge.

"Before we get to his unfortunate busi-ess in Venezuela, Mr. Lowry, there are some questions I should like to ask you," Delano aid. He went on to say that he had a great nany interests—far too many, in fact—and owry must realize C. I. C. was only one of hem, though, because of long friendship and ssociation on many boards with Mr. Rut-edge and Mr. Johnson, by no means a small ne. "Now then, how do you and Mr. Cramer et along?" He asked the question as though he were inquiring how Lowry liked his new ouse.

"All right," Lowry replied.

"Are you interfered with at every turn?"

"No."

"Did his son—that is to say, his assistant—articipate in the bridge bid?"

"No, sir."

"But Mr. Cramer had asked for such par-icipation, had he not?" His tone was casual, ut there was now some acid in it.

"He had asked for general participation, omething that was difficult to arrange in ractice."

"So that he has no responsibility for this rror?"

"None. And he was in Chicago when I igned the bid."

"Had he been in New York, what would ave happened?"

"I suppose he would have seen the final igures before they went out."

"Might he not have caught the error, had he een given the chance?"

"That is possible."

Delano stared at him for a moment and hen said, "Would you mind if I had a word with Mr. Rutledge? Could you step outside a moment?"

"Certainly."

He was waiting in the anteroom when Henry Dennison hurried through with a curt greeting and joined the others. And it was perhaps five minutes before he was called back. From a glance at the faces he got no idea how it was going. The four of them had the air of judges about to sentence a man to whom they wished to show consideration rather than sympathy.

"Henry," Delano said, turning to Dennison.

"Yes. Mr. Lowry, when you were made a vice president of C. I. C. you presumably had already found out who the directors were and decided they were men in whom you could have confidence. Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Now these men, in whom you had confidence, after careful thought elected Mr. Cramer to be president of C. I. C. We want you to tell us what you think of their choice and decision."

Delano, with unexpected hospitality, lifted the cover of his silver cigarette box, pushed it toward Lowry and then took a cigarette himself, which Curtis lighted for him. Lowry shook his head.

"Do you regard that as an improper question, Mr. Lowry?" Delano asked.

"I think it's a very broad one."

"I'll reframe it," Dennison said. "Mr. Lowry, has a proposal for the settlement of the Venezuelan bridge been made to you which you find morally offensive? That is a simple question, pertinent to the issue."

He could not believe that Cramer had told them what he proposed, nor could he see how otherwise they had heard of it. But he was determined that he would not charge Cramer with it, above all in his absence.

"I'm not prepared to say that any proposal made in the excitement and the difficulty we're in is morally offensive. An idea I didn't like was put forward, possibly only to be shot at. That's all I have to say about it."

"I see," Dennison replied. "Do you mind telling us why your brother-in-law, Mr. Lainvee, came to New York so suddenly today?"

"No. My wife's sister, who disappeared when the Russians entered Estonia in 1940, has been found. I naturally telephoned my brother-in-law in Paris night before last and he's here."

"Oh, I'm delighted to hear that," Rutledge said.

"I'm sure we all are," Dennison said, "but I must put another question to you, if you'll allow me. Do you intend, in view of this happy coincidence, to use your brother-in-law yourself as was suggested?"

"The answer is no, and as emphatic as I can make it."

"Then what, Mr. Lowry, are you going to do to get us out of this grievous loss, for which in the final analysis you are responsible?" Delano asked.

"We shall have to take the money loss. Nonperformance would involve far greater losses in reputation and prestige."

"May I ask this?" Curtis said. "Have you considered the damage to our reputation and prestige which will result from our competitors' spreading the story that this was a deliberate error, made either to buy our way into a new field, or made because it suited a tax situation?"

"Does it suit a tax situation?" Delano asked quickly.

"It may," Curtis replied.

"Well, whether it does or not, we can't ask an easement in Caracas and we can't consult our competitors' wishes," Lowry said. "The bid had a fair margin of profit. I know we're not in business to do it for nothing, but I'm sure also that as regards the organization, our competitors, the Caracas government, we must proceed as though we still had a profit."

"We've concluded that is true," Delano said. "But it raises two points. What lesson are we to learn from it and, to put it frankly, are we safe in entrusting another bid, or rather the future of our foreign business, to you?"

"The second you must decide. As to the first you may be sure that all concerned have learned a bitter lesson they will not forget."

"Before asking you to retire again for a moment, Mr. Lowry," Delano said, "you are entitled to say anything you like. As you may know, we talked to Mr. Cramer this morning. Has this come about, in any part, because of pressures and annoyances put in your way by him?"

"In no way at all."

"As you look on the matter of Jim Peale, do you feel now that you could have handled it differently?" Dennison asked.

"I shall always wish I had had more wisdom, or that I had found some way to help him. But I don't see that I could have done anything different as regards the company."

"You know where he is today?" Dennison asked.

"Yes, I do."

"Now will you be good enough to give us a few minutes?" Delano asked.

He had been waiting some time when the receptionist told him his secretary wished to speak to him.

"Mr. Lowry, I'm sorry to bother you. Mr. Cramer is looking for you and I didn't tell him where you were. He wants me to trace you, call your house, and so on. What shall I do?"

"Tell him you just heard from me and that I'm here."

"Thank you."

He went back to his chair with outward composure. He was inclined to feel he had not

I regard marriage as the holiest institution among men. Without the fireside there is no human advancement; without the family relation there is no life worth living.

ROBERT INGERSOLL



FOR A LIMITED TIME – the Shulton Dusting Powders packaged with a gift of matching Toilet Water – at the price of the Dusting Powder alone, 1.40 and 1.65. At leading department and drug stores.

done well. The best he could say was that he had not been drawn into an attack on Cramer.

He heard the receptionist speaking. "Mr. Lowry, would you come through here? That door," she directed. "Mr. Rutledge will see you in there."

Well, Lowry thought, *it will at least come at the hands of a friend.*

"Sit down, Stephen," Rutledge said soberly. "When we first talked New Year's Eve afternoon you said something to the effect that your job might not be such 'fun,' et cetera. Do you remember that?"

"Yes."

"It troubled me at the time. What did it mean?"

"To paraphrase Chester Barnard, I suppose it was a poor way of saying there was not enough vitality in dollars alone to make business anything but a lifeless failure."

Rutledge pondered it a moment. "I remember how you looked when you came to me about Jim. I watched you while you were being questioned now. It hasn't been fun for you, has it?"

"No, not fun," Lowry said.

"I suppose there was a quicker and easier way of telling you what we decided. The others felt it necessary to do it this way. However you may feel about it, you have the satisfaction of knowing that each of us was deeply impressed by the way you behaved in there and by what you would not be drawn into saying. I don't know just how to tell you this, Stephen," Rutledge said, rising and walking around the room, hands in his pockets.

"You can tell me straight out," Lowry replied.

"In the first shock of Jim's tragedy, I took the easiest way out. I'm ashamed of it now. If ever a man was called on to stay and face the consequences of what was his own negligence or misjudgment, I was that man—though I did not, of course, foresee Tom's breakdown. But I should have. As a consequence we put in a man who, all of us ought to have known, was utterly unfitted for the place. Jim's affair was so shocking that we went to the other extreme. Harold Titcomb came out to warn me. Titcomb, the head of the mail room, saw what none of us saw. Bill Delano thought the sun rose and set in Cramer. Well, I'll not go on, but on September first I'm resuming the presidency of C. I. C. Bill Delano will keep the chairmanship, pending some negotiations I'll tell you about. What do you think of it?"

"Well, I think it's marvelous. What happens to Mr. Cramer?"

"Oh, we're sugaring the pill, you may be sure. We can use him in the Shelbyville project. He doesn't know yet. Now what about you? You've elected to say nothing against Cramer and I'm not going to ask questions ——"

"I better say this. I elected not to go into trivialities and personal matters with or about him, but I want to make clear that I was not prepared to lose to him on the large issue of the bridge."

"Henry Dennison had a call from Hewitt about Cramer's plan to use Daran and your brother-in-law," Rutledge told him. "He also told Henry about his wife and Jim. With Bill and Henry, a senior warden and an elder of the kirk, you had every chance, my boy, of saying the wrong thing. Cramer said it in every instance. Well, now, I'm going to have your support?"

"You want it in spite of this bridge business?"

"Most decidedly." Rutledge put out his hand. "Susan and I are looking forward to Rosalie's and your dining with us Saturday."

"I have tried to avoid personalities, but I would like to know before we go in there: is Charley Curtis opposed to this and to me, as his manner indicates, and has for several days?"

Rutledge smiled. "In a way Charley has brought it about. What you said to him about Parry brought him out to see me. In his quiet way he has great influence, and when he told Delano that Cramer must go, or he would, the thing was settled. Bill Delano spent yesterday with me. Charley was sure you would behave as you did, but he wanted Delano to see for himself. If anybody but Charley had told us you had no idea what was coming we wouldn't have believed it. Or believed the intolerable annoyance Cramer has been to you. You know, I have been terribly depressed about my responsibility for Jim—and now about Calvin—but when I consider that in our whole organization only two men without character have appeared, I don't feel too badly."

"They are not entirely without character," Lowry said. "They both missed the great builder of character."

"Which is?"

"A happy marriage."

They went through to Delano's office.

"I hope you don't feel we were too hard on you, Mr.—er, Stephen," Delano said. "And I would like you to know I never understood what advance-action cables meant, had never heard the word."

Curtis was smiling. "I shouldn't have blamed you if you had told them that I said I was too tired to fight with Cramer. I think we'd better get back to the office. Cramer's due here shortly."

"Yes, and you and I better get out, Henry," Rutledge said.

Delano shook his head sadly and then said "Oh, Stephen, I'd like to have some men meet Mr. Lainvee at lunch or dinner, whichever

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

POTPOURRI

Keeps the beguiling scents of your summer garden in the house the year round.

By MARIE ROSS



STUART

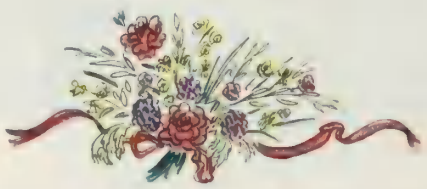
Rose jars used to be found in many American houses. In these jars, rose petals were blended with spices and oils, and seasoned. They were not only decorative but useful, giving out a lovely scent when the jars were opened.

The old recipes for potpourri were often very elaborate and time-consuming, requiring a great deal of patience in the making. The modern method of drying the petals is much simpler and the process enables more of the colors and shapes of the flowers to be retained.

It is, of course, more fun to use flowers from your own garden, if you are fortunate enough to have one; however, flowers may be obtained from greenhouses, nurseries or florist shops. Flowers other than roses can be used in making potpourri. If roses are hard to come by, try using such things as violets, pansies or any other scented flower that you find dries successfully. Wherever you get your flowers, be sure that they are really fresh; and if they come from your garden, pick them in the morning after the dew is dry. Choose flowers that are not quite full out, as the scent is at its peak at that time.

The simplest, fastest and most effective method of drying the petals is to use a box of sand. The petals should be placed on a layer of sand, then sprinkled with more sand. Do not put too many petals in one box as they may mildew. After drying for a few days in some secluded warm corner of the house, the sand should be sieved out with a colander or kitchen sieve and the petals are then ready to be blended with the spices, oils and fixatives which release their delicious, subtle scents in the room. Leaves, such as rose geranium or lemon verbena, should be dried in separate boxes.

We have selected two of the most successful recipes for you to try. When the potpourri is completed it can be put into small glass jars to be given to friends, or kept to bring the perfumes of the flower garden into your own house.



POTPOURRI DELIGHT

1 quart rose petals (red and deep pink)
3 rosebuds (deep red)
2 small daisies (yellow)
6 violets (African or blue)
6 mint leaves
4 rose-geranium leaves
1 fern leaf (for decoration)
1 tablespoon dried orange peel (crushed)
1 tablespoon each of: ginger, cinnamon, ground cloves, nutmeg, allspice
2 tablespoons orris root (crushed)
5 drops oil of jasmine
2 pounds sand or fine aquarium gravel
½ cup kitchen salt

DRYING METHOD: Dry rosebuds, daisies and violets whole in separate box from leaves and other petals. Keep boxes of drying flowers away from sunlight and drafts. Dry until petals are crisp.

MIXING METHOD: Place rose petals, daisies and whole violets in large bowl. Add orris root (a fixative for petal scents and oils), blend with spices, orange peel, crushed mint and rose-geranium leaves, ½ cup salt and the jasmine oil. Add bits of fern leaf for decoration. Pack in jars or other containers and seal tightly.

For extra fragrance, seal the petals, after drying and before mixing, in quart jars with 2 tablespoons salt. Let stand for three weeks and then mix as above with other ingredients.

POTPOURRI PACKET

Petals from one dozen roses (red and deep pink)
1 pint lavender flowers
2 daisies (yellow)
12 mint leaves
4 rose-geranium leaves
1 fern leaf
1 tablespoon each of: stick cinnamon (crushed), ground cloves, nutmeg, allspice, ginger, caraway seed
2 tablespoons orris root or calamus root (crushed)
5 drops oil of jasmine or bergamot

METHOD: The method of drying and mixing is the same as in the recipe for Potpourri Delight.

CLEAN CLEAR THROUGH

—and Deodorized Too!

THAT'S A FAB WASH!

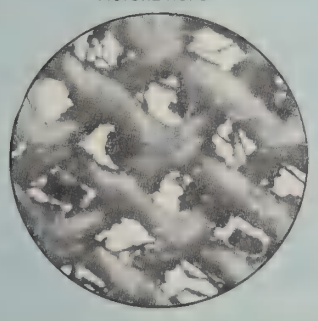




Microscope, magnifying fabric 100 times, shows the amazing difference between FAB-washed clothes and others washed with less effective products. FAB (see Picture No. 2) gets clothes clean clear through, *not just surface clean* . . . not just bleached white or blued white. Millions of women use washday products (see Picture No. 1) that let soil and scum pile up in clothes. Do you? Dirt can cause odor! No such problem with FAB-washed clothes. They're really clean, yes, *clean clear through*—and deodorized, too!

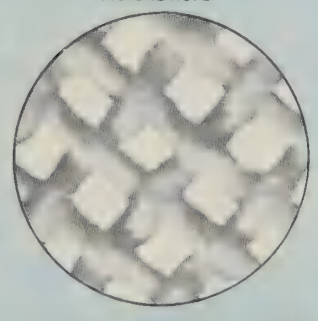
Millions use washday products that leave hidden dirt in clothes. Dirt can cause odor . . .

PICTURE NO. 1



Clothes washed with modern FAB are clean clear through—and deodorized, too . . .

PICTURE NO. 2





FAB Is The Hard-Working, Heavy-Duty Detergent For The Whole Family Wash . . . And Dishes, Of Course!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

suits him. I'd suggest dinner at my house at Cold Spring. Will you ask him about it and let me know?"

At a quarter past four Lowry's telephone rang and Cramer asked him if it would be convenient to come to his office, "Or I can come to you."

Lowry said that he would be right in. Whatever his feelings toward Cramer might be, pleasure in his downfall was not one of them. But Cramer was standing by his desk, looking like a feline that has just eaten a small yellow songbird.



"Charley's had to go out and can't join us, but I didn't want to hold you up. Sit down, please. Let me say right off that what I have to tell you should not affect you. I made it a prior condition of my agreement that you are to go on, others are to go on, just the same as though I were here to look out for you. But, friend Lowry, if the President of the United States appeals to the American Red Cross in some disaster, they answer the appeal."

"You mean that you're going to do something for the Red Cross?"

"For years, as you know, I have *been* the Red Cross—in a management sense, that is to say—to the Founders Trust Company or the industries represented on their board. Well, I pack my grip tomorrow and head out for Shelbyville, Kentucky. That whole setup there is, as we used to say in the war, snafu. I know what you're going to say: I'm needed here. But, friend Lowry, if you'd been in my shoes today, being asked for help by Mr. Delano, you couldn't have found it in your heart to say no, any more than I could."

He leaned back in his chair and, from every outward sign, appeared to be a man entitled to a good deal of satisfaction in what he had accomplished. As he would have phrased it, Delano *had* done it in the nice way.

"This will be the seventeenth rescue—or, to put it another way, the seventeenth time I have been the disaster unit to a hard-hit business. Well, I know you and I'll meet often, but I wanted you to know how much I value our friendship and the help you've given me." He put out his hand and Lowry shook it heartily.

"Knowing you has been a rare experience, Mr. Cramer," he said. "I wish you every possible luck."

"Thank you," Cramer said, beaming.

Lowry telephoned Rosalie from the station, asking her to meet his regular train, telling her what had happened.

It was still hard for Stephen to take in what it meant to be free of Cramer. It was even invigorating to realize that hereafter there would be no excuse for anything he himself did, and that all his immediate associates would be men who were his equals or superiors.

As Rutledge had said, the months had not been fun, nor in prospect were those ahead likely to be. The day's work, even without the capital letters in which Cramer referred to it, blanketed his whole life. Whatever else, however personally important, he wanted to do was subject to its discipline. But he had been shown clearly today it was not the service of mammon and there was a great company besides himself who, having been born men, were unwilling to die as less. And what demanded more from the talents, aspiration and energies of men than the relentless purpose still to seek and find wisdom and beauty in spite of the din of the market place? *Ardent the struggle, splendid the prize!*

The club car was the last on the train, but Stephen was one of the first to reach the line of waiting wives, chauffeurs and parked cars. He kissed Rosalie as though it were the first in months.

"I'm full of ideas," he said. "Another book, better than Principal Errors. Trips, love under the stars, lots of business and *beaucoup* francs. Do you love me?"

"Oh, I adore you, but we must be very humble about all these blessings."

"I know. What about Inge?"

"Armas wasn't back when I left. I hope he hasn't been arrested. We were both so excited we forgot he had no driver's license."

Armas was soberly pacing the driveway as they turned in.

"Well," he said, "it went badly. Nothing I said seemed to be right. She was perhaps less bitter toward me—because I was captured—but she refuses help. And my suggestion that she would be happier in Europe with me offended her. I suppose one mistake was to let her see how shocked I was by the change in her, but I was overcome by emotion."

Rosalie patted his hand. "Don't blame yourself. So was I."

"Yes, but you had warned me ——"

"Armas, you are her brother. You're not a psychologist or a physician. You behaved like a brother and I don't believe it harmed her. We must remember it is a shock to her to see us. I think we can only move step by step, but all will be well, I am sure. Now I must get dinner. The children will be back from the beach in a few minutes. It's very blowy on the terrace and I think it's going to rain."

Shortly after dinner, Rosalie took the sleepy children and the exhausted Armas up to their beds. It was now raining heavily and the wind was wrenching at the branches of the trees and flattening the flower borders. Stephen, watching it from the darkened room, saw an apple tree, heavy with fruit, sink to the ground like a weary ballerina, her sequined skirt spread wide around her.

Rosalie came softly in, her feet in Wellingtons, as the children still called them. "Darling, I must see Inge tonight. I suddenly know what I must tell her. Will you drive me there, storm or no storm?"

"Of course. Get your coat," he said.

"You'll never know, Stephen, what heaven it is to have a husband who doesn't weigh pros and cons."

They were an hour and a half reaching Lattington, moving slowly through the torrential rain. Finally they saw the school's white shingle and turned in between the stone markers. Lights were on in the Dubosque cottage and they could see the low lines of the school adjoining.

The best minds that accept Christianity as a divinely inspired system believe that the great end of the Gospel is not merely the saving, but the educating, of men's souls, the creating within them of holy dispositions, the subduing of egotistical pretentions, and the perpetual enhancing of the desire that the will of God—a will synonymous with goodness and truth—may be done on earth.

GEORGE ELIOT

"Say a prayer," Rosalie said, getting out and steadying herself a moment before the wind. He watched through the lowered window as she ran to the vestibule and stood waiting. A light over her head snapped on and the door opened. He could see her talking to someone inside, then she turned to wave an instant to him and went inside.

It was three quarters of an hour before the door opened again. Rosalie stood in the vestibule alone, pulling on coat and soft hat. He leaned across the seat to open the car door and she got in with a sprinkling of rain.

"I wasn't sure until the last moment that I had succeeded. But I have, I am sure, because she wouldn't let me bring you in and she wouldn't come to the door because she didn't want you to see her as she is now."

"What did you tell her?"

"It's hard to repeat exactly. I realized today that she was someone to be proud of, not to pity and care for—that underneath her bitterness was wonderful strength and self-reliance, and that few people could survive, get to America, make their living as she was doing. I asked her to go away with me someplace for three or four weeks. And she asked what it would cost, and I said it didn't matter. Armas and we would arrange that. Finally she said that in another month she would have saved over five hundred dollars and that, if she could pay her own way, maybe she would. Then she asked if I had a picture of you and the children. and I said I hadn't brought my bag, but I could bring you in; I was sure you had pictures of them. It was then she said she wouldn't see you yet. Dear, we better leave. I see someone watching us from upstairs, and they must want to go to bed."

Stephen started the car, steering carefully around the winding, scarcely visible driveway.

"Oh, she said also that I must not press her to live with us."

"What do you think made her change?" Stephen asked.

"Different things. Armas's coming so quickly. He apparently quite broke down with her. And your bringing me on such a night. The terrible need even very brave people have to be wanted and loved, whatever they pretend."

"I must remember these roads. Rutledge wants us to dine Saturday night and Delano wants me to bring Armas to a men's dinner. Would you like to stop in a diner for some coffee?" he asked as they reached the Jericho Turnpike.

"Oh, darling," she said, "I want to be home. I'm not quite as composed as I sound. I'll get us some supper there." He could feel her trembling beside him and turned on the heater.

The house was quiet, snug and curtained from the storm. There were no messages by the telephone and Rosalie said, "Go up and count the children while I fix something."

They had some eggs and cocoa, washed their cups and dishes, put the pans to soak and went upstairs together.

"Are you very tired?" he asked.

She turned and gave him a little smile. "A little, not *too* tired."

He leaned back on the chaise longue, watching her as she undressed.

"I was wondering," he said, "whether I possibly had the brains to write a book about Chance and Destiny and was it always inevitable that I should volunteer for Sardine ——"

"And find a herring gutter?"

"Um. And did that bring Jim where he is and Calvin where he is? And put poor old Cramer out in Shelbyville?"

"And save Kenneth Hopkins from drowning? Oh, never tell Armas about that."

"Oh, no. But was it inevitable and did these other things happen because of it?"

"Darling, you are the most important man in the world in my eyes," she told him, "but even I suspect these people all had their own destinies."

He rose and took off his coat and tie and looked down at the rain-soaked cuffs of his trousers. His clothes would need pressing, and as Hewitt had once said, he would only have to leave them over a chair.

"I must have seen you get ready for bed three or four thousand times and each time it's like seeing a New-Found Land," he said.

"Dear, I'm too tired even to wash my face. Peasants and herring gutters ——"

"It's rain-washed. You know, I made a brilliant observation to Rutledge today. I told him something that transcends chance or destiny, God and mammon. Like all great truths, it is quite simple."

"I listen."

"A happy marriage is the great builder of character." END

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

or gave a little practical help to someone in trouble. Nothing world-shaking, to be sure. Nevertheless, I am grateful to God for granting me a small place to make a home, cherish my neighbors, and look with wonder at the world.

How brilliant the moon is after a sizzling day. The leaves on the maples hang motionless. How many wars they have lived through, how many changes in this world since they were planted as seedlings by our first Stillmeadow folk! And still they stand, and still grow toward the sky.

Possibly that is all we are meant to do, to grow toward the sky in our own way. I feel humble as I look at them with stars caught in their branches.

The dogs settle with long satisfied sighs. A cool air stirs the ruffled curtains, and the moon is right on the polished black oak floor of my room.

And this day, my unit of eternity, has been a good day, of chores done, work managed without fretting, people and dogs and cats cared for as best I could; and as I take a last look at the stars, I am grateful to God for the still and lovely night He has given us again. END

How to be the world's best outdoor cook

In three easy meals

Ten exciting new menu and recipe ideas from FRENCH'S, the world's most popular mustard



GOOD NEIGHBOR BRUNCH

Assorted fruit juice bar
Ham Slice with Minute Marvel Sauce
Eggs scrambled with parsley and French's Onion Salt
Filled coffee cake

Ham with Minute Marvel Sauce

½ cup currant jelly
½ cup French's Mustard
1 precooked ham slice

Melt jelly over low heat. Stir in French's Mustard until well blended. (French's flavor won't fade out in cooking!) Brush one side of ham slice with mustard sauce. Broil 5 to 8 minutes depending upon thickness. Turn and brush second side. Continue to broil until nicely browned. Pour additional sauce over ham before serving. This sweet-and-sour sauce is also delicious served hot or cold with turkey or chicken.



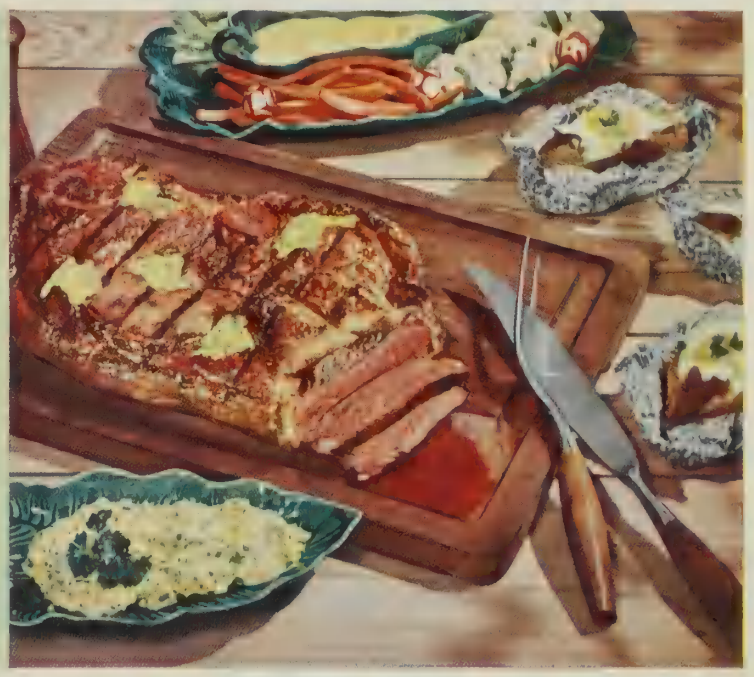
HIGH NOON FAMILY FEAST

Steak with Savory Butter Spread
Foil-baked potatoes
Raw vegetables with dip of French's Mustard-flavored mayonnaise
Cherries and butterscotch brownies

Savory Butter Spread for Steak

¼ lb. butter
3 tbsp. French's Mustard
2 tbsp. chopped chives
2 tbsp. French's Parsley Flakes or chopped parsley
½ tbsp. French's Oregano

Have butter at room temperature. Cream in French's Mustard, chives, parsley, and oregano. (French's is the smooth-blending mustard!) Beat until well blended. Spread on hot broiled steak. Keep ready supply in the refrigerator for lots of uses. It's wonderful on chops, hamburgers and vegetables, too!



CANDLELIGHT TERRACE DINNER

Shrimp topped deviled eggs
Oriental Broiled Chicken
Rice cooked with chicken broth
Marinated green bean salad
Half watermelon filled with melon balls and fruit

Oriental Broiled Chicken

3 broilers, split or 6 halves
3 tbsp. French's Curry Powder
½ cup honey
½ cup French's Mustard

Rub 2 tablespoons curry powder into chicken before broiling. Combine remaining ingredients. Place chicken well brushed with sauce on grill, skin side up. Turn about every 5 min., basting each time in the sauce. (French's makes it smooth and spicy!) Cooking takes about 45 min., but exact time depends on heat intensity and broiler size. Meat's done if joint moves easily when you grasp leg bone.



On food...In food

no other mustard has the light and lively flavor of

FRENCH'S MUSTARD

THE LITTLEST ONE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

hurry more. They all scurried for the chimney corner behind the kitchen stove, where each had a little bundle of woolens stacked on the wood box. Bonnie climbed to one corner of the box, careful not to touch the hot stovepipe. She watched the others dress and listened to the excited plans which they made for the new one.

"I'll pull him all over the field in my new sled," said Timothy. "We'll tie on a basket and put blankets in it."

The Best Family Outings start with

THERMOS®

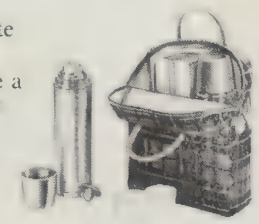
INSULATED

OUTING JUGS and ICE CHESTS



At home or away, THERMOS® jugs and chests are the center of attraction . . . and use . . . at any party or outing. Finished in handsome, two-toned green baked enamel, their extra-thick insulation provides maximum temperature retention. Jugs in one-gallon, two-gallon and five-quart sizes. Chests from 16 to 28-inch lengths. Styles and prices to suit every taste and purse.

To complete the family picnic, take a **THERMOS® OUTING KIT**



There are many brands of vacuum and insulated ware . . . the best known and most used bear the name

50th ANNIVERSARY THERMOS REG U S PAT OFF

THE AMERICAN THERMOS PRODUCTS CO.
NORWICH, CONN.

Canadian Thermos Products, Ltd., Toronto
Thermos (1925) Ltd., London

Yesterday, on Christmas Day, after the roast goose and the plum pudding, Timothy had given Bonnie a ride. It was fun until he made the sled turn over and spill her into the snow.

"I will go to the attic," said Alice, "and dust the cradle and polish it like new."

The cradle made a good game for rainy days. It was a game of pretend, with Alice the mother and Bonnie the baby. Bonnie would squeeze herself in while Alice fetched an old quilt from the trunk and covered her. Then Alice would rock the cradle and croon.

"And I," said Emily, whom mamma had taught to sew, "can make little shirtwaists and all sorts of snuggly things. And dress him myself."

Bonnie wished Emily would dress her. They all were pulling on their Mackinaws and stocking caps and mittens.

"Let's make a snowman," suggested Timothy, "one that's big enough to look through mamma's window."

Timothy was being very, very good this morning. He was not much older than Bonnie and not a bit bigger. Bonnie liked it when he played with her because he could think of such different things to do.

He looked up and saw her watching as he did the last button on his boot. Emily and Alice were already gone, but Timothy just stood, looking at Bonnie in her nightdress, not eating her oatmeal. Then he came close to her and she was afraid of the look on his face.

"Ha!" he whispered. "You're not the littlest any more. When papa gets a peppermint, he will give it to the new one. He's the littlest now."

Bonnie's eyes puddled.

Timothy banged happily out the door, singing, "Crybaby! Crybaby!"

Mrs. Burschendorff turned from the stove with a stick of pine wood in her hand.

"Dear, dear," she said. "Why can't you finish like a good girl? Put the Teddy bear down and eat. Why didn't Emily dress you as she was told to? Though I should think such a great girl as you might dress herself."

Then Mrs. Burschendorff popped the stick of pine into the leaping flame. She snatched the shaker and shook the grate, causing the fire to crackle and roar. But over the rattle of the grate, her voice went on complaining.

Outside the others were laughing and starting their snowman. The last one had been for Bonnie. Because she was too little to roll the balls of snow, Emily always saved the faces for her, putting pieces of coal into her hand and holding her up. "You make the best faces of anyone," she would tell Bonnie. And then they would all stand back and laugh and clap because Bonnie made such a good face.

She slipped off her chair. She decided she and Rudy, who loved her, must hide and never, never come out.

Where? Where was close enough so she could see mamma and papa weep for their lost one, but far enough never to find her? She stood in the parlor door, looking. The Christmas tree! What better place than in the corner, with piny smells and green branches and a candy cane if she wished it?

She wriggled, like a white shadow, past the low-hanging branches and scrooched down. She drew her knees up under her chin and tucked her nightdress under her bare toes.

"Don't you worry," she said to Rudy. "I won't let you be lonely."

She took his paws and lifted him high over her head.

"*Diddle, diddle dumpling, sugar bun;*
Come to Bonnie, littlest one," she whispered.

But it wasn't right when you whispered it. It was supposed to be sung out, with laughing.

She could see just a little of the bedroom. She could see mamma's braid, falling over the edge of the bed. Papa had put the back of the Morris chair down and a pillow under his head. There was no talking and everything was still, so they must be asleep. She could see nothing of the new one.

She talked to Rudy. "The new one will take my peppermint," she said. "He will sleep in the big bed with mamma and papa. He will make me a bother. He will try to take you away from me, but you must not let him. Scratch him and come back to me."

She dandled Rudy until he bounced out of her hands and fell with a plop on the floor, face down.

She scolded, "You were going to leave me. You were going to be *his* Teddy bear!"

She hit him on his face and on his stomach. She bit his ear. She wept.

Mamma woke up with a jump. "Bonnie!" said mamma quite frantically.

Bonnie pulled herself into a tight knot and held a hand over Rudy's red yarn mouth.

"Papa, papa, wake up!" said mamma.

He woke up right away. "What is it, my love, what is it?" he asked, bending over mamma.

"Where is Bonnie? Bring Bonnie to me. I haven't even seen her."

"Yes, yes," said papa. "I will, I will!"

WIFE

By EVA SPARKS TAYLOR

Quietly, in loving praise,
She let him know in gentle ways
Her never-failing faith. Success
That crowned his work was no surprise
To her who lived encouragement.
"His was a meteoric rise,"
They say, unknowing. Patiently
She lifted him from adversity
By always seeing him the man
That he might be. They wonder why
The great man chose so plain a mate,
Doubting if she can keep in pace
With his ascent. They should see
Him search a crowd to find her face,
As loving glance shares victory
With one whose faith worked alchemy.

He hurried through the rooms, calling, "Bonnie, Bonnie." He looked out the window, but she was not with the other children.

"Mrs. Burschendorff," he said, in the kitchen, "have you seen Bonnie?"

"Gracious, no," said Mrs. Burschendorff. "She was here but a moment ago. She didn't eat her oatmeal and she simply wouldn't get dressed. A body can't do everything when there are so many."

Papa came back to the living room and looked behind all the chairs and into the dark closet. Then Bonnie was sure he had spied her, because he came straight toward the Christmas tree, holding his arms out and singing:

"*Diddle, diddle dumpling, sugar bun,*
Come to papa ——"

But he cut the song off short. He slapped his hand on top of his head and said, "Oh!"

Then he said, "Oh! Oh!"

He went back to mamma, very slowly, and Bonnie could hear them whispering together. Papa had not found her; he hadn't even looked very hard. Bonnie felt herself sinking, down, down, down, to the very bottom of aloneness.

The whispering stopped and mamma said, "Oh, dear!" And in a louder voice, "I think I simply cannot last another minute, unless Bonnie gives me a good-morning kiss."

Bonnie held her breath and peered through the branches.

"If only Bonnie would come back to us," said papa, walking up and down. "I haven't told her half the stories I know, or sung half the songs."

Then Bonnie crept out from behind the tree, not looking toward the bedroom at all. She went to the parlor window and stood with her back to them.

Papa came and picked her up, just as he had when she was the littlest, and carried her into mamma's room. He took her to the side of the bed where the new one was not, and sat her down beside mamma.

"Could this be Bonnie?" he asked.

Mamma put her hand on Bonnie's arm and slid it up to her shoulder, and over her back and her neck and her face.

"It looks like Bonnie," she said. "And it feels like Bonnie. It feels nice. But it doesn't talk, and Bonnie talked so beautifully."

Bonnie stared into the corner and pinched her lips together. Then she dug her fists into her eyes. "He will snatch my Rudy away from me, and keep him for his own," she said.

"Indeed he will not," said mamma. "We will teach him to be good like you."

"He will sleep in the big bed with you and papa, and I can't come down when I'm afraid."

"He will sleep in the cradle, near the parlor stove," said papa. "And you may come down whenever you like."

Bonnie looked at papa accusingly. "You gave him my peppermint," she said.

"I would never give your peppermint to anyone but you," said papa. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a peppermint and laid it on her tongue. It tasted the same as always.

"What am I?" Bonnie said to mamma. "I'm not the littlest any more."

"That is right," said mamma. "And everyone must be the most of something, mustn't they? Then you will be the dearest. You will be the dearest little girl in the whole world."

Bonnie looked at papa again.

"You will be the dearest," he said. "Come let's try it out."

He swung her up and sang:

"*Diddle, diddle dumpling, sugar bun,*
Come to papa, dearest one!"

When he put her down again, she said, "Timothy is putting a basket on his sled for the new one to ride in. Alice is polishing the cradle and Emily is sewing new clothes."

"And Bonnie," said mamma, "has come to visit him, which makes him very happy."

"Let me see," said Bonnie, and she went to the other side of the bed to look at the new one. "Yes, he is happy," she said.

Then she went back to the parlor and crawled under the Christmas tree. She dragged Rudy out and took him to the bedroom.

"He may have Rudy for a little while," she said, "but not for always."

"He will give Rudy back whenever you say," said mamma. "Thank you."

As Bonnie tucked Rudy under the blanket, she touched the hand of the little new one. It felt like velvet. Then she went to the window to see if the snowman was built. It was all made, except for the face.

Emily looked up at the window. "Come on, Bonnie," she called. "Get dressed and come out. We need you to make the face."

But Bonnie was remembering velvet. "Wait," she called back, quite breathlessly happy. "I must do something first."

She scurried back through the kitchen, up the stairs and down the long, cold hall. She opened the door of the dark hall closet and pulled out the box of blocks. Behind the box, Annabelle lay hiding. Bonnie took her up and brushed the dust from the blue velvet dress which Emily had sewn.

"Shame," she said into Annabelle's chipped ear. "You must learn to keep your lovely dress clean." Then she rested her cheek against the crack in Annabelle's painted face. "Never you mind," she whispered. "You will always be my dearest one."

And she took Annabelle down to sit on the wood box while she dressed herself. END



Especially on Hot Foods...

The flavor of real butter is still nature's secret!

Why does real butter make such a big flavor difference on hot foods? Because it's churned from 100% real cream, of course. Real cream is the heart and soul of its goodness, the source of the subtle flavor that agrees with you always. Just like milk, real butter belongs on your family table—and your family deserves real butter as much as your guests. Serve the best—serve real butter.

BUTTERY CORN IDEA: Pour or brush melted butter on each golden ear of corn before serving. Serve with additional butter for individual use at the table.



You never outgrow your need for foods made from milk!

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION
Chicago

Representing the dairy farmers in your area

See "Disneyland" on ABC-TV

© 1957, AMERICAN DAIRY ASSN.

THE DEVIL WITH COOKING



They roll their own "Hamwiches" at this easy chuck-wagon picnic

Picnic recipe you'll find easy enough for roadside serving and delicious enough for porch or patio! All you do is set out Underwood Deviled Ham (so tasty just as it comes from the can – and one family-size can feeds five) . . . a plate of sliced tomatoes . . . and one of minced onions! Then join your hungry guests and help yourself to a real feast!

FREE PICNIC RECIPES! WRITE: WM. UNDERWOOD CO., DEPT. 3A, WATERTOWN 72, MASS.

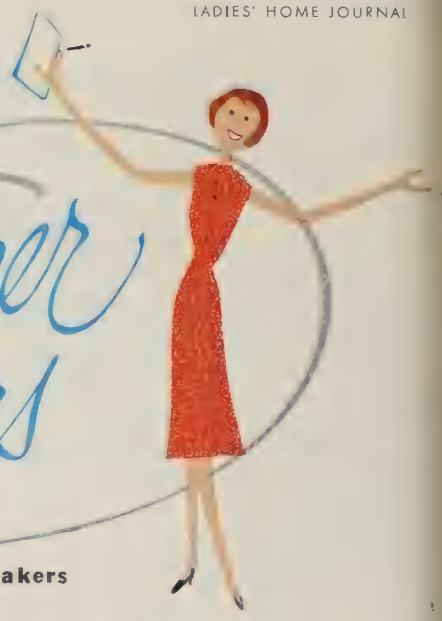


THE SECRET OF WHOLE-HAM FLAVOR

Underwood is made from whole hams, chosen for quality, perfectly cured, and blended with a secret formula of spices. Result: all the goodness of whole hams . . . plus a delicious, can't-be-copied flavor.

MEMO TO

Freezer Users



A bag of tricks for homemakers with freezers to help them cope with mealtime situations.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor of the Journal

Trim and square. One way to keep food frozen in plastic bags trim and square is to line the bags up in straight-sided pans during freezing. The squared shapes will stack compactly; they fit freezer space neatly.

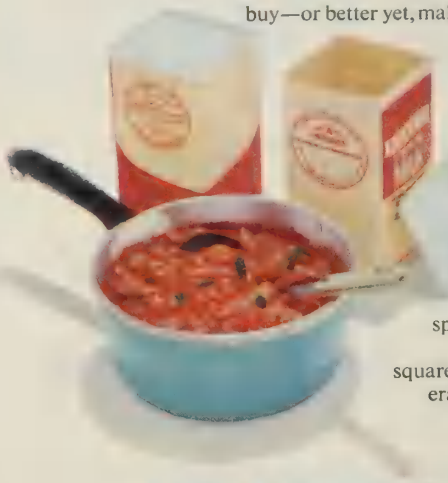


Ice-tray way. Try the ice-tray method with sauces, soup stock and gravies. Just count out the cubes to give the servings needed; with applesauce and frozen relish, frozen the ice-tray way, a cube makes an individual serving.

Keep it fresh. Containers for vacuum-packed coffee and shortening serve admirably for freezing some of the drier foods—buttered crumbs, nuts of all kinds, cookies and such. Sterilize the cans first; and if a fragrance lingers, wash with baking soda. Then, lest they lose their lids in the inevitable shuffle, seal them with special freezer tape—it adheres at zero when the ordinary kind loses its "cling."

For the bride. Know a bride-to-be? A thoughtful offer would be to freeze some of the wedding cake, to serve on the first anniversary. But be certain your reminder system is working, to prompt you about the date.

Cube it for baby. If there's a baby in the house, purée fruits and vegetables for days ahead and freeze for the future in ice trays—with dividers in place. Two cubes make a baby-size serving. Twist each frozen cube in freezer wrapping and then keep all of a kind in a plastic freezer bag.



Two in one. If yours is a family that likes a variety of breads, buy—or better yet, make—loaves of each favorite kind. Repack a half or a third of a loaf of each kind per package and freeze. Then monotony doesn't set in before the bread stales.

Double duty. Waxed milk cartons make useful freezer containers. Trim the top until it's square, wash and dry the carton. It's ready then to ladle in Italian meat balls, lamb curry or your favorite. To speed defrosting, cut double thickness of freezer wrapping into squares the size of the carton. Put several of these as separators between layers of food. The smaller sections will thaw faster.

A twist of the wrist. Have you discovered the pleasure of using pipe cleaners with plastic freezer bags? A simple twist and the bag's closed—or opened, as you wish. Other easy-to-use sealers for these bags are made of special rubber—as well they should be, for ordinary rubber gives up its elasticity when it is chilled to very low freezer temperatures.

Whip and freeze. Extra whipping cream after a party? Whip and freeze it for another day. Two tips: use confectioners' sugar—no "weeping"—and shape cream in individual swirls on wax-paper-covered cardboard. Freeze these small servings uncovered, but when solid, slip them into a plastic bag for storing—ready to decorate a dessert later.

Cubed and crushed. Before a party, freeze up a supply of ice. Store it crushed or in cubes in plastic bags. The ice will be so cold in the freezer that there is not a chance of its melting and sticking together.



STUART

The modern "emergency shelf" is the freezer.

Load limit, or speed's the thing. To avoid a warmed-over taste, always cool cooked food as quickly as possible. Fill containers, seal and cool to 50° F. in running cold water or iced water. Newest tests show that speed in lowering temperature from about 50° to freezing is important if flavor is to be at its best. Most freezers can properly handle about 3 pounds per cubic foot of storage every 24 hours. So—if your freezer is small and if you have much to freeze, best stow some in a refrigerator overnight rather than overload the freezer.



Straight and narrow. Squares and at least straight-sided foods and containers save on freezer space. For freezing, have you tried making square cakes? There are new square angel-food-cake pans, and high oblong ones sized for packaged mixes.

On the record. An inventory of freezer contents is as handy as a bank balance—it tells you at a glance where you stand. The most practical inventory we know is a simple notebook, kept in the kitchen—where it can be consulted—*not* in the freezer. A check-in and check-out system is most useful.

Variety is the spice —— For general use, we've found an assortment of freezer packages is best. The flexible plastic ones in square shapes stack well and are re-usable. The heavy waxed ones are easy to fill and nest compactly for storage. From a wealth of wrapping materials available, you can choose foil in heavy freezer weight and a new style, quilted for strength; clear plastic, treated paper, and various laminated materials.

Biscuits to bake. Frozen-juice cans are just the right size for keeping ready-to-bake biscuits—particularly if the can itself was used to cut the rounds. Fill well-washed can with biscuits, using double thicknesses of wax paper between (so they will come apart easily). To close, tape freezer wrapping over the top; to open, remove both ends. So handy to have for meat-pie or fruit-cobbler topping or to serve with honey, maple-flavored syrup or jam.



All dated up. Every food that goes into the freezer by rights should be dated and identified. When icy crystals form, it's hard to tell from the outside the beef *Bourguignon* from the leftover ham. China-marking pencils, that write on plastic or glass or metal, are good for containers that are used over and over again—the markings do come out in the wash. A marking ink in its own applier can is very permanent, is easy to use and comes in 9 colors. It's fine for marking any material, or for writing labels on tapes.

In reserve. The modern emergency shelf is in the freezer, and many a homemaker these days makes sure she always has on hand basics for a meal: meat or casserole dish, vegetables, relish or frozen salad and dessert. Add rolls or bread and butter, milk and cream, and we are in business.

No other rice is this easy!



Minute Rice is already cooked – just boil water... add Minute Rice... cover... remove from heat!

Yes, it's really easy! Because Minute Rice is already cooked, there's never any danger of gummy failure! How your family will enjoy those white, fluffy, tender grains! Try Minute Rice tonight . . . the quickest, easiest way to balance a summer meal!

Another favorite from General Foods

Only Minute Rice is perfect every time

take it
easy!
make it
easy!



3 SURE
WAYS
TO MAKE
ICED COFFEE

a QUICK METHOD. Make extra-strength coffee by using ½ measuring cup (4 fluid ounces) of water for each Standard Measure (2 level tblsps.) of coffee — pour hot over ice cubes.

b PRE-COOLED. Make coffee: 1 Standard Measure (2 level tblsps.) to each 6-oz. cup of water. Cool in covered *non-metal* container. For freshest taste, serve within three hours. Pour over ice cubes.

c INSTANT. Mix *twice* the usual amount of instant coffee with a little water (hot or cold, according to brand) — add ice cubes, fill glass with cold water.

HINT In refrigerator trays, freeze regular strength coffee into cubes — pour fresh coffee over them. Delicious — and no dilution!

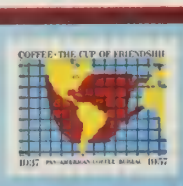


TRY THIS COOL IDEA!

Iced Coffee Float

Scoop a generous amount of your favorite flavor ice cream — coffee, vanilla, chocolate or other — into Iced Coffee.

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU
120 WALL STREET, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.
Brazil • Colombia • Costa Rica • Cuba • Dominican Republic
Ecuador • El Salvador • Guatemala • Honduras • Mexico • Venezuela



© 1957, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

DAUGHTER OF KINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

the hand were not her own, and turned to the small window where the foolish, romantic moon floated, and caught her breath, and wept.

The man who came on the early-morning bus was neither very young nor particularly old, neither handsome nor ugly, certainly not rich (the bag he carried was even shabbier than the one Mr. Bjornson had used when he went to his brother's funeral in Duluth), and it was not possible to tell whether he was good or not, merely by looking at him. With the shabby bag in one hand and a shabby portable typewriter in the other, he got off the bus alone and watched it roar away to its next destination, a town of a more respectable size.

He was a little rumpled and he could have used a few hours in a proper bed, but first he went walking, carrying both his burdens and exploring by the first clear rays of the sun. He walked slowly, reading the modest little business signs down the main street: The Eatateria. The Corner (Miss Addie Blough's place), Bert's Service, Bjornson's Bakery, Bjornson's Fix-It. He went past the beer parlor, sadly deserted in the manner of beer parlors in the morning sunshine.

"And those who stood before
The Tavern shouted, 'Open then the
Door!'"

he quoted aloud, smiling, and he turned the corner and doubled back along the alley, liking to see both sides of things. It was in this way he saw Solva Bjornson, kneading bread dough in the back of the bakery. Because she was in the bakery, doing what she knew how to do so well, and because she was not aware of anyone watching her, she was standing straight and tall, her full size, letting her big, sensitive hands work the dough and not looking down at all.

The stranger saw her through the glass of the rear door, and he lifted his somewhat crooked nose and smelled the wonderful, heartbreaking smell of the bakery. On an impulse (he did most things on impulse, even to deciding when to get off buses) he rapped at the door, turned the knob, opened it a few inches, and said to Solva,

"A jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness ——"

But Solva, whirling, hurried in alarm to the door and replied (to the middle button of his coat), "We're closed now—we don't open until nine!" and firmly shut the door and pulled down the blind that covered the glass. If she had stopped to remember that she had asked for a man—and here was one—she would have dismissed him anyway: for if he was only moderately youngish, not handsome, not rich, and gave no sign of being either very strong or very good, he was, on his own damning evidence, a romantic fool. But she only shivered a bit and plunged her hands back into the warm, comforting, familiar dough.

When the stranger came back later in the day, it was Mrs. Bjornson who waited on him. Solva was in back, as she usually was, writing "Happy Birthday, Sally" with green icing on a rose-ringed cake.

"A half dozen doughnuts," he said. And in the back, Solva had to take a toothpick and straighten a wobble in Sally's *y*.

Mrs. Bjornson smiled at him. "Glazed, powdered or plain?" she asked.

"Plain." He could see Solva over her shoulder. "A fine little town here," he said.

Mrs. Bjornson, pleased, thought it was a fine little town too. She looked at him more closely. He had a nice face. A crooked nose, but a nice face; not handsome, just nice. "You just passing through?" she asked, knowing full well she had just counted seven doughnuts into the white paper bag.

The stranger leaned on the counter. "As a matter of fact, I thought I might stay awhile," he answered, "and do a bit of research."

"Research," echoed Mrs. Bjornson, a little dubiously.

"I'm a genealogist," he said. "Specialize in family histories, family trees. After all, what is history but a record of the world's families, famous and infamous? But doubtless you understand that." His voice took on a dreamy, mystical quality. "We are all the stuff of history itself," he said, intensely, and then he smiled, ducking his head. "But I don't mean to bore you, ma'am!" And, taking his doughnuts and his change, he hurried out, leaving Mrs. Bjornson thirsting for more and Solva holding the icing cone in her hand and reading over and over again, "Happy Birthday, Sally, Happy Birthday, Sally, Happy Birthday, Sally . . ."

His name was Oliver Weekes. He rented a box at the post office and took a room in Mrs. Chesley's Tourist Haven (which never had any tourists in it) and, although before he came no one in town had given much thought to such things as ancestors, such was his gentle persuasiveness that within a day he was busy in his little, musty, lace-curtained, antimacassar'd room, working on the genealogies of a number of Ferndale's citizens.

He had little enough information to begin with. Miss Addie Blough of the corner store, for example, meek victim of little boys with peashooters and sticky fingers, always short a couple of candy bars at the end of the day, knew nothing beyond the maiden name of one of her great-grandmothers. Mr. Edward Allistone, the postmaster, a vague and somewhat fuddled gentleman, had to admit that as far as he knew, his paternal grandfather had sprung



"Norton, I've decided to do you over."

ully formed from a void. Mrs. Baxter (wife of Bert of Bert's Service, mother of Sally of the oy stove and the birthday cake) was excepional, being able to trace her lineage back our generations on one side and three on the ther—but then she came to a dead end in a umber of places ranging from St. Louis, Mo., o Montreal, P.Q.

But, said Oliver Weekes, the less known, he more exciting the chase, and he worked irelessly, drawing and lettering his charts vith exquisite care, clattering away on is typewriter, until he was able to give Mrs. Baxter definite evidence, under the etterheads of genealogical societies in St. Louis, Mo., and Montreal, P.Q., that she was elated to Presidents on one side and Indian hieftains on the other; and for Mr. Allistone he discovered a long and illustrious line of udges and lawyers in the deep South. Miss Addie Blough, however, he had to approach vith delicacy and hesitation, preparing her gently for the disquieting news (gleaned, as he could see, from genealogical societies, harriage registries and departments of vital tatistics in half a dozen cities from Victoria, B.C., to Leeds, England) that she was, in act, a direct descendant of the illegitimate laughter of one of England's bloodiest pirates. Miss Blough, trembling with the nearness of iolence and sin, disclosed this terrible secret nly to her best friend, and went to bed for he first night in fifteen years without putting ll her eighteen metal curlers in her graying air.

Meanwhile, he had begun on the Bjornsons. He dropped in occasionally at Bjornson's Fix-It, where he pitched in and helped Mr. Bjornson while they talked, rewiring Mrs. Baxter's toaster and astonishing Mr. Bjornson vith his dexterity by inscribing a delicate, eathery "Herbert Warrington Baxter" on the ack of a gold pocket watch. And more than ccasionally, he stopped in at Bjornson's Bakry and bought a half dozen doughnuts—to olster the meals he received from Mrs. Chesey's hands at the Tourist Haven, Mrs. Bjornon thought, sympathetically and erroneously; ut seizing the opportunity nevertheless, Mrs. Bjornson even went so far as to disappear once nto the back of the bakery on some pretense r other and insist that Solva wait on him. olva, expecting another disconcerting poetic uotation, tremblingly looked past his left elow and asked the far doorknob what he anted, and Oliver, overcome with tender ercy, merely asked for his half dozen plain oughnuts and let her escape.

But as he explored further into the tangled eaches of the Bjornson ancestry, Mrs. Bjornon invited him over for those few evenings he id not spend burning the forty-watt lamp in Mrs. Chesley's Tourist Haven room far into he night. He sat with them eating coffee ring nd drinking Solva's ambrosial coffee and alking with Mr. and Mrs. Bjornson while olva bent over her knitting so that all he ould see was the shining top of her head and he thick pattern of her braids. ("He looks at ou," Mrs. Bjornson said afterward, more han once. "I watch him and he looks at you. You could look up, just once." . . . "No," olva said. How could she tell them? But she new—a man like Oliver did not want a big, umpish peasant of a woman; he would be ooking for a beautiful, elfin creature, a fairy rincess, someone to whom you could quote oetry and never feel it was silly—she knew. "No," she said. "Don't be silly, mamma.") And when he said good night to her, she replied always to the cuffs of his trousers and the cuffed toes of his shoes; who would know hat when she lay in her bed at night, she whispered his name to the foolish, drifting moon: "Oliver, Oliver!"

Mr. Bjornson liked him too. "You ought to be in the repair business," he said. "Watches, maybe. Jewelry. That was a fine job you did on Bert's watch." He was thinking of retiring; he was thinking of someone's taking over the business; he was thinking of Solva. But it was all pretty impossible—a man like Oliver Weekes, with a streak of fancy in him, a bit of the dreamer—no, it was all quite, quite impossible.

Sometimes, Oliver admitted, he did want to do something else. Sometimes he did want to quit. Like now, he said, when he didn't seem to be getting anywhere, when he felt like giving up the search ——

And he protested wearily and vainly when Mr. Bjornson pressed on him the further sum of fifty dollars to carry on with; and if Mr. Bjornson, on second thought, regarded this as a usual business gambit, he had no way of knowing that Oliver Weekes, back in Mrs. Chesley's Tourist Haven, spread the money out on the table and looked at it and thought of Solva and hated himself more than a little.

It was on a Friday morning he came into the bakery with the news. He had stopped at the repair shop and had Mr. Bjornson with him. First, triumphantly, he took something from the portfolio of papers he carried and laid it on the counter.

"Look," he said. "Take a look."

They both looked—and in the back Solva stood very still and listened.

What he showed them was a picture, an engraving of a woman's head and shoulders. It looked very old and very strange, and at the same time it seemed to Mr. and Mrs. Bjornson very familiar.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Bjornson.

"Queen Margrete," Oliver said. "That's Queen Margrete, born in the year 1353, daughter of Waldemar the Fourth, wife of Haakon the Sixth, Queen of Norway, Sweden and Denmark—but who does it remind you of?" he asked eagerly.

"Why," said Mr. Bjornson, "it—it looks like our Solva!" and Mrs. Bjornson nodded her head.

"Ah-h," said Oliver Weekes, and he drew from his portfolio an enormous genealogical table which unfolded like a giant railway ticket. Mr. and Mrs. Bjornson bent over it and followed Oliver's guiding finger up the maze of lines and names as the table cascaded over the edge of the bakery counter. "In direct line," Oliver was saying, "back six hundred



Get extra flavor, extra goodness in America's finest spices from the House of Flavor!

The outdoor cook never had it so "good". You just can't fail to turn out tastier meals that everybody loves with these McCormick and Schilling Spices and Seasonings. You'll want to have all five for your meats, salads, vegetables—SEASON-ALL, GARLIC SALT, ONION SALT, BARBECUE SPICES and PURE BLACK PEPPER. Season-All and Barbecue Spice are packed in decorative glass shakers. A sprinkle on your foods makes all the difference—gives new zest and a special goodness to both outdoor and indoor meals. Try them.

McCORMICK
ONE FAMOUS EMBLEM—TWO GREAT BRANDS
McCORMICK and Schilling

Send for free "OUTDOOR EATING" cookbook containing cues for barbecues. Address Public Relations Dept., McCormick & Company, Baltimore 2, Md.

McCORMICK . . . The House of Flavor

McCORMICK
Seasoning of the Month



SEASON-ALL

The new SEASON-ALL brings together a number of the finest pure spices in a special secret blend by McCormick master blenders. Careful selection, high skill, delicacy were necessary to perfect this blend. All spices had to be compatible in flavor, none must overpower the others. Combined they had to contribute a *special* flavor and the ability as well to *bring out* the flavor of the foods they are used on.

Use SEASON-ALL indoors and outdoors on steaks, chops, stews, roasts; fish, eggs, vegetables, tomato juice. Sprinkle it on your foods as you eat them. And on them while you cook.

years ——" and he looked up and over Mrs. Bjornson's bent head and straight into Solva Bjornson's startled blue eyes. Suddenly, with no warning (for any warning certainly would have sent her scuttling to hide by the flour bins or behind the ovens), Oliver ducked around the end of the counter, took her by the shoulders and kissed her on her soft, astonished mouth.

"Remember," he told her sternly, "always remember, Solva—you are a daughter of kings!"

That night the moon outside Solva's window drifted into her dreams and made a track on northern waters for a Viking ship to travel, while she dreamed of a prince who was young and handsome and rich and who kissed her and was Oliver Weekes. But, waking, she faced reality; what if the family tree had gone back to nothing more than simple peasants scratching the difficult, mountainous earth—would he have kissed her then? But even though she placed his kiss in its proper, congratulatory context, she thought again of Queen Margrete and she shivered with a thrill of pride, and dreamed again of Vikings until morning.

In the big bedroom, however, Mrs. Bjornson had already forgotten the labyrinth of ancestry that led to Queen Margrete; her mind was occupied with more important matters, for Oliver's kiss (even though it had apparently taken place behind her back) had not been lost upon her sharp maternal eye, and as she drifted off to sleep she was composing in her head probable social items and announcements for publication in the Ferndale Weekly Courier.

News travels fast in towns the size of Ferndale. The incredible news about Solva Bjornson had reached Mr. Edward Allistone within the hour. While Oliver Weekes was sitting back in his room in Mrs. Chesley's Tourist Haven, feeling happy and miserable at the same time, knowing the moment had come to pack up his shabby bag and take his shabby typewriter and move on, and yet not wanting to go, Mr. Edward Allistone was thinking about Solva Bjornson and Queen Margrete, about Mrs. Baxter and the Indian chieftains, about Miss Addie Blough and the illegitimate daughter of the English pirate, and (reluctantly) about himself and the long line of judicial experts. And the next morning, quite suddenly, perhaps because he had discovered in himself—the legacy of his illustrious ancestors—a hitherto unused lode of deductive powers and of logical reasoning, he stopped sorting the morning mail and shouted (all to himself) *Fraud!* and, quite against Government regulations, he locked the post office and marched out into the main street of Ferndale with blood in his eye.

N N N N N N

You must have long-range goals to keep you from being frustrated by short-range failures.

CHARLES C. NOBLE

N N N N N N

He stopped first at Miss Addie Blough's corner store and waited a moment while she confiscated two peashooters and threatened murder and mayhem on two small boys, who turned pale at her unaccustomed fury and fled in a streak of striped T shirts.

"Tell me," he said, as the doorbell tinkled after them, "how much did you pay that young man to look up your family tree?"

"Fifty dollars," said Miss Addie Blough.

"Addie," he said, "you've been taken. You're as big a fool as I am, and that's saying a lot."

Then, with Miss Blough in tow, the postmaster proceeded to the Eatateria, where Mrs. Bert Baxter was having a cup of coffee in the middle of her morning shopping. He wasted no time; he discovered she had paid Mr. Weekes thirty-five dollars, declared her an idiot and moved on—with Miss Blough, Mrs. Baxter and several curious and delighted Eatateria customers—up the street to Bjornson's Fix-It and the bakery.

"Tell me," he roared, cornering both Bjornsons together. "What did that fellow Weekes get out of *you?*"

"Why—forty dollars," Mrs. Bjornson said.

"And another fifty," Mr. Bjornson confessed.

"Swindled!" cried Mr. Allistone. "We've all been swindled!" He pounded on the bakery counter and Solva came to the doorway, staring. "Letters from Montreal, letters from Norway, letters from . . . Montgomery, Alabama! Do you know how much mail that young fraud has received since he came here? One miserable letter, by surface mail, and three cents postage due, from Scranton, Pennsylvania!"

Solva, alarmed and unbelieving, dropped her apron to the floor, ran for her coat and followed them.

Together, they stormed the parlor of Mrs. Chesley's Tourist Haven. Agitated, clutching the afghan she was knitting, and trailing purple wool behind her, Mrs. Chesley followed them to the stairway.

"But he's the dearest young man," she objected, almost in tears, "and he showed me how I was a direct descendant in the female line from Dolly Madison ——"

"For how much?" asked Mr. Allistone, pausing at the landing.

"—— and besides, I *think* I heard him go out," she said, but the postmaster had already flung open the door to Oliver Weekes' room.

Mrs. Chesley was right; Oliver was not in. Neither, it developed, were his suitcase and his typewriter. But the table was spread with his work—a number of pen-and-ink sketches, several kinds of paper, a magnifying glass, a tidy box of engraving styluses, a number of pieces of copperplate, and an assortment of discarded imprints of Queen Margrete. Mr. Allistone picked up a small strip of copper, and with a postmaster's genius for reading things backward, upside down, and otherwise distorted, he said "Genealogical Society of St. Louis."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Bert Baxter, wounded.

"We'll run him out of town!" howled Miss Addie Blough, with the fury of pirate blood boiling in her veins. "We'll—we'll ——"

"Make him walk the plank?" Solva whispered, half to herself. But he was gone, and he would never come back, and they would probably never find him. She stood at the table, picking up the sketches, one after another. It was all very clear. They were all sketches of her, of Solva Bjornson, gradually transformed and yet not really changed—until she wore royal robes and was her own ancestor. There was no picture of Queen Margrete; or if there was, anywhere, heaven knew what she really looked like.

So Oliver Weekes was a swindler, a common criminal.

Solva wanted to cry. And then it occurred to her in a burst of elation: he had known all along she was no princess, and yet he had been able to see her this way, for there was nothing in Queen Margrete's face that was not also in hers. And not only that; moreover, he had kissed her!

A common criminal—but he was gone now, and almost certainly (because he had left all this behind, hadn't he?) he was sorry; and Solva gently laid the sketches down, and smiled, and forgave him.

"Lies! Lies!" raged Mr. Allistone. "He's not going to get away with it—why, how gullible does he think we are? Solva Bjornson the descendant of ancient royalty indeed—why, it's preposterous!"

It was almost as if he had, tactlessly, pointed at her. They all turned to look; but what really matters most is that across the room, in the doorway, was a young man who had lived in Ferndale all his life, a young man, not particularly handsome, certainly not rich, but by all accounts both strong and good. And he saw what they all saw: standing at the table, tall and fair and regal, Solva Bjornson, maker of good bread, with her head held high and her hair in a golden crown. And he was, if the truth be told, a bit of a romantic fool.

END





Oh So Good! Cookies and Snacks 'Round the Clock!

Oh, So FRESH in OLIN CELLOPHANE. Breakfast, lunch, dinner, and 'round the clock – how easy it is to set a more colorful table with delicious snacks. And how simple to satisfy mid-morning, after school, or late evening hunger pangs. Remember, cookies and snacks are nutritious, as well as delicious! Cookies and snacks at their freshest are cookies and snacks at their best. That's why so many bakers are wrapping their products in OLIN CELLOPHANE. They always reach you at their freshest, cleanest, tastiest. And how easy to inspect before you buy!

Quality Products Deserve to be Seen

Olin CELLOPHANE®

FILM DIVISION, OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION

LOVED YOUR LETTER!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

ot-oil treatment. Massage the oil into the
p and distribute it down through the
ls—then wrap your hair in a towel which
, been wrung out in hot water, and allow
en minutes to let steam and oil work to-
er to keep your hair soft and shining. A
mpoo specifically designated for dry hair
help too. Be sure to keep your hair well
ered when you are out-of-doors; those be-
ing straw beach hats, triangular scarves
bicycle clips, and colorful snoods have real
ne-hither—give added protection (and
action!).

My hands and nails are a sight: rough, pped skin; brittle, peeling nails. Sometimes actually embarrassed to shake hands with ble! What can I do?

This is a problem you share with many, y of our readers. Nowadays, when women most of their own housework, inside and hands and fingernails take a beauty beat- It means (you'd think you had *enough* to without hearing this!) that you have to them more attention than ever.

weekly manicure or a daily application of d cream or lotion isn't enough, when your n lively days include digging in the garden, ing down tiles for the new patio or help- Susie build her new cardboard super- ket.

rotect your hands! Water, strong deter- ts, cleaning preparations and harsh soaps ang up to dry out skin. So *before* you take the day's dishes, scrubbing or laundry, er your hands with your favorite skin ener and pull on a pair of waterproof es. The newest rubber gloves have built-in nicidal ingredients designed to prevent e skin rashes which are caused by heat and spiration. Rubber gloves come in pretty el colors, as well as in different thicknesses, d or not, to suit your fancy.

Hand preparations containing silicones are ul at any time, especially before dipping the day's work. These creams and lotions e water-repellent properties, and when you sage them into your hands and wrists they duce a kind of "invisible" glove that pro- s against drying and chapping.

ich creams and lotions, based on animal vegetable oils, are excellent hand protec- day and night. Distribute your favorite parations around your home—in the bath- m, near the kitchen sink, on your dressing e—so that you will be sure to bump them, and use them, regularly through day.

ere's a hand-and-nail-care treatment that work for you while you sleep: lather your ds generously with a lotion or cream, king it into the cuticle area of your nails, on a pair of old, clean white cotton gloves keep stains from bedclothing) and take ved hands to bed for an eight-hour skin- ening stint. (Treat your feet to the same thing beautifier, using a pair of clean socks. old pair of your husband's will do!)

good nail-saving solution consists of a e-a-morning inspection, at which moment can file down all ragged edges or split ners. (Think of the stockings you'll save!)

chronic-nail-biting friend of ours, who nned colorless nail polishes because she ught they only drew attention to her stubby er tips, has just recently grown ten of the test-looking fingernails we've seen. On im- se, she decided to have a professional mani- e, and the girl doing her nails encouraged to use a pale pink polish, on the theory t her nails would then look so much pret- , she wouldn't *want* to bite them. It worked. wadays, our ex-nail-biter branches out to sorts of dashing colors, chosen to match od or costume.

ometimes brittle, splitting, peeling nails are ymptom of a vitamin and/or calcium de- ency. When they are, your doctor might scribe vitamin D and/or calcium, to help ew their strength. Gelatin is an excellent rce of protein, and some medical authori- believe that drinking one envelope (ap- ximately one tablespoon) of unflavored atin dissolved in water or fruit juice each day is another helpful way to strengthen nails. There are gelatin capsules, available in stores, designed to work toward the same goal. These internal methods of restoring better health and strength to fingernails generally take several months (no overnight miracles!) to produce results. In the meantime, see that your diet includes sufficient protein foods—meat, fish, eggs, cheese and at least eight ounces of milk (it can be nonfat milk)—each day.

Q *I have a combination oily and dry skin which makes achieving an over-all smooth and clear look doubly difficult. Can you suggest a routine for me to follow which would help this condition?*

A Short of absolute perfection, this combination comes pretty close to being normal. It is natural for skin to show oiliness in areas where the oil glands function freely—at the sides of the nose, on the chin and between the eyebrows. The remaining areas—forehead, cheeks, jawline and neck—dry out more quickly simply because the skin is not so generously oil-fed from the inside.

In general, cosmetic preparations designated for "normal" skins are your best choice. But of course you will benefit by being especially careful about using them correctly. To remove make-up and clean your face, use a normal-skin cream, liquid or lotion. Tissue off excess and follow up with a soap-and-water washing for the *oily* areas. Next, pat the oily areas with cotton which has been wrung out in a refreshing skin astringent or lotion, to help absorb all excess oils and close pores. If you are not planning to renew make-up right away, gently massage the dry areas of your face with your favorite skin softener. In the morning, before applying make-up, treat



Canada Dry Ginger Ale brightens any ice cream soda with its natural Ginger flavor. So tasty...easy to make!









CANADA DRY

Canada Dry frosty summer sodas are quick and easy to make right at home. A chilled glass, a scoop of ice cream and any one of 10 Canada Dry delicious flavors.

the dry areas of your face to the sheerest "base coat" of a moisturizing cream or lotion, then gently pat with a tissue to absorb excess. This acts as a daytime softener and can be worn under powder and/or powder base. If you use a foundation (cream, lotion, stick or cake, whichever works best for you), smooth it sparingly and evenly over your face and neck. Gently tissue off the excess. Then use a clean tissue to blot (don't rub and smear) the oily areas. The blotting will help prevent make-up from clogging and producing an "orangey" look that sometimes comes when too much make-up mixes with too much natural oil. After you have applied the base and have tissued off the excess, use your skin astringent or lotion to pat on the oily areas. Finish your make-up, and see if the whole effect doesn't look—and feel—natural and pretty!

Q *Why doesn't someone put out a product to stop perspiration permanently? This is a summertime problem that can ruin my disposition as well as my clothes.*

A A normal flow of perspiration is Nature's way of cooling the body by evaporation, and ridding it of whatever waste may be expressed through the pores of the skin. It is not only impractical, but impossible, to hope for or expect any preparation to put a *permanent* stop to normal perspiration.

Excessive perspiration, caused by hot, humid weather, excitement, nervousness or strenuous exercise, is another (maddening!) matter. No woman wants to be embarrassed by moisture marks on her clothes, or to be faced with the inconvenience and expense of having her clothes ruined by perspiration stains and odors.

Happily, there are many excellent products available, at prices within every woman's reach, to reduce excessive perspiration to a healthy, and aesthetically satisfactory, minimum. All antiperspirants are designed to do double duty as effective deodorants. Your choice from among the delicately scented creams, lotions, liquids, sprays and pads depends upon personal preference. Method of application varies. Among the newest are those which can be smoothed on directly from their applicators. One woman may get desired results from a comparatively mild preparation, whereas a woman who perspires profusely may require one of the stronger types designed to put a temporary stop to perspiration for periods of time ranging from eight to twenty-four hours. For day-in, day-out protection, it is best to apply an antiperspirant at least once a day after your bath; and for your *bath* you might like to use one of the freshly scented soaps which contain built-in deodorizing ingredients.

Occasionally, a woman develops a sensitivity to an antiperspirant which results in an itchy, painful rash or some other form of skin irritation. In such cases, it is important to ask your doctor immediately how to clear up the condition and to have him suggest a type of product for you to use in the future to avoid recurrence of the problem.

A few people, no matter how regularly they use antiperspirants, still are troubled with abnormally excessive perspiration. In these instances, dermatologists can use small amounts of X-ray therapy to shrink the glands in areas where it is necessary, and thus permanently reduce the flow of perspiration. In rare cases where regular deodorants do not sufficiently control odors, a doctor might prescribe an antibiotic ointment as an effective substitute.

Q *I am embarrassed by a growth of dark hair on my upper lip. Is there any safe way of removing it?*

A Fortunately, yes! There are many cream, lotion or wax depilatories designed especially for use on the face, which do an excellent job of temporarily removing superfluous hair.

A cream depilatory is applied to skin which has first been moistened with clear water. The cream is allowed to remain for a specified number of minutes, after which it is washed away with a clean cloth and clear water, leaving the treated area of your face hair-free. *Lotion* depilatories are applied with immaculate finger tips and work in a similar manner.

A *wax* depilatory is first melted in a pot over heat, applied while warm, allowed to set, and then pulled off, bringing the offending hairs with it.

Whether you plan to use a cream, lotion or wax, it is essential to read every word of the directions that come with the product you choose. Directions for applying and timing cream depilatories vary with each manufacturer. This is true, also, of the wax and lotion preparations. Manufacturers are very careful to caution first-time users, or users with especially sensitive skins, to try their product on a small patch-test area to make sure their skin can safely take it, before proceeding full scale. Depilatories should never be used on irritated skin.

Our dermatologist tells us the only safe-and-sure method of removing hair *permanently* is by electrolysis. With this treatment, individual hairs and their follicles are destroyed, thus preventing further growth. Naturally, this is a treatment requiring the utmost skill and should be performed only by a trained and fully qualified technician. The number of treatments necessary to do a complete job depends upon: 1—how large an area of superfluous hair needs to be treated; 2—the individual patient's tolerance to the discomfort of the treatment (one woman may not be particularly sensitive to the hot, prickling sensation of the electric needle, while another might find it most disagreeable); and 3—the technique and type of needle used. If you are contemplating electrolysis, we suggest you consult first with your doctor who will be able to recommend a qualified electrolysis technician to you. Costs vary and it is always best to find out in advance of treatment what the charge will be.

Doctors warn against the use of X ray as a means of removing superfluous hair. The amount of X ray necessary to destroy the hair also destroys other skin tissues and has been known to cause serious damage.

Q *I often have a puffy, swollen look around my eyes which makes me look tired, worn-out when I'm not! What to do?*

A If the puffiness persists each day, becoming more pronounced as time goes by, better have a physical checkup. Such swelling *could* be a symptom of kidney disorder or some other form of ill health.

If you have passed a physical with flying colors, and still have the puffiness, here are other possible reasons. It could be caused by a familial tendency for full eyelids and fullness around the eyes; take a good look at your parents or grandparents and see if this is something you might inherit from one of them, along with the color of your eyes or the shape of your nose. Occasionally, the puffiness might be caused by a reaction from drugs, even the mildest type, taken internally. An allergy to some cosmetic preparation used on your face or hair is another possible cause. A diet containing too much salt which causes a retention of fluid in the body tissues may be responsible for the puffiness. Swelling around the eyes in the early morning which disappears soon after you are up is not at all unusual. The circulatory system slows down while we sleep and needs to be stirred up through normal physical activity to erase that early sleepy-eyed look.

To help counteract eye puffiness which is not caused by ill health, try applying cold compresses of a mild boric-acid solution consisting of ½ teaspoon of boric acid to 8 ounces of water. First, dissolve the boric-acid crystals in a small amount of hot water. When completely dissolved, add enough icy-cold water to make up the full 8 ounces. Apply the mixture over closed eyelids and above and below the eyes, using sterile cotton pads which have been wrung out in the icy solution. If you have the time, lie on your back and relax while the cold, soothing compresses are doing their work.

INLAND

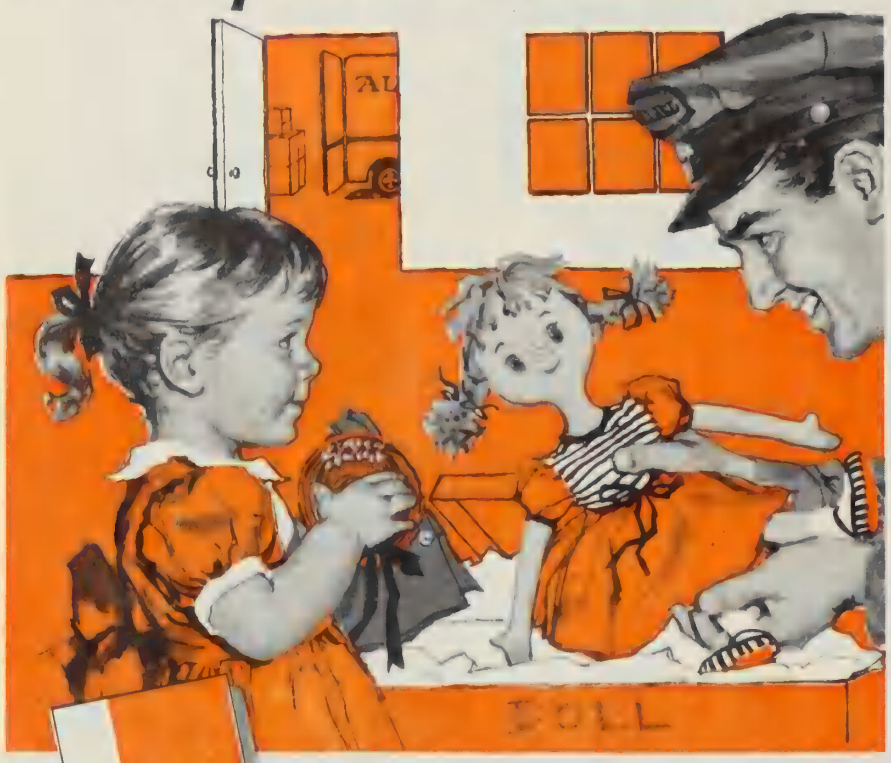
By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

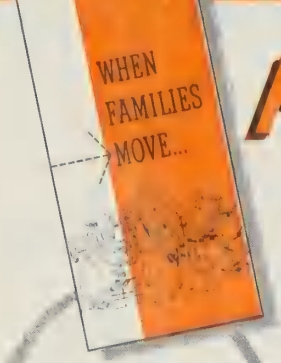
That I did not walk into the waves that day,
But stood in caution of love too strong;
That I watched and waited and turned away
From the power and peril was wrong, wrong.

There is no forgiving ears that close
To music. Eyes that fall from beauty
(Or call it danger) of star, of rose,
Turning instead to a safer duty

Deserve all blindness. That I did not go
Into the sea may explain in part
This self-contempt when salt winds blow
And break against my shuttered heart.

What about the children when you move?





FREE Booklet!

New report by Child Study Association gives 26 tips on carefree moving

With all the details of moving, we often overlook the emotional reactions of our children. Is the move a new adventure, or a painful uprooting of a secure and happy life? The Child Study Association of America discusses this subject in the booklet entitled "When Families Move." A six page report, it gives 26 tips on things to do before, during and after the big day. Every parent planning a move in the foreseeable future will benefit from this report, now available from your Allied Mover as a public service.

A few of the things you'll learn:

- Telling your children about the move
- Writing change of address cards to friends
- Weeding out the children's things
- Preparing meals on moving day
- Enrolling children in new schools



Send today for your free copy—see the Yellow Pages for name of

YOUR ALLIED MOVER

OR WRITE ALLIED VAN LINES ▪ BROADVIEW, ILLINOIS



"My daddy goes a hundred thousand million miles away sometimes, but he always calls us up and makes us feel good"

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Station-to-Station Rates

For example:	First 3 Minutes	Each Added Minute
Baltimore to New York	55¢	15¢
Milwaukee to Des Moines	75¢	20¢
Indianapolis to Memphis	85¢	25¢
Los Angeles to Salt Lake City	$1.05	30¢
Chicago to Denver	$1.30	35¢

These rates apply every night after 6 and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

Midsummer—and Cool

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!



Longer days—and slightly lazier ones; even Barbara J. admits to that. The usual hubbub of fashion calculating, notes and memos to herself has subsided momentarily. Her fashion thoughts on the future are still in a nebulous stage; meanwhile, her previous spring and summer purchases carry her through now for the office and for right-after-work dates.

For midsummer, Barbara thinks of clothes easy to care for, that take happily to fair weekends, sunshine and gaiety—but most of all that look and feel like a breeze! Her sewing, the coolest of all, and very fast in the making: a white halter top and striped denim shorts. She buys a dress, bright red dotted in white, equally gay, but in an entirely different mood. We can see Barbara isn't thinking of an efficient behind-the-desk appearance for these . . . but as cool, exceedingly pretty additions for midsummer!

By BET HART

One summer's morning...

baskets packed, and off for a picnic. Barbara wears her striped turquoise shorts and halter top, both easy-to-sew designs. The shorts, Vogue "Easy to Make" Design No. 9233*, cost her all of $1.46; the halter top, Vogue "Very Easy to Make" Design No. 9228*, comes to $2.05.





A lazy afternoon...

finds Barbara meeting friends at a favorite lunching place. Her red dress is a bright note to an already gay party. Barbara wears its own matching stole tied with gay abandon at the front. This and yards of hemline are edged with white Irish lac The price for all---$17.95. For other sunny days (and we expect lots of them!), Barbara could wear her new halter top; with it, her bright cherry denim skirt made last spring. Or, for that matter, her rose-printed skirt would make a happy twosome with the halter



In the cool of evening...

an informal party, a dinner date with a favorite beau, Barbara wears her polka-dot dress. Without the stole, it shows off th pretty bare top and low scoop neckline. White jewelry and her red shoes bought last April are perfect accessories with this; and if the evening is too cool Barbara can add her white sweater or matching stole.

*For back views, sizes and prices, see page 13

Out of the blue . . . the whitest, brightest nylon ever!

NEW LA FRANCE BLUING with its special nylon brightener actually prevents "graying" of new nylon.

What's more, La France restores even the dingiest nylon in just five washings. And it won't turn fabric yellow as most bleaches will.

Try it tonight . . . La France is detergent, nylon brightener and bluing all in one handy box.

P. S. La France is perfect for all your family wash, too.

washes away "nylon gray"



La France is detergent, nylon brightener and bluing all in one handy box

Another fine product of General Foods

CRISTINE'S CHILDREN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

her companion than about herself, and Mr. Willing, normally a shy and uncommunicative man, found himself being constantly insensibly sidetracked into talking about his work, his hopes, even his childhood memories.

The best of all was that sense of well-being that seeing her gave him. The minute he walked into Chez Michaud and saw her smiling at him, he would feel healed, complete. His headache would abate and the minuscule tic which had been plaguing him ever since a stormy sales conference would stop as if by magic.

"Even my wretched allergies disappear when I am with you," he told her once. "I remember in my callow youth whenever I took a girl out, there would be something about her I'd be allergic to: her woolen dress, or the dye on her scarf, or the furs she was wearing. Once I kissed a girl and immediately broke into hives. Turned out I was allergic to her brand of lipstick."

"Oh, Paul." There was laughter sparkling behind the dark eyelashes. "I don't believe it."

"Word of honor. But everything about you suits me, including your brand of lipstick, I suspect. In fact, I might as well find out right now."

Her lips were cool and smiling against his.

"No hives?"

"No, no hives." He added soberly, "But I do have the oddest sensation, like maybe falling in love."

Cristine was subdued for the rest of the evening and Mr. Willing kept catching her looking at him with a curious expression of indecision. It was a strange look and Mr. Willing pondered about it anxiously later. He was definitely in love with Cristine, he knew. She with him? Well, he was no prize, certainly, he thought humbly, with his allergies, hives, ulcers, bursitis, low rate of metabolism, and other disabilities. And yet—and yet, she liked him, he felt sure of that. "You're a fine figure of a man," she had said, and the corners of her mouth had turned up sweetly.

He didn't see Cristine for a while after this; whenever he called her she would be vague and gently evasive, putting him off. During this time Mr. Willing suffered agonies of anxiety and went into a species of decline: his allergies multiplied, he began to be plagued by insomnia and mild palpitations, and to lose weight.

"You mustn't do this to me again," he told her plaintively, when she finally came into

Men will always be what women make them; if, therefore, you would have men great and virtuous, impress upon the minds of women what greatness and virtue are. ROUSSEAU

New York again to have dinner with him. "I've been miserable without you. . . . What kept you away so long, anyhow?"

Cristine looked down. Her breast rose and fell in a small suppressed sigh. "Things came up—family ——"

"Oh ——" Mr. Willing paused, at a loss. "Is your daughter back from college?"

Cristine shook her head. "But Marnie is not the only child I have."

"She isn't?" Mr. Willing was unpleasantly startled. "But I thought—I don't remember your mentioning any others."

"I know." Her smile was rueful. "That was very careless of me. But there are circumstances that make one feel like forgetting one's family. Particularly when it's as large as mine. . . . Paul, I have six children."

"Six!" Mr. Willing's head reeled. He heard his own voice asking foolishly, "Are you sure?"

Cristine disregarded this inane remark. "You know about Marnie—well, she's the oldest. Then comes Beatrice—we call her Binkie—who is seventeen." She went on, ticking them off on her slim fingers one by one. "Vickie is fifteen; the twins, Hank and Hal, are fourteen; and Amy, the youngest, is thirteen. Six altogether." She managed a wan smile. "Well?"

Mr. Willing was silent, a prey to many whirling emotions, which gradually narrowed down to a dull resentment at Cristine. A woman had no business to make one fall in love with her when she had that many children, he thought bitterly.

Cristine reached across the table and put her hand in his. Her eyes searched his face, with the soft look he loved. "It was completely inexcusable of me not to tell you, terribly unfair—even to myself, really." Her lips quivered. "You've been very sweet, Paul. I—I loved every minute of seeing you. But perhaps it might be better not to see you again."

Mr. Willing turned pale. For a moment he hung on the verge of a tremendous decision. On one hand the very thought of Cristine's children, an anonymous and vaguely threatening crew, filled him with dismay. On the other hand, he thought of life without Cristine, and was conscious of sheer panic. Actually, he realized, there was no choice; children or no, he had to have Cristine. He tightened his grasp on her hand which lay soft and passive in his.

"Darling Cristine, you must marry me." His voice wasn't quite steady. "Because I love you most terribly."

"Do you?" said Cristine. She blushed radiantly. "And I, you."

"Darling." They held hands, smiling fatuously.

"I'm so glad you asked me to marry you," said Cristine. "Even if it is impractical. Because how could I possibly marry you—or anyone, for that matter? You have no idea what our household is like, Paul: all these strong personalities, all the problems that keep coming up. . . . Vickie has no social life and Amy has too much, and the twins—half the time I don't even know what they're up to; for all I know, they might be splitting the atom down in that cellar. And now Marnie's talking about quitting college because she thinks she's in love. . . . How could any man be expected to take any of this on? Why, darling, we'd drive you crazy in a week—you'd hate it all and —— Oh, Paul, I don't think I could bear your growing to hate my children."

"You're talking too much," said Mr. Willing, gazing fondly into her beautiful blue eyes, now suddenly bright with tears. "In the first place, I could never hate anything that belonged to you; in the second place, one can get adjusted to anything—I was in the Army for two years, you know."

"This could be worse than the Army."

"And anyhow, that's not the point. I love you terribly, Cristine; I don't see how I could live without you."

"Yes, but could you live with my children? I suppose," said Cristine reasonably, "the sooner we find out, the better."

Mr. Willing came to Ellendale on a balmy Friday afternoon. He alighted from the 5:12 train with his heartbeat considerably quickened in spite of a sedative he had taken half an hour before, and stood about in the midstream of home-coming commuters, looking for Cristine. Presently he was hailed by a young girl wearing trim gray Bermudas, a black blazer and garish knee-length socks. Cristine's eyes smiled at him from a guileless round face.

She wrested the suitcase out of his hand and strode toward a battered station wagon, talking to him over her shoulder in a loud and

Faster...easier...starch in an INSTANT



And Niagara Starch gives you perfect results for only 1¢ a quart*

You'll love the ease of making Instant Niagara starch. Just swish it in cold water . . . it's ready! Dissolves instantly . . . stays dissolved. No white spots or streaks.

Gives a wonderful "like-new" look to all your cottons. Clothes stay cleaner longer, are easier to wash.

So *thrifty* . . . makes a quart of medium starch for a penny! Instant Niagara saves time, saves work . . . gives results beyond compare. Try it.



*Medium Starch Solution

Niagara Instant Starch

Produced by Corn Products Refining Co.

cheerful voice. "Mother tried and tried to get away, but she was trapped. Amy's dress has got to be fitted and this was the only time Mrs. Perkins could squeeze her in—everybody is after her as it is—and it's only because mother's one of her favorite people." She flung the suitcase into the back of the station wagon and climbed in, followed by Mr. Willing. Marnie? he wondered distractedly, as she swung the car out of the station with a nonchalant mastery that impressed him. Binkie? Vickie? He bent his whirling mind on the problem.

"You couldn't be Marnie, because she's away at college. So you must be Binkie." He beamed at her timidly.

"Yes, but actually, as it happens, Marnie is *not* away in college. Mother doesn't like it, but what can she do? She's been presented with a whatchamacallit—oh, what's that French word? Anyhow, my dear sister came home last week and announced out of a clear blue sky that she'd gotten this job as a model at Whiting Brothers and she wasn't going back to college. . . . *Fat aycomplee.*"

"What?" said Mr. Willing, startled.

"*Fat aycomplee.* That's the French word I couldn't think of. What Marnie presented mother with. She said college was supposed to fit you for life and work and here she's able to go out and get herself a job, so why go to college? But of course that's a lot of hooey; anyone could get a job at Whiting Brothers if they happened to be going steady with Charles. He's Charles Whiting Third, you know. I personally think he's an awful drip, but I guess it's fun to be taken out to all those snazzy night clubs and have your picture taken and all like that. . . . Marnie made Earl Wilson's column the other day: 'Who's that dark lovely with the Whiting heir?' Pretty cool, wouldn't you say?"

She went on talking in a voice that was remorselessly loud and clear as they wound their way through the typical small-town streets, wide and tree-lined, with the old houses wearing that solid smug look that Mr. Willing, a confirmed cliff dweller, found mildly irritating. At last they stopped in front of a large sprawling house, overshadowed by a great elm tree. Cristine was waiting on the doorstep. Her slow, lovely smile was tinged with anxiety.

"So you've found each other. Come in and meet the rest."

Mr. Willing found himself in a small crowd of young people of different ages, shaking limp warm hands, acknowledging greetings uttered by voices that somehow in all their varying registers echoed Cristine's, responding to smiles from lips that smiled like hers. A little later he was seated at the dinner table, trying vainly to pin names to faces.

It wasn't a very sedate dinner party. Periods of formal quiet would be followed by outbursts of deafening chatter, so that it was rather like having your dinner in an aviary. Cristine sat at the head of the table, looking miraculously unruffled by it all. Their eyes met and he was amazed all over again at the way she could make a small spot of serenity and comfort for him in the midst of chaos.

His right-hand neighbor was talking to him: "Mother tells us you're her editor. That's a terribly exciting profession, isn't it? Of course what you're doing is providing a father image for all your writers ——"

Mr. Willing raised his eyebrows at these sibylline words and took a closer look at the speaker. (Marnie, surely?) She was really a very pretty young thing, and quite conscious of the effect she produced. The smile that accompanied the words was both provocative and mechanical, a professional model's smile, with its inaudibly enunciated "cheese."

"Hey, you're a good man for this family to know," his erstwhile chauffeur shouted across the table. "Mother's not the only one who writes here—Vickie, too, is a literary type." Mr. Willing's left-hand neighbor squirmed on her chair in acute confusion. "She's written tons of stuff for the school mag, poems and everything," Binkie went on. "Miss Davis, our English-lit adviser, thinks she's the greatest. . . . By the way, Vick, I ran into her yesterday and she wanted to know why you weren't writing for them any more, so I said you're probably too busy writing the great American novel."

The object of these well-intentioned remarks received them with a glare. "Snooper," she said bitterly in her small hoarse voice.

"Who, me? Well, thank you kindly!"

"Never mindly." She slipped out of her seat and faded out of the room with a murmured excuse. Mr. Willing watched her with some curiosity: there was a strange remote quality about this child of Cristine's, he thought; skinny and sallow in her faded dungarees, she reminded him of nothing so much as the wistful great-eyed waifs of Picasso's blue period.

Her mother threw an anxious look after her retreating figure. "Oh, Binkie, really. You know Vickie hates to have her things read before she's ready to show them."

"But, mother"—her daughter's voice rose another outraged decibel and Mr. Willing winced—"I wasn't *snooping*. Gee, if a person leaves her stuff around, how's a person to know? I wasn't reading her old novel; I don't understand half of it anyhow."

"Plenty of sibling rivalry there," commented the beauty next to Mr. Willing *sotto voce*. She raised her voice, addressing her mother with a sort of languid authority. "You know, you do tend to overprotect Vickie, mother. She's getting to be a terrible little introvert. This business of leaving the room, for instance—that's sheer escapism."

"Nonsense, dear," said Cristine equably. "She just wanted to be alone; all of us do sometimes. . . . A little more goulash?"

"Mark my words," her daughter said darkly, "that child is going to Need Help. . . . No, I don't want any more goulash, thanks. . . . Really, mother, I wish you'd try planning meals that are not so—oh, *gross*. I abominate goulash. So does our guest, I see." She bent an approving eye on Mr. Willing, who was just finishing the boiled chicken that was thoughtfully served him in place of the communal stew.

Mr. Willing, conquering the disastrous impulse to answer that yes, he liked goulash all right, but goulash liked him not, reflected briefly on the correlation between embarrassment and inanity. The twins, across the table from him, suddenly plunged into their plates with loud and exaggerated slurps meant to indicate derision.

"I think all of us eat too much—probably as a result of some inner conflict or insecurity," their sister continued loftily. "We're getting to be a nation of compulsive eaters. Don't you agree, Mr. Willing? I think I'll call you Paul, if I may. . . . Mother, please tell Hank and Hal to stop slurping, they're positively disgusting."

"We're just enjoying our food. We," said the twins virtuously, "are Growing Boys and Need Our Good Nourishing Food."

"Well, no need to be so revolting about it."

"Thank you kindly."

"Never mindly."

This formula, Mr. Willing decided, was apparently used to mark the end of a skirmish.

"You certainly don't eat enough, Marnie," said Cristine. "You're getting much too thin."

Marnie received this piece of maternal solicitude with a certain amount of complacence. "Another two pounds and I'm a perfect ten. Charles says there's nothing so seductive as hollows under the cheekbones."

"Perhaps so, dear, but it's not a view a mother can be expected to share."

Marnie gave a light little laugh. "Of course not. But then you'd prefer me to stay your little girl, puppy fat and all, wouldn't you, darling?" She gave her mother a look that wasn't entirely friendly and turned to Mr. Willing with a prettily confidential air, which he for some reason found himself disliking. "You see, Paul, my mother just hates to see us grow up and become persons in our own right. And if we do have to grow up, why, she would like to have us follow a pattern—do certain accepted things, finish high school, go to college, marry someone nice and safe. Any deviation from the pattern and she goes into a panic—oh, yes, you do, darling, you know you do."

Cristine lowered her eyes, and a tiny quiver at the corner of her mouth told Mr. Willing that she was both embarrassed and pained by this attack. She said steadily, managing a smile, "Just stay in the pattern long enough to



finish college, and I'll be happy. It's not a bad way of attaining maturity."

"But I *have*," cried Marnie gaily. "Why, I'm as mature as all get out—so why go to college? How about it, Paul?"

Mr. Willing thought it over. "To keep out of mischief," he suggested. "Girls who mature early are bound to get into mischief."

"Oh," said Marnie blankly, her air of slightly flirtatious camaraderie slowly fading away. She ignored him for the rest of the dinner. After they had retired to the living room, she stayed aloof, smoking and walking up and down with the conscious grace of a professional model, until an imperious blast of a horn in front of the house sent her outside in a hurry.

"His majesty summons," said her sister with heavy sarcasm. Mr. Willing glanced through the window and saw a tremendous cream-colored car swim away majestically from the gate. "That's Charles Whiting Third, the one I was telling you about. His father owns Whiting Brothers and they're fabulously rich, and he's had a nervous breakdown, so now he's being psychoanalyzed like mad" (*Aha*, said Mr. Willing to himself, suddenly enlightened as to the source of Marnie's barrage of heavily psychological terminology), "only if you're asking me it's not doing him much good. He's about twenty-six and he's been divorced twice. Honestly, mother, I can't help wondering ——"

Cristine sighed. "Neither can I," she said wearily. "More coffee, Paul?"

"—— because I don't know about Marnie, but I think it's much more fun to date boys of your own age."

"Oh, I don't know—I think it's fun with older men." This remark, uttered in an indescribably complacent tone, came from the youngest Massey girl and was greeted by a chorus of derisive hoots.

"Listen, kid," said one of the twins, "don't get a swelled head. I bet Dick only asked you because he's bucking to get into the Experimental Club—and dating the sister of the president of the club is as good a way as any."

"No, he didn't," said the child, unruffled. She was a pretty youngster with a bright peony bloom on her cheeks, her mother's extravagant eyelashes and shining black curls. "Because if that's all it was he would have asked Vickie—she's in his class—but he asked me!"

"As a matter of fact," said Cristine, "I can't help wishing it *had* been Vickie he asked."

"Well, thank you kindly!"

"Never mindly." A dimple flickered in Cristine's cheek. "All I meant was you're doing pretty well for yourself as it is. Vickie could do with a little social flutter."

"Oh, Vick doesn't care for that sort of thing, she's a Brain. . . . Mother, do you realize that this is the first time in *years* a seventh-grader has been asked to a ninth-grade Spring Prom? I'm making history!" Her eyes were rapt as she contemplated the glory of it. She said to Mr. Willing in the soft confidential accents of a dreamer lost in a dream, "I'm wearing the darlingest white lace formal with the thinnest red velvet ribbon edging at the top. Optional straps, but I'm not wearing them." She gave a short ecstatic sigh.

"All I hope is it stays on," said her sister darkly. "Mother, how come you're letting her? I know I wasn't allowed a strapless when I was thirteen."

Cristine shrugged her shoulders. "Everybody at that dance is wearing one, it seems, and Amy assures me passionately that she'll be forever *déclassée* in an off-the-shoulder ——"

"And I *think*," Amy pursued, addressing Mr. Willing in the same rapt, confiding tones, "I *think* a corsage of red roses or perhaps carnations—deep dark red ones ——"

"Or a single red camellia," said Mr. Willing, carried away despite himself.

"Oh!" Delight leaped into the bemused eyes. "Of course—a camellia—that'll be the *greatest*. . . . If you'll excuse me, I've got to phone ——"

As if the words were a signal, the living room was suddenly emptied of young Masseys. Cristine glanced at Mr. Willing and broke into her delightful low laughter. "Poor darling—you look so bewildered."

"Well, it's rather like being admitted into a completely alien tribe," Mr. Willing confessed. "Fascinating, but a bit weird. . . . Where have they all gone to now?"

"To telephone. The center of the family life is not the hearth nor yet the television; it is the telephone. Particularly on Friday night."

"I see." Mr. Willing relaxed; he was thinking how pleasant it was to have nobody but Cristine talking to him. The ringing in his ears, induced by the constant shrill conversation, began to recede. It was quiet around him except for the sound of the faraway voices cooing like so many pigeons into the telephones. *Come*, said Mr. Willing to himself, *that's not so bad.*

But the surcease proved merely temporary. Doorbells rang; doors slammed; uninhibited young voices asked for various young Masseys; pretty soon the house was filled with an anonymous welter of young humanity that overflowed from the library where they played queer and raucous records to the kitchen where they sat around for hours doing an improbable amount of what the absent Marnie would probably call compulsive eating.

And they wanted Cristine constantly. The twins emerged from the cellar and wanted to know where she had put the chemistry set somebody had given them for their birthday two years ago; Cristine went up to the attic to find it for them. Her youngest daughter decided that it was imperative to try on again the legendary strapless formal. After this was over, her older sister burst in with six contemporaries, all of them wearing what was apparently the teen-agers' uniform of Bermudas, blazers and garish socks; they all exploded into a series of bloodcurdling but rhythmic yells ending up with a cart wheel from which they recovered panting but triumphant to receive Cristine's sedate "Very nice, girls. . . . The cheerleaders squad," she explained to Mr. Willing, who had risen in alarm. "For tomorrow's game."



NEW! Quick! The prettiest wave in the world leaves your hair instantly shampoo-fresh!

Takes ½ the time, ½ the work!

New! The only wave you dare wash at once!
Only Richard Hudnut's new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked right in with Crystal Clear Lotion!

So quick! Wave and wash with ½ the work!
Quick's the quickest! Only Quick's exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips of your hair. So you get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—½ the winding time—½ the waving work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to be near. Use Quick today—be shampoo-fresh tonight!



2 new-style waves for the price of 1
Crystal Clear Lotion can be recapped. Use ½—Save ½.
$2.00 plus tax. 1 wave size, $1.25 plus tax.

©1957 Lambert-Hudnut Division, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

All in all, it was a rather strenuous evening nd Mr. Willing was only too glad when it nded and he could go to bed. He took a henobarbital for his humming nerves and vo aspirins for his headache, and stretched mself gratefully in bed, groaning softly. uddenly something hurled itself against the oor of his room; a big golden retriever lloped over to the bed, jumped up on it, and y down comfortably across his legs. Mr. illing, who was allergic to dogs, sat bolt upght and began sneezing, startling his visitor, ho broke into an obbligato of deep baritone arking.

A small figure in pajamas came in, said rmly, "*No*, Heathcliff!" and dragged him vay.

Mr. Willing got out of the bed, shook out e blanket to get rid of dog hair, and took vo antihistamine pills which, he figured, ould serve the double function of alleviating s allergy and putting him to sleep. But sleep ouldn't come; instead, he remained in a midrugged state, listening to the night noises, hearing the house stir and settle itself around him creakingly. He was beginning to drop off when a powerful beam of light moved across the ceiling and he heard the muted purr of the Whiting car stopping by the house; the last of the young Masseys had come home, at half past two, as a sleepy look at the luminous dial of his watch told him. There followed the longest good-bys he ever heard, he thought with irritation. They whispered and whispered under his window. By the time this was over, and he heard the front door click shut, he was wide awake again.

Mr. Willing put on the light, lit a cigarette and in desperation looked around for something to read. It was between the pages of a battered copy of David Copperfield that he found the poem. It said passionately in childish handwriting:

Let there be wailing
Sorrow immense
But not this confusion
Of purpose and sense.

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS

ON PAGES 58 AND 59

Vogue Design No. 9027. "Very Easy to Make" one-piece dress; 10 to 16 (31 to 36). 60c.

Vogue Design No. 9246. Two-piece dress; 10 to 18 (31 to 38) and 11 to 17 (31½ to 37). 75c.

Vogue Design No. 9248. "Very Easy to Make" robe; Small (31–32), Medium (34–36); Large (38–40); Extra Large (42-44). 75c.

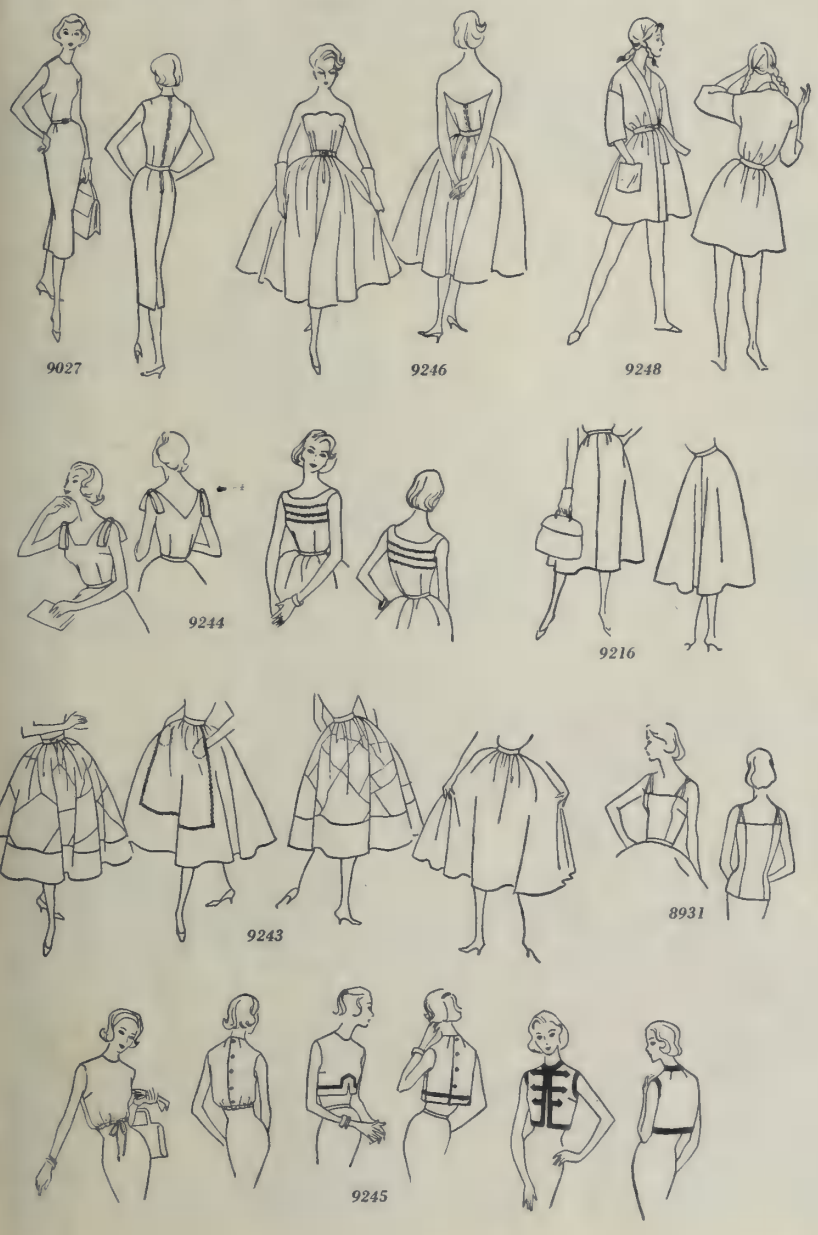
Vogue Design No. 9244. "Easy to Make" Blouses; 10 to 20 (31 to 40). 60c.

Vogue Design No. 9216. "Very Easy to Make" skirt; 24 to 32 waist measure. 60c.

Vogue Design No. 9243. Skirt; 24 to 30 waist measure. 60c.

Vogue Design No. 8931. Blouse; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 50c.

Vogue Design No. 9245. Boleros; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 60c.





Pepto-Bismol works where soda and alkalizers fail.

For upset stomach—indigestion, nausea, diarrhea—Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes with a gentle coating action. It works both in the stomach *and* the intestinal tract—where soda and alkalizers never help. For children or adults, this wonderful *pink* liquid helps control simple diarrhea without constipating.

TAKE HOSPITAL TESTED PEPTO-BISMOL®... AND FEEL GOOD AGAIN!



VARICOSE VEINS

Tired Legs, Leg Cramps Relieved

Dr. Scholl's Super-Sheer ELASTIC STOCKINGS

Nylon, full-footed, full-fashioned. So sheer, they look just like regular nylons—yet give comfortable, uniform support. No overhose needed. In French Nude, White, Black. At Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort* Shops, Drug, Dept., Surgical Supply Stores. For free booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. E2, Chicago 10, Ill.

EXTRA MONEY

$50 TO $300 OR MORE
For Yourself or Group
Show Big Value
$1.00 and $1.25 Assortments of
CHRISTMAS AND EVERYDAY
GREETING CARDS
GIFT WRAPPINGS, STATIONERY, GIFTS

Show leading 21 card Christmas, Birthday, Get Well, Religious Assortments, Costume Jewelry, Household Items in full or spare time. No experience needed. Profits to 100%. Bonus. Write for Assortments On Approval, Free Album of Imprinted Christmas Cards, Free Gift Offer.

21 Card Christmas Ass't. $1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus Salt & Pepper Set $1.00
Over 250 Fast Sellers
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
18 Card All Occasion Ass't. $1.00
FREE ALBUM OF IMPRINTS
FREE GIFT OFFER
$1.25 "Tiny TV" Salt and Pepper Set for PROMPT ACTION!

HEDENKAMP
361 Broadway, Dept. L-12
New York 13, N.Y.

STOP PAIN INSTANTLY
COMBAT INFECTION-PROMOTE HEALING
WITH ANTISEPTIC

Campho-Phenique
(PRONOUNCED CAM-FO-FIN-EEK)

WHEN USED ON **MINOR BURNS, CUTS**
SCRATCHES, ABRASIONS

Quick! Apply Campho-Phenique at once to minor burns from hot cooking utensils, hot water or steam . . . stops pain *instantly*, promotes rapid healing. The same thing happens when you use it on minor cuts, scratches and abrasions. Campho-Phenique is highly antiseptic. Wonderful for fever blisters, cold sores, gum boils; to relieve itching and to guard against infecting insect bites. Used on pimples, Campho-Phenique helps prevent their spread and re-infection.



Let trumpet sound,
Let earthquakes boom,
Let Day of Judgment come
I want a doom!

"H'm-m," said Mr. Willing, thoughtfully pulling at his forelock. He was aware of a familiar sensation: the ripple of excitement, the sense of direct communication with the writer that now and then happened to a good editor. One of the young Masseys wrote this, of course—most probably the literary-minded child who had sat next to him at dinner. He decided that she appealed to him most of all of them—perhaps because she was the quietest. What was her name—Amy? No, of course not, Amy was the pretty little one with the strapless formal; Vickie, that was it. For the first time he was conscious of curiosity about Cristine's children—saw them as something more than noisy obstacles by whom Cristine was hedged about as a rose by thorns. They were all personalities that ultimately had to mesh with his. For one, he would have to learn to identify them a little better: it was ridiculous to have to go through this fumbling process of identification every time. The next half hour before falling asleep he applied himself to the task of fixing them as firmly in his mind as if they were his authors.

Nevertheless, when he came down to breakfast next morning, he wasn't quite sure of the identity of the small person in dungarees and oversize shirt who shared his breakfast table.

"Mother had to go shopping," she explained. "She said nobody was to wake you no matter how late you slept. I came down late, too," she continued, leaning her head on her hand, just like Cristine, "I couldn't get to sleep last night—just kept thinking about The Prom. It's tonight, you know."

Then it was Amy after all. Mr. Willing, who had thought it was Vickie, was annoyed at himself. But the fact was that Amy didn't look like herself. With the black curls pinned up in bobby pins, her face looked small and pale with none of last night's flowerlike bloom.

"I even have a psychosomatic stomachache," she added with some pride.

Mr. Willing made a wry face. "Now there's a term I abominate—a horrible little formula with which people dismiss something that might turn out to be serious."

"Serious! Oh, my goodness, Mr. Willing, of course it can't be anything serious," said Amy. "The Prom tonight, remember?" She smiled at him radiantly and flitted away to answer a phone.

Mr. Willing was just finishing his coffee when he heard Cristine's voice in the garden. "No," it was saying emphatically, "no, you can't."

"But mom ——" Two identical boys' voices cracked simultaneously in incredulous expostulation. "But we always have the Experimental Club meeting here on Saturdays!"

"But not this Saturday—don't you remember, boys? I specifically told you. You just never listen to me, that's all!" She sounded harassed. "Why can't you do it in somebody else's house for a change?"

"Aw, mom, we're the only ones with facilities."

"I guess we're the only ones in the whole school who've got a mother who's sport enough to let them use the whole cellar for experiments."

"Well ——" Mr. Willing smiled as he listened. This was strong persuasive stuff and he could sense his darling weakening. "Well, perhaps. . . . No, I won't," she said, rallying. "I'm always letting you have your way; this once I'd like to have mine. We have a guest and I'd like him to spend a quiet weekend without the noise and without the noxious fumes."

"You mean it's on account of *him?*" There was a definite hostility about the pronoun, Mr. Willing thought apprehensively.

"The trouble with you, mother, is that you're inconsistent." The familiar cool didactic tones enabled Mr. Willing to identify the speaker even without Cristine's resigned, "Oh, Marnie." "First you're totally permissive with them, then you crack down; naturally they feel rejected."

Cristine sighed a little dispiritedly. "I just think that the noise and the smells will be too much for Paul. If I can't ask you children to co-operate in something that happens to be important to me ——"

"What are you talking about? What's so important?" Binkie's cheery bellow joining in.

"Mr. Paul Willing's comfort and welfare," said Marnie acidly. "That seems to be terribly important to mother."

"Oh, really, why?" said Binkie, interested. "Hey, you aren't in love with him by any chance, are you, mother?" She began laughing merrily and stopped. "Mother?!!"

After this Mr. Willing noticed a definite and growing coolness on the part of the young Masseys. Last night he had been just another guest, to be treated with casual friendliness, plus an additional fillip of respect due him as mother's editor; now that they saw him in his true colors as mother's suitor, they seemed to draw themselves together into an inimical wall between him and Cristine.

As the day wore on he couldn't help smiling ruefully at the way they wouldn't let him spend any time alone with her. It wasn't, he perceived, anything like last night's constant but casual claims on Cristine's attention. It was a deliberate chaperonage: the kids stuck like leeches and there was no shaking them.

Eventually Cristine also became aware of these attentions. She looked at her children thoughtfully, a tiny frown ruffling her smooth forehead, and took Mr. Willing to another part of the house, presumably for a better view of the garden with the newly flowering cherry trees.

They weren't there five minutes before Marnie strolled in looking remarkably sharp-eyed for all her gracefully indolent air. Presently the twins were there, too, wooden-faced and grim. Binkie came last, with the golden retriever, a blundering and sentimental chap, who, immediately deciding to renew last night's brief acquaintance, put his red-whiskered chin on Mr. Willing's lap and grinned engagingly.

"Why, he likes you," said Binkie with unflattering astonishment.

Mr. Willing nodded sadly, aware of the familiar ominous tickle in his nose. "They always do," he said and burst into a salvo of sneezes.

Binkie laughed unkindly and Cristine said, "Take him outside," with faint color pinkening her cheeks.

"But, mother, it isn't the poor dog's fault ——"

"Of course not; it's yours. I believe I especially asked you to keep him out of the house. Please put him out immediately."

There was unwonted crispness in her voice, and Binkie removed the dog, making ostentatiously sympathetic noises as they went: "There, poor old Heathcliff, never mind, poor fellow." The remaining Masseys looked silently and steadily at Mr. Willing, whose guilt increased as his sneezes abated.

"Actually," said Marnie in an offhand manner, "nobody has to be allergic in this day and age. Most allergies are a result of unresolved emotional conflicts. Charles used to have ever so many allergies, but he and Doctor Krantz were able to trace most of them down to various traumatic experiences in his childhood and now he's just *fine*. . . . That's Dr. Peter Krantz," she told him kindly, "an eminent psychiatrist."

"Yes, I know," Mr. Willing answered, mopping at his still streaming eyes. "He's writing an article for us for our June issue, entitled The Ego and the Superego. . . . A very pleasant chap."

"One of the best in his field," said Marnie proudly.

"Well, natch, nothing but the best for Charles Whiting Third," said Binkie, coming back without Heathcliff. "I personally think it's terrible the way he sits outside and honks for you instead of coming in and saying hello like an ordinary human being. Who does he think he is, anyhow, Prince Rainier?"

"Why do you suppose he's going to a psychiatrist?" drawled one of the twins wickedly. "Sure he thinks he's Prince Rainier."

"Or maybe Napoleon."

"Or Captain Video in his atom-drawn superjet automobile."

"Crazy, man, crazy. I mean, real crazy!"

They pursued the theme with gusto.

"Mother!" Marnie's voice was lofty, but her eyes snapped. "I personally don't care, but I really think you ought to explain to the twins for their own sake that being under treatment doesn't mean you're crazy."

"Boys," said Cristine a little wearily, "stop teasing Marnie. . . . Don't pay any attention to them, dear; they're just trying to b funny."

"Well, there's nothing funny about being a alyzed. It's a very important and useful fun tion. In fact, I could name plenty of peop presumably not under treatment who Nee Help." Her eyes dwelt pointedly on Mr. Wil ing, who was at that moment trying to find a antihistamine among the contents of his pil box. The twins followed her gaze and the faces lighted up with unholy glee.

"Man," they breathed joyfully. "Dig thos crazy pills."

They moved in on Mr. Willing, who flinched The handful of pills on his palm sudden seemed to swell as big as a pile of baseball

"Boys," said Cristine warningly, "don pester Paul."

"Just scientific curiosity, mom," they a sured her blandly. "You don't mind if we loo at them, do you, sir? . . . Never seen a mo colorful bunch of pills."

"Those aren't pills, those are capsules."

"Easier to swallow, I suppose."

"Say, that's *sly*. . . . I like this cute little fe low here, with black and yellow stripes. Re gay. What is it, a goof ball?"

"Boys!"

"Nothing as spectacular as that, I'm afraid Mr. Willing assured them, smiling a litt palely. "Just a phenobarbital."

"And this pretty pink one?"

"That's a sleeping pill." Mr. Willing decid then and there that from now on whatev medicines he had to take would be tak strictly in private. He went on grimly, only t well aware of the diabolical glee that was we ing up under their blandly respectful exteric "An antihistamine—a digestive pill—vitamir That's all, I guess." He snapped his pillb shut under their inquisitive noses.

"Do you have to take all these?"

"What would happen if you didn't?"

"I've read once about a man who stoppe taking his thyroid pills and a couple of week later, there he was ——"

"That'll be all," Cristine interrupted firml shooing them outside, to Mr. Willing's silen relief. Sheepishly he admitted to himself tha he was afraid of the twins—probably becaus there were two of them; it was as if one pe sonality sufficiently disturbing in itself wa doubled: two pairs of identical blue eyes m his opaquely; two wooden Indian faces pr sented an enigmatic exterior to his apprehen sive eye; he had a ridiculous conviction tha two agile and uninhibited brains were plo ting his downfall.

Cristine looked at him thoughtfully and su gested going for a drive. "I'd like to show yo Ellendale—it's so pretty in springtime."

"Just us?" asked Mr. Willing, incredulo but joyful. "Right now?"

"In ten minutes."

Mr. Willing, his spirits considerably im proved by this prospect, wandered out into t garden, where he ran into Amy. He gave her tentative smile which she returned readily. S was the only one of the children who seem to be unaware of his changed status, probab because she was too intent on her own a proaching apotheosis this evening. At an rate, he felt pathetically grateful when, inste of snubbing him, she said to him with an air letting him into a radiant secret:

"Dick is going to bring me that red camelli just as you suggested. His sister is in Binkie class and Binkie told her and she told him, s he's getting it for me. Gee, that'll look keen

"It certainly will," Mr. Willing told h heartily. "I'm glad it all worked out. . . . B the way, how's that stomach-ache of yours?

"My little old psychosomatic stomach ache?" She laughed. "Isn't it sweet of you t ask! Oh, I still have it—I guess I'll have it till go to the Prom. . . . Marnie says all tho things are just psychological, so I'm not pa ing attention to it."

Mr. Willing, who felt very strongly abou these matters, assured her with some heat tha there were sometimes very real ailments tie up with a stomach-ache.

"Appendicitis for one. Where did you say hurt?"

"Well ——" Amy's hand moved tentative toward her right side and froze in mid-air. H

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

A man has probably "arrived" when he can afford to miss a train.

After the first child, most parents develop wails resistance.

Probably the most unpredictable thing a woman can do is to act like a woman.

Food that mothers term nutritious,
Children seldom find delicious.

If asked, the average person cannot accurately describe his toothbrush, and knows it only from the slot it occupies in the holder.

Small boy eating large dish of ice cream: "When we get home, mommy, may I have the heating pad?"

Gossip: A free circulating library of lurid fiction.

Raising a child these days calls for such a delicate adjustment between the mixed-up present and what some psychiatrist may say in the future it's a wonder potential parents have the courage to become real ones.

The one thing certain to come to him who waits is an alibi.

Order is for the family, not the family for order.

The best thing a housewife can do about leftovers is not to have any.

One woman says she knows when it is time to go home: her earrings begin to pinch.

Taking care of things
Bought to save her work,
Seems to leave a woman
Little time to shirk.

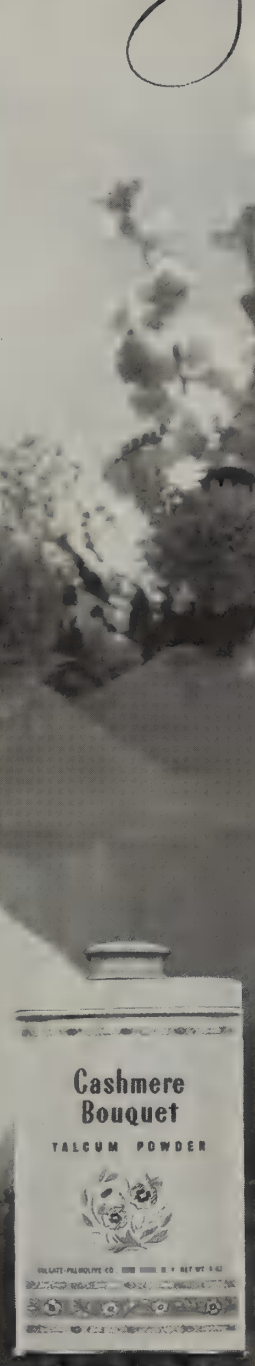
She had slowly driven her husband to distinction.

One difference between the old days and the new is the number of cameras a family takes on vacation.

A prophecy: In seven years, report cards will be back in style.

Boy's definition: "Hygiene is when you are cleaner than you have to be."

like climbing right into a bouquet



CASHMERE BOUQUET *talcum powder*

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder pampers every inch of you . . .
with its lilting bouquet, its satin-soft touch. And that exciting fragrance
men love lingers on your skin hour after hour . . .
as if you had stepped from your bath right into a bouquet!

CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS... *for all your beauty needs*



Light refreshment
and lovely figures

Look around this summer and see what sensible diet has done to help make the American figure both trimmer and slimmer.

This modern trend toward lighter, less-filling food and drink is clearly reflected in Pepsi-Cola, too. Reduced in calories, today's Pepsi-Cola is the modern, the *light* refreshment. Always say "Pepsi, please"—and refresh without filling.

Pepsi-Cola

refreshes without filling

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

es narrowed on him suspiciously. "Why," e said airily, "nowhere in particular. . . . you'll excuse me now ——" She left him in hurry and Mr. Willing was aware of some easiness as he watched her slight figure run- ng up the steps. Unlike most people with s disabilities, he was not a self-centered and of hypochondriac, concerned solely ith his own twinges. He worried about other ople, too, particularly when it seemed to m that they weren't taking their ailments iously enough.

He sat down on the bench, blinking against e brilliant sunshine, and idly watched the ins playing catch on the lawn. They played , elaborately unaware of him. Their profiles re impassive against the green hedge; the all hard sphere thudded into the gloves with small violent explosion like a rifle shot. esently they began a casual-sounding con- rsation.

"Talk to Mike Pollock lately?" one of em asked.

"Nope—not since they had that fire."

"Tough—having a fire in the middle of the ght."

"Yeah. Had quite a scare too"—*thud* went e ball—"about their weekend guest."

H'm-m, said Mr. Willing to himself.

"You mean that nice-looking guy? With rly hair?"

"Uh-huh."

"Big toothy smile?"

"Uh-huh."

"So what happened to him?"

"Couldn't find him." The ball went *thwack*, ominous sound. Mr. Willing strained both rs, fascinated.

"Burned up?"

"Oh, they found him after a while. They oked around and there was this little old an running around ——"

"So?"

"So that was the guest. Couldn't recognize m at first: all that lovely curly hair—gone."

"Scorched off?"

"Nah. Couldn't find his toupee in all the citement. No teeth either."

"How about that!"

"Left them in a glass by his bed. . . . Came an awful shock to the Pollocks, they never ew he was that old."

"Nobody suspected?"

"Well, he was a pretty lively Joe. Life of the party and all that. Only Mike says ——" There was a pause while he recovered the ball and fired it back. Mr. Willing waited. "Mike Pollock says he noticed whenever the guy got tired, he'd suddenly disappear and come out after a while like new."

"A shot in the arm, eh?"

"Maybe." Another pause. "Or maybe just pills."

The punch line was artistically delivered, with perfect timing, and Mr. Willing burst into laughter. Two guileless faces turned to him.

"Oh—didn't notice you, sir. Would you care for a catch?"

"Afraid not," said Mr. Willing, still laughing. It was a sound of pure enjoyment and there was a flicker of uncertainty in their enigmatic faces. "On account of my right arm. False, you know."

"I'm ready to go if you are, Paul," said Cristine quietly behind him. Apparently she had overheard all and wasn't amused: she gave the twins a long and unsmiling look before she turned away.

"Impertinent little monsters," said Cristine. She was referring to her sons and there were angry little sparks in her soft eyes. "I've spoiled them dreadfully, I suppose. But I never could control them. Most of the time I don't know what they're doing and never do I know what they're thinking. What they need is a really strong hand ——" She broke off. Her sidelong glance at him was loving but dubious.

"I wish you hadn't called off their club meeting," said Mr. Willing. "Naturally they're resentful." There had been at least twenty telephone calls and Mr. Willing after a while had begun to feel as guilty as if he had interfered with the annual meeting of an international scientific congress.

"Yes, I know. . . . Except that you have no idea of the noise and the smell. I did want to spare you that." She gave him a small guilty smile. "Tampering with the facts of life with the Masseys. . . . Not very strong-minded of me, was it?"

"Darling Cristine, I love you."

They drove along in companionable silence, enjoying each other's quiet presence and the pleasant pageant of early spring around them. Not a bad town to live in, Mr. Willing thought wistfully. If people would only stop taking pot

REFERENCE LIBRARY

SUMMER FASHIONS FOR TINY TOTS





No. 2613. For a boy, red bandanna shirt, denim pants, stitched in red. Tie neck. Small—Medium—Large. 15c.

No. 2612. For a girl, pink gingham (or one of the new no-iron materials) stitched like smocking. Panties with stitching. Small—Medium—Large. 15c.

Order from Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pa.*

*Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.

it's proven!

Sebb Stops Dandruff



now MAX FACTOR SEBB® SHAMPOO

brings you the joy of hygienically clean hair and scalp

Maybe you and your husband don't wash your hair in a bowl; or maybe you do. But, however you shampoo, your hair never felt so clean as it will now... with sparkling, new liquid Sebb Shampoo that smells like bottled sunshine.

Sebb Shampoo gently washes dandruff and itching scalp out of your life. Regular use frees you of dandruff problems.

Light, quick-foaming, it cannot dry hair. Instead, Sebb Shampoo leaves your hair silky soft, easy to manage, and lustrous with life. Only healthy, **hygienically clean hair** can be truly beautiful hair. Make Sebb Shampoo your regular family shampoo.



Family-size unbreakable bottle **$1.25**

For severe dandruff and itching scalp Max Factor also recommends use of Sebb amazing scientific formula between shampoos. Results guaranteed, if used regularly, or money back. 8-oz. bottle $1.50



shots at you. . . . Presently they emerged into a more opulent section on the shore front, with larger, more spectacular grounds and statelier mansions. Cristine stopped the car and leaned back against Mr. Willing's shoulder.

She said after a while, "See this gloomy Victorian edifice? With lions at the gate? That's the Whiting house. Marnie's boy friend lives there all alone, nursing his little neuroses. A detestable boy. At least I detest him."

"You do?" Mr. Willing looked at her with mild wonder. "I can't imagine you detesting anyone."

"Well, I do him. He's not a nice boy. . . . I don't like the effect he's had on Marnie. She's been so different lately. Hard—you know?" Mr. Willing nodded. "Of course that modeling job is all his idea. . . . And the worst of it is, I don't think she even likes him that much. She's just carried away by all that phony glamour. I think I mind that more than anything; it's—it's so . . . oh, unworthy of Marnie."

"But if you mind so much, why do you let her go out with him?"

"Let her?" Cristine gave a forlorn little laugh. "Darling Paul, Marnie is almost nineteen—about as old as I was when I married her father. And she has a job. If I make myself disagreeable, she might just . . . leave. She's not very . . . friendly to me as it is." There was the faintest tremor in her voice, and Mr. Willing was conscious of renewed dislike for her eldest daughter. "All I can do is trust that her good common sense will eventually reassert itself. But meanwhile it's very hard."

She bit her lip and tried to smile. "If I could only take all my children, shake them all up together and see if their qualities could be reapportioned a little more reasonably: shake some of Marnie's social nonsense into Vickie, and some of Vickie's quietness into Binkie, and—wouldn't that be marvelous?"

They were silent together. Mr. Willing pressed his cheek against Cristine's soft black hair, and felt her settling against him with a small sigh. "I love my children terribly," she said. "But sometimes I can't help wishing it were five years from now and they were all away at college so that we could be together just the two of us."

"Five years?" Mr. Willing echoed in dismay. A quick calculation told him that she was right. "But I couldn't wait that long."

"We might have to," Cristine said mournfully.

Mr. Willing pondered this last remark glumly as he loitered disconsolately downstairs after dinner. He was for once quite alone. All the feminine contingent had gone upstairs to help Amy dress, including Cristine, who, pink cheeked and starry-eyed, didn't look much older than her oldest daughter. As for the twins, they had retired to the nether regions in a sinister manner, singing "Just You Wait 'Enry 'Iggins" as they went. Vickie came down very soon, looking, he thought, even more subdued than usual. He tried to start a conversation with her, but she ducked him, in her uncommunicative fashion, and disappeared into the library.

Mr. Willing's spirits drooped under this rebuff. It was obvious that he was doing very badly indeed. He could see stretching before him a vista of unsatisfactory suspended existence, with dreary weekend visits to Ellendale during which he tried desperately but quite in vain to win the affections of Cristine's children. Right now—well, there was no blinking the fact that he had managed to antagonize them all. Even Amy; the good will he had created in that quarter by his happy suggestion about the red camellia was canceled now by his unfortunate solicitude about her stomach ache.

"How is it now?" he had asked her after dinner in a low conspiratorial voice. He knew that from the point of view of good public relations it was sheer folly to pursue this subject, but he couldn't help it. He had watched her during dinner, had seen the way she had



ished away her food, her fresh young lips
irling a little in disgust, and his forebodings
d come back. This lack of appetite was par-
cularly disquieting when one considered the
nount of eating that the young Masseys did;
seemed to him that wherever he moved he
me across one of them eating something.
hey were constantly in the kitchen, building
range and fantastic sandwiches; even the
herworldly Vickie munched on something
she went her unobtrusive way. The excep-
on had been Marnie, for professional rea-
ons—and now Amy. "Does it still hurt?" he
d persisted anxiously, and had received an
asperated look.

"I'm just fine now," she told him politely.
've taken some medicine."

"You have? You know it's not a terribly
od idea, when you don't know just exactly
hat is bothering you."

Amy's lips had tightened. "Excuse me, but
've got to get dressed." And she had fled
ecipitately.

As he mulled this over, Marnie came into
e room. She, too, was dressed to go out, pre-
mably with the detestable Charles again.
he threw Mr. Willing a cool, "Oh, here you
e again" sort of look, but her icy manner
awed somewhat when he expressed his ad-
iration. He was not totally sincere in doing
: her expertly applied make-up took away
r ingenuous youthfulness, gave her a hard
d lacquered look he didn't like. In her high-
yle frock, she looked just like hundreds of
rls he had seen flitting febrilely about town,
rfectly groomed, their pretty faces hardened
to fashionable but meaningless little masks.

"You like?" She twirled expertly, with a
ow of startlingly bared back, the chiffon
irts whispering about her slim legs. "It's a
laggy Lake original. Needless to say, it didn't
en rate a look upstairs. Everybody's cooing
er Amy, who looks just darling. Poor little
haracter, she's been throwing up like mad—
on't tell mother, though. I promised."

"Has she, though?" Mr. Willing ran a dis-
acted hand through his hair.

"Well, it's her big night and she's been gib-
bering with excitement. So has mother, for
that matter. Honestly, she might be Amy's
age. . . . She identifies so!" The indulgently
amused note was back in her voice and it set
his teeth on edge.

"Charles says," she resumed complacently,
patting her short dark curls, "that most women
of mother's generation have never grown up.
Naturally their being able to overidentify with
their children is just another symptom of their
emotional insecurity. Like my mother: she is
too emotionally insecure to be able to live her
own life, so she compensates by getting all that
vicarious enjoyment out of us."

Mr. Willing reflected grimly that certainly
Cristine wasn't getting much pleasure, vicar-
ious or otherwise, out of her oldest daughter.
He wisely forbore to say so, merely remarking
with a smile:

"Well, perhaps something can be done
about that. As a matter of fact, I myself have
plans."

"Yes, I know." Marnie's demeanor grew
portentously grave. "And if I may be perfectly
frank with you ——"

Mr. Willing groaned inwardly: in his ex-
perience, these words were invariably a prel-
ude to disagreeable revelations. Marnie's next
words proved him to be right.

"I honestly don't see how you can *relate* to
my mother. Please don't think it's anything
personal, you're a very nice man and really
quite attractive," she said kindly, "but you
aren't a terribly strong person, are you? You'd
just be another child for her to mother—in
fact, you'd be playing right into each other's
neuroses. What she needs, I feel, is someone
very strong—someone who can resolve her
emotional insecurity, help her grow up. Mother
is very immature in many ways—perhaps
that's why I'm being so protective about her."

"You're nothing of the sort," said Mr. Will-
ing, suddenly very angry. "What you're being
is offensively patronizing, which is a totally
different thing, and most unbecoming to a
young person. I don't mind your being spoiled
or self-centered or—or even frank, but I do
mind your being so revoltingly smug."

Marnie stared at him aghast: she might
have been faced by a tame rabbit that had sud-
denly bared its teeth.

"I resent that," she said at last feebly.

"You should."

The commanding bray of the horn cut this
unprofitable discussion short. Marnie drew
herself up haughtily and flounced out, leaving
Mr. Willing torn between dismay at himself
and an unregenerate feeling of satisfaction.

"Do I look all right?"

This time Mr. Willing was able to answer in
the affirmative without any inner reservations,
as he looked enchanted on the pretty little
vision in white, swaying lilylike before him.

"Those ridiculous waists," said Cristine
with the tiniest quaver. She joined Mr. Willing
on the couch, tucking her pretty legs under
her, and surveyed her offspring fondly. "It's
the loveliest thing imaginable, having daugh-
ters, Paul; you keep reliving your first big mo-
ments all the time."

"All we need now is the boy with the ca-
mellia," said Binkie, her round face beaming
with sisterly pride. "You'll knock them dead,
kid. How about a little rouge, though? Don't
you think she's a little pale, mother?"

"You think so? I like it, it makes her look
so sweet and fragile. . . . Isn't she a dream,
Paul? . . . Turn around again, sweetie."

Amy turned obediently. Mr. Willing noticed
unhappily that as she turned she held herself a
little carefully, bent over to one side. And was
it only his imagination, or was there a waxy
quality to her pallor?

"Where do you think I ought to wear that
camellia?" she asked. "At the waist?"

"Oh, definitely at the waist."

Mr. Willing said to himself that he was
probably being perfectly ridiculous, it was all
in his head, it would be absolutely criminal to
spoil the evening for this radiant child by even
a suggestion that anything was wrong. But on
the other hand —— He gulped and asked,
"Has Amy ever had her appendix out?"

Cristine looked at him, startled. "No, she
hasn't. Why do you ask?"

Mr. Willing told her, not daring to look at
Amy.

"A stomach-ache? I'm not surprised a bit,"
said Cristine, "with all the excitement. I used
to get headaches, I remember. . . . But why
didn't you tell me, bunny? Imagine going
around with a tummy-ache the whole day and
never saying a word."

"Oh!" Amy shrugged her slim brown shoul-
ders with studied carelessness. "Oh, my good-
ness, mother, what was there to tell? Just be-
cause I had a little psychosomatic stomach-
ache, which is over now ——"

"It's still tender on the right side," said Mr.
Willing, steeling himself. "And she has been
throwing up."

Amy gave him a look of cold loathing. "I
would thank you to stay out of this," she told
him.

"Amy!"

"Well, I don't blame her, mother." Binkie
came down heavy-footed on her sister's side.
"Supposing she did have a little stomach-
ache? Nobody in their right mind would even
dream of paying any attention to it—unless
they were just a hydro—a hyper——"

"Hypochondriac is the word you want,"
said Mr. Willing sadly. "Nevertheless, I think
Amy ought to see a doctor before she goes
out."

"A doctor?" Amy's voice shrilled upward in
horror. "What are you trying to do anyhow?
Ruin my evening? Who do you think you are,
snooping and prying and ——"

"Amy!" Cristine's voice was stern. "You're
being inexcusably rude. After Paul has been
sweet enough to worry about the way you're
feeling ——"

"Well, who asked him to? Who does he
think he is, my father or something?"

"That'll do," said Cristine coldly. She picked
up a phone.

"Mother! What are you ——"

"I'm calling Doctor Bevan."

"But Dick'll be here any minute!" Amy
wailed.



"Then that'll be the first time he was ever anywhere on time. Look, baby," she added gently with a quick look at her daughter's horrified face, "Doctor Bevan is right next door to us. It'll take him only a moment to come over and take a quick look at you, and if he finds there's nothing wrong you can go on to the Prom. . . . And I won't have to sit here worrying about you. . . . Just humor me, won't you?"

In the next fifteen minutes Mr. Willing reached the lowest point of his weekend with the Masseys. They were certainly the longest he had ever lived through. As they waited for the doctor in pulsing silence, one young Massey after another stalked into the living room and sat down fixing him with ■ silent resentful stare. Even the hitherto overfriendly Heathcliff gave a low growl as he passed by. "Humor me," Cristine had said in an attempt to take the heat off him. Vain attempt! They all knew exactly who was being humored. To make things worse, Amy's escort, a gangling blond youth, arrived on time, duly bringing a red camellia. Amy pinned it on, bursting into angry tears, just as the doctor came in.

Ten minutes later they were hurtling down the road on their way to the hospital, preceded by a motorcycle cop and a siren. If the time while they waited for the doctor had seemed unnaturally long, it now zipped along at an extravagantly swift pace, like a speeded-up film.

"I don't believe it!" Amy kept wailing incredulously. Her accusing look at Mr. Willing charged him with being responsible for it all. "I don't believe it! Why, I was going to the Prom ——"

"You wouldn't have danced long, honey," the doctor assured her callously, hustling her through the waiting room. In an incredibly short time she was being wheeled into the operating room, a slight white figure, still with that look of incredulous outrage in her eyes. And then time slowed up again unnaturally and they were waiting for the doctor again.

"Caught it just in time," he told them cheerfully after a small eternity. "Brother, was that appendix ripe. Another half hour and it would have ruptured."

Cristine's slim fingers tightened painfully on Mr. Willing's.

Back at the house, Mr. Willing found the young Masseys in the kitchen, putting away a stack of giant sandwiches in a worried manner. They mobbed him, demanding information, and he answered their questions patiently, reassuring them about Amy's condition; as for their mother, she was spending the night at the hospital and would be home sometime the next day.

"You certainly called it," said Binkie with a certain amount of awe. "Nobody else would have even dreamed of it." Her tone, Mr. Willing noted wryly, was not totally admiring; it seemed to indicate that he had that sort of mind. As for the twins, now that they were reassured about their sister, they evinced ■ ghoulish curiosity about clinical detail.

"I only hope the kid'll have the sense to bring the appendix home, so we can pickle it in ■ jar," said one of them.

"Ah, they probably threw it out."

"Plenty of pickin's around the operating room, I bet." There was a dreamy look in his eye. "Appendixes, kidneys, tonsils. . . . Catchup on your sandwich, sir?"

Mr. Willing looked down and found that he was holding ■ twin slab of bread with corned beef, pickle and salami in between. What's more, he had taken a bite out of it. *I must be losing my mind*, he thought and put it down hastily.

After everybody had retired, Mr. Willing found that he wasn't quite ready to go to sleep in spite of the lateness of the hour. What he needed to relax him, he decided, was a judiciously selected book that would neither overstimulate nor bore, but gently soothe him. He went down to the library in search of such a volume.

The room was dark but not, to his surprise, unoccupied. A small figure crouched by the fireplace feeding a miniature flame with what looked like sheets of paper. Mr. Willing, pausing irresolute at the door, caught what sounded like ■ muffled sob. He came closer. "Anything wrong?"

The small flame leaped and he recognized Vickie sitting forlornly in a welter of typewritten sheets. Her first impulse, he saw, was to escape; but there was the incriminating evidence scattered about and she couldn't leave it. She made a halfhearted attempt to get it together and gave up. Two of the largest tears Mr. Willing had ever seen crept down her sad little face. Mr. Willing fished a wad of tissues out of his dressing-gown pocket and gave it to her.

"You aren't feeling ill, are you?" The dark head moved from side to side. Mr. Willing sat down and watched her worriedly for a while. He said, "Look here, are you upset about your sister? Because you needn't be, she's in great shape."

"I've wanted her to get sick," said Vickie suddenly, as if the words had been wrenched out of her. "So she wouldn't go to that dance—and now ——" She sniffled desperately.

"Well, that's all right," said Mr. Willing soothingly. "Wishes don't mean anything, you know, as long as they aren't implemented by action. And people have awfully complicated feelings about each other. You as a writer ought to know about that."

"As ■ writer." The small figure huddled by the fire gave a wretched little hiccup of a laugh. "Boy, that's a riot." Her husky little voice was freighted with bitterness. "I've always told myself I didn't really mind being a social failure—I suppose that goes with being the only plain

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

DESIGNER: LON H. PURCELL; PHOTOGRAPHER: ED MOORHEAD





The owner may choose the house, breezeway, porch, carport or garage separately, to fit his property and his building budget.

Prefab House TO BUY IN PARTS

By CAROL L. CRANE

A wide variety of materials, plan variations and architectural treatments gives this factory-built house versatility to satisfy almost every taste, lot and purse. The three-bedroom home above is available with three different roof lines in ■ choice of two materials; three window styles in wood or aluminum sash; and six variations of exterior siding in addition to combinations of siding and masonry. And for further flexibility, the house may be purchased in parts. The house, breezeway and garage are priced separately; the buyer may select from ■ number of different components, including freestanding or attached carports or garages; front, side or rear porches; open or closed breezeways. Details may be varied to please every taste from colonial to contemporary; the buyer has a choice of sixteen different designs for the front door alone.

Built in Ohio, this house cost $20,400 ($14,900 for the house with plumbing and fixtures, heating, wiring, screens, kitchen cabinets; $2000 for the attached two-car garage; $900 for the breezeway; $2600 for the extra-wide overhangs, masonry, fireplace, and redwood and cedar siding). Depending upon variations in shipping and labor costs, it could be built in other areas for $20,000 to $25,000, without land. These costs include a basement; the same plan can be adapted to ■ slab or crawl space. Write to us for further information.

NEW AND WONDERFUL–YOUR
LUXURY-SOFT WASH



NuSOFT® FABRIC SOFTENER GIVES WASHABLES A SOFT, FLUFFY FEEL

Just one magic cap-ful!

...the final rinse puts back all the softness today's ...shing agents take out! Towels, blankets, ...dspreads are wonderfully fluffy. Socks and jeans ...ooth, comfortable. Corduroys—wrinkle-free.

Cuts ironing time!

Many pieces are so smooth, no ironing's needed. Others so wrinkle-free your iron flies. Use NuSoft in any machine or hand wash—and no matter how you dry. *Economical* too—it's concentrated.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

NuSoft is a fabric softener–not a water softener

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

one in the family. Oh, yes"—she lifted a palm to forestall his protest—"I am, you know. But I kept saying to myself, 'It doesn't matter as long as I have my writing.' But then Amy got that bid to the Prom—everybody in my class is going to it, except me, and Amy isn't even in the ninth grade—well, I sort of put it to myself: 'Would you rather write the best book in the world or go to that dance with Dick?' and I knew I'd rather go to the dance. . . . So I guess I was just kidding myself."

Mr. Willing sighed. "Vickie," he said, "the trouble with writers is that they feel things more keenly than other people. That's an occupational disease, I'm afraid. You'll always feel things more because that's how you learn to express them."

"But I can't!" The words came on a desolate wail. "That's just the trouble. That's what makes it all so terrible. You see"—she moved closer to him with a confiding movement that touched him—"you see, I *have* been working on a novel. I've given it all my time—I haven't even worked on any English compositions or anything for the magazine. And it was going to be wonderful and somebody would publish it and—well"—she gulped—"it's no good. It's no darned good at all. In fact, it's terrible. So you see," said Vickie with heartbreaking simplicity, "I don't even have my writing any more. I have nothing."

Mr. Willing looked at the bowed dark head before him and shook his own in wonderment. "You're a writer, all right," he said solemnly. "Yes, Vickie, I can recognize in you all the earmarks of that unhappy tribe; I would even if I hadn't happened to read—and like—a poem of yours. I hope you don't mind."

"No—no, I don't." She sounded surprised at herself.

"Then perhaps you wouldn't mind letting me read your manuscript, before you consign it to the flames. You might be wrong about it, you know. Just as you're wrong about your looks. I personally like them, but then I'm prejudiced, because it seems to me you're the one that looks most like your mother."

"I do?" A shy smile touched her lips and Cristine's dimple hovered shadowy in her cheek. She said in wonder, "I've never talked to anyone this way. It's even made me feel better about *this*." She spurned the offending manuscript with a small bare foot. "Though I know I'm right about it. I mean I really *know*. It's really terrible."

"Well, you've got plenty of time to do better," said Mr. Willing. "You've got a tendency to be a little remote, Vickie, something that a writer can't afford. Get closer to people, find out what makes them tick, then you'll be able to write about them."

Vickie thought this over, her cheek propped on her hand. Then she slowly collected the scattered sheets into a neat pile which she handed to him. "I've only had time to burn the first chapter," she said. "You'll give me an honest opinion, won't you?"

"I always give my authors my honest opinion on their work," said Mr. Willing gravely.

The telephone began to ring soon after he had gone to bed prepared to read Vickie's opus. It shrilled its heart out somewhere downstairs with the special urgency characteristic of a telephone ringing at night, and finally Mr. Willing got out of bed and went down to answer it.

"Hello!" said a girl's voice. "Is this the Massey house?"

"Yes?"

"Well—look, Mr. Massey, I hate to disturb you so late at night, but I think you ought to come and get your daughter."

"My ——"

"You see, I've seen Charles flip his lid before and I don't think Marnie ought to be alone with him in his house."

Mr. Willing tried to assemble his whirling wits. "Let me get this straight—you're calling from Charles Whiting's house?"

"Well, no. I'm calling from a drugstore." The voice sounded sheepish. "I guess you know how Charles gets sometimes. He threw everybody out of his house—except Marnie, of course. Everybody else thinks it's a big joke, but gee, I don't know if Marnie can handle him—he can get awfully nasty. Anyhow, I thought I'd better call. Good-by now." She hung up hurriedly.

It was a lucky thing, Mr. Willing thought, as he drove in through the gate with the lions, that Cristine had pointed out the Whiting house to him earlier in the day. The big house blazed with lights from top to bottom, but was suspiciously quiet. Mr. Willing walked in through the open front door and found himself in a huge center hall. It was deserted except for a young man sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of a closed door. He was saying in reasonable tones:

"Look here, honey, you're really being very silly. For one thing, it's ridiculously easy for me to get in any time I want to. All I need do is shoot off the lock."

Mr. Willing, who had drawn nearer, saw with a jolt that indeed the young man had a gun in his hand.

"What stops me," he went on, still in those reasonable tones, "isn't any respect for the ancestral oaks, believe you me. I merely want to give you a chance to show that you love and trust me."

Mr. Willing coughed tactfully and the young man turned around and stared at him owlishly. He was a presentable, almost a handsome young man with reddish hair; that, together with the narrowness of his face, gave him a somewhat vulpine look. He inquired courteously, "What can I do for you?"

"I just came by to pick up Miss Massey," said Mr. Willing. "Er—is that she in there?"

"Indeed it is," said the young man gently. "What's more she's been there for more than an hour and I haven't been able to persuade her to come out. Silly, isn't it?"

"Perhaps that gun is making her uneasy," Mr. Willing suggested.

"Oh, but it shouldn't," said the young man earnestly. "It's merely an aid to my ego. I've got such a darned undeveloped ego. . . . What business is it of yours anyhow? Who the hell are you?"

There was suddenly a snarl in his voice and his face twitched, producing a strange, disagreeable effect of a lack of relationship between its features. Mr. Willing said mildly, "My name is Willing and I am a friend of her mother, who asked me to pick Marnie up."

"Checking up on her, I suppose." The snarl grew more pronounced. "They're all alike: snoopers, meddlers and nags, every one of them. That's what I remember most about mine—the way she used to keep me on a leash when I was a kid. Always checking up. Never trusted me an inch. That's all I ever wanted—just a little bit of trust. You'd think that little tramp hiding in there would trust me, wouldn't you? After all I did for her? Honey," he said, addressing the door again in dulcet tones, "how about coming out now? Here's a friend of yours to take you home." He cocked an attentive ear, looking more than ever like a young fox. "Maybe you'll come out for him if you won't come out for me. . . . You tell her," he said humbly to Mr. Willing.

The latter looked at him reflectively and shook his head. "She can wait," he said calmly, sitting down on the bottom step. "You know, what you said about your mother strikes a sort of sympathetic chord. That sort of thing can play the devil with one's childhood." He fixed the young man with the receptive look with which he had beguiled many an author into relieving his burdened soul. It worked again: there was a brief suspicious silence and then young Mr. Whiting settled down to tell Mr. Willing all about his traumatic childhood.

A harrowing recital though it was, it wasn't too interesting to an objective listener, and though Mr. Willing was able to preserve his expression of sympathetic interest, he was quite relieved when after half an hour of this the front door opened to let in a small bespectacled gent, who came over and said in crisp, no-nonsense tones, "Well, Charles, I see you've been acting out again." His eye fell on the gun and he shook his head. His voice was mildly reproachful. "I did think we were past that. . . . Well, never mind, just give it to me."

To Mr. Willing's vast relief, his interlocutor broke into tears and handed over the gun.

"Thank you," said the small man composedly, pocketing it. "If you'll excuse us," he said politely to Mr. Willing, "Charles and I have got to work on this."

He walked up the stairs, followed by a hangdog but obedient Charles. Mr. Willing got up, a little stiffly, and stretched his cramped limbs.

"All right," he said to the closed door, "you can come out now."

Mr. Willing was back in the Massey kitchen watching Marnie making the mammoth sandwiches in which all the Massey children seemed to specialize. All during the ride home she hadn't said a word; occasionally he could feel her shivering quietly by his side. *Shock*, he had thought with concern, speeding homeward through the dark streets. Once at home, she had made for the kitchen. There she ate three sandwiches, drank two glasses of milk and finally was able to manage a shaky smile.

"Brother," said Marnie, "was I ever scared!"

Her color was coming back now as the story poured out eagerly through her unloosened lips. She hadn't been frightened at first, she told him. She had thought that she could cope. But then Charles had become . . . "Ugly," Marnie said. A small shiver shook her bare slim shoulders. "Wild. . . . He kept talking how nobody loved or trusted him—in this awful whine, sort of. I think I minded that even more than the gun. I still don't understand how you managed him," she added respectfully, handing him a sandwich. In her rumpled dress, with her make-up ruined and her eyes round with remembered terror, she was a far cry from the brittle young sophisticate of a few hours ago. A milky mustache decorated her upper lip, and she looked about twelve.

"Oh, I didn't manage him," Mr. Willing assured her. "I left that to Doctor Krantz. I gave him a ring before I left here and he must have broken all the traffic rules getting there as fast as he did." He took a meditative bite out of the sandwich she gave him. It was a bizarre but not ill-tasting combination of salami, tomato and Roquefort cheese. "He's a good man Doctor Krantz is. I've got a great respect for him. He'll help your young man, I'm sure."

"He's not my young man." Marnie was vehement. "I—why, I don't even like him. That was the worst of all—suddenly he was just a repulsive stranger." She was silent for a minute. Presently she said in a small wondering voice, "I suppose I couldn't have ever liked him, really, could I? Because if I had—well, you don't stop loving someone just because he's . . . sick, do you? I feel sorry for him, of course, but—oh, Paul, all I want to do is just get away as far from him as I can!"

"Well," said Mr. Willing cautiously, "it mightn't be such a bad idea."

"In fact," said Marnie in an even smaller voice, "it mightn't be a bad idea to go back to college. Much more my speed, I guess." She summoned up a sheepish smile and Mr. Willing decided with considerable pleasure that he did, after all, like Cristine's oldest daughter.

Back in his room, Mr. Willing got back into his pajamas for the second time that night. He stared owlishly at Vickie's typed pages lying on his bed where he had left them, it seemed like years ago. He was engulfed by a fatigue so utter as to drive out sleep. His eyes felt like boiled eggs and the eyelids felt as if they ha

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

NEXT MONTH

"Keep your eye on Mollie Bourne," Hugh was told the day he went to work for the London Daily Record. "That girl doesn't report the news. she makes it."

It might have given him pause had he known that an eye on Mollie would lead to a three-day captivity in Lodden Castle at the hands of a man who had killed once and was ready to kill again. Read . . .

BEGINNER'S LUCK

By PAUL SOMERS

Complete novel condensed in the August JOURNAL



(*See opposite page.*)

Lifetime beauty

is yours in all

five Community patterns



South Seas* (top and opposite page) is daring, different. A striking new idea in silverware design.

(*Left to right, above.*)

Morning Star* captures the freshness of daybreak. Inspired by a priceless jade carving, sophisticated, modern.

Twilight* has tapered handles, curving tips, shell motif sparkling like a single jewel. Classically elegant, graceful.

Coronation* is rich with the heritage of treasured antiques. Enhances the simplest setting with regal beauty.

White Orchid* is delightfully feminine. Creates a romantic air with your prettiest china, crystal, linens.

Community prices begin with a "Starter Set" (service for 1) at $32.50. Easy budget terms.*

COMMUNITY

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

*MARKS OF ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y. ©1957 ONEIDA LTD.



ove) **"South Seas,"** original new idea in silverware design. See opposite page for other patterns in the Community collection.

Only fine Silverware reflects truly fine taste

Nothing takes the place of beautiful silverware. The warmth and sparkle of this precious possession can never be duplicated in "make-do" tableware. In silver alone it is possible to achieve the clarity of detail that marks all five famous Community Silverplate patterns. And silver alone holds this brilliant beauty year after satisfying year. This, then, is the essence of Community quality—so appropriate to the new elegance of today's living. The Community* pattern collection is created in the Design Studios of Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths. Choose the one you like best to bring the sparkle of fine silverware to your table . . . at your jeweler's or favorite silverware department.

COMMUNITY

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

*TRADEMARKS OF ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y. ©1957, ONEIDA LTD.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

been propped up by toothpicks and would never close.

Macbeth will never sleep again, he said to himself. *Particularly after that sandwich.*

He picked up Chapter Two and began reading it. Presently the words went into a mad little saraband and faded out. Mr. Willing, still holding on firmly to the pages, dropped his weary head to the pillow and fell asleep.

He dreamed that he was back in the Army, crouching in a trench with his regiment. The attack was about to begin; he turned to tell them so and was startled to find that their faces were those of the young Masseys. Just then the enemy came marching over the hill, throwing bombs and firing guns, and Mr. Willing could see that they, too, were Cristine's children. . . . The smoke around them grew thicker and more acrid ——

Mr. Willing sat up in bed, sniffing furiously. There was smoke in the room; outside of his room he could hear footsteps running up and down and voices raised in excitement. Mr. Willing shot out of bed and out of his room. As he skidded down the corridor in his pajamas, the twins' wicked parable of the collapsible guest came back to him and a vague suspicion crossed his mind: was he being tested for the durability—or at least easy accessibility—of his teeth and hair? However, the emergency seemed to be genuine: in the dawn's early light he saw the Massey girls crowded near a door to the basement out of which poured a cloud of smoke. Presently the twins came out, coughing and with blackened faces.

"What's wrong?" Mr. Willing demanded. A cloud of smoke billowed out of the basement and he, too, began coughing. "Has anybody called the fire department?"

"We're trying to put it out ourselves," said one of the twins.

"Put it out yourself?" said Mr. Willing in amazement. "Are you crazy?" He made for the telephone and was stopped in the midst of dialing by a blackened paw laid pleadingly on his sleeve.

"Give us a break," said the boy urgently. "Hank and I can get it under control, honest we can."

"It's not as bad as it seems," his brother seconded him. "It's just some rags and balsa wood and—and stuff like that."

Mr. Willing paused with the receiver in his hand. "Precisely what is your objection," he asked curiously, "to the fire department taking a hand in this?"

"They'll take our fire permit away. They said they would the last time."

Mr. Willing's nostrils dilated cautiously. "Sulphur," he said, sniffing. "And saltpeter, I think. . . . What witch's brew were you making down there?" Silence. "Well?"

The answer came reluctantly, drawn out by necessity. "Rockets. Oh, we weren't shooting off a rocket," in answer to his look of horror. "Just trying out a small ignition cartridge."

"That could be bad enough," Mr. Willing commented grimly, putting down the receiver. "Well, come on, let's get going with that fire extinguisher."

"—— so we thought we'd better try it in the morning before everyone got up, and at first all it did was just fizzle. And then—oh, brother! The whole wad shot out and landed way over on the other side where we keep our stuff for the model planes ——"

"Pah-boom!"

"I'll bet." Mr. Willing nodded grimly. They were standing among the wreckage in the basement, now heavily blackened with smoke. The twins had been right: it hadn't been too hard to put out the fire. But the resultant mess was indescribable. Mr. Willing listened to the post-mortem for a while; then he asked:

"What kind of sulphur did you use?"

"Just plain flower of sulphur. Got it at the drugstore. Oh, we used all kinds of precautions," they assured him with some condescension, "we kept mixing it for an hour with saltpeter and charcoal."

"More than an hour—you've got to make sure that this stuff is properly mixed, you know."

Mr. Willing sighed. "Yes, I know. Actually if you want it to perform properly you're supposed to keep mixing it for at least twenty hours in a mechanical mixer. And you don't use flower of sulphur—you take sulphur crystals and pound them to dust in a leather bag with a heavy mallet." He bent down and picked up a blackened brass pipe. "I suppose you just stuffed everything into this? You've got to hammer the powder into the tube, using a wooden setter."

The twins merely goggled at him, their chins hanging down to their chests. "You—you know about rocket building?"

"Not really. But I do know that it's a dangerous thing to play around with. Certainly not for amateurs. I'll tell you what: I'll bring Willy Ley over one weekend and he'll tell you how to go about it; until then no rockets." He eyed them sternly.

"W-Willy Ley?"

"The rocket expert? You—you know him?"

"I edited a book of his," said Mr. Willing. "That's how I've learned about rockets."

"How about that!" They trotted alongside him, as he left the basement, full of subdued reverence.

"Mother's just called," Marnie told them as they came up. "She'll be back at noon. Wanted to know if everything was all right. I said sure, just fine." She glanced at the blackened doorway and gave a low rueful whistle. "Wait till she comes home and gets a load of that."

A pall of gloom descended on the Massey family. "She'll be upset all right," said Binkie. She shook her head bodefully at the twins. "That'll be the end of the experiments in the cellar."

"O.K., you don't have to rub it in."

"Gee, I wish this hadn't happened," said Marnie and for the first time, Mr. Willing thought, she did really sound protective. "Mother's got a real thing about fires. She'll have nightmares for a week."

"Well, we can't have that," said Mr. Willing, galvanized into action at the thought of Cristine's distress. "We'll just have to get to

GIVE YOUR SALADS

a Touch of Genie-us!

There's flavor magic in the Wish-Bone bottle! Its "Touch of Genie-us" makes every salad wish come true.

Wish-Bone is prepared from a secret Old World blend of pure oil, vinegar, rare seasonings, and just the right touch of garlic. *All you* do is shake the bottle till the dressing looks light and creamy . . . then pour.



For marinated steak, let raw meat marinate in Wish-Bone before grilling or broiling. Delicious!

For easy garlic bread, coat both sides of thick slices with Wish-Bone and toast under the broiler.



For garlic-baked potatoes, coat raw potatoes generously with Wish-Bone, wrap in foil, bake!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

WISH-BONE
Italian Dressing

WISH-BONE PRODUCTS, INC., KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

ork and eliminate all the traces of the fire. 's mostly smoke, after all. If seven maids ith seven mops ——" He began to roll up is sleeves.

Actually the contingent that turned out to ork was much larger than that. There were a w telephone calls and a sort of orderly andemonium deluged the Massey house. Vith the hordes of teen-agers streaming past im into the cellar, Mr. Willing began to feel ke the sorcerer's apprentice standing by and atching the magic brooms taking over. The oys—apparently the entire Experimental lub had turned up in a body—scrubbed the alls. The girls swept. Binkie cooked flap- cks and made coffee and Vickie kept them oing down to the workers. Mr. Willing oticed that far from being her usual silent lf, she now stopped and talked to the mem- ers of the Experimental Club. He caught her e, giving her an interrogative look; her nswering look and smile seemed to acknowl- lge a shared secret. Her blue eyes held a ely sparkle. *Well!* thought Mr. Willing, elighted.

The cleanup job was over in a surprisingly ort time. And even more amazingly still, the ssistant cleaner-uppers disappeared, leaving quiet house behind them.

"The cellar looks fine," said Marnie, "but e sure look beat up." She looked at Mr. illing, as dirty and disheveled as the rest of em, and a hysterical little giggle escaped her. Mother said over the phone she hoped we ere taking good care of you. We're certainly oing a great job of that." Her conscience- ricken gaze moved away from him and ardened. "A fine bunch of jerks we are," she id with quiet intensity. "All of us."

A man who puts aside his religion because he is going into society is like one taking off his shoes because he is about to walk upon thorns.

CECIL

"Oh, come now," Mr. Willing remonstrated easily. "The fire was unfortunate, but it was st an accident."

"I don't mean the fire," said Marnie re- ntlessly.

One of the twins who had been pawing the ound guiltily with his sneaker looked up d mumbled, "Yeah, she's right. . . . Look, e're awfully sorry, but I'm afraid we mon- yed with your medicine."

"My medicine?"

"Yeah. Yesterday, while you were out with other, we—well we sort of emptied the cap- les and put something else in them."

"Oh," said Mr. Willing. He looked at their wed heads, smiled uncertainly and queried, Strychnine?"

"Bicarbonate of soda." There was a miser- le silence. "I—gee, I hope it didn't incon- nience you too much."

"Why, no," said Mr. Willing in a strange ice, "I can't say it did." This was perfectly ue, due to the amazing fact that for the past ghteen hours he literally didn't have the time take any of his medicine. And yet, he re- cted, one would have thought that there re plenty of occasions for taking pills. He d rushed about like a maniac, he had slept ss than four hours, he had plunged about in oke, worked like a slave and eaten strange d unhealthy foods at unearthly hours. And t he hadn't even missed his pills. Everything nsidered, except for being dog-tired, he felt markably well. *Well*, said Mr. Willing to mself in mild wonder *how about that!*

"It wasn't just the twins," said Marnie un- ppily. "We all knew about it. We thought was a great joke. Well, we don't think so w, do we?" There was a general solemn adshaking. "In fact, we think it's pretty nking." There was a long expectant pause hile five pairs of identical blue eyes gazed him anxiously.

"Er—it's quite all right," said Mr. Willing.

"No, it isn't." Marnie hesitated. Suddenly e blurted out in a singularly awkward, al- ost schoolgirlish manner, "We—I—we hope that this isn't going to make a difference in your plans." They all eyed him anxiously again. "Because," said Marnie in another outburst, "if you give us another chance, we could show you that we don't necessarily have to be pests."

"We don't have to make all that noise all the time." That was Binkie carefully modulating her normally loud voice. "We'd leave you and mother alone whenever you wanted to be left alone."

"Any suggestions you'd care to make," said the twins, speaking alternately as was their custom.

"About rockets ——"

"Or anything ——"

"Gee, we'd be *grateful!*"

"We'd love," said Marnie, and her eyes were now as soft as her mother's, "to take care of you. In fact, we'll start right now."

Mr. Willing, startled, found himself in the midst of a flying squad which tenderly conducted him to the library. He was carefully deposited in the most comfortable chair; cushions were fluffed up around him; a cup of hot tea was brought in and set next to him; a footstool was put under his feet and blinds were drawn. Hushed voices inquired whether he was comfortable and whether there was anything he needed.

Mr. Willing shook his head. In spite of his aching limbs, he was aware of a sense of inner comfort and peace that he had hitherto associated only with Cristine. He looked at her children, feeling oddly constricted about the throat. Contradictory, exasperating, lovable—they were a part of Cristine and also, it seemed now, a part of him.

"Just remember to wash up," he told them severely. "So your mother doesn't come home to find a bunch of ill-favored little apes."

"Thank you kindly," they chorused with gentle sarcasm, tiptoeing out of the room.

"Never mindly," said Mr. Willing as he settled down to wait for Cristine. END

People use CHI-NET® Plates

in all kinds of places

for all kinds of meals



CHI-NET®

the paper plate everybody likes

Outdoors and indoors . . . for picnics and parties . . . for quick meals and snacks . . . for breakfast, lunch and dinner, CHI-NET molded paper plates are always right for modern, easy living.

CHI-NET paper plates are molded to shape . . . they stay rigid even when piled high with food. And they have such a wonderful smooth, white finish you are proud to use them.

Look for CHI-NET paper plates at leading food or variety stores. Available in three popular round sizes for breakfast, lunch or snacks, compartment round dinner size and Square Meal Trays, especially popular for TV dinners. Look for the CHI-NET oval on the package.

KEYES FIBRE COMPANY
WATERVILLE, MAINE

Be Wise-Buy KEYES MOLDED PRODUCTS



for those who like it HOTTER

Snider's chili-pepper flavor gives food a bright new lift. It heightens your enjoyment but never bites your tongue. Whatever tastes good with catsup tastes better with Snider's. Won't you try it?

© 1957 Snider Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.



Varsity man Steve (with stripes for two years as guard) gave his jacket to Judy. She works part time in State Historical building, found her tenderness dawning "when he used to come into the library all bruised."

Campus Romance

Steve Ambrose and Judy Dorlester, of the University of Wisconsin, will take marriage vows with his bachelor's degree.

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABBOT MILLS

Steve Ambrose headed his father's new car toward home in Whitewater, Wisconsin, early that hot summer morning in 1953. The rugged seventeen-year-old high-school football star was worried. He was going to be late for work. He was still thinking about the girl he was leaving behind in Madison when his car hit a curve doing 75 mph. Moments later there was only the mangled wreckage of the brand-new automobile lying on the curve in the highway where it had careened off a stone wall. Unconscious in the wreck lay Steve with blood pouring from a gash in his knee.

He woke up swearing a blue streak, thinking, "I'll never play football again!" It wasn't a pleasant thought. He had great plans for himself that fall as a freshman at the University of Wisconsin in Madison.

A farmer discovered him before oncoming traffic plowed into the wreck and soon he was returning to Madison in an ambulance doing 110 mph. "Then I was really scared. I thought they were going to kill me!"

He waited nervously in the hospital for the arrival of his father, Dr. Stephen Ambrose. When his father entered the room, he'd already checked and knew that Steve was all right. "Dad just looked at me and said, 'You've got to pay for it!' Then he drove me home without saying a word. My mother was worried stiff about her poor little boy, until she saw I was O.K. Then she hit the roof!"

Later that same day Steve found himself unloading pig iron and coal from railroad cars. "It wasn't till then that the shock started catching up with me," he says. "Then I began shaking like a leaf in the hot sun."

That same fall in 1953, pretty, dark-haired Judy Dorlester decided she would take a Ford Foundation scholarship examination, just for the fun of it. She was fifteen then and lived in Queens, New York, with her younger brother, Mark, and her parents, who both worked. Her father, David Dorlester, is now assistant principal of the Horace Greeley Junior High School in Queens. Her mother, Helen, works for a costume-jewelry firm in the Bronx.

As a junior at the Bayside High School in Queens, Judy was an outstanding student, but not an altogether happy one. She had reached her full height (5′6″) at thirteen and literally found herself looking down on a great number of her classmates. She hoped that just maybe she could win a scholarship—someday—somewhere. Her wish came true with a bang. Shortly after Christmas she was the proud owner of a $500 scholarship to the University of Wisconsin.

Judy's parents were very pleased and not in the least worried about CONTINUED ON PAGE 111



When a girl gets pinned, she gets serenaded. Chi Psi men and Judy's dormitory mates alternate on "sweetheart" songs. Kiss and cheer end ceremony. Steve and Judy were slow to get acquainted. She suggested when he phoned, "I don't like first dates—could we pretend it's our second?" He grunted agreeably, she remembers. Date: December 15, '56. Pin: February 17, '57.



At statue of Lincoln: a talk with history professor Hesseltine. Steve, immersed in Civil War, biked in 1956 to battlegrounds in 4 states. Total equipment: "a hammock, pair of pants and two T shirts."

Study is solemn, social life slap-happy. Almost half of Wisconsin U. students work their way through college.

Philosophy is only class they take together. Here they sit side by side near door, lean forward to hear student Dave Loeffler talk on "Problem of the Artist in Contemporary Society." Both like the idea that "the instructor, Mr. Kaelin, turns the class over to us and makes us *think* out the material."







While sophomores Jan Elliot and Susan Martin play ukuleles, Arlis Edgington dances in grass skirt and Judy thrums tambourine to pass time before dinner call. Wisconsin U. boasts of its international flavor. The 22,000 enrollment (16,000 on Madison campus) includes students from 60 countries.

Roughhouse for Judy, after getting her pin, includes being dumped in shower with her clothes on. In spring, girls get dunked in Lake Mendota. "It helps to be hardy," she says of campus life and love. Steve so often cuffs her fondly that a friend recently said, "He ought to call her Puppet because he's always punchin' Judy."



Luau, a favorite campus party, calls for little work. Paper on floor holds fruits and meats, calls for occasional threats to barefoot guests. "Keep your feet off the table!" Steve asked Judy to party at Chi Psi Lodge, pointed out ex-girl friends. "I ignored him." Both left dance at 10 P.M. She has to keep her marks up for scholarship aid, he for teaching post.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109 her going away to start college at the tender age of sixteen. "I had been dating since I was thirteen, usually with boys at least two years older than myself. However," she adds, "my parents were always very strict. I could never go to a party without an adult present and I couldn't stay out to all hours of the night. They also wanted to know exactly where I was going after school and I'm glad they did."

While Judy was completing her junior year at Bayside, anxiously looking forward to the next fall, Steve Ambrose, a boy she would later meet, was already getting a good taste of life as a college freshman at Wisconsin.

Steve was advised to join a fraternity because the pledges lived in the fraternity houses and were made to study. If their grades weren't up, they weren't allowed to become members.

With this in mind, he immediately started accepting bids from fraternities, though he knew his father wanted him to be a Psi Upsilon. "I was so worried I didn't sleep for two weeks and lost ten pounds. Finally three Chi Psi's cornered me after the Marquette game and smooth-talked me into joining their fraternity. It was quite a blow to my father, who wanted to give me his Psi Upsilon pin at initiation," Steve recalls, "and now I know it wouldn't have made that much difference. They're all swell guys, but at the time you think you're signing your life away."

He also went out for freshman football with all the assurance of a 190-pound high-school football captain and star. He soon found he was only one of 180 hopefuls, among whom were many outstanding athletes.

After plugging away on the seventh team, he began to get fed up. He decided to go to one more practice. Then he'd quit. During that practice he gave all he had, and by luck he was spotted by the first-string freshman coach. The next day he was playing in the line on the first squad.

Football season was hardly over when Steve, at seventeen, fell "madly in love" with a twenty-one-year-old Kappa Kappa Gamma. "But she was never interested in me and finally cut me off. I felt so bad," Steve remembers, "that I walked all over the frozen lake that night, half hoping I'd bust through the ice."

Spring came and so did a second love, in May. This time she was a Pi Beta Phi freshman his own age. He drove from Whitewater to visit her while she attended summer school and that fall, the start of his sophomore year, he pinned her.

"But she lived in Elizabeth Waters Hall, at the top of Observatory Hill, a mile and a half from the Chi Psi lodge. After three months of walking a mile and a half to see her every day, I decided the walk was too long and we got unpinned," Steve recalls.

This was also the fall that Judy Dorlester had been waiting for. Skipping her senior year of high school, she came to Madison and lived with four other girls a mile off campus in a private home.

She soon knew this was a mistake. "I found I was missing all kinds of wonderful

Steve, 21, Judy, 18, plan a summer marriage, a full life ahead to share.

activities on campus. So my second semester I moved on campus, into Villa Maria, a private dormitory that houses a hundred and twenty girls."

Judy continued to do well with her studies, and because there was still a financial need, the Ford Foundation upped the $250 a semester to $400.

There was still room and board to pay at Villa Maria, however. It cost $980 a year. Judy's parents helped all they could, but more was needed, so she got various jobs through friends and through the campus employment agency. One job was at the State Historical Library checking coats, getting books and taking visitors on tours through the museum. Another was in the dean's office during registration weeks. She also did baby-sitting. The jobs paid from 85 cents to $1 an hour. One 85-cent job had her calculating the heartbeat of hibernating chipmunks for the physiology department.

As a high-school girl, Judy had avoided sororities. "They were against my principles. I didn't like to join exclusive groups and have my friends hand-picked for me." At Wisconsin she got several bids, but again decided against joining. "Out here you can still have a wonderful time without being a sorority girl," she explains.

Unlike Steve, Judy was not smitten by the opposite sex. She now felt dating was "wishy-washy." "I found people were afraid to be themselves. Most of the time you sat around in dark fraternity houses talking platitudes all night. That first year was mostly a matter of weeding out—and they were mostly weeds," she adds dryly.

But during her second semester she started CONTINUED ON PAGE 114



In Whitewater, Steve's mother, "Cee-Cee," shows Judy scrapbooks she has kept on him. Judy loves their home—"full of personal feeling and hobbies"—hopes her own will be like it. Steve warns he's "going to hang pictures of Civil War generals all over the house." Judy's idea for children's room: "White walls kids can paint on."



As term draws to a close, they walk to Vilas Park for tennis—also their favorite spot for skating, hiking or visiting zoo. When Judy saw a mother lion fussing over a sore-pawed father lion she mused, "How universal." Steve whacked her with a tennis racket. After final exams they plan honeymoon in his family's summer cabin on Lake Tripp.

'Cool off with Borden's Buttermilk"... says Elsie, the Borden Cow

ELSIE: What a lovely playpen, Elmer! Now our little twins will get plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

ELMER: I've had plenty already! I'm about to melt.

ELSIE: Have some country-fresh Borden's Buttermilk. It's cooling and non-fattening, because it's *low in calories* — only about 85 in a big glassful! *I'm* going to have an Orange Buttermilk Cooler.

ELMER: Woman, are you suggesting I'm overweight? I happen to *like* my buttermilk straight.

ELSIE: Of course, dear, and it's very good for you. You know Borden's Buttermilk contains all the important proteins and minerals of milk, *plus an extra something that tones up the digestive system.*

ORANGE BUTTERMILK COOLER

1 cup chilled Borden's Buttermilk
1 large scoop Borden's orange sherbet

Combine buttermilk and sherbet; beat until smooth and creamy. Garnish with orange slice and maraschino cherry. Serve with colorful straw.

Get Borden's Buttermilk at your food store, or from your Borden man. And watch for the Borden twin values at your food store.

See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice," and "Fury."





Borden's

Milk • Fine Cheeses
Ice Cream • Starlac

©1957, The Borden Company

For 100 years folks have been saying, "If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

going around with a senior. It didn't work. "He browbeat me with a lot of intellectual stuff, trying to prove how little I knew. This happens to a lot of girls. Anyway, I went home at the end of my freshman year practically a nervous wreck."

That summer Judy worked as a camp counselor in the Adirondacks and earned $100. So far she had never heard of a Wisconsin football player named Steve Ambrose.

While Judy was trying out her freshman wings, Steve was having his share of troubles. "During my sophomore year [1954–55] I became the playboy of the western world. I spent a lot of money, drank too much, and took out lots of girls. I was just generally fouled up," he remembers.

The main trouble seemed to be two premed courses that weren't agreeing with him. At the end of the year he got D's in both, but A's in two history courses. He also dropped his medical ambitions.

However, not all was black that "fouled-up sophomore year." He was a third-string guard on the varsity squad and made all the trips with the team. He organized a highly successful interfraternity track meet, and as a member of the Student Forum Committee was asked to be the producer-director of "Quiz the Professor," a student TV show on Station WHA-TV. He was also elected to MACE, a junior men's honorary society in which he served as secretary-treasurer the next fall.

By far the most important event of the year was a history course he took from Prof. William B. Hesseltine. Steve was so inspired by this teacher that he decided to be a history major, especially concentrating on the Civil War period. "I didn't date or drink all summer between my sophomore and junior years. All I did was read about the Civil War. After a while it really gets you," he says.

When Judy was a sophomore, and Steve a junior, they were both on the Student Forum Committee. This group of about thirty students plans interesting programs and arranges for guest speakers to visit the university.

It was a happy year for Judy and she dated a lot of the boys on the Forum Committee. "They were wonderful and all had something to talk about," she recalls. Somehow Steve was one boy on the committee that she didn't date that year, or even really notice until late that spring.

By then Steve had been pinned and unpinned a second time, had joined the Civil War Round Table in Madison, and was elected by the Wisconsin Alumni Association one of the six outstanding men in the junior class. He was also starting his senior honor thesis on Gen. Henry Wager Halleck, Lincoln's Chief of Staff.

He was working on this thesis when Judy first really noticed him. "I wondered what a good-looking boy like that was doing, working in the library on a Friday night. So when he stepped out of the room for a cigarette, I trotted right out after him and tried to make small talk. But," she sighs, "he was awfully involved in his work and nothing came of it." And nothing did until the following fall.

There is little of moonlight and roses in the story of their romance as they tell it. Current college talk is jovially rough, brusque, impersonal, with heavy overtones of sarcasm and irony. Most of the humor on campus is of the Charles Addams variety, and anybody who so far forgot himself as to utter any faintly tender sentiments—at least in public—would be marked as hopelessly square. So the terms of endearment heard between these two young people, who have decided quite maturely that they love each other and want to spend the rest of their lives together, are likely to be, "Shut up, you stupid chump!" or "Oh, you conceited oaf!" This hardly sounds romantic, but Steve and Judy understand each other, and they are sure. And, in spite of the studied offhandedness of their speech, when you see them look at each other in an unguarded moment, you're sure too.

The school year started as usual last fall with Steve busy playing football, as varsity guard, in the rugged Big Ten schedule. However, he wasn't too busy to think quite a lot about Judy, who often checked his coat at the State Historical Library, where they both worked fifteen hours a week and studied.

"I had some good, solid, irrational hates then," Steve says candidly. "I naturally didn't know what I was talking about, but I was violently anti-Semitic, anti-New Yorkers, and anti-Ford Foundation students—and Judy was all of those! When I met her they sure went up in smoke." Steve says now that anyone with "good, solid, irrational hates" will quickly lose them if he'll just think, "Why?"

One night he saw her studying, and right then and there asked her out. "I'd already planned to study with some friends, so had to turn him down," Judy remembers regretfully. "I know it made him mad. I'd heard he was conceited, though," she adds with a teasing glance at Steve, "so I thought it would be good for him, but I was kind of sorry about it."

Steve was miffed at being turned down in favor of a study session, but recovered in time to ask Judy to the Chi Psi formal in November. Again he failed, this time because he got Judy's roommate, Judy Keller, on the phone by accident. After straightening out the Judys, he gave up until December 15th.

"That day he called and asked me out. He even asked where I'd like to go. I thought it was very considerate of him and suggested we go to the Student Union, where we could play table tennis or bowl. So," says Judy with a conspicuous lack of resignation, "we went to the movies!"

The theater was crowded, so they stopped first for a bite to eat. Judy told Steve about the great American novel she planned to write. "Steve said that Huck Finn was the great American novel. He was also very sweet and told me not to write myself out in my first book as some authors have done. At least it sounded as if he took me halfway seriously." However, Judy was still skeptical about him. "Maybe because he was so polite."

"I thought, 'This gal is sort of screwy,' and wondered if I'd take her out again," Steve claims. But he told her he'd call. Instead, Judy got a note saying that he'd gone home for Christmas vacation early. "I dropped her a Christmas card and wrote her three letters, I never mailed," Steve admits.

"I didn't even send him a card," Judy laughs. "But I did go to Harvard over the vacation and had a ball! I was almost sorry to get back."

The day after Judy returned to school, Steve took her to see All the King's Men. They stopped going out with others, and saw each other every day.

A week later they got into an argument. "Steve said that great men shape events. I argued that social forces shape events," Judy says. "Before we were through, I told him I'd have to think about it. He was sure he had proved his point."

Judy will still tell you that social forces shape events. But that evening Steve proved to some degree, his theory might also be right.

They were standing in the hall of Ville Maria at 10:30 when the bells began to ring and the lights began to blink "abandon ship" for all visiting males. Judy's arms were full of books (that and smoking a cigarette are two favorite "good-night-kiss defenses" used by the girls). Suddenly Steve took away Judy's

NEXT MONTH

Mel Travioli cannot get out of bed, bathe, shave or dress, or eat by himself. His adoring wife and three children worship him. Customer-friends who nightly buy papers call him "First citizen of Beverly Hills."

THE HAPPY MAN

By HELEN ITRIA

HOW AMERICA LIVES in the August JOURNAL

"down east" good eating in your own back yard

When you get the folks together for a real outdoor treat — be sure there's plenty of these genuine New England B&M Brick Oven Baked Beans on hand. Baked in an old fashioned brown sugar sauce, they'll add eating pleasure to everything you serve.

B&M



BRICK OVEN BAKED BEANS

in New England Sauce with Pork

Burnham & Morrill Co., Portland, Maine

ooks and kissed her. Never at a loss for ords, Judy said, "I was wondering when you ere going to get around to that!" She claims er "big, handsome football player" answered amazement, "What d' ya mean, 'get around that!'" Steve maintains loftily that he purosely didn't kiss her the first couple of dates ecause he knew it had her worried.

They went out a lot together after that, but wasn't until Steve took her home, January th, between semesters, that Judy really arted making up her mind about him.

"I've been in a lot of homes," says Judy, ut I've never felt so welcome, or at home, I did at Steve's house. Cee-Cee, Steve's other, treated me like an old friend the moent we were introduced." Judy also disvered that "Steve and his brothers love to retend they have no use for one another. But ey can't hide the warm admiration and ffection beneath all that bluster and bluff," idy says.

Steve's older brother is a marine first lieunant at Quantico, Virginia. Willie, his unger brother, is a freshman at Wisconsin, edging Chi Psi. "After visiting his home, my oubts about Steve vanished and I knew I was lling in love," Judy remembers.

The very next day Steve went to Baton ouge to look over Louisiana State Uniersity, where he now plans to be an assistant acher this fall. Then he stopped at New rleans.

"I was in the Old Absinthe House and I ked Fats Pinchon, a wonderful piano player, autograph one of his records for me. I ked him to write 'To Judy' on it. When he ked who Judy was I heard myself saying, he's the girl I'm going to marry in June,'" ys Steve, still amazed at himself.

Steve called Judy the minute he got back. He came in with a big sun tan and asked me ow I liked it. He's a real romantic, you now," Judy says with a wink. "He would ve ridden in on a white horse if he'd had e. Anyway, I told him I'd love him even if was pale purple. Then I realized I'd told m that I loved him," Judy recalls, equally nazed. "It really shook me up," says Steve th a straight face.

Later he told Judy that he'd been pinned ice, but thought he was "getting a little old r that kind of stuff. I was trying to impress r on how young she was," he adds. Judy reed that being pinned was "kid stuff."

"Anyway," Steve continues, "I left my pin home to protect myself."

On Sunday, February 17th, he called his mother and asked her to send his fraternity pin. "I was going to ask for it anyway," Judy now admits. They studied together in the university library that afternoon. "I kept looking at her—tall and slim, like a young fawn—and the more I watched her, the more I loved her," Steve says in one of his rare serious moments. "Later we left the library and were walking down Langdon Street. Judy was talking too much as usual. So I told her to 'shut up' and pushed her against a wall so she'd listen. Then I told her how much I loved her and explained ——" "He said," Judy interrupts happily, "'Judy, you know I . . . er . . . um . . . ah . . . can't afford it' (long pause) 'so . . . um . . . I want you to understand that the pin is an engagement ring.' I said I understood."

Judy naturally couldn't wait to tell her friends at Villa Maria. They were all delighted but, in dormitory spirit, started ribbing Judy about Steve's pin. "We hear he has his own pearl divers," they said. Or she would hear them mimic Steve's call home: "Mother, will you please send my pin? No, not the one in the medicine chest. No, not the one in my desk drawer. You know, mother, the one in the shoe box in the bottom of my bureau!"

All parents concerned were very happy. The wedding is planned for this summer, to be held in Chicago. Judy's mother is making her dress—a ballerina-length organdy. Steve's brother William is to be best man.

Some friends do worry about their different religious backgrounds. Judy is Jewish and Steve is a Congregationalist. "It is only in their eyes that our difference is a problem," Judy explains. "Neither Steve nor I nor our parents have made an issue out of it. The basic tenets of both our faiths are a belief in God, doing for others as we would have others do unto us, and following the Ten Commandments. These are the things which we believe are most important in religion and which we share. We don't feel that it matters whether we or our children pray in a church or a synagogue, so long as we follow these basic lessons of humanity." Steve and Judy think now that they will bring up their children as Unitarians.

The couple plan a one-week honeymoon at a cabin owned by Steve's parents in Northern Wisconsin. After that they will move into the married couples' dorms on campus, where they will set up house for the summer on money Steve has saved from his athletic scholarships.

In September they will move to Louisiana State University, where Steve has a teaching

How Steve and Judy plan to make ends meet when they live in Baton Rouge, next fall

They have a nest egg ($1000 in hand now—money saved from Steve's athletic scholarships, etc., plus $300 they expect to save from summer work)	$1300	Steve's income from teaching assistantship . . .	$1100
		Judy's anticipated income from secretarial work (10 months)	2000
		Total Income	$3100

How they think they'll spend the money from September to June (10 months)

Rent (Steve: "We ought to get a furnished apartment for $80 a month")	$ 800	Clothing (Steve: "We'll buy light stuff at end-of-summer sales." Judy: "Mother makes lots of my clothes.")	?
Food (Steve: "Rice and sea food are cheap. We surely can't eat more than $100 a month")	1000	Utilities, telephone (Judy: "I guess we'll need a phone.") .	?
Income taxes (rough estimate on $3100, taken from 1956 tax forms)	300	Furniture, appliances, housewares ("Don't furnished apartments come with cleaning equipment?")	?
Car expenses (Steve's guess, $5 a week)	225	Tuition (His assistantship includes this free)	—
Cigarettes (They figure $150 a year)	125	Recreation (Steve: "I have a lot of records and books." Much campus entertainment is low-cost or free)	?
Dry cleaning, shoe repair, laundry ("We'll have laundry, anyway.")	?	Savings (*They plan to save a great deal, in the hope that Judy can finish her A.B., Steve complete work for his Ph.D. in 1958–59*)	?
Medical, dental care (Steve's hospital insurance is free. His doctor father suggests Judy procure Blue Cross coverage)	?		



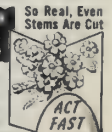
Tweedie Footwear Corporation • Jefferson City, Mo.

PREVENT INSECT BITES WITH Orcopel REPEL-PAPER



Use like cleansing tissue to repel mosquitoes, gnats, chiggers, flies. Guaranteed effective and absolutely safe; non-toxic, non-irritating. *At dealers everywhere.*
Orchard Paper Co. • St. Louis 15, Mo.
10 Reusable Sheets in Plastic Pouch 25¢

Sell Amazing "Cut Flowers" GREETING CARDS
Make 85¢ on Every $1.25 Box
Earn extra money NOW with outstanding year-round money makers! No experience needed. Show friends FREE Samples of new Christmas Cards from lovely Personal Album; full line new Gift Novelties; best-selling card Assortments. Up to $100 in Gift Bonuses besides big cash profits. *Rush name for Samples on approval.* $1 Nest Egg Banks *free* if you act fast!
CREATIVE CARDS, 4401 Cermak, Dept. 134-G, Chicago 23



So Real, Even Stems Are Cut
ACT FAST Get $1 "Golden Nest Egg" FREE

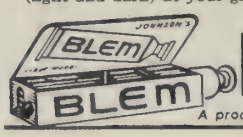
Do You Need EXTRA INCOME?

YOU can profit, ■ do thousands of others, by using our money-making plan. Our subscription commission offer is enthusiastically used by folks in many communities. You can offer and profit from *Ladies' Home Journal, The Saturday Evening Post, Holiday, Jack and Jill* and many other popular publications. Write today for our easy-to-follow plan and supplies. No obligation. Address your request to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
989 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

FIRST AID FOR FURNITURE
RUB OUT BURNS
other scars, scratches no polish can touch

Save costly refinishing! Repair furniture damage at home with BLEM—new professional finish restoring compound. BLEM recompounds the surface, removes charred edges, helps restore color *permanently!* Effective for "white marks", nail polish, milk, alcohol blemishes. Two shades (light and dark) at your grocer's now.



BLEM
A product of Johnson's Wax

This Clever New "Miniature Mixer"
SALT and PEPPER SET
Yours to keep for only 10¢



REGULAR PRICE $1.25
TOP TILTS BACK; shakers and bowl easily removed.



A SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—To Prove How Easily You Can Make $50 to $250 or More with Doehla Christmas Cards!

THIS Offer is made to show how easy it is to make money in spare time showing lovely new Doehla Christmas Cards and Gift Items to your friends and neighbors. *No experience needed.*

Mail Coupon Now — We'll also send several boxes of cards on approval. Harry Doehla and Associates, Studio L17, Nashua, N. H., or St. Louis 1, Mo., ■ Palo Alto, Calif.

There's a Doehla Associate nearby to serve you.

HARRY DOEHLA and ASSOCIATES, Studio L17,
Nashua, N. H. OR St. Louis 1, Mo. OR Palo Alto, Calif.
(Address office nearest you)

Send "Miniature Mixer" Salt ■ Pepper Set for which I enclose only 10c; also send several boxes of Christmas Cards on approval, with full details of the Doehla "Extra Money" Plan. (*Offer limited to one to ■ family.*)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
☐ Check here for Special FUND-RAISING Plan for church, school, club or organization.

JULY GIFT SPECIAL!

For the best iced tea you ever tasted . . .

New PYREX® Instant Coffee and Tea Maker

(with Tea Ball)



8-cup size, regularly $3.95, ONLY $2.88 You save $1.07

12-cup size, regularly $4.95, ONLY $3.88 You save $1.07

An especially good buy any time this July!

- ★ Just in time for iced-tea season!
- ★ Makes finer flavored instant coffee and tea, because smooth, non-porous PYREX ware can't absorb or pass on any other taste.
- ★ Use the attractive tea ball for brewing loose tea, or use handy tea bags.
- ★ Also ideal as smart server for hot chocolate, lemonade, juices, milk, and other beverages.
- ★ Has beautiful 22-kt. gold decorations, capacity markings, stay-cool handle, and wide neck with removable cover for easy cleaning.
- ★ Attractively gift wrapped, so choose yours now—and save—at your nearby housewares store.
- ★ This special offer ends midnight, July 31st, so hurry!

THERE'S ONLY ONE PYREX® BRAND WARE, A PRODUCT OF CORNING GLASS WORKS, CORNING, NEW YORK

VISIT THE CORNING GLASS CENTER, CORNING, N.Y. CORNING MEANS RESEARCH IN GLASS

assistantship paying $1100 a year, plus tuition and medical insurance. Judy hopes to work as a secretary, earning about $200 a month, she thinks.

After a year, Steve would like to return to Wisconsin and start on his Ph.D. ("I can help him—type his papers and thesis," says Judy), but Uncle Sam will probably call him first. In that case Judy will probably be a camp wife and Steve hopes to get on an Army football team.

One could never tell by watching that Steve and Judy are a prospective bride and groom. More likely than not, Steve is punching Judy's arm or playfully choking her, "to keep her in shape." You can hear him accuse her of showing her ignorance in philosophy class, or Steve will beef about the library fines he pays for her. "And we're not even married yet," he grumbles. "She could have bought the book for less!"

Judy, not being an avid football fan, will refer to Steve as, "My big handsome football hero," getting as much sarcasm into the words as she can. She is forever calling him "conceited," or a "swell head," and will accuse him of wearing his red jacket because some girl told him that he looked like James Dean in it.

Asked the direct question, "Why did you fall in love with each other?" Judy answers quietly, "I love Steve for his understanding and his honesty, and for his ability to stand up for what he thinks is right." Steve says, "My girl is sweet, sincere and sensible."

A moment later they're back at their current argument over the double-ring ceremony. Steve says teasingly that wearing a ring will tie him down. Judy reminds him of what the Rev. Max Gaebler said when they planned the wedding: "Remember, Steve, the ring is for your finger, not your nose." END

COOLERS Tall and Frosty



Eight new drinks for your "thirst-aid handbook" this summer. They're tall, frosty with a bit of flavor mystery about them. Just enough to pique the curiosity.

MINTED GRAPE SIP. An easy-to-make cooler, perfect for unexpected callers. It's made by simply mixing 1 cup ice-cold water with 2 cups chilled grape juice, 2½ cups chilled orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons sugar and 2 teaspoons mint-and-peppermint extract. Pour into 5 tall, frosted glasses and top with a spoonful of lemon sherbet and a sprig of mint.

ROSEMARY FIZZ. To make this delightfully cool and colorful drink, simmer 2 tablespoons crushed rosemary leaves, 3 tablespoons sugar and a dash of salt in ½ cup water for 2 minutes. Cool and strain. In a tall, chilled pitcher, mix an 18-ounce can apricot nectar with 1 quart ginger ale and ½ cup lime juice. Pour into 8 tall, ice-filled glasses and garnish with twists of lime rind.

HERBED TOMATO COOLER. Children are always calling for refreshing drinks during the hot summer months. A delightful "herby" one, which is incidentally packed with nourishing food, is made by simmering ½ cup tomato juice with 2 tablespoons crushed basil leaves for 3 minutes. Chill and strain. Add the strained juice to 3 cups cold tomato juice mixed with 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Then thoroughly beat in ½ cup commercial sour cream. This makes 4 good servings.

PINEAPPLE FRAPPÉ. Gentle marjoram makes a subtle but pleasing "difference" in this cooling fruit concoction. Mix ¼ cup crushed marjoram leaves with 2 cups pineapple juice in a covered saucepan. Simmer for 3 minutes. Cool. Strain. In a bowl, mix the steeped pineapple juice, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons lime juice, 3 more cups pineapple juice and ½ cup puréed fresh strawberries. Place shaved ice in 9 cocktail glasses. Pour in the herbed pineapple-juice mixture. Garnish with a whole fresh strawberry in each glass and serve with straws.

PEACH COCKTAIL. A quickie appetizer or between-meals cooler is this peach-and-orange combination with its spiking of tarragon. In an electric blender mix 1 cup orange juice, 2 peeled and pitted peaches cut into eighths or ½ cup thawed frozen sliced peaches, ½ cup sugar (if you use fresh peaches; ⅓ cup if you use frozen peaches), 1½ teaspoons crushed tarragon leaves, ⅓ cup lemon juice and 5 ice cubes, crushed. Cover and whiz for about 30 seconds at high speed. Serve immediately in small glasses. This makes 6 good servings

PETER'S PUNCH. Mix together 1 can frozen limeade concentrate and 1 can frozen orange-juice concentrate. Add 5 cans water and ⅓ cup grenadine. Mix well and serve over cracked ice. Makes 4 glasses.

PEACH-GINGER COOLER. Use 1 package frozen sliced peaches that have been thawed. Drain well, and dice. Add ¾ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon ginger and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Mash lightly and mix well. When ready to serve, spoon mixture equally into 4 tall glasses. Fill remainder of glasses with 4 small bottles ginger ale. Stir well. Serve it iced. Garnish with orange slices.

CAPTIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

guess it's better than starving. We've been hungry for so long."

The sign loomed up then: BOUNDARY NAVAHO RESERVATION. WATCH FOR WAGONS.

From the helicopter, the country looked like the wastelands of the moon, slashed in fantastic shapes, stark and grim.

Joe Barnes slouched at the controls, a balding man in his fifties with a face the texture of elephant skin. "What time you got, Marv?" he asked the younger man who sat beside him, a tall, hard-muscled fellow in his early thirties, with jet hair inclined to curl and brows so prominent they gave his moody eyes the effect of being deep-set.

Joe slid him a sideways glance. Sometimes Marv didn't answer when asked a question. He wasn't much for talking, because he never could seem to get the words out. *That's not good for a man*, Joe thought.

Marv said, "Ten after."

"We should've picked 'em up before this."

As Joe held the binoculars on the long black ribbon cutting across the land for endless miles, he tried to come to grips with the trouble in his hand. Ten years ago, when he first met Marv down in the Arizona penitentiary at Florence, he'd had the steadiest hand and eye and mind in the business. Marv had said once, "Joe, you old goat, you wouldn't bat an eyelash if they were stringin' you up."

Marv was different. He wasn't one to stretch back with a cigarette and let the smoke drift.

Joe took a deep breath. They'd hit it off well from the first, despite the gap in years between them. So when they got out, Joe had tied up with him because he had a "feeling," and he'd never missed when he had a "feeling."

Only now he wasn't so sure.

"That's the Cameron trading post," Joe said, nodding toward a clot of buildings and cottonwoods.

He continued to scan the country intently, letting the 'copter run itself, its blades cutting the still air with a monotonous rhythm. A few miles farther, he veered the craft to the right, away from Highway 89, following a sandy, corduroy road to Tuba City, which was not a city at all but a gas station, trading post, hospital, and several low Government buildings, all strung out along a quiet road shaded by ging cottonwoods.

"These Navvies don't have any towns," Joe said. "Never have had. Anything they call a settlement was built by the white man."

They were deep into Navaho country now, last frontier that spread over 16,000,000 acres, a "nation" bigger than Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire combined, inhabited by almost 80,000 Navahos who called themselves *Dine*, meaning The People.

It was a perfect spot for a setup, Joe had said. It was so remote that there was no railroad, no bus, no power lines, no gas, no television, and the only telephone was a Government line running out of Window Rock on the New Mexico border.

"Why, kid," Joe had said as they sat over beers in a Los Angeles motel planning the operation, "you wouldn't believe there could be anything like it in the United States."

Joe knew this country. He had grown up at Blanding, Utah, the first white town of any size north of the Navaho reservation. "I pulled my first job at Monticello. Blew a feed store and got thirty-six bucks, and you couldn't hold me after that. Struck right off for the Coast, figuring the big money was over there. My old man didn't care. He'd taken up with a Mex and she didn't like me."

As Joe settled the 'copter lower, barely skimming the rutted road, they saw scattered hogans. "See those upside-down bird nests? They live in 'em—sort of log cabins, 'ceptin' they got roofs made of mud and six sides."

Marv yawned, then came suddenly alive. "That's them," he said, indicating a dark car that bounced dangerously as it swayed around a sharp curve over the rough road. A billowing cloud rose behind.

Joe said, "About five miles more."

Marv checked his gun and wiped his dry lips.

Joe continued, "You're thinking it's a three-way split—twenty thousand dollars for each of us and twenty thousand dollars for the setup guy in Flagstaff. And if you could cut old Joe Barnes out, it'd be thirty thousand dollars. One bullet—worth ten thousand bucks."

Marv stared at him, grim. Joe looked amused, never taking his eyes from the car he was stalking He held the 'copter back, following the cloud of dust.

"There isn't a guy breathing doesn't think like that. But you just keep it in your head, kid."

"You're big crazy," Marv said.

The car turned right on a trail barely sketched. Joe lifted the 'copter, took the binoculars from Marv and looked for Navahos. A helicopter was a remarkable invention. It left no cloud of dust hanging in the air to mark it, and a man could take his prey by surprise and then make a fast, clean getaway. But best of all, a man could survey the country for miles to see who was about.

Clay Jackson took the corduroy road fast, finding grim zest in fighting it mile by mile, ducking the potholes and yanking the wheel to dodge sand traps. Outside of Tuba City they left the corduroy behind and flowed over a wide, smooth highway, so new they could smell the tar.

They passed Navahos in pickup trucks, often with their wives and four or five children crowded in the front seat. They roared past the huge funnellike contraptions of the Rare Metals Processing Company, that looked like something a spaceman might have rigged up to mine another planet. Shortly afterward, they turned right, taking a sandy trail over rolling desert land covered sparsely by low stunted growth.

"Don't see many 'copters out this way," Clay commented as the roar grew. And then it seemed the 'copter was almost sitting on them.

Clay slowed and took an upward look out the window. The 'copter sputtered and dropped a few feet.

"That fellow's in trouble," Clay said. He shot the car forward to get out from under, and the wheels skidded dangerously in the soft earth.

Jim Begay pulled his .45 and held it easily, his finger slipping by instinct about the trigger.

Joe said, "O.K., kid, get ready." Marv dropped the window and a sharp whish of air slapped them as he poked the Tommy gun out.

Joe said calmly, "Aim for the tires." He raced the 'copter ahead of the car, and Marv let go with a short burst.

The car below spurted and caromed wildly. As the road dipped low, so low that neither the automobile nor the 'copter could be seen, Joe set the craft astride the trail, dead in front of the car, which lurched to avoid hitting them, spun out of control, and careened with a resounding crash into a boulder.

Marv sat rigid at the window, not moving except to let the Tommy gun slide out of his hands and pick up the revolver.

Joe yelled, "Let's go."

Dropping from the 'copter, they raced for the protection of a rock as shots spattered the ground about them. Then Joe screamed as a bullet ripped into his chest near his shoulder socket. Marv stepped over his body as though it weren't there, and gained the rock.

As Jim Begay came out the car door, Marv's slug caught him at the second step. The Navaho rocked under the impact, struggled to keep his feet, then plunged face downward and never moved.

Swiftly Marv was on his feet, bending low, running, firing as he ran. Clay slumped over the car door, the rifle dropping from his hand.

Marv rose upright and stood tense, listening. He blasted the lock on the rear trunk expertly, and picked up the moneybag. Then he heard the deep, labored breath, and turned. Clay was struggling to lift his head. Marv took

ends dull, dry "thirsty" hair—replaces your natural beauty oils so each and every strand shines with new natural color brilliance

Helene Curtis

Lanolin Discovery®

THE NEW **HAIRDRESSING** IN SPRAY FORM

Unlike ordinary hairdressings which "coat" your hair—make it oily, LANOLIN DISCOVERY Hairdressing is pure greaseless lanolin in a mist so fine it is absorbed by each strand of hair. LANOLIN DISCOVERY replaces your natural hair oils—makes dull, dry, "thirsty" hair disappear. In just seconds you get the same naturally beautiful results as brushing your hair 100 strokes a day.



Used and recommended by beauticians everywhere. Available wherever cosmetics are sold

a step closer and fired. Opening the door, he let the body pitch to the ground and searched the clothing, finding only a wallet which he pocketed.

Only then did he turn back to Joe Barnes. He rolled a little as his feet found themselves unaccustomed to the rough, crunchy red earth that seemed firm enough on the surface but powdered at the touch. The acrid smell of bullet fire clung close to the ground, and the sun was suddenly hot. He walked with a pleased look.

Joe had been watching. "Why'd you do that, kid?"

"Whatcha want—a witness in court, stringing us up?" He crouched down, examined the wound and mopped up the blood with his handkerchief. "You got it bad."

He took his shirt off, tore it up and fashioned a crude bandage. Afterward he held the water canteen to Joe's lips.

"I can't make it, kid," Joe said.

"You're making it." Marv helped him to his feet, slipped an arm under his good one, and supported him as he staggered toward the craft.

"If I pass out on you ——"

Marv got him behind the controls, Joe groaning and sitting stock-still a long time, breathing heavily, his eyes glazed with shock.

"O.K., let's get out of here."

Joe spun the motor, which responded instantly and settled down to the old familiar rhythm.

The craft lifted slowly. Marv reached across Joe to pick up the binoculars. He swept the country hurriedly, then scrutinized it mile by mile. He saw a couple of Navahos on horseback in the distance, a child tending sheep on a mesa to the far right, and a couple of hogans to the left.

"We've got to put down, kid," Joe said, half doubled up. "I can't make a hundred miles."

Back in Los Angeles, he had spread out a map of Arizona and pointed to a dot lettered "Chambers" on Highway 66, then moved his finger up a half inch. "We'll hide out a car here—at Wide Ruin—and after we finish the job we'll ditch the helicopter there, pick up our car, and whoosh, we'll be in Albuquerque."

Joe drew his breath in sharply. "Take a look at that gauge." He spoke with effort. "I'm not the only thing around here got plugged." The gauge showed "Empty" and the 'copter was dropping fast.

Marv thought he said it with relief. For a moment frustration grabbed him, blocking out his reason as always, exhorting his body to violence. When the spasm had ebbed, he put the binoculars to his eyes again.

"Look!" He pointed to two trailers parked side by side, about a mile ahead, and a car standing near them. "You gotta make it, Joe. If we can get that car ——" The sweat rose on his forehead.

The trailers squatted on the side of a jagged promontory, overlooking in the distance a turquoise pool in a rock basin. A small marker read: RED MESA TRAILER SCHOOL.

Seventeen children sat inside, lined up behind two rows of desks. The youngest was seven, the oldest twelve. The youngest paid no attention to the two teachers at the far end, being engrossed in drawing a picture to illustrate the word H-o-u-s-e. Painstakingly he was sketching a hogan.

He looked up guiltily as Ruth Madison tapped on the desk. She was tall and slender, in her early twenties, and had a well-scrubbed, wholesome outdoor look. Her sun brown contrasted sharply with her simple white blouse, and Navaho turquoise bits bobbed prettily at her ears as she talked. She had her hair pulled back in a pony tail, since the nearest beauty parlor was seventy-eight miles distant.

She spoke a sentence, and then waited while Mary Toatin, her assistant, translated it into Navaho for those children too young to understand English. She had grown fond of this Navaho girl, who had been her "roomie" since school started. Mary Toatin could have passed for a coed on any campus. She wore a sweater over a straight flannel skirt, bobby socks and saddle oxfords; her jet-black hair was pincurled; and she was collegiate in her talk.

Ruth closed her eyes and listened intently, wanting to learn Navaho. She listened to her vowels, since each vowel had four separate tones, and each tone a meaning in itself. She listened, too, to Mary's quick clutch of breath, the "glottal closure" that also held meaning.

A ten-year-old boy in the back interrupted. "Thirst is killing me," he said, translating his thought literally.

"No, no," Ruth said. "I told you, Chee, don't you remember? You say, 'I am thirsty' or 'I want a drink.'"

This was the most difficult part, breaking the children of Navaho thought patterns. It was always, "Hunger kills me," since such desires as hunger and thirst were outside pressures, not inward ones.

Chee corrected himself, grinning, and she dismissed him.

The alien sound outside that had been growing swelled into a roar, and she stepped to the door as Chee hurried back. "Heelicopter," he said, proud that he knew the word, and pointed straight up.

She moved outside and watched anxiously as she heard the telltale sputtering of the motor and saw the craft settling lower, tipping and definitely off keel. For a harrowing moment she thought it was going to sit on her car, a beaten-up Ford that had cost her three years' savings. The children crowded about, silent and awed by the sight.

A tall, lean man, a little older than herself, dropped with the easy spring of a cougar to the ground, and paced slowly toward them. He was stripped to the waist, and his skin was so white she knew he hadn't been long without a shirt. His gaze moved about over the trailers and her car and at last rested on her.

"You an American?" he asked, and she instantly resented him. Then as he turned his head slightly, she saw the dull red birthmark that spread from his jawline up to his eyes.

Her resentment changed to pity. She said quietly, "We're all Americans here."

He hesitated, uncertain how to take it, then continued, "I got a buddy who's hurt pretty bad. Stopped a bullet." He indicated his left shoulder. "He's bleeding ——"

She moved toward the other trailer that served as a home for her and Mary. "Can you get him over here?"

Without answering, he turned on his heels. She stripped back the covers from her bed, asked Mary to heat water, and quickly located the first-aid kit. She worked swiftly, methodically, her fingers sorting out the contents and arranging them on a low bookshelf by the bed. She slid a corner of her eye toward the 'copter, over the heads of the children crowded about the door, and noted that the wounded man was much older than the other who carried him.

She ordered Chee to take the class to the helicopter. "You tell how it works, Chee. You remember, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, ma'am," she corrected him.

Marv lowered the man to the edge of the bed. "You O.K., Joe?"

Joe shot a glance at the white sheets. "The blood," he mumbled.

"Stretch out," she told him, businesslike, lifting his legs and swinging them onto the bed.

She worked fast, clipping his shirt away, mopping up the blood and cauterizing the wound, and not liking what she saw. She asked, "What happened?"

The younger fellow hurried to answer: "We were out hunting. He shot himself—accidentally."

She glanced up in disbelief, meeting a gaze that dared her to dispute him. For the first time on the reservation, she was suddenly and unreasonably afraid. As she worked, she grew conscious of his steps as he shuffled about, inspecting the trailer.

"You live here by yourself?" he asked.

"Mary and I do."

He looked Mary over. "With an Indian?"

Her fingers stopped their work as Joe said, "Look, Marv, for God's sake ——" She saw Mary turn away to swallow the hurt, and felt instinctively protective toward her.

She answered quietly, "The Navahos are not race-conscious."

He stared at her a moment, his face dark, then shrugged.

"You're pretty good at that," the older man said as she bandaged the wound, fashioning a figure-8 pack. He had scarcely flinched.

"Are you from Window Rock?" she asked, knowing he wasn't.

The younger broke in sharply. "Where's that?"

"East of here, a hundred miles. It's the Government center. I thought maybe ——"

"No," Marv said. "We're from Williams."

Joe struggled to ease himself upright. "Where'd you work, girl? Before you came here?"

She tensed. "What do you mean?"

"Where'd you work as a nurse?"

She tried laughing. "My last patient was a goat. Fractured leg."

As the young fellow's eyes lingered about her, she turned away uncomfortably. He said "What's a pretty doll like you doing out here in this Godforsaken place?"

A pretty doll? It had been a long time since anyone had called her that. Two years. She remembered the last time to a day. It was cit talk. No one in this country was likely to call a woman a doll.

"It's a job." She looked down at Joe. "I've stopped the bleeding—but the bullet's got to come out. There's a hospital at Tuba City. I don't imagine it's more than ten, fifteen minutes by air."

The man called Marv interrupted: "Where's the phone?"

She pegged him then as a stranger and lying about coming from Williams, or he would have known. "Where do you want to call?" she asked, noting the mouth that was full-lipped and sensuous and tormented.

"Flagstaff." He was immediately suspicious. "Why?"

"You'll find a phone at the Tonalea trading post, ten miles from here."

Joe said flatly, "You're not calling anyone kid."

Marv shrugged again. "O.K., play it your way." He turned to her. "Is that your car out there?"

She nodded.

"We've had a breakdown ——"

Joe interrupted: "He means, ma'am, could we borrow it?"

Chee appeared in the doorway. "Miss Madison," he said timidly.

"Yes, Chee?"

"We found a bullet hole, Miss Madison."

The slap cracked against his jaw and his little body hit the earth hard. "Damn dirty little Indian," Marv said.

Everyone froze for a second, Ruth with a thermometer in hand, Mary with her mouth open, Joe with a thrust of pain set on his face and Chee sprawled on his back, too terrified to move. Then Ruth said in a low, angry voice, "Get out of here."

As she started to brush by him to help Chee, he fastened a hand about her wrist, gripped it and turned it with a snap, throwing her to the floor. Mary came for him, fists flailing. He swore, and sent a punch low into her body. She sobbed and doubled up.

He heard the hurried pat of feet on the soft red earth outside, swung about, and saw Chee thirty feet away, running.

Joe shouted, "Hold it, kid!" and aimed a kick at Marv that missed.

Marv fired, and yelled, "I got him," as Chee fell flat. Joe staggered to his feet. "You crazy fool," he said, but Marv didn't hear him. He saw the little form wriggling away toward undergrowth. He raised the .38, but Ruth grabbed for the weapon, sending the shot into the sky. With his left hand he knocked her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

NEXT MONTH

"SUDDENLY I FELT MY FLESH CREEP!"

"Again I caught the sound of that cautious, menacing step. I thought of the savage killer who had been at work here so recently. Mollie whispered, 'Get on.'" . . . Two reporters for rival newspapers, on the trail of a murderer, find themselves the pursued instead of the pursuers in "Beginner's Luck," a new mystery novel by Paul Somers, complete in this issue.

HE'S THE HAPPIEST MAN ON WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

Melvin Travioli sells newspapers in Beverly Hills, California, started selling them before he was ten years old. Now he is 50, has a wife, three children and his own home. Mel—everybody calls him Mel—is a spastic. You'll meet the Travioli family in "How America Lives."

"HE SAYS MY FEELINGS ABOUT SEX ARE ALL WRONG"

"My husband is 25. I am 23. After almost a year of marriage our relationship seems to be getting worse instead of better." Dr. Clifford Adams helps a young wife find answers to her problem of who is "right" and who is "wrong" in marriage quarrels.

THE "NO-WILL-POWER" WAY TO A PERFECT FIGURE

Her wedding dress was size 12. When Mallory Baele decided to lose the excess weight she had acquired, she was wearing a size 48 and weighed 245 pounds. With her doctor, she worked out what she calls the No-Will-Power Diet "because it is excuse proof." In ten months she was wearing size 12 again and weighed her present 125 pounds.

WHAT'S COOLER THAN A CUCUMBER?

Cucumber frappé is the answer, one of the most refreshing ways to start a summer meal. "Collector's Items" tells how to prepare it and gives nine new recipes for seasonable, delicious soups.

A SCHOOL WHERE IT DOESN'T COST A CENT TO ENROLL

Every boy and girl at the School of the Ozarks at Point Lookout, Mo., has a job. Here is a school where they may work to pay all expenses. "Life isn't a handout," says M. Graham Clark, president. The Public Affairs Department reports on "High School is Worth Working For."

YOUR FIRST FALL DRESS

The fabrics are new—plaid wool jersey, checks in all sizes, colors to inspire the woman who likes to sew. Nora O'Leary shows in two pages of color photographs how to use matching-fabric bows, buttons, a fur belt to add the "custom made" touch.

And additional pages of fashion news, more recipes and menus, Dr. Spock's page for mothers, a new prefabricated house plan and many other features, all coming

IN THE AUGUST JOURNAL

The Picture of Health for July



by **MAXINE DAVIS**

"Come on youngsters, I'll do your backs," I tell my son and daughter each morning. I apply UTOL. It hides pimples on their backs as well as on faces. Our children are at the cne age, when a "spot" little larger than a in's head can blot out the summer sun and eem mountainous and malevolent.

So—before they're off to the beach, on goes TOL. You see, this antiseptic antibiotic oint- ent helps relieve the minor irritation and ching that gets them down, and it prevents einfection as well. When blemishes are cov- red up and the discomfort gone they lollup appily as spaniels!

Always valuable, UTOL is a special blessing t vacation time. Girls use it as a foundation nder make-up and know they look their best ven under midday's glare. Boys put it on nd just forget it.

On our family seaside holidays, there has een only one drawback in the past. When e've gone home Dad and I have found our ity clothes have shrunk. Or something!

The gay casual eating, the hot dogs and otato salads, the midmorning soft drinks nd afternoon ice creams didn't seem too erious at the time. And what's the fun of prever counting calories!

After talking to my doctor, I find there *is* a ainless way to get back in line . . . and stay here. KESSAMIN #14 Tablets, combining essen- al nutritional vitamins and iron, also contain neutral additive that helps make you want ss and feel more satisfied with what you do at! And if you start out overweight, the new ESSAMIN PLAN that comes with the Tablets ill help you to train down into your last ear's sleek swim suit.

No matter how well you feel from July's orts and rest or how slim KESSAMIN helps ou stay, nobody is ever really comfortable ese hot weeks if she perspires a good deal.

You don't object to the perspiration; that's art of the body's built-in cooling system. But erms which inevitably grow in it produce n unlovely smell.

I've just found the best answer to the prob- m of keeping underarms fresh and dainty. t's the New YODORA.

This is a deodorant, the only one com- ounded with an antibiotic that slugs those erms. YODORA is a light delicately-fragrant ream that not only does its main job well but lso soothes and helps heal ordinary surface ritations. And it lasts all day and can last ven through tomorrow!

Your joy in summertime can be clouded you are susceptible to athlete's foot. This is disease of civilization afflicting people who ear shoes. It's worst in hot weather when et perspire. So—you need OCTOFEN.

OCTOFEN LIQUID is designed to stop an tack. OCTOFEN POWDER is an excellent pre- ntive; it's well to use it routinely.

Hospital tests have clinically proved the ffectiveness of OCTOFEN. It is the only medi- tion for athlete's foot approved by the ational Foot Health Council.



TARTAN

AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Pure sun-gold—Tartan's specific sun-screen action lets you stay in the sun 8 times longer without burning! Use Tartan as directed for richer, really flattering tan. No other lotion gives outdoor-loving Americans a better tan than Tartan. Get it in your favorite form. **Lotion—Foam—Cream.**



TARTAN LIP POMADE



Summer or winter —it relieves "weathered" lips —no chapping, drying, cracking; heals sore lips; does not show.

BETTER . . . by McKESSON ©1957—McKesson & Robbins Inc., New York, N. Y.

Here's the handiest Sheer Look Beauty FRIGIDAIRE has ever made!



Of course, it has all the magic of Sheer Look styling to make your old kitchen look radiantly new now—and keep you in style for the future.

And it has color, too—because Frigidaire now is selling *all* its color appliances at no extra charge over white.

But above all is the happy fact that here's the *handiest* food freezer-refrigerator ever to speed your meal-getting routine!

—Two main shelves—with a special big-bottle shelf to boot—roll out, all the way. Every square inch of every corner is usable—with no gadgets to trip your fingers—much more shelf area, model for model, than most other makes.

—The ingenious Plan-A-Door, with interchangeable containers and movable shelves, that lets *you* be the boss on door storage.

—The freezer section—a real zero-cold freezer—holds 84 pounds—and door dispensers drop cans and packages right into your fingers.

—There are two big Hydrators—a giant Meat Tender (all three porcelain enamel finished), and the finest automatic defrosting system ever invented for the refrigerator section.

—Lady, *this is it!*—and you'd better act fast. See your Frigidaire dealer—he'll show you it's all true! And the *price was NEVER so right!*

Model shown is Mayfair Pink—also available in Sherwood Green, Stratford Yellow and the new fashion-wise Charcoal Gray, the color that goes with everything.





Frigidaire Ice-Ejector delivers 27 cubes in 4 seconds flat!

Just pull a lever and the wonderful Frigidaire Ice-Ejector frees the cubes—you don't touch them—keeps them in never-stick cold—stored in a removable bin you can take anywhere!



Look for your Frigidaire Dealer's name in the Yellow Pages of your Classified Telephone Directory under the heading "Electric Appliances."

Frigidaire—Built and Backed by General Motors

'57 FRIGIDAIRE

AMERICA'S HANDIEST REFRIGERATORS

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

way, and fired again. But Chee was racing ow, bent low as a man would.

Marv stood a moment, gun in hand, ready o pull the trigger on anyone who moved, his irthmark like a piece of raw flesh. Then the orm ebbed, and as he holstered the .38 his aze went to Ruth's purse. He shook out the ontents and picked up the car keys.

"O.K.," he said, "you're coming with us." he fear quickened, but she stood her ground. oe added, "You'd better do what he says, irl."

"You don't scare me. Neither of you. low—get out of here."

It seemed it was another's voice, and she was stening in amazement.

Again Marv's hand crept for the .38. He said owly, "I'll pick these kids off one at a time."

She hesitated, listening to the words repeat iemselves and hearing that he meant what e said. By rote, she picked up her purse, aking the contents back in with one sweep of er hand. She looked at neither as she passed. he hot breeze was almost cool on her face, nd the crunch of her feet a loud report in the idden quiet. Marv trailed, helping Joe.

"Get in the front seat," Marv said to her; nd to Joe, "You take it easy in the back—but atch her."

She sat very straight, biting her lip. Marv ayed in the helicopter an interminable time. nce Joe said, "Don't cross him, girl. I knew guy who did—a friend of mine."

She braced her feet until she felt the hurt in r leg muscles, as they roared over the nar- w, winding desert road, the brakes screech- g when Marv slammed them on to take a rn, and the tires groaning in the sand with a lf-human sound. She saw the crazed look in s eyes, the way his fingers gripped the wheel.

Gradually her thoughts leveled off, march- g without a tremble to the hard pounding her heart. They would pass Lily Mae's on. She would be sitting outside, weaving a ay rug with red figures and border. But if ly Mae did sense she was in trouble, what uld she do that Chee was not already doing? Chee. He might get a ride, once he reached e main road from Tuba City to Kayenta, hough cars seldom came along.

Suddenly a spring wagon bearing a Navaho uple loomed up before them as they swung er a hump in the rolling land. They lurched ldly as Marv pulled out sharply. He sheared f a wheel of the wagon and momentarily she ard the cry of the woman, and then the wind ew it away. Joe yelled to Marv, but he was af. She glanced back and saw pain deeply ched on the older man's face. A billowing oud of red dust hung across the country e a smoke screen.

They struck a sand trap, spun for a second, d then the car crashed into a prayer cairn, a lon three feet high of stone, wood and bits turquoise and shells, put up by people veling as a petition for a safe journey. She nged at the thought of knocking over a ayer cairn, so much had some of the old avaho beliefs become a part of her.

The cairn stopped them. Joe said, "Whatcha ing to do—kill us off?"

Marv started up the motor.

Joe said sharply, "Pull over and cut it off. here d'you think you're going?"

Marv shut off the ignition and turned back ward him, defiant, an animal that was obey- g but didn't have to. His gaze, as it swung ward Joe, stopped with her, and was a ntipede crawling over her.

Joe said, "Get me the map, kid."

Without taking his eyes from her, Marv ached under his legs and fumbled through box he had brought from the helicopter. nding the map, he spread it across Joe's lap.

Marv said to her, "You're sure a cool num- r."

Unexpectedly, Joe swore at him. "Don't rt that, kid," he warned, and the way he d it sent a new fear creeping through her.

He was turning a sickly gray, and there re long pauses in his speech while he tried absorb the pain. She repeated, "We've got get you to a hospital."

"If I go to a hospital, sister, I go back to son. I'd as soon take my chances out here." He added, "They'll roadblock us if we try to make it to a highway."

Without moving her head, and scarcely her eyes, she scanned the country, but there was only the land, hot and bright and more lonely than she had ever felt it.

Marv said, "What about making it to our car, like we planned? What's wrong with that, huh?"

Joe shook his head. "Nothin' but a lot of Navvy trails, and maybe they're washed out. They'd be looking for us before we got halfway there."

"O.K., you tell me."

"We've got just one out—the Rainbow country." Joe pointed a stubby, gritty finger at the map. "There isn't even so much as a Navvy down there ——"

"—— and there's no road," Ruth finished. If she could stall them long enough, right here ——

She had never seen the Rainbow country, but they said it looked like the place where the earth began, and when God had placed all the mountains and rivers and gorges and tablelands neatly on the face of the earth, this gigantic scramble of Nature was left over. In its wild, majestic midst was perhaps the most magnificent and perfect of all Nature's structures—Rainbow Bridge.

"What's she mean?" Marv asked.

"What she says. We'll leave the car at the head of the trail and get mules ——"

She interrupted again. "The trail's all washed out—and one slip and you're gone," she told them. She felt the tremble in her thigh muscles, where fear always began its insidious work.

"That's about enough out of you, sister," Joe said. He added to Marv, "It's so big you could drop New York City down there and lose it forever. Nobody ever goes down. We'll just disappear and when they've forgotten us—thinkin' we're dead—we'll sneak out."

Marv was growing increasingly irritable. "I don't like the sound of it."

Joe half closed his eyes as he braced himself once more against the agony. He said quietly, "You forget, kid. I'm top dog—as long as I pull a breath."

Marv shrugged.

She chanced one more remark. "It's plain suicide if you get lost down there."

Joe ignored her. "I want the money, kid," he told his partner.

"It's all here." Marv indicated the bag under his feet.

"I'll take it."

Marv stalled. "You're too sick."

"I said I was taking it."

Marv sat razorbacked a moment, then his hands slowly went under his legs and brought the bag out. She saw it bore the marking PUEBLO BANK. "I'm taking mine now," he said.

The quiet stretched tight between them. She glanced apprehensively from one to the other, and saw the dry lips, the dry eyes. Once more she surveyed the country for a wagon, a car, a Navaho on horseback, but nothing moved except the far mesas, shimmering in the heat waves, and the only sound except for the breeze was the movement of her skirts as she shifted uneasily. Then she watched as Marv grudgingly surrendered the bag.

Nothing further was said as he drove on, fitting the speed to the churned trail. When they reached the main road, he turned east. Only then did Joe speak: "We pass a trading post at Tonalea, then something called the Elephant's Feet, and it's a few miles after that we turn left for Inscription House." He added, "What's your name, sister?"

"Ruth Madison. I'm not doing you any good ——"

Marv grunted. "Don't let her hand you a snow job."

A rash of thoughts swept her. If she grabbed the wheel as they passed the Tonalea trading post and threw the car off the road, someone would come running. But these two men would probably kill her and anyone else who interfered, and seize another car. She mustn't panic, but bide her time and plan before she made a move.

"Where you from, Ruth?" Joe asked.

"Los Angeles."

"Nice city. I've got connections there."

"How about you?" she asked.

"Joe's the name."

"I had a boy friend once named Joe. It goes with a man."

"Cut it, doll," Marv said. He was shrewder than she had estimated. She had had pupils, not necessarily bright, who instinctively sensed what others felt and thought.

Joe asked, "What're you doing in this country?"

As she searched for an answer, he continued:

"What'd you do? Fall in love with a married guy and come here to forget him?"

For a moment she was shaken as the question jarred her back two years. Not that she had come to this land to forget a man. No, it wasn't that, although she was trapped, and it was a trap of her own planning. She had rigged it when she left Los Angeles, knowing she was not suited by temperament to teach, and not caring then, but accepting it as the only way out.

She trembled, seeing Joe double up in pain. "You're going to die—unless ——"

He forced a faint smile. "I had an old dog when I was a kid, sister. Carried a bullet around in his back all his days. Never bothered him at all—'ceptin' when it rained."

"A dog," Marv said, shaking his head. "Did you know, Joe, I picked one up once when I was a kid, I wanted him so bad? But they came after him—and I never did have me a dog."

They sped toward Tonalea, a wind-swept trading post high on a bleak and treeless hill. But the road cut sharply before reaching the store and dipped down into the alkali flats, missing the lonely outpost by a quarter of a mile.

She wondered where Chee was by now, if he had seen them.

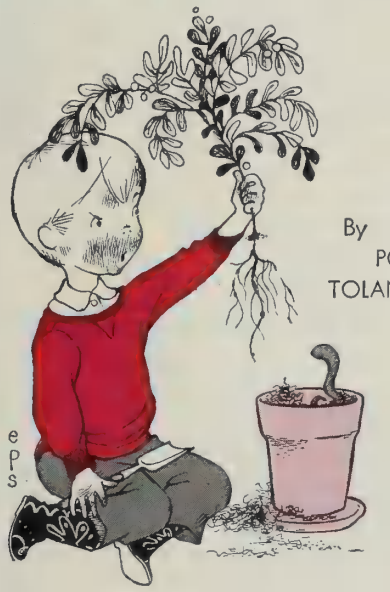
When Chee reached the gutted road to Tonalea, his lungs were about to burst. He took one fearful glance backward, thinking the man might be trailing him, then hid behind a rock to wait for the sound of a car.

He rehearsed what he would tell the trader when he asked to use the telephone. No head would turn, but every Navaho in the place would hear and spread the word. Perhaps the trader might give him an all-day sucker. He often did because his father was a good customer, and his father's father.

He heard the car approaching before it was in view, and recognized the motor. It belonged to an ancient one. Any other time Chee would have let him pass by, because the ancient ones knew everything about you without asking a question, and it gave a man pause.

As they raced past Red Lake, Ruth saw the sheep before Marv and let out a gasp. He pushed on the brakes so hard she struck the windshield, and Joe behind her cried out as he was thrown. Still, they plowed into the milling herd, slaughtering a couple. She started out of the car, but Marv grabbed her so roughly that her arm felt torn from the socket.

William makes good



By POLLY TOLAND

"I know I have been bad," says William. "You can punish me."

My heart sinks. "What have you done?"

"Well," says William, firmly clasping his muddy hands, and speaking slowly so I will understand, "I took daddy's flower, and I pulled it up out of its pot."

"Whatever for, William?"

"To see what makes it grow."

"Oh." (What else is there to say?)

"I found its strings down in the ground, and a great big worm too. And now I know, I won't ever have to pull it up again." He puts out his hand. "But you can spank me for this time."

I take his muddy fist in mine, and hand in hand we go into the kitchen for our lunch. (William is so wonderfully sure of what is Wrong, and what is Right. I wish I knew. I wish I could ask his advice.)

Still holding her, he gave the sheep a furious blast of the horn. Cursing, he drove through them, knocking the slow ones aside. She caught a glimpse of the stunned eyes of the shepherdess, a Navaho woman withered with the years, and was sickened and furious. Everything in her wanted to cry out at him, to tell him that this woman might starve next winter because he had killed two sheep, that these were a people so poor they sometimes went for weeks on a meal a day. But she caught the angry words and held them.

"See how Joe is," he ordered. She hesitated, rebellious, and then, leaning over the back seat, examined the wound, which was bleeding again. She had to keep Joe alive. She just had to.

Turning back, she said, "You want him to die, don't you? So that you can get all the money."

"Go on—keep talking, doll."

Joe moaned something unintelligible, and her spirits rose a little. If she could plant a doubt in Joe ——

They passed the Elephant Feet, two giant monoliths as tall as a building. Soon the road grew sandier and narrower, crossed solid outcroppings of rock, and dipped through washes where there were no bridges. Small pines and spruce, sage and rabbit bush dotted the land.

The trail was a lonely one. A herd of Navaho ponies, short-maned, low-slung and hungry-looking, raced before them, and once they passed a Navaho family of seven huddled in a spring wagon.

This was a land of strange names that were mere dots on the map, denoting water holes or buttes or mesas, of lonely miles separating hogans that faced the sun, of howling winds in the winter and thunderstorms in the summer. As the miles raced by, she grew conscious of the first nudgings of panic. She couldn't understand how it was that the human mind refused, ostrichlike, to admit an unexpected crisis, telling itself that this wasn't real, that it would resolve itself. Then slowly, reluctantly, it faced up to the danger. The impossible *had* happened, was *real*.

She tried pushing the panic back, and once more set about figuring a way to break free. *Every mathematical problem has an answer*, she told herself.

Then a pretty Navaho girl ran from a hogan and waved, trying to flag them down. She was in a billowing red skirt, a tight purple blouse and bedecked with silver-and-turquoise necklaces and bracelets. Ruth recognized her as a girl who had been studying until recently at Oregon State.

"What's she want?" Marv asked, gunning the car.

"A ride. You wouldn't give anybody the time of day, would you?"

The birthmark alone betrayed his anger.

The Inscription House trading post emerged unexpectedly from the big sand bumps and piñon trees that flanked the long, low building. She looked about anxiously, and her heart sank. She didn't recognize the scrubby pony tied to the deserted gasoline pump, nor the men squatting by the door.

Marv pulled alongside the pump. "Keep an eye on her," he told Joe, "and if she tries anything ——"

He walked slowly across the dusty road and stepped inside. He saw a store with an old-fashioned counter that ran the length of the room, and the trader behind it, joking and jabbering in Navaho. Marv watched him, but neither the trader nor the Navahos paid more than casual notice to his entrance. He saw a room lined with everything from Pendleton blankets to bloomers. Groceries, hardware and small articles cluttered the shelves, as did rolls of red, blue and bronze velvet, and men's felt hats, black and high-crowned. From the ceiling hung saddles, lanterns, clothing, heavy silver necklaces and belts, silk scarves and dead pawn, almost obscuring the meager light from the small windows.

He moved restlessly, watching a woman dump a roll of goatskins on the food scales, and the trader leave her momentarily while he waited on a young mother carrying a baby in a cradle board on her back.

"Don't you wait on white people in here?"

The room fell quiet, as though deserted.

After a moment the trader said, "I take my customers in turn."

A Navaho in his twenties spoke up in G.I. English: "I'm in no hurry. Take care of the gentleman."

Marv turned on him at the word "gentleman," but the G.I. was reading a notice on the bulletin board. Smoldering, Marv asked for a pair of Levis to fit a woman five feet seven, average weight, and a work shirt for himself. He then set about ordering enough foodstuffs to last a month.

"My buddy and me are on a vacation," he explained. Still the trader made no comment, and in his silence Marv could feel suspicion building. He dropped his right arm and held it taut by his leg. "How's the road up ahead?"

"Bad."

"Know where we can get some mules? My buddy and me thought we'd pack in."

"Up near the lodge you'll find a few Navahos with mules. They might let you have a couple."

Marv paced about, restless. "I don't suppose you get many people up here?"

"Oh, yes, you'd be surprised. Lots of people. Why, last week we had four cars through. Anything else?"

Marv shook his head. The trader added the bill slowly.

"Hurry it, buster."

After he had paid, the trader said, "Is th Miss Madison with you?"

"No."

The trader continued nervously, "Thi I'll say hello to her. I haven't seen h since ——"

"I wouldn't."

The trader saw the gun as the old-sty country phone rang, and rang a second tin before he moved to answer it.

"I wouldn't do that either, mister," Ma said, blocking him. He picked up a pair heavy shears from the counter, still holdi the gun on the Navahos. His eyes found t

Cool Cooking WITH PLUG-INS

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor of the Journal

Portable plug-ins make summer cooking deliciously cool and easy in kitchen, on porch or patio. These cool-cooking aids are so compact you can pack your "kitchen" in a car when you go for a long weekend or a summer at the shore.

With today's plug-in appliances you can broil and sauté, cook and stew, steam and bake, braise and roast, fry and brown. Just join the ingredients, dial temperature to order with many of the new models, and the appliances do the work while you wander to a shady spot to invent new recipes. Some sets are made now so a single cord with controls attached fits a number of utensils, to save cost and storage problems. Whichever you own, it will serve you well.


DI PIETRO

This teen's forte: fresh-caught fish, in a summer lakeside cottage.

Some tips on how to keep a cool head electrically

- *Today's plug-ins have speed wired in—when used where there is enough current. They will be slowpokes, may blow a fuse and even be unsafe if used on an overloaded electric system.*
- *Portable cooking appliances use 1000 to 1500 watts (check the name plates). A wall outlet you might have on terrace or porch, or in kitchens wired years ago, will carry 1800 watts safely—and this usually means using these fast cookers one at a time. When wiring is limited, best rotate appliances. Start with long-cooking food; it will stay hot while vegetables steam or coffee brews. Or plug appliances into separate circuits—one in the kitchen, one on the porch, for instance.*
- *With more modern wiring, appliance circuits may be available. They will handle up to 2400 watts with aplomb, so two or more portables can be teamed together to cook an entire meal.*
- *Have you heard about the appliance center? It's a single unit, a small powerhouse, in fact, that can be installed in a wall. It has several outlets, cords that reel back into the box, circuit breakers to prevent overload, even built-in timers to make your device automatic. Needs heavy-duty wiring behind it.*
- *If you are adding new circuits for air conditioning, television or to relieve the electric load, consider separate circuits for the plug-ins (in the kitchen, on the porch or terrace—or even waterproof ones in the garden). Tell the electrician you want them for appliances, and he'll give you a heavier type than used for lights alone.*
- *New plug-ins are easier to wash. You can immerse some in water up to controls on the handles. Others have master plugs you can take out so the whole utensil can be dunked.*
- *Today's appliances were born to go to the table. Many models are now available in color.*

THE FLAT-TOPS—griddles and grills

For food browned on both sides, these are versatile all through a summer day.

- *Cook steak, chops or hamburger on a flat-top. Companion with grilled tomato or pineapple, eggplant or zucchini.*
- *Hamburgers on a bun, after-swim staples, take on new zest when you mix chopped mushrooms or olives with the meat.*
- *Pancake bakes are almost no work with mixes. Try corn-meal cakes with honey for breakfast. For lunch, fold ham bits or cheese into a mix. For late-day dessert, serve tiny chocolate-nut cakes topped with ice cream. (For a cup of mix use a square of melted chocolate plus ¼ cup sugar, and ¼ cup chopped nuts.) And here's an impromptu cake for the children: make pancakes ahead of time, cool and stack six or seven with jelly or marmalade between, whipped cream on top.*
- *Scrambled eggs with bacon or sausages: classic start for a summer morning. For variation try eggs fooyoung. Into beaten eggs fold drained bean sprouts, slivered ham or chicken, green onion and celery. Spoon onto the griddle and brown like patties on both sides.*
- *As you grill food, try steaming a vegetable in a foil bag with two tablespoons of water, and seasonings. Flatten on the hot surface.*


STUART

posed wires tacked to the wall. He cut the nnection.

The sheriff took the turnoff from Highway without pause. His name was Edgar Wal-rs, but he resented people's calling him that. e liked "Walt," which most people in his iliwick of Coconino County thought went ell with his size. He was a big, heavy-set man his fifties who cinched his belt low under a lid stomach, walked with a cowpuncher's ll, and kept his Stetson pushed far back. Like ost of his deputies, he scorned a coat in eather like this, wore his badge pinned to a irt pocket and a Western lariat tie pulled loosely up to a collar that wasn't always buttoned. His left ear was scarred where a desperado's bullet had creased it just seconds before the desperado buckled under for the last time.

Beside him sat a well-built six-footer, an FBI agent newly arrived in Flagstaff named John Ripley, whom the deputies were calling Rip by the second day. Walt hadn't had much chance to size him up until now, and he kept squinting at him sideways.

Walt said, "They expect me to wrangle a county as big as the state of Rhode Island. Eighteen thousand square miles—and do you know how many deputies I got? Thirteen. That's all. Thirteen. And I got 'em scattered all over. Why, I got a substation two hundred and seven miles out of Flagstaff."

Rip covered even more territory as the resident agent at Flagstaff. He counted three counties in his jurisdiction: Coconino, Apache and Navajo.

His view out of the car now encompassed wind-sculptured buff cliffs in the distance, and a turquoise sky laced with white clouds, but his thoughts were with the sheriff. Back in Chicago, where he had worked three years, the detective was a man efficient but often harried by his case load and usually a stickler for the law, even to the technicalities. His relationship with Washington was smooth-functioning, but usually impersonal. But here in this country the camaraderie was closer between the various agencies—Washington, the sheriff, the city police, the highway patrol, the Navahos' Law and Order—because they faced a common danger in small numbers, and their need for one another was often great.

As they sped along Moencopi wash, where the dodge weed was yellow in bloom and the white stalks of the yuccas pointed skyward, the radio began crackling. Rip turned it up louder to blot out the grumble of the tires in the soft earth: "Roadblocks set up at Fredonia and Cameron. Highway patrol notified. Forest Service requested to radio all ranger stations and fire-lookout planes. Game-and-fish service notified. Substations alerted at Fredonia, Sedona, Williams and Grand Canyon. We phoned sheriff's office at Monticello, Utah. That's all. Over."

Walt took the mike. "What's happened to our plane, Jerry?"

The radio squawked in answer, "Plane took off from Williams five minutes ago."

They knew little about the killings. A Navaho Service worker had come upon the bodies and driven into Tuba City to report the homicides to the Navaho police, who in turn had notified the FBI and the sheriff's office.

"Too bad about Clay," Walt said, rumpling up his deeply furrowed face. "He was making good money. Never had it so good."

Walt briefed Rip on Clay, talking along easily. Clay had never amounted to much, but Walt had liked him. He'd come off a ranch up in the Hurricane country, the son of a good pioneer family. Clay never had had much schooling, since the snows were too heavy in the winter for him to walk the five miles. When he was a young sprig, he'd set out on his own, and drifted from one cow spread to the next. He was good enough always to get hired on any time he showed up at a ranch house.

"And then a few months ago his great-uncle—that's old man Wickers at the bank—got this idea about running sort of an automobile branch bank up into this country as a service to the traders and the big outfits that uranium has pulled in."

Rip asked, "What'd they do up here before—for money?"

"Well, the traders would wait till they got two, three thousand dollars together, then they'd watch out for somebody going to Flagstaff. A Navaho or a Government man. They'd send it in with them. If nobody was going, they'd put it in an envelope and mail it." He added, "Mail runs through here couple times a week."

Ahead the land lay so desolate—a gray-brown shell—that a great loneliness fell over them. They said nothing the rest of the way, though they moistened their lips and swallowed occasionally to wash away the dryness.

By the time they arrived Navaho officers had removed the bodies and were taking plaster-of-Paris casts of the footprints, and measuring the distance between prints. A killer might be pegged on the length of his stride.

A stocky but hard-packed Navaho nearing thirty walked over. He rolled a little as he approached, having been born to the saddle. His hair, dark as lava, was crew cut, and he had sharp black eyes, sun-squinted. He was Capt. Hosteen Chuska, who headed No. 4 Police District of Law and Order, a district that stretched 150 miles as the crow flies from Mexican Hat in Utah to Leupp in Arizona. He commanded twelve officers.

"Hello, Hosty," Rip said; and the sheriff nodded: "Mornin', captain."

Hosteen greeted them heartily. He was a warm man to those he knew well, a stoic only with strangers.

"Hello, my friends," he said.

A Navaho considered it impolite to use a person's name in his presence, and a few of the old patterns clung to Hosteen Chuska. From the first Rip had felt a kinship with this quiet, patient man who at sixteen had hitchhiked his way to the Sherman Institute at Riverside, California. He had served with the Signal Corps in the South Pacific, communicating in Navaho with his fellow tribesmen

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

NEWFANGLED SPIDERS—skillets and frypans

When you want to brown, then cook, or steam and stew, these are your dish. Domed lids add capacity.

- *Want to make an upside-down cake in an electric skillet? Pour batter (made from a mix) over pineapple or apple slices, plums or prunes pressed into brown-sugar-and-butter mixture. Dial 275° F. and cook.*
- *Coffee breads and basic cakes bake well in these skillets, too (especially those with vented lids), but need toppings of color. Spread chocolate bits on hot cakes; when melted, spread for frosting; or combine nuts and brown sugar, sprinkle over top the last 15 minutes for a finishing touch.*
- *Baked stuffed apples with a new twist call for scooping out centers, chopping apple and combining with bread crumbs and raisins or chopped cranberries, sugar and cinnamon. Top with butter and cook at 350° F., with ½ cup water, for 30 minutes.*
- *For a whole meal in a dish when a family troops in from the beach: chili con carne. Long, slow cooking is no problem. Combine hamburger, canned or cooked beans and spice, following your favorite recipe.*
- *At suppertime try shrimp creole. Make with rice, onions and green peppers plus herbs and seasonings. Toss a salad and the meal is made.*
- *Baked potatoes with no oven heat: cook on rack. For a treat, split and serve with sour cream, garden chives.*



HOME AWAY FROM THE RANGE—casseroles and saucepans

Here's another group of summer genies, skilled at the gourmet arts.



- *Fried chicken the sweet-sour way is novel for dinner guests. After chicken pieces are browned, add pineapple chunks, green-pepper squares, carrot strips, celery, and pineapple juice plus vinegar or lemon juice. Steam under cover for 30 minutes, until chicken is so tender it almost falls from the bone. Colorful and savory.*
- *Tiny steamed new potatoes, dressed with mustard butter or chopped fresh dill, are complements to cold meat or chicken plates—and they cook in 20 minutes.*
- *Pot roast (make it large enough for leftovers) has a new zip with cider replacing half the water. Vegetables, added the last 30 minutes, retain individuality if cooked in foil packets.*
- *Cheese fondue, sensitive to high temperature, cooks velvety and stays piping hot on "simmer" section of your dial.*
- *Sautéed shrimp with mushrooms, plus new or frozen peas and 2" lengths of scallions, cooks in 10 minutes. (Add soy sauce for flavor.) It's a dish to be done at the table.*
- *Vegetables (a whole dinner or just a few to accompany cold meat) will cook together in one pot if you gather each separately in foil and steam with a little water. Julienne beets, carrots, frozen peas, beans and whole-kernel corn stay full-flavored this way.*
- *Fish chowder to melt a heart: use the fresh-caught trophies a husband or son brings home, add other ingredients from your favorite recipe book.*

OUTSIDE COOKING INSIDE—broilers and rotisseries

These excel at campfire-type cooking, protect you from ashes and smoke, have other talents too.

- *Any meat or poultry on a revolving spit needs about a quarter less cooking time than ordinarily, because all sides are exposed to heat. Barbecue sauce can be dribbled on with a brush or baster as the feast turns. Shallow pan below catches drip. With lamb roast: broiled peach halves filled with mint sauce; broiled garden tomatoes.*
- *For holiday hot dogs: split franks, fill with cheese, relish or catchup, wrap in bacon and broil. Buns can be browned on the tray above.*
- *Capons and small turkeys—or, for red letter days, Cornish hens—are beautifully browned on all sides and exceedingly juicy when turned under the heat.*
- *For fast-tempo skewered meals: use lamb, chicken chunks or beef cubes sandwiched between your choice of tiny onions, green-pepper slices, pineapple chunks, mushrooms. As these turn and brown, drip sauce over them.*
- *Brook-trout broil: add a bit of butter, a squeeze of lemon and a sprinkling of chopped fresh herbs or toasted almonds.*
- *For a mob, toasted sandwiches: for variety try sliced corned beef, lightly mustarded, with cheese. Or open-faced ones of jumbo tomato slices topped with herbed cheese. Satisfying!*



STUART

New idea! VINYL in a floor wax

and the beauty of it is – *it's childproof**



***Never before such a high gloss!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax with *vinyl* in it, gives you higher gloss than you've ever known. On *any* kind of floor—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile or finished wood! Throughout the house!

***No wax easier to apply!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax polishes itself. No buffing. No rubbing. It spreads evenly —without streaks—quickly sets to tough, beautiful, *vinyl* gloss!

***Wet spills won't harm gloss!**

Splashes and spills—so common with children—won't hurt the tough vinyl surface —or shine. Simply wipe them up. *New* Simoniz Floor Wax is water-repellent.

***Never before such protection!**

The miracle of vinyl—and only Simoniz has it—gives you the toughest floor surface. The kids won't scuff it, or harm the gloss with their roughhousing. No doubt about it—it's *childproof!*

***No finish so easy to maintain!**

Simoniz Floor Wax with vinyl has a gloss that lasts and lasts. You can even damp mop your floors freely without dulling the shine. Without spoiling the wax finish.

***Good news about re-waxing!**

Here's the *one* floor wax you can remove *evenly* before re-waxing. Simply use your regular household detergent and warm water. The beauty increases with re-waxing. You'll be amazed, once you try it.



Simoniz® Floor Wax

For all floors—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile and finished wood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

er the wires, and that was one "code" the panese never broke. When the war was over, enrolled at the Arizona State College at agstaff, working nights as a cook and a echanic.

"Jim Begay was a good man," Hosteen said nply.

Walt cleared his throat. "I don't figure there is anybody who didn't think he was a fine ficer. We'll find his killer, if we have to go ay to hell and gone to do it."

"The white man was a stranger to me."

"Clay Jackson." Walt looked away. "A lot people are going to be sorry to hear about n."

Hosteen shook off the mood. "They used a licopter. Those men saw it." He indicated o elderly Navahos, sitting poker-faced on ndy mustangs high on a ridge. "They were hour away."

he sheriff gazed at him a moment in disllief, then picked up the mike. "Jerry, they ed a helicopter. Find out what's the cruising nge of one of those egg beaters and notify airports within radius. Keep the roadblocks up. Ask Phoenix for a state-wide alarm and ays to California, Nevada and Utah. Anher thing, Jerry. Get it on KGPH and CLS. Warn everybody out in the country."

Hosteen brought his arm up to wipe away e sweat with his shirt sleeve. His brown face s chiseled in planes, rather than rounded. 'e found the tracks of two men. One was ot—and maybe he got hurt pretty bad." indicated a spot stained with blood. A vaho officer was taking a soil specimen. steen led the way toward the tracks where e 'copter had sat down. "They're losing gas. or Mr. Jackson probably put a bullet in tank."

They turned about as a car came to a stop. o men climbed out and joined them. One s Deputy Sheriff Sam Morales, a blunt, gh-spoken ex-cowpuncher in his middle ties who walked with a limp.

Sam Morales said, "I used to punch cows h Clay—down on the Double J."

Rip turned toward the other man, tall, ny, stooped and not much past thirty. "his is Bill Parkinson," he said to Hosteen. "e's a newspaperman."

Parkinson offered his hand. He was a free ce, a "stringer" representing papers in w York and Chicago at space rates. He d covered the crime beat for newspapers ndianapolis and Detroit, suffered a nervous akdown, and settled in Flagstaff to recuperate. He was as easygoing and affable as an old niel dog, and Flagstaff had taken quickly him.

Hosteen continued, "The men weighed out the same—under two hundred." He icated their foot impressions in the soft earth, then handed Rip a couple of bullets t had spent themselves in the loose earth. m emptied his forty-five. Mr. Jackson got one shot."

"Only one?"

"He was driving," Walt pointed out, and led, "He was a fast man with a gun. If d had half a chance ——"

Hosteen continued, "They searched his kets. His wallet is missing—if he carried ."

Rip asked then, "What about the reservan?"

"We notified Fort Defiance and asked the overnment radio at Window Rock to broadt a warning." Hosteen added, "And all our ions will check the hospitals."

He and Rip left the others then to climb the ge and talk with the Navaho horsemen. ey had watched the helicopter put down; ir ears, tuned to the desert for the whisper brush or the flutter of a bird, had caught crack of gunfire; and they had ridden over.

Afterward, Rip collected the evidence and ged it. He had two bullets, three *moulages*, igarette butt, two soil specimens scooped from around the footprints, and one soil cimen containing dried blood. He photoghed both the footprints and the helicopter tread marks and measured the "crime ne" and sketched it to scale.

As he moved about, he had a feeling of neness, a feeling he was caught up in an alien world. Back in Chicago, he had trapped kidnapers and extortionists, twice shot it out with wanted men. The job had been to ferret a man out of the millions, to flush him from a packed apartment house or perhaps a miserable hideout in a groveling part of the city. There he had had the peace of familiar surroundings. Here the trail was different, also the crime. A man had to work differently, even think differently.

Rip only half heard the sheriff's radio talking: "Forest ranger near Williams reports seeing 'copter come from that direction about seven-thirty A.M. Fish-and-game inspector verifies. That's about it this end."

Scarcely was the radio stilled, and the silence lay about him again, when the two-way FM job in Hosteen's cruise car began chattering with a report that a ten-year-old boy, Chee Manson, had telephoned from Tonalea. He reported the helicopter down at the Red Mesa trailer school, that a teacher named Ruth Madison had been abducted in her own car.

Eventually the land tamed Marv. He took the trail more slowly as it wound over benches of solid rock. Once the trail disappeared completely, and he wandered over a great slab of

S S S S S S S

TEASE

Whether made by hand or by machinery, cloth requires many operations. As late as the Middle Ages, one of the most irksome jobs was initial straightening of raw materials in preparation for spinning.

From old expressions for an act of tearing or pulling to pieces, a person who wielded a crude wooden comb was said to tease fibers. This was a major responsibility of women and children.

Frequently one member of the family picked at another almost as persistently as though teasing tangles from wool or flax. Hence the household task gave its name to any person who conducts a sustained campaign of annoyance.

WEBB B. GARRISON

S S S S S S S

rock, looking for a way back down into the sandy country. Ruth could have told him. She sat instead, staring at him. His fingers were scrubby and his nails manicured. His arms were white where he had rolled up his sleeves The tattoo of a hula girl moved with his flesh, and partly hid a long white scar.

He said, "I'm giving you ten seconds, baby, to get us back on the road."

"Maybe she doesn't know it," Joe said. His voice was weaker. He was sitting straight, seeking to balance the wounded shoulder. The bandage was soaked.

Marv spotted the trail then, and relaxed, moistening his lips.

She rode in a state of weariness, her face pancaked with dust. She tasted it in her mouth, her lungs hurt with it, and her eyeballs seemed rolled in sand. She felt utterly whipped. Then she knotted her fists, fighting back the weakness of fear.

Long ago, her father had taught her to shut out the kind of thoughts that prey on the mind. "Look, Ruth," he had said one night when they were sitting on a porch stoop, back in Kansas, watching the fireflies, "you've got to learn to discipline your thoughts, to make them work for you. If you don't, they'll run wild and rack you and slowly take you over." He had been a big, energetic man who had lived each day as though it had been whipped up especially for him. She never could remember him angry or sullen or moody. Her mother had been one of those distant persons, even with her family, but her father had been a pal who took her camping and hunting, helped her with her lessons, gave her the car for dates, and bought her her first high heels. She liked to think that she had the resourcefulness that a man close to a woman gives that woman.

Suddenly she was slammed against the door as the car struck the sand. It jerked and swerved and then shuddered, with its wheels spinning frantically. Marv swore and wrestled with the wheel as though he were strangling someone.

"You've got to rock it," she said. "You'll never get out unless you rock it." She added, "I've been in plenty of sand."

He ignored her, then finally came to it, and after several fitful starts that didn't come off, gained firm ground.

Dead ahead, Navajo Mountain took shape unexpectedly, a loaf of deep pine green set against a sky so blue that any other time it would have taken her breath. She would have noticed, too, that the pines were growing taller, and the strong scent of sage was everywhere. But now the sight of Navajo Mountain brought the realization they were near the end of the road and the beginning of the trail.

A desperate plan began shaping in her milling thoughts with the conviction she had to gamble before they started down the trail. Sure, they might elude the law by losing themselves in the maze of canyons, but not knowing the land like the Navaho, they were almost certain to perish of hunger and thirst.

Joe broke in on her thoughts. "What do ya teach those kids?"

"Things that'll help them. How to raise sheep, shop at a trading post, take care of babies."

"How come ya got nothing but a trailer for a school?"

"We move with The People—when their water holes dry up or their pastures go bad they have to find new ones." She added, "You're Western, aren't you?"

"Howja know?"

"It's part of a man."

"Must be a job, getting a bunch of little savages to come to school."

Her hands tightened. "They're children, same as everywhere. They've got the same feelings ——"

"O.K., sister, O.K."

"They want an education. Their folks think it's the only way out for them."

"But you don't?"

"No, I don't. They've got to have three meals a day first. More land, or jobs of some kind. This country never did support them, not even when there were only fifteen thousand in Civil War days. And now there're close to eighty thousand."

Marv cut in sharply: "What's that up ahead?"

The country had smoothed out and in the distance a windmill was limned against a mackerel sky. On the right an ancient crumbling ruin capped a bluff, desolate and alone.

"It's a Navaho place," she said. Her breathing grew more rhythmic. Perhaps if she worked it right ——

Her fingers dug into one another until they hurt, and then she loosened them, knowing nothing escaped this lean, wound-up man who sat beside her.

The trail forked. A small sign indicated the right branch led to the Navajo Mountain trading post and school, the other to Rainbow Lodge.

"Nobody's at the lodge," Joe told Marv. "It burned down several years ago."

They sped past the windmill, towering above a hogan that looked deserted. She searched for movement, but there was none. The people were out tending sheep, or gathering firewood, or visiting.

Seven miles later they came to the gutted, blackened ruins of Rainbow Lodge, backed up against a great yellow cliff. Marv pulled off the road, stopping near a corral stocked with mules. A hundred yards straight ahead a little girl tended sheep by a sky-blue pool sunken in a natural rock basin.

Marv said, "Don't let her sweet-talk you, Joe." He slammed the door and stood a moment. "It isn't going to be so bad, doll. Not with me along."

As the mules looked him over curiously, pointing up their ears, he paced toward a hogan near the corral.

An old man stooped with the weight of age emerged and stood peering at him out of eyes tightly squeezed against the sun.

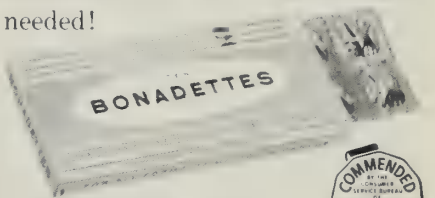
BONADETTES®



STOP CAR SICKNESS

nausea, dizziness, vomiting in cars, planes, trains, boats!

Just one dose of delicious, melt-in-your-mouth BONADETTES prevents carsickness, airsickness and seasickness for 24 hours. No water needed!



COMMENDED BY THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

At all drug stores . . .
Get 24-hour relief with
TRAVEL-TESTED BONADETTES

CORNS

also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Invisible. Jars, 35¢, 60¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

removed by MOSCO

More Money Easier



with Peerless
DELUXE CHRISTMAS CARDS

Profits come bigger and faster when you show friends these unusual, hard to find Christmas Cards right in the comfort of their own homes. A distinctive and selective group by outstanding artists. Modern and traditional design, appeals to the most discriminating. From $13.25 to $38.50 per 100. Your commission approximately 40%. For added income we have 7 popular priced personal Christmas Card series, Box Assortments, Gift Wraps, Ribbon and Gifts.

Write today for complete details and sample kit on approval

PEERLESS GREETINGS, Dept. C ,316 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

KEEP FREE OF ROACHES

SILVERFISH - WATERBUGS - CRICKETS

Keep your home free of these insects the clean, easy, thrifty way. Get Gator Roach Hives! They're different! No mess, no odor; round-the-clock protection. Longlasting. If your store has none, send $1 for 9 Hives. De Soto Chemical, Dept. 27, Arcadia, Florida.

Money Back Guarantee!



Marv said slowly, "I want four mules."

The old man shook his head.

Indicating the mules, Marv held up four fingers, then took a roll of bills from his pocket. The old man shook his head and raised two fingers.

"Four," Marv said.

The old man held up two fingers again, and then, palms down, waved both hands to indicate he would sell no more than two.

Marv nodded, and they walked toward the corral, the old man limping. He lifted the heavy gate with ease, and then pointed out the animals. But Marv quickly cut out four of his own choosing, and when the Navaho tried to drive two of them back, Marv shoved him aside. He fell, stunned, then got to his feet, and hurried to the gate, shutting it just as Marv reached it with the mules. He jabbered loudly, berating Marv in Navaho.

Marv swore, and yelled at him to open the gate. A second later his hand snaked up, doubled under, and found the weapon. The Navaho started to throw up his arms in an abject gesture. The first shot felled him, and the second, fired at close range, entered his temple.

Looking about, Marv found a crudely built shed. A moment later he emerged struggling under the weight of saddles and other trappings. He saddled three of the mules, leaving the fourth for a pack animal.

As he led the mules toward them, Ruth slipped her hand about the door handle, without moving her body. Marv shouted something to Joe, and in that second she pushed her body up on braced feet, turning swiftly as she rose, and swept the gun out of a hand that held it loosely. Her index finger went homing about the trigger, as it had been taught to do long ago by her father, and the gun set itself, lining Marv up in its sights.

He stopped quite still, measuring her. The gun never wavered as her body twisted through the door. Her peripheral vision stayed with Joe, who had crumpled up. His head was dropped on his chest, and he was groaning.

As if in slow motion, Marv dropped the reins and advanced. His voice walked with him, slow and taunting: "Give me that gun, baby."

Step by slow step, he matched hers as she backed around the headlights, putting the car between them. Any second she expected his right hand to break its tight bound. She heard Joe's breathing growing quieter.

He kept coming. All the strength that was in her struggled to pull the trigger. But his face was changing. It was becoming a boyish blond face from out of the past, and he was in surgery. His left side was blown out.

It was a horrible thing to kill a man, any man.

Marv said something, something about if she didn't do something . . . she didn't know what exactly—she couldn't seem to get the words assorted into meaning.

Suddenly she discovered the little shepherd girl at her side, babbling softly in Navaho. She whispered sharply to her, but the girl stayed, not knowing the meaning of a gun. She said something to her in that tone she used with a recalcitrant pupil, and still the child lingered.

Then Marv lunged, so quick that it was the blow on her wrist she felt first. She brought her left fist up into his stomach, but he side-stepped, and knocked her to the ground, and the next she knew his weight collapsed on her, squashing her. She gasped for air, feeling her lungs being shut off.

Picking up the gun, he got to his feet. As Joe yelled in pain, "No, kid, no," he stared down at her, letting the weapon roll easily in his hand.

Here it comes, she thought, and prayed in a second cut down the middle.

When she opened her eyes, she saw a straight timber of a man. He was running a hand through rumpled hair. "I had a woman like you once. A spitfire. I was going to marry her, only ——" He turned his back on her. "You all right, Joe?" he asked.

She couldn't hear what the older man answered, for the Navaho girl was helping her up, and brushing her, talking. She didn't have to understand the soft words to catch the deep concern and fright of the child. Impulsively she bent down and swept the youngster into her arms, and held her tight. Then she removed a small rhinestone pin from her blouse and slipped it surreptitiously to her. Instantly the girl forgot the world, except for that pin.

Taking his time, Marv transferred the supplies to the pack mule. Once he said, "You wouldn't look good wearing a bullet—but you try a trick like that again and you'll be wearing a couple."

When he finished the packing job, he handed her the Levis. "Put them on," he ordered.

She turned away.

"Do you want some help?" he asked.

"Look, girl ——" Joe started, but never finished. Marv's hand went swiftly into her skirt belt, and as she struggled to break away he gave it a yank, ripping it. She grabbed the skirt as it was falling, and backed away, at the same time taking the Levis. He watched, grimly amused, as she walked to the other side of the car. There, blocked partly from his view, she dropped her skirt and wriggled into the stiff new pants that were like sandpaper on her soft skin.

"Why did you have to kill him?" she blurted.

He paused in tightening a cinch, and the saddle-wise mule drew a deep breath. "Maybe you don't like the way I do business?"

Joe whispered, "Take it easy, kid."

The Levis were so tight she scarcely could button them. She broke a couple of fingernails before she succeeded, and fought back the tears.

"O.K., we're ready," Marv said. "You take that second one, baby."

She hesitated, debating. He took a couple of steps toward her. Abruptly she turned, and before he could help her she was swinging a leg over the mule. The animal turned his head as she sat the saddle. He had a fine Roman nose and philosophical eyes. In honor of the nose, she dubbed him Romeo.

After assisting Joe to mount, Marv led the way down the trail on a jittery little black mule which she could tell was "spooked." He would throw a rider he didn't like. She and Romeo followed next, and then Joe, leaning to the right, seeking to protect the shoulder, his features twisted in such pain he had closed his eyes.

She looked ahead to the mysterious reaches of Cummings Mesa, painted flamboyantly, and to Forbidden Canyon that fanned out into a myriad of wrinkled gorges that lost themselves in space.

She was riding into the end of the world, as someone once called it.

The land was shadowless. Rip asked the time and Hosteen Chuska smiled. Anyone could see it was high noon.

Near the helicopter, a couple of Navahos had tethered their ponies. Not far away three spring wagons stood with their horses' heads drooped against the hot glare. The children themselves hovered quietly, missing nothing. In the background, the routine of the investigation droned on as the sheriff's deputies dusted the helicopter for prints and examined it for leads to determine its origin. Hosteen dispatched two men to trail the tire prints of Ruth Madison's car, clearly impressed in the soft earth. Another Navaho officer talked with the children.

Hosteen brought over the boy Chee, who was caked with dust from his long walk, his hair sandy with the color of the earth. "I draw pictures of the men, ma'am," he said to Rip, handing him two pencil drawings.

A Navaho girl stepped up to correct him. "Sir," she said, and added to Rip, "I'm Miss Madison's assistant—Mary Toatin."

"Hello, Miss Toatin."

"Chee draws very well," she said. "They look much like the men."

He heard the radio in Hosteen's cruise car: "Four-o-one. Four-o-one. Four-twelve in. Proceeding Inscription House."

It was a routine check-in, nothing more. He turned back to Miss Toatin, who continued: "Our children are better at drawing than other kids, because really drawing's our only written language—or was up to a few years ago."

The newspaperman, Bill Parkinson, took a look over his shoulder. "Say," he said, "I've seen that guy around Flagstaff." He indicated the older of the two men.

"Where?"

Parkinson's hands trembled as he held the drawing. He passed it to the sheriff, who shook his head and handed it to Deputy Sam Morales.

Parkinson said, "I don't know. But it may come back. I'm sure ——"

Sam Morales said, "You never saw him." He turned to Rip. "We got a mug shot some time ago of a hitchhike killer. Half the people I showed it to had seen him. Come to find out, he'd never been in the state."

Rip left them and sought out Miss Toatin, standing in the shade of the trailer home. She nodded toward Chee. "He wore his shoes through, poor little guy."

"Get me his size. I'll pick him up a pair in Flagstaff."

"Golly, would you?"

Rip looked down at her. "I didn't know 'golly' was a part of the Navaho language," he said.

She smiled. "You're new, aren't you? Since the war, we've had all the excrescence of the English language, including some words I wouldn't mention."

"I'm a month new." He continued, "I didn't expect to find 'excrescence' on the reservation either."

"Don't use that word, 'reservation.' It sounds . . . like a prison." She added, "Please?"

She repeated then the events of the mor ing. The older man was called Joe, she to him, and the younger, Marv. During the na rative, she fell to talking about Ruth Madiso "We liked her at once. She made herself one us."

Shortly afterward, Rip left, thanking her.

Walt stopped him. "Hot," he said. He to a drink of water out of a canteen and with flick of his wrist jostled out enough to wa off the rim, then passed it to Rip. He conti ued, "The 'copter's clean. No fingerprints nothing to identify them. But we've got go footprints of the younger man—where he c ried the older fellow and the added weight l a deeper impression."

Rip said, "They had to have a contact Flagstaff. Someone who knew about the sh ment of money, who knew the route, t time."

Walt nodded. "Charlie Frazier at the ba always gives us a ring when money's stirrin He hesitated. "Sam Morales took the call this one and told me about it. And then ther Anne Hayes. She always put up coffee Clay. She was sweet on him." He ran a ha over the stubble on his face. "Danged if I li to think anybody I knew set up a holdup and two killings."

They drove into the green oasis of T City with Hosteen at the wheel and Rip side him. They passed a trading post which the old days had been a Mormon fort, a then rolled down the cool, tree-lined str drawing up before a long stone building wi sign that read: LAW ENFORCEMENT—T CITY SUBSTATION. They left the car and tered the building.

Rip stepped into an ancient room with old courthouse smell. At the left a faded ture of George Washington, flanked by tired little flags, looked down on a heavy- officer, seated behind a long counter. He talking with a young mother holding a ba strapped to a cradle board that had a squ rel's tail tied to it, a good-luck omen would protect the child if he fell.

The sheriff and Sam Morales enter stomping the dust from their boots. T drifted to a back room where an officer sa a battered but shipshape desk listening t radio moan spasmodically. Rip called Phoenix field division to report the numb and other identifying data taken from helicopter. Afterward they studied a map satisfy themselves that every road and t had been sealed, so there could be no escap the cities.

Walt said, "These boys've got brains. T 'copter was a smart idea. They could h been in another state by now."

An officer stuck his head in. "Jim Beg wife wants to see you, captain."

She was very young and slender and ol skinned. Grief walked with her, but it wa inscrutable grief of heaviness rather t tears. Perhaps she still did not fully com hend. She carried a cradle board in her a with her baby boy swathed to it.

Hosteen talked low with her in Navaho, once poked playfully at her baby, and she slipped away as unobtrusively as she come.

As he turned back, the radio sputtered intelligibly and then unscrambled itself. T swung about, each man of them, and froze as the words spilled out: "Four-tw in. Four-twelve in. Found Ruth Madison's abandoned head of Rainbow Trail. Two identified men killed Navaho, stole four m One man believed critically wounded. C age eight says victim attempted to escape failed. Party left, taking trail six hours Victim apparently O.K. at that time. Th all."

The radio went still, except for the moan. A quiet fell over the room, each feeling the desperation, almost the futility searching such a vast and rugged country

As they climbed, the trail grew rockier, the mules stumbled and lurched. T wheezed noisily for breath, and Joe groa Ruth glanced back apprehensively. He sagged in the saddle, his head and shoul caved in on his chest. She thought he w

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

HOME, SWEET (DISASTER-PRONE) HOME

By MARGARET PARTON

For a working mother, as for a working father, the best moment of the day is the one when the home lights gleam in welcome through the twilight and, stepping through the front door, one is greeted by the warm fragrance of dinner cooking and the bear-cub hug of a young child.

● Lately, though, I find my steps dragging slightly, just slightly, on the walk from the commuter's train to that same front door. For at six and a half my son has suddenly discovered the excitement of calamity and the joy of immediate communication. Hat on head, brief case still in hand, I have been welcomed home during the last few days with the following information—all of which turned out to be true:

"Mother, all the bath water I splashed out of the tub upstairs is coming through a crack in the kitchen ceiling!"

"Mother, you have two flat tires on your car."

"Mother, Mrs. George is cooking Brussels sprouts again."

"Mother, school wants you to make three dozen popcorn balls for me to take to the fair tomorrow."

"Mother, the cat's been sick all over the basement."

"Mother, guess what? I can stare straight into the sun for *hours*, without blinking my eyes!"

In a way, though, it's sort of fun. What will he come up with tonight, I wonder?

A new kind
of deodorant ...

ban®

rolls on!

More effective than messy creams, easier to apply than drippy sprays.*

Not a crumbly stick!

Here's a wonderful solution for your perspiration problems. Without mess, drip or smear, that revolving marble in the top of the BAN bottle spreads on just the right amount of quick-acting lotion deodorant. BAN protects you against odor a full 24 hours, won't harm clothes—is perfectly safe for normal skin. Get BAN today!

**In a recent survey against the leading cream and spray deodorants, 7 out of 10 prefer* BAN.

Ban
works as no other leading deodorant can!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS. MAKERS OF BUFFERIN AND IPANA

NEW! NORCROSS TRI-ANGLE CARDS

(Greetings with a new slant)

Just out, this month . . . Norcross TRI-angles! Truly *different* . . . and exclusive with Norcross. Be the first to send these unique, colorful, sparkling greeting cards! They express an original message in such an unusual way.

Sweet and sentimental, or saucy and full of fun, you'll find a TRI-angle to say the things you want to say. The four shown here are typical of dozens that say, "Happy Birthday," "Happy Anniversary," "Congratulations" or "Get Well."



25CN200



25BC568



25SB64



25FR248

N NORCROSS GREETING CARDS

Say the things you want to say

Look for Norcross TRI-angles in their special display at your Norcross dealer. Buy some for now, some for later on! Actual height, 7 inches.

© NORCROSS, INC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

ver make it; and if he didn't, what then uld happen?

Up, up, up they rode until at last they ached the Window, a keyhole cleft in the nt stone wall that rimmed the top of the rld. Romeo paused as if by mutual consent d Ruth looked out over a topsy-turvy pan-ama of sharp buttes, domes in coral and ld, mesas in reds and blues. And in the dis-ce, towering and savage and magnificent, ld Horse Mesa stretched out on the far rizon.

Her fright was pushed aside in the beauty d awe of a moment brief and moving. The vaho country never had been a land that s overpowering, that left her feeling small d insignificant, as it had some. Rather, it s a land to draw strength from, and peace, d beauty.

Marv pulled up to study the country below, rching for stray Navahos. Satisfied, he cked his mule and they gan a steep two-usand-foot descent o a canyon. Her ne rammed into her ll as Romeo often pped both forefeet nce. She leaned back d stood in the stirrups keep from being hed over his head. trail dwindled until as only a ledge along face of the cliff, rcely as wide as the le's body. His hoofs ck loose shale, send-it spraying into ce, but there was no nd of its ever hitting ow.

Then without warn-Marv's mount ked, and he pitched lly, his hands grasp-for the saddle horn missing. He grabbed tically to lock his s about the mule's c, but a rolling pitch owed, and another, l the mule's back a ship's deck in a ricane.

was only a second. saw the sheer thou-d-foot drop, and amed, "Get off!" erward she won-d why she had.

e slid to the ground, mule between him the drop. Scram-g to his feet, he stood dazed, then flailed at the animal, raining his bare fists on its l.

That won't do any good," she said qui-t, "He's spooked. It gets into them some-s. Something happens—and they won't anybody ride them." She glanced back. u'd better take the pack animal," she o him.

How d'ya know so much about mules?" he d, brushing past her. His quick anger had ched to her.

was still a sack dumped in a saddle, but thought his eyes were open a slit. Almost out movement, his hands pushed the eybag, tied to the saddle horn, to the r side as Marv passed on his way to un-the pack animal.

e said, "You learn things out here or you t stay alive."

he rest of the evening they rode in si-e. The only sound was the clinking of hoof ock and an occasional low moan from

ight fell so quickly, deep in the canyon, the dark took them unawares. They ped in a thicket of restless aspen that rose e-barked and straight along a silent k.

efore she knew what was happening, v was helping her dismount, his hands be-ing with her hips and sliding along her sides as she slipped to the ground. She wrenched away, but he was quick, blocking her with his body and pushing her so hard against the mule that she felt his hipbone. She twisted desperately, and then the birthmark covered her eyes.

The shot seemed to shake the canyon. The slug creased the air close to her and struck a rock across the stream with a little whacking noise. Marv turned swiftly, releasing her.

Joe held the revolver across a wrist, bracing it on the saddle horn.

"Whatcha mean?" Marv demanded, advancing slowly.

"Give me a hand, girl," Joe said.

She stepped between him and Marv, and helped him dismount. Marv repeated, "Whatcha mean by that?"

Joe stood where he had slid from the mule, held rigid with pain. "You know what you went up for the first time, kid," he said.

Marv stopped cold. "I've told you," he said, his lips tight. "I've told you, Joe, it just happened—that time with the girl."

"Too many things just happen."

"Sure, sure. That's what I've been trying to tell you." He stepped over to Joe's mule. "I'm taking this," he said, untying the moneybag. "You're in no shape ——"

Joe's hand motioned toward his holster. "I hope I don't have to kill you, kid."

Marv tightened his grip about the moneybag, then turned away, but watched Joe over his shoulder.

Joe said to her, "Think you can rustle up some supper?"

"I'd better have a look at you first."

While she went for the first-aid kit, Marv said, "She's playing you against me."

Joe nodded. "But you leave her alone. You understand?"

"Whatcha going to do with her?"

Joe didn't answer.

She called then, having spread a blanket under an aspen. Joe lowered himself on his good arm, struggling to control the pain. She untied his shoes and loosened his belt. In the background, Marv unsaddled the animals. But he kept watch on her.

The wound was angry and festered. She said, "I know a doctor at Kayenta. I'll bring him to you. I won't tell anybody—before God."

Joe shook his head. "I know you mean all right—but the last time a girl told me that, I went up for eight years."

She probed deep, but he only bit hard on his lips and talked to be talking. "I was a 'safe man' in those days. And a good one, before I lost my touch." He held up his right hand to show a joint of a finger missing. "We took some pride in our work, but now the boys just put a shot in—and blow them."

His breathing stepped up, and she checked his pulse. Her face told him nothing. She applied pressure to the area, her fingers holding it for several minutes, until the blood had clotted.

He continued, "I never even packed a rod—until I got into this lousy racket."

He yelled at Marv, "Put that cigarette out, you fool."

Marv gave a mule a kick to move him. "I've got to have a drag."

"Well, get under a bush."

Marv stood defiant. "You're getting jumpy."

"All right—if you want to get our heads shot off. You wanta know how far you can see a cigarette burnin' in this country?"

Marv returned to tethering the mules. "Forget it. They'll never spot us."

"This isn't Korea."

"This is better."

Joe shook his head and shut his eyes as she finished with the figure-8 bandage. He said to Marv, "I've been thinking."

"Yeah?"

"They'll be figuring we're making for the Colorado River. I've been thinking we ought to take the next side canyon. Work up it a way."

Marv shrugged. "I'm taking me a bath." He added, "Want to join me, doll?"

He laughed, and they heard him breaking brush toward the stream, and shortly the splash of water spoke sibilantly in the night's quiet, a stillness so complete that not a bird talked. She watched as the moonlight crept down the cliff wall, at last enveloping them.

Joe asked, "How about taking the slug out tomorrow?"

Her hands fumbled as she opened a can of sausages. "I wouldn't know how."

"Don't give me that. I've been shot up, and I know a nurse when I see one work."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

THE BIGGEST THING

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

When big things are being done,
the fate
Of woman is mostly to watch
and wait.
While Ulysses fares on his golden
travels,
Penelope sits and knits and
ravels.
While Shakespeare grapples with
Hamlet's fate,
Anne watches the coals on a
Stratford grate.

But there is a time when nature
summons
The strength and courage
uniquely woman's
To accomplish the biggest thing
of all.
And then, as the clock's hands
slowly crawl,
It's man who must pace and
wait forlorn
Through helpless hours till a
child is born.

My family's constipation worries are over!



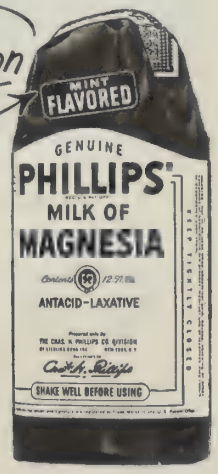
They all use this ALKALIZING LAXATIVE that gives MORE COMPLETE RELIEF!

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is the ideal family laxative because it does *both* things you need for complete relief! It gives wonderfully gentle and effective relief from constipation, and—because it's an *alkalizing* laxative—Phillips' *also* relieves the acid indigestion that usually accompanies irregularity. Thus, Phillips' gives you *more complete* relief than you get from any single-purpose preparation!

What's more, two to four tablespoonfuls taken at bedtime work *leisurely*—without embarrassing urgency. So, when morning comes, you start the day feeling fine. Get Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.

A NEW addition

Phillips' is now also available in Flavored Form, at the same price as Regular



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA
REGULAR • FLAVORED



only Pacific can *Contour*® almost any bed

If it isn't Pacific it isn't a Contour sheet . . . because Pacific is the originator of Contour Sheets. Only Pacific Contour Sheets are made to fit almost every type and size of mattress you own...in white and fashion colors...at leading stores...at special low August Sale Prices!

Fits all these mattresses:
Twin, Three-quarter, Double
Innerspring *King and Queen*
Foam Rubber *Crib, Youth,*
Extra-firm *Extra-long*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

PACIFIC Contour® SHEETS

PACIFIC MILLS DOMESTICS CORP., an affiliate of Wamsutta Mills, Dept. PS20, 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

She turned her back to him. "We ought to ave some coffee."

"Sure, go ahead. Build a fire. Let's adver- se. Everybody else does." He added brit- ely, "What about it?"

"What with? A rusty can opener? Besides, 's been two years."

He took the tin she offered. "How come? I ought once a nurse, always a nurse. Like a afe man. Unless something happened."

Two years ago last January, it had been. Only it wasn't two years ago. It was this morn- ng, so sharp in focus were the doctors and the nterns and the other nurses, and so distinct very word that was spoken.

She said softly, "I gave it up."

"Why?" She turned about, startled to find Marv a few feet away, naked, drying himself ith an undershirt.

She looked back to Joe. "I wanted to each."

Marv drawled, "I heard once the only peo- le who come here are tuberculars and guys n the lam. You don't look tubercular to e."

Joe broke in: "That's enough." He added, We'll start rationing the food tomorrow. And ok, kid," he continued to Marv, "we'd bet- r pack all the water we can. We may hit a ry canyon."

Soon afterward they bedded down, sleeping on blankets on the ground. Joe settled between Ruth and Marv, and she was thankful. She couldn't bring herself to stretch out, and half sat, with her head resting against a smooth aspen, and with her hands hugging her knees.

Her gaze followed Marv as he tended the mules, making sure they were hobbled for the night. Seeing them, she wondered if she could crawl to them after everyone was asleep and free them. They would return home then, as mules always did; and without them they would travel slower, and hence give anyone tracking them a break. But after some thought she discarded the idea, knowing a twig would crack explosively as she crawled or a mule would sound off.

She might try slipping away herself, but again she was almost certain to awaken Marv or Joe, and even if she cleared camp she couldn't travel in the dark. If she waited until daybreak, Marv would miss her and overtake her.

She came to with a start to find Marv standing over her. "Don't get any ideas, doll," he said, as though he had heard her thoughts. "I'm going to shoot if I hear anything—and look afterward."

"Come on, turn in," Joe told him, and added, "Get a good night's sleep, girl."

She stared up at the stars, rhinestone bright in a slice of blue night. She thought they moved, and remembered the phosphorescent stars and moon which her father had applied on the ceiling of her bedroom when she was ten.

Strange, that she should think of that ceiling tonight . . . or the panda she wanted so badly but didn't think she would get that Christmas . . . the first time she baby-sat and the first dollar she earned . . . the day she and her brother took the car apart when it broke down and she was so proud she could scarcely wait for her father to come home to see how well it ran . . . the dance her father took her to when her date stood her up . . . graduation night when she made the honor society . . . an evening in the High Sierra when she cooked her first flapjacks and her father said they were the best he ever tasted . . . the morning she entered nursing school and had scarcely noticed it was raining . . . all the little ecstasies stored away in the attic and so seldom unpacked.

She listened to Marv's rhythmic breathing. He had killed and robbed, and was not disturbed. As a nurse, she had encountered others who had committed crimes, and some had been dying, but they were tormented. She didn't understand this man who slept the sleep of the contented.

Joe was awake. He moved restlessly, inching his body into different positions, seeking to extinguish the flame searing his shoulder. He had a rugged, brute kind of courage. She had probed deeper than she would have with most, and he had only set his teeth.

As she wandered in the twilight of sleep, her thoughts slipped back to Corny. She saw an awkward guy, with big hands he never knew what to do with, and Size 11 shoes—a sweet guy, quiet and thoughtful, with eyes that brightened when they met hers, and stirred warmth in her by their very brightness.

His full name was Dr. George Zacharias Cornell, and he had been an intern at the hospital where she worked. They had met one rainy day. It had been two weeks before they could juggle their schedules so they could have a few free hours that coincided.

He had been lean and wiry as a cowpuncher and so hard up that he sometimes sold his blood to the hospital's blood bank. He never had complained. It had been an exciting game with him, this business of becoming an M.D.

She still had his ring, but never wore it. She wondered what he was doing, where he would be when he heard the news—if he would remember, and care.

(To be Concluded)

SUMMER DIET PLATES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

ble to buy nonfat cottage cheese, you'll save n a few calories) add 1 tablespoon finely inced chives or scallion or green-onion tops, teaspoon garlic salt, ½ teaspoon salt, a ood pinch monosodium glutamate, a gener- us dash of paprika and a grinding of pepper om the pepper mill. Add 2 teaspoons lemon ice and ½ cup skimmed buttermilk or non- t milk. Whiz on the blender or beat smooth ith a beater. Makes 1½ cups.

LIME-MINT SHERBET. Pour ⅔ cup boiling wa- r over a good-size bunch of fresh mint, hopped. Cover and simmer until mint is ilted—2 or 3 minutes. Strain the mint. Save e juice and cool it. Beat 2 eggs until very ght and thick, adding ½ cup sugar, a little at time. Then stir in ½ cup light corn syrup, ½ cups skimmed buttermilk, ½ cup strained int juice, a few drops of green food coloring, tablespoons fresh lime juice (1 lime). Taste; not quite minty enough for your taste, add a op or so of mint flavoring. Garden mint has ore flavor than the commercial hothouse- own mint. Pour into a freezing tray. Freeze til almost but not quite firm. Scrape sherbet o a chilled bowl. Beat quickly with a rotary ater or electric blender. Don't let it get too uid again by beating too long. Return to ezing tray and freeze until firm. Makes 6 rvings. (One half cup sherbet—177 calories.)

CHARMER TWO

Though perfect as a solo, this menu has rty manners and could easily be expanded o a glamorous buffet for a small group with e addition of a hot dish (which you would llfully omit from your own plate). There's ifying hot consommé to sip leisurely before e main attraction: an elegantly simple cken-and-*pâté* aspic—cool and appealing. ong with the chicken there will be fat little l tomatoes scooped out and filled with snip- s of green beans, hard-cooked egg and en pepper in a tangy dressing. Melba toast d raw relishes provide the crunchy nibbles. r dessert: red raspberries—at their perfect t this month—folded into ice-cold yoghurt, ghtly sweetened with sugar substitute and icately flavored with lemon rind. Make up a ig pitcher of iced tea for further cooling off.

CHICKEN BREASTS IN ASPIC. For 4 servings u will need the best of 4 cooked chicken asts. Calories won't permit using whole cken breasts unless they happen to be small es. Some markets sell chicken in parts. Oth- ise you will have to buy 2 chickens. Cook, vered, in canned chicken broth with season- gs until tender. Cool. Remove breasts and ll. (The rest of the chicken can be served ther day another way.) Cut 3 slices off each cken breast. You are allowed ¼ pound for each serving. If you have small chicken breasts, the slices may be thicker. For each serving, put 3 chicken slices together "double-decker sandwich" fashion, using 1 teaspoon liver *pâté* for each layer of filling. Chill well. Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in 1 can clear chicken broth. (If there is fat on top, remove it before adding gelatin.) Heat until gelatin is dissolved. Chill gelatin until it is slightly thickened and spoon it over chicken breasts, arranged on a platter. Repeat the glazing from time to time until all gelatin is used. Cut away the gelatin around the edges before serving and serve hot another day.

TOMATOES STUFFED WITH GREEN-BEAN SALAD. Peel and scoop out centers of 4 small ripe tomatoes. Drain well. Salt and pepper them on the inside and chill. Cook and shell 1 hard-cooked egg. Press yolk through a sieve. Chop the white and set aside. Mix the sieved yolk with 2 tablespoons skimmed buttermilk. Add 1½ tablespoons vinegar, 1½ tablespoons chili sauce and 1½ teaspoons minced onion. Season well to taste with *orégano*, salt and pepper. Mix dressing with the chopped whites, ½ cup cooked or canned cut blue lake green beans and 2 tablespoons minced green peppers. Fill tomato cups with this good-tasting mixture and chill. Makes 4 servings.

CHARMER THREE

Though this meal isn't one you'd serve when company comes, it's one the family can enjoy with you without feeling they are on a diet. Outside of making the tomato aspic well in advance, it involves next to no kitchen time on your part. Poaching eggs you're well versed in, but have you ever tried cooking spinach until it is merely wilted—not really cooked at all! It seems to have a fresher, less bitter taste. Season with salt, pepper, nutmeg and finely minced raw onion—no butter. The egg will sauce the spinach. You are allowed one well-drained, crisp bacon curl with it, adding up to only 117 calories per serving for all three.

TOMATO-AND-CUCUMBER ASPIC. Sprinkle 1 envelope unflavored gelatin over ¼ cup cold water. Let stand. Meanwhile, heat 1¾ cups tomato juice, adding a handful of celery leaves, ½ bay leaf, ¾ teaspoon instant minced onion, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 1¼ teaspoons salt and 1 teaspoon sugar. Simmer 10 minutes. Strain. Add softened gelatin to the hot juice and stir until dissolved. Chill until thick and syrupy. Then fold in ½ cup finely chopped peeled cucumber. Pour into 4 molds and chill until firm. Serve each salad on a lettuce leaf with 2 tablespoons cottage-cheese dressing. (Each serving, 55 calories.)

FOR DESSERT. Line dessert dishes with any washed green shrub leaves you may have in the garden. (Grape or rose leaves are good choices.) Leave the stems on strawberries and dip the tips in confectioners' sugar. Serve with a small, thin, crisp sugar cooky or biscuit. Allow ¾ cup strawberries for each serving and 1 tablespoon confectioners' sugar (85 calories), and the cooky will cost you 50 calories.



"Our host is a gourmet and is preparing dinner himself—that means we won't eat till after ten o'clock."

CHARMER FOUR

A hot dinner of substance—meat, vegetables and fruits—is welcome on the warmest of evenings. While we were tailoring and embellishing these menus to fit your 400-calorie limit, we were amazed how many delicious foods and combinations were really low in calories—sweetbreads, the lovely green or yellow squashes, tomatoes and citrus fruits, just to name a few. We've eaten this dinner ourselves many, many times—we have to diet at times, too, you know—and have never tired of its piquancy and flavor.

STARTER. Tomato-juice or vegetable-juice cocktail. Serve well chilled with a parsley sprig or a basil leaf if your garden provides it.

SWEETBREADS WRAPPED WITH BACON. Soak 2 pair medium-sized veal sweetbreads in salted water for 1 hour. Then cook about 20 minutes in more salted water to cover, along with the juice of one lemon. Lift out the sweetbreads and plunge into ice water until very firm. Remove tubes, membrane and any fat (this may be done the day before). Sprinkle sweetbreads with salt and hot pepper sauce. Wrap with 1 slice bacon each and secure with toothpicks. Broil until bacon is crisp. (Each serving, 238 calories.)

CARROTS COOKED IN BOUILLON. Cook 2 cups sliced, scraped carrots (or cut them in julienne strips, as we did) gently in 1 cup bouillon until tender and most of bouillon has been absorbed. You won't need salt. Use very little pepper. The bouillon does the seasoning. Makes 4 servings. (Each serving, 23 calories.)

ZUCCHINI CREOLE. In a saucepan mix together 2⅔ cups sliced zucchini or yellow crookneck squash (pick out the smallest—more tender, fewer and smaller seeds), 4 medium-sized tomatoes, peeled, cored and diced, and 1 cup water. Add teaspoon salt, 1 clove garlic, crushed, ½ teaspoon thyme, ⅛ teaspoon basil and a pinch of pepper. Simmer together until the zucchini is just tender, the tomato is saucy and the flavors have blended beautifully. No butter necessary. Makes 4 servings. (Each serving, 40 calories.)

ORANGE-AND-ONION SALAD. Peel 1 medium seedless orange for each salad. Slice crosswise and arrange on a few leaves of lettuce, romaine or chicory. Slice 2 small peeled onions for 4 salads; separate them into rings and sprinkle casually over the orange slices. Next, sprinkle *orégano* (that most companionable herb to both fruit and vegetable) over the orange slices and onion rings. Serve 2 tablespoons cottage-cheese dressing with each salad. The calorie total—74, counting the dressing. END



So easy to vary with fruit!*

Light as a bubble!

So fluffy-light... no other pudding is so delightfully different! So easy to digest—never, never heavy.

So nourishing... with fresh eggs 'n milk, but not loaded with calories. Kids love it!

***So versatile**... for *Pineapple Tapioca Fluff* stir in 1 cup crushed pineapple, 2 tbsp. sugar before serving. More recipes at your grocer's.



TODAY'S QUICK-AND-EASY

MINUTE TAPIOCA CREAM

A fine product of General Foods

SUMMER Shelf Magic

Ever wanted to try your hand at sorcery? Here are six dishes for the warm-weather cook that (almost) seem to make themselves!

By NANCY CRAWFORD WOOD

July afternoons may find you relaxing deliciously under the shadiest tree, but when dinnertime comes around you're off to the kitchen to conjure up a meal. Tall glasses of iced tea, plumed with sprigs of cool green mint, crisp fresh salads, the first tender vegetables from the garden—one's thoughts turn to these at mealtime, in July. And your kitchen cupboard is next best thing to "abracadabra" when it's time to plan a substantial main dish that will leave you cool as an evening breeze. It might be ripe red tomatoes, stuffed with savory corned-beef hash, bubbling in golden cheese sauce. Serve this with a salad of romaine and water cress, and a buttery batch of brown-and-serve rolls; it's pure delight. BAKED TOMATOES STUFFED WITH CORNED-BEEF HASH: Cut off tops of 8 to 10 small tomatoes. Scoop out the pulp and set aside. Mix the contents of 1 can corned-beef hash with 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon onion salt and a dash of pepper. Fill the tomatoes. Make a cream sauce, using 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons flour with 1 cup milk. Season with ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon each of marjoram and thyme, and a dash of pepper. When the sauce is smooth, stir in ¾ cup grated Cheddar cheese until melted. Add ½ cup of the tomato pulp. Arrange the hash-filled tomatoes in a casserole and pour the sauce around the tomatoes. Bake in a moderately hot—375° F.—oven for 20 to 30 minutes, or until the tomatoes are tender and heated through. When ready to serve, spoon the sauce over the tops of the tomatoes. Makes 8 to 10 servings.



Summer vegetables mixed with sweet chopped nuts fill ham horns of plenty.

Chilled thin slices of ham, rolled like horns of plenty, filled with a delicious and couldn't-be-easier mixture of vegetables, nut meats and tangily seasoned mayonnaise dressing—it's an ideal summer supper dish, especially if it's prefaced by hot consommé, accompanied by herb-buttered hot rolls, finishing off with a bowl of luscious, cold, sugared raspberries. HAM CORNUCOPIAS: Buy 10 to 12 thin slices of very lean boiled ham. The ham must be lean to roll into cornucopias easily. Roll each slice to form a cornucopia and fasten with toothpicks if they seem stubborn. Cook 2 packages frozen mixed vegetables according to package directions. Drain and chill. Make a dressing with 1 cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons wine vinegar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon onion salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper. Add the dressing to the vegetables along with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts. Chill well. Fill the ham cornucopias with the mixture and serve on a bed of lettuce leaves. Serves 10 to 12.



STUART

Plump tomatoes make perfect cups for mounds of spicy hash, baked in cheese sauce.

Magically easy, and delicious as the scent of summer flowers, is this dish of plump chicken chunks floating in a creamy chicken-and-ripe-olive sauce. Served over slender hot vermicelli noodles, with a crusty, golden coat of grated Parmesan, it cries for a chilled raw-vegetable salad, and lemon or raspberry sherbet for dessert. But you'll see for yourself. CHICKEN TETRAZZINI'S COUSIN: In a large skillet melt 1 tablespoon butter. Stir in 1 small can sliced mushrooms, drained; 1 cup condensed cream-of-chicken soup and ¾ cup light cream. Stir well. Add 3 cups canned boned chicken, 14 or so chopped pitted ripe olives, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. While this is heating, cook and drain half an 8-ounce package vermicelli according to package directions. Place the vermicelli in a shallow baking dish and spoon the lovely chicken mixture over all. Sprinkle liberally with grated Parmesan cheese and put under the broiler until hot and bubbly. Serves 4 to 5.

One of the easiest and most delectable summery main dishes combines fresh, tender garden squash and tangy chili con carne. This recipe is equally delicious whether you use small young yellow squash or green zucchini. The coldest salad this side of an ice cube—lettuce tossed in French dressing with a sprinkling of plump fresh blueberries is perfect with the spicy chili. CHILI SQUASH: Wash 1 pound small green zucchini squash and slice thinly. Put in bottom of greased 1½-quart casserole; season with salt and pepper and dot with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Break up one 15½-ounce can chili con carne and spread over top. Sprinkle with 3 tablespoons grated Cheddar cheese. Bake in a moderate—350° F.—oven about 45 minutes to 1 hour, or until squash is tender when pierced with a fork. Serves 4.

A big bowl of hearty soup; a loaf of crusty bread, sliced, buttered, sprinkled with grated Parmesan and toasted in the oven—it's anyone's dream of a delicious summer meal. Clam chowder might seem like an ambitious undertaking for a July evening—but not this one. You'll be through almost before you realize you've begun! QUICK MANHATTAN CLAM CHOWDER: Cook 1 cup diced celery in 2 cups salted water about 10 minutes, or until celery is tender. Add 1 package frozen Limas, cooking until tender—about 5 minutes. Cut 3 slices bacon into small pieces. Fry until crisp. Add to vegetable mixture with 2 cups vegetable-juice cocktail or tomato juice, 1 tablespoon chopped onion sautéed in bacon drippings, and two 7½-ounce cans minced clams. Season with ¼ teaspoon thyme, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer about 15 minutes until seasonings are well blended and soup is hot. Makes 1½ quarts.

LOBSTER RISOTTO: Sauté 1 clove garlic, minced, in 2 tablespoons salad oil. Add 3 cans lobster meat from which the bones have been removed, and sauté until golden. Stir in 1 cup water, one 8-ounce can tomato sauce, 1 small can sliced mushrooms, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon each Worcestershire sauce, basil, thyme and marjoram, and add salt and pepper to taste. Cook over low heat until blended. Put 4 cups cooked rice in bottom of a baking dish and cover with lobster mixture. Sprinkle ⅔ cup grated Cheddar cheese over the top and place under broiler until cheese melts and forms a golden topping. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Speedier shine—
more free time—with



New BRILLO soap pads



Polish off pots and pans fast—have time for things you really enjoy

There's special soap with
Jeweler's Polish in every pad!

Give pans twice the shine in half the time with New Brillo Soap Pads! Brillo whisks away greasy scorch and burned spots fast! Nothing shines aluminum like New Brillo Soap Pads. Wonderful for cleaning glass ovenware, too! Results guaranteed! A new utensil free if Brillo fails to clean!



Brillo Soap Pads (red box)
Soap-filled metal fiber pads
Brillo Cleanser (green box)
Metal fiber pads plus cake of soap

Brillo Mfg. Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THRIFTIER!
5 and 12 pad boxes!

P.S. to husbands—
Brillo speeds up your clean-ups, too!



NOW

U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

PAY YOU HIGHER INTEREST

FASTER!

If you've always bought U.S. Savings Bonds for their rock-ribbed safety, their guaranteed return, the way they make saving easier—you've got one more reason now!

Every Series E United States Savings Bond you've bought since February 1, 1957 pays you a new, higher interest—3¼% when held to maturity! It reaches maturity *faster*—in only 8 years and 11 months. And redemption values are higher, too, especially in the earlier years.

About your older Bonds? Easy. Just hold onto them. As you know, the rate of interest a Savings Bond pays increases with each year you own it, until maturity. Therefore, the best idea is to *buy the new—and hold the old!*

The main thing about E Bonds, of course, is their complete safety. Principal and interest are fully guaranteed. They are loss-proof, fire-proof, theft-proof—because the Treasury will replace them without charge in case of mishap. Your Savings Bonds are as solid as a rock—backed by the full faith and credit of the United States.

Maybe you already know about Savings Bonds—as one of the 40 million Americans who own them today, or as one of the other millions who have used Bond savings to help pay for new homes, cars, or college educations, or to make retirement financially easier. If so, this is familiar territory to you—you *know* there's no better way to save.

But if you're new to the game, find out about Savings Bonds and what they can do for your future. Ask your banker, or check with your employer about the automatic Payroll Savings Plan that makes saving painless and easy.

PART OF EVERY AMERICAN'S SAVINGS BELONGS IN U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

The U.S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISING COUNCIL

THE WORLD'S MOST FABULOUS JEWELS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

ntinents; the results of their efforts appear many of the pearl-bedecked portraits of the rewd queen. Others of her ropes of pearls ıce belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, who d no further use for them after she lost her ad on the execution block.

No one knows now what happened to all ese pearls, although two pendants which e said to have been Queen Elizabeth's ear- ıgs now adorn the Imperial State Crown, ıich also bears many other historic jewels great beauty.

From the beginning of English history there s been difficulty in distinguishing between ıte regalia and the monarch's personal easure. During the seventeenth-century volution all the crown and personal jewelry ıs broken up or sold at the order of Crom- ell, and when the monarchy was finally re- ored a whole new set of regalia (crowns, epters, and so on) had to be designed and ade for the coronation of Charles II. At that ne the regalia was first separated from the ng's private treasure, and placed for safe- eping in the Tower of London, where it has nained ever since.

The royal family has, however, added to e regalia from time to time, whenever a vel seems too historic or too valuable for rsonal possession. The famous Stuart ophire, for instance, was a personal posses- n of James II, who took it with him when he d England in 1688. Later it was handed down the Georges, and then to Queen Victoria, ıo had it set in a band of her State Crown. was later moved to the King's State Crown. ıe fabled Koh-i-noor was presented to Queen ctoria as a personal gift in 1850. She wore it a brooch for many years (and used it to orn her neat hairdo during her state visit to lance in 1855), but left it at her death to be into the crowns of England's queens, where s now always used. An ancient Indian leg- d holds that the diamond will bring mis- tune to any man who wears it, and Victoria s taking no chances.

The largest diamond ever found, the Cul- lan, was given to Edward VII on his birth- y in 1907 by the Transvaal Government. ving little personal use for a diamond the proximate size of an ostrich egg, he had the at hunk split and the largest pieces set in e regalia. The great Star of Africa, once rt of the Cullinan, now glitters from the yal Scepter.

Today the members of the royal family sel- m, if ever, buy jewelry for themselves. They e usually given brooches, pins or other orna- nts whenever they visit an aircraft plant, a p christening, review one of their regiments, go on tour. In addition, they inherit, vately, a mass of diamonds, emeralds, ies and other valuables collected by previ- s royalty.

Some of these objects, if they are still ound, are odd although valuable. The rec- ls of Garrard and Co., the three-century- court jewelers, disclose, for instance, that 1760 they repaired two silver kettle drums the Princess of Wales, and that in 1764 y sold a royal male personage "a pair night cloaths earings." In 1788 Queen arlotte, wife of George III, bought two gold thpicks. Later she and her daughter built quite a bill with Garrard's, mostly for jeweled baubles, and often for gold needles.

ther objects of value and beauty are less d, but some of them came to the family in ange ways. The emeralds in Queen Eliza- h's most elaborate tiara—the one she wears ner most recent official portrait—were, for tance, won in a lottery, by her great-great- ndmother, Augusta, Duchess of Cam- dge. What Augusta was doing, taking part a regal gamble in Frankfurt, Germany, in early 1830's is now unknown, and even the ke of Windsor says that the story is lost in mists of family memory. But it must have n a splendid lottery, for the prize was nty-four perfect emeralds, each the size a peach stone.

he tiara itself, in which fifteen of these eralds now hang pendant, was purchased from a Russian grand duchess by Queen Mary, who was a jewel connoisseur. The original design of the tiara is planned to carry fifteen magnificent drop pearls, but George V's queen had it redesigned so that the emeralds and pearls are interchangeable. The emeralds not used in the tiara were worked into an emerald-and-diamond necklace usually worn with it. The necklace includes one of the resplendent stones of the fragmented Cullinan.

Not all the jewelry is of this magnificence, of course. When the present queen, as princess, was photographed at the age of six months, she wore as decoration only two tiny necklaces, one of rosy coral and one of small pearls. The coral necklace has already passed on to her daughter, Princess Anne, who wears it at parties over a dress of white chiffon over satin. Anne has also been left by King George VI two ropes of pearls with earrings to match, some sapphires and a diamond tiara. But she will have to do some growing before she is allowed to wear them.

On her seventh birthday Princess Elizabeth wore a tiny gold chain with a pearl-and-gold pendant. At ten she appeared in public with a double row of small pearls, and both she and Princess Margaret received a small brooch with a pearl drop. The same tenth birthday her father gave her a diamond, but she was thirteen before she wore diamonds in public. On that thirteenth birthday she and her sister Margaret appeared with identical brooches of rubies, sapphires and diamonds pinned to their berets. At fourteen she wore a large three-strand pearl necklace and a small antique bracelet. At fifteen she received and wore a brooch with her father's initials "GR" (George Rex) traced in diamonds. At seventeen there were a gold bracelet and a tiny watch from her parents.

For her parents' coronation in 1937, Elizabeth wore three rows of small pearls. In 1942 she received the first of hundreds of pieces of official gift jewelry, a diamond insigne of the Grenadier Guards, of which she is colonel. At sixteen she was officially photographed wearing three rows of largish pearls—so beautiful that, as with all her Oriental pearls, their luster shines through even badly reproduced photographs.

But the windfall of precious gems didn't really begin until her engagement and marriage. On her engagement day she wore two rows of pearls, a small diamond star on the lapel of her blue dress, and Philip's engagement ring, one diamond with two smaller ones on either side. This ring is one of the less impressive bits of jewelry she owns, but she never takes it off. She rarely wears other rings—perhaps remembering that Victoria, who wore several rings on each finger, sometimes had difficulty in removing her gloves.

INVITATION

By SUSAN MOIRA MOK

Come up unto my hill,
The grass is greener here.
I have a cradle made of rain-soft earth,
A moon-shaped basin
Waits to wash your morning face.
In winter my hilltop house is made of lace,
Spring echoes in my halls,
Autumn paints my walls with gold.
Love, come up unto my hill
And share summer's kisses—if you will.

Her wedding presents were literally worth a king's ransom. Her mother and father, devoted parents, gave a necklace of diamonds and rubies, another of sapphires and diamonds, with matching earrings, and a double string of large pearls. She wore the pearls at her wedding, and also a small tiara of diamond-studded spikes belonging to her mother—perhaps for "something borrowed." Her wedding ring, like those of all royal brides, was of gold from Wales, the only part of Great Britain where gold is found.

From the incredibly wealthy Nizam of Hyderabad (the only prince whose jewels might compete with those of the Windsors) Elizabeth received at the time of her wedding a glowing diamond necklace, and a bandeau-style tiara in a pattern of roses and leaves of diamonds. The City of London gave her a diamond-fringe necklace to match the borrowed tiara. This is probably one of the most important pieces in her collection.

Queen Mary gave her nine pieces of her own jewelry: a diamond tiara and a diamond headband; a double row of diamonds (which the queen often wears); a double row of pearls; bracelets, and eight-inch-high diamond stomacher. This object, worn by queens as a kind of corselet in more flashy days, has since been divided into three sections, any one of which Elizabeth sometimes wears on her shoulder to hold down one of the ribbons of her royal orders.

From over the seas the young bride received from Burma ninety-eight blood-red rubies set in an ornate, almost Victorian, gold setting, and a gold necklace twenty-two centuries old from King Farouk of Egypt. All these were, of course, only the cream of the jewels which poured down in tribute and affection. It is perhaps worth remembering that some of her loyal and humble subjects also sent her such homely items as pot holders and bed socks.

From Queen Mary, Elizabeth has also inherited the pink topaz brooch which, like the emeralds, once belonged to the Duchess of Cambridge; a ruby brooch and pendant which once belonged to the beautiful and fastidious Queen Alexandra; the resplendent diamond tiara in a design of thistles, roses and shamrocks which Queen Victoria had made; and a dozen other diamond and pearl knickknacks, too numerous for anyone to describe or to wear.

Among the magnificent historic jewels belonging to the queen is the Darnley jewel, designed in the sixteenth century by the sorrowing Earl of Lennox's widow to commemorate her husband's death in battle. It is enameled gold in the shape of a heart, and has an enormous cabochon sapphire as its main jewel. Another favorite is the miniature circlet showing emblems of all the British Isles, made for George IV and shown in the portrait of Queen Victoria by Winterhalter.

In addition to receiving inheritances and gifts on specific occasions such as weddings and birthdays, members of the royal family come back from tours loaded down with little mementos of fabulous value. The number of diamond brooches and floral sprays presented to the queen must occasionally inspire small private sighs of familiarity; more rare are gifts like the four pink pearls from the Red Sea (a gift from the Government of Aden), the necklace of ancient gold coins from a visit to Greece, the 54½-carat rose-pink diamond from diamond miner John T. Williamson. Queen Elizabeth herself later designed the spray in which this unbelievable diamond is set.

When the queen and Prince Philip went on a round-the-world tour, the countries of the Commonwealth busied themselves preparing suitable little mementos. The most important of these was probably the brooch, valued at $150,000, presented by the Prime Minister of Australia on behalf of his government. For this brooch world markets were searched for rare yellow diamonds and private collectors were besought for help; the finest Australian craftsmen worked for months reproducing in



Makes fashionable pointed toe shoes feel ever so easy on the feet!

Now, you never need suffer pain from wearing smartly styled shoes. Simply apply soft, cushioning, protective Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads wherever shoes rub, press or pinch. Presto! Gone, forgotten is your discomfort. With it you stop one of the commonest causes of aging lines of pain—nagging shoe pressure and friction. You also stop corns, callouses before they start. If you already have corns or callouses, use Zino-pads to remove them. Try them! Sold everywhere.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

HOT, TENDER FEET?

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tired, tender, perspiring, odorous feet. Eases new or tight shoes. *Get a can today!*



Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER

What Do 3 Out of 4 Doctors Recommend to Relieve Pain?

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin Tablets to relieve pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Here's why Anacin® gives you better *total* effect in relieving pain than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

- **ACTS INSTANTLY:** Anacin goes to work *instantly*. Brings fast relief at *source* of your pain.
- **MORE EFFECTIVE:** Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of effective, medically proven ingredients.
- **SAFER:** Anacin simply *not* upset your stomach.
- **LESSENS TENSION:** Anacin also reduces tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin *today*.

WANT EXTRA CASH?

Let Us Send You 5 Boxes of New CHRISTMAS CARDS & GIFTS

Send no money. Just give us your name, and we'll mail beautiful money-making samples to you. Show to friends and make money in spare time. Keep up to 50c easy $1 sales—up to $1.25 cash profit per item. Get sample kit on approval, Bargain List, FREE Personal Album, $1.25 Gift Offer.

MIDWEST, 1113 Washington, Dept.465-H, St. Louis 1, Mo.

$1.25 Gift FREE on 15-Day Offer

More Comfort Wearing FALSE TEETH

Here is a pleasant way to overcome loose plate discomfort. FASTEETH, an improved powder, sprinkled on upper and lower plates holds them firmer so that they feel more comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. It's alkaline (non-acid). Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH today at any drug counter.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

THESE ADVERTISERS WILL BE GLAD TO SEND LITERATURE.
WRITE THEM DIRECT, STATING YOUR SPECIFIC INTERESTS.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 555 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

Boys' Schools

RIVERSIDE MILITARY ACADEMY



Health and interest assured by Spring and Fall in Georgia mountains. Winter at Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida—two complete school plants, each with all facilities. Outdoor sports year round.
Fully accredited preparation for all colleges. Also Post Graduate Dept. Constant association with selected teachers who live and eat with cadets. Weekly reports. ROTC program. Progress GUARANTEED. Reasonable All-inclusive fee. Outstanding record. Athletics for all. Separate Junior High, grades 7-8. *For illustrated catalog, address:*
GENERAL SANDY BEAVER, Pres., Box 507-J, Gainesville 5, Georgia
6 MONTHS IN BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS • 3 WINTER MONTHS NEAR MIAMI

Rumsey Hall
Junior School for Boys. 80 miles from N.Y.C. Grades 1 thru 8. Small classes. Boys learn to study. Country environment. Well coached team sports. Fishing, Skiing, Skating, Riflery. Mention age & grade. For booklet address:
Mr. David J. Barr, Headmaster, Washington 6, Conn.

Manlius
Founded 1869. For boys. Accredited. Grades 7–12. Complete college preparation. ROTC. Highest U.S. Army rating for over 50 years. 126-acre campus. Remedial reading. Sports. Band. Summer session. Tutorial assistance. Catalog.
Robert A. Weekes, The Manlius School, Manlius, N.Y.

Perkiomen Boys taught how to study. Graduates attend leading colleges, universities. Homelike atmosphere. Grades 7–12. Sports, activities for all. Modern dormitories. Near New York City, Philadelphia. 83rd year. Summer school. Write for catalog.
Stephen A. Roberts, Headmaster, Pennsburg, Penna.

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY
"At the Nation's Shrine" Prepare your boy to enter leading colleges and at the same time be trained for a commission in the Armed Services. Small classes, highest academic standards. Prep, School and Jr. College, fully accredited; ages 12-20. All sports. Arty., Cav., Infantry, Band, Senior Division ROTC. Catalog. Radnor Rd., Wayne, Pa.

Cheshire Academy Junior School. Grades 6 to 8. Thorough grounding in subjects anticipating college preparatory study on same campus. Emphasis on fundamentals. Flexible program for each boy develops good habits of concentration. Separate classes, dormitories, activities. Remedial instruction.
Arthur J. Sheriff, Headmaster, Cheshire, Connecticut

Western Military Academy
Develops a desire to succeed. Emphasis on self-confidence, self-direction, how-to-study. Small classes, guidance. Grades 7–12. Career analysis. Jr.-Sr. R.O.T.C. All athletics: riding, pool. 79th yr. Near St. Louis. Catalog:
Col. Ralph B. Jackson, Supt., Box L-7, Alton, Illinois

Carteret School
Superior College prep. Accredited. 1st Grade to College. Small classes. Proper study habits. Reading Techniques. Shops. Homelike dormitory. Large gym. 40 acres atop Orange Mt. Moderate rate. New York trips 20 miles. Request booklet G-16.
Carteret School, West Orange, N.J.

Judson School in Arizona
A ranch school for boys 6 to 18, in healthful, warm, dry climate. Small classes. Accredited to all colleges. Riding & polo included in tuition. Tennis, swimming, pack trips, fishing, rodeos, riflery, music. 29th yr. For Catalog, write
H. J. Wick, D. M. Ashley, Dirs., Scottsdale, Arizona

PEEKSKILL MILITARY ACADEMY
124th year. Successful College preparation. High Achievement records in College and Life. Non profit. Small classes. Personal interest in each boy. Athletic teams for all, intramural & varsity. Expert coaching. Rifle & Swim Teams. Swimming pool, Band, Glee club, Camera club, etc. Grades 6-12. Summer session. *For illustrated catalog write:*
Headmaster, Box 407, Peekskill-on-Hudson 4, N.Y.

College

Brenau College
Accredited A.B. Degree and B.S. in El. Ed. Liberal Arts, Journalism, Secretarial, Physical Ed., Home Ec., Nutrition, Music, Art, Drama, Speech, Broadcasting. 1250 ft. elev. Near Atlanta. All Sports. National Sororities. Attendance 40 States.
Address Brenau, Box 503, Gainesville 5, Ga.

Business & Secretarial

katharine gibbs secretarial
BOSTON 16, 21 Marlborough St.
NEW YORK 17, 230 Park Ave.
MONTCLAIR, N.J., 33 Plymouth St.
PROVIDENCE 6, 155 Angell St.
Outstanding training. Three practical courses.
One-Year Secretarial
Liberal Arts-Secretarial (two years)
Special Course for College Women
Catalog: ADMISSIONS DEAN

Vocational

Be a Hotel Hostess



Enjoy Your Work! Fascinating positions in hotels, motels, clubs, apartment house projects as Hostess, Executive Housekeeper, Manager, etc. Celestia Foster writes: "Am Hostess-Housekeeper in a hotel and happy in my work." Write for FREE book, "Your Big Opportunity." Approved for ALL Veteran Training. Lewis Hotel Training School, Sta. CL-501, Washington 7, D. C. 41st Year.

Home Study School

HIGH SCHOOL at HOME
You can still finish High School—at home, in your spare time. No interference with job, or social life. Win more pay, a better job, social recognition. Take only the subjects you need. Complete lesson and answer service. Personalized instruction. Low cost. Diploma to graduates.
I.C.S. is oldest and largest (257 courses). Write today for 3 free books: (1) 36-page "How to Succeed," (2) sample lesson (Math), (3) Career Catalogue—indicate course desired.
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
SCRANTON 9, PENNA. DEPT. 39112F

Kemper Military School
Rounded educational, military, recreational program. Century-old tradition; modern methods. Accredited. Small classes; personal guidance. 8th Grade, H.S. and Jr. College. Approved ROTC. All sports, pool; flying. 113th yr. Catalog.
Dir. of Admissions, 1677 Third St., Boonville, Mo.

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY
THE SCHOOL OF DISTINCTION
Develops today's Youth for tomorrow's world by building mind, body, character, leadership. Accredited. Member Military Schools Div. R.O.T.C., Dept. of Army. Graduates in all colleges. All sports. Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery. Band scholarships. Grades 1–12. Catalog.
17 Academy Ave., Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

St. John's Military Academy Where boys become self-confident men. Accredited college preparation under the famous St. John's System. Grades 7–12. Inspired teaching. Small classes, individual attention. Reading Clinic. ROTC. Fireproof dorms. Sports. Summer Camp. Catalog.
Dir. of Admissions, Box 377, Delafield, Wisconsin

Missouri Military Academy and Separate Junior School. 69th year. Grades 4–12. Fully accredited. Senior ROTC. Friendly and inspiring teachers. Small classes. Strong remedial reading and guidance program. All sports. Riding. Golf. 5 athletic fields. 226 acre campus. Catalog.
Col. C. R. Stribling, 177 Main Street, Mexico, Missouri

The Miller School of Albemarle
Military. Grades 5–12. College preparatory plus industrial arts, iron & wood working, auto mechanics, machine shop & electricity. Endowed. Inclusive rate $1000. Sports. New gym. 1500 acres. Near Charlottesville. 79th year. Catalog.
Col. W. Hugh Flannagan, Dept. L, Miller School P.O., Va.

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY



★ Our ONE SUBJECT PLAN of study in Upper School (grades 9–12) has increased honor roll 50%. Develops concentration.
★ Fully accredited ROTC highest rating 17 modern buildings, 4 completely equipped gyms, pool. Splendid environment, excellent health record. Junior School (grades 4–8) has separate buildings, gym, Housemothers. 59th year. For ONE SUBJECT PLAN booklet and catalog write
Dr. J.C. Wicker, Box 867, Fork Union, Va.
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Augusta Military Academy
"The Friendly School." Distinguished ROTC school in Shenandoah Valley. Jr. & Sr. Divisions. Boys 8–20. Accredited; graduates in leading colleges. All sports—pool, gym. 1400 acres. Family owned since 1742. Rate $1250. Catalog.
Col. Charles S. Roller, Box J, Ft. Defiance, Va.

The Sewanee Military Academy
Division Univ. of the South. Fully accredited. Grades 8–12. Small classes. Individual attention. Boys Taught to Study. ROTC Highest Rating. All sports; gym, indoor pool. 10,000-acre mountain domain. Episcopal. 90th year. Catalog.
Col. Craig Alderman, Supt., Box L, Sewanee, Tennessee

Greenbrier Military School
145th yr. The School of Achievement. 7th & 8th grades & H.S. and P.G. Dept. ROTC. 2300 ft. elev. White Sulphur Springs' golf & swim pool. Modern gym & new Rifle range. Athletics. Band, Glee Club. Summer Camp. For Catalog write
D. T. Moore, Box J-607, Lewisburg 6, W. Va.

Coeducational School

Blue Ridge School Co-ed—49th year Grades 1 thru 12
A moderately priced Episcopal Church Boarding School, in the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains 23 miles north of Charlottesville and 115 miles southwest of Washington. Gymnasium, sports. Board and tuition $765.
Rev. D. C. Loving, Headmaster, Box J, St. George, Va.

Retailing

Tobé-Coburn School for Fashion Careers
Prepare for a career in buying, advertising, fashion coordination, radio/TV. Field trips, cultural activities, store work with pay. One and Two Year Courses. Lifelong placement service. Begins September 4. Ask for catalog L.
851 Madison Avenue, New York 21, New York

Fine & Applied Arts

Art Institute of Pittsburgh
More jobs offered our graduates than we can fill. 18-month Diploma courses in Commercial Art; Fashion Art; Dress Design; Interior Design. Veteran approved. Co-ed. 35th Year. For King Size Factbook, write
Willis J. Shook, Director, 635 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

Ray-Vogue Schools
Commercial Art, Photography, Interior Decoration, Dress Design. Fashion Merchandising with Modeling. Fashion Illustration. Coed. Attractive residence for girls. Enter 1st Mon. each month. Write Registrar, Room 7B. Specify course.
Ray-Vogue Schools, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11

Medical Technology

College of Medical Technology
Medical & X-ray Technicians in demand; excellent pay. Free placement service. Intensive 9–12 mo. courses for medical offices, labs. State year H.S. grad. Two leading colleges. Catalog L.
1900 LaSalle Avenue, Minneapolis 4, Minn.
1004 Truxillo, Houston, Texas

Franklin School of Science & Arts
Nationally famous for excellence in training in Medical Technology—12 months; X-Ray Technology—6 months; Medical Secretary—12 months. Top paying positions waiting. Coed. Free Placements. Approved. Founded 1919. Send for Catalog A.
251 S. 22nd St., Phila. 3, Pa.

yellow and blue diamonds the yellow wattle, or mimosa, of Australia and its bluish leaves. In Australia the queen also received a forty-piece necklace of rare Barrier Reef coral, some of them in the shade of lime green which is the queen's favorite. These, of course, are only a small selection from the endless list of precious gifts, graciously bestowed, graciously received.

Princess Margaret's jewel collection is second only to that of her sister. As a little girl, like Elizabeth, she annually received gems of enormous value. On her twenty-first birthday, the king and queen gave her a pair of turquoise bracelets, diamond earrings, and some inevitable heirloom jewelry.

On her official tours Margaret receives the customary presents, in her case more exotic gifts than those of her sister. In Mombasa the leader of the dancing girls placed an ornate gold chain with garlands of intricately fashioned gold flowers around her neck. In Trinidad the children gave her a collection of gold bracelets. Grenada produced a gold nutmeg, symbol of the island's principal crop. At home on public occasions she picks up jeweled regimental badges quite regularly, of course, as well as the usual run of diamond sprays.

Another source of jewelry, at least for the queen, is Prince Philip. Like Prince Albert, who was also married to a queen, Philip likes to design his own presents of jewelry. One of his wife's favorite gifts from her husband was a diamond-and-sapphire bracelet he designed, with a naval crown and linked initials. She often wears this as an evening bracelet, and always used to combine it with the tiny platinum wrist watch (supposed to be the smallest in the world) sent to her by the Republic of France upon the occasion of her parents' visit to that country in 1938. In 1955 she lost the watch while strolling around the grounds at Sandringham, and it was never found despite the activity of half the police of Great Britain. A duplicate was presented to her by the Paris Chamber of Commerce during her recent visit to France.

"Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts, jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds, beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds, and seldseen costly stones of so great price"—all these glowing and priceless gems nestle among velvet in strong rooms of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, rigidly guarded, dark, inviolate, until some member of the royal family remembers, decides and sends for what she wants.

Only on the great and most glittering occasions do the royal ladies send for many of their jewels, or for their most resplendent, for styles in jewel wearing have changed. In a LADIES' HOME JOURNAL issue of 1907 a writer describes how Queen Alexandra looked during an afternoon presentation: she wore "a black veil held down by a diamond tiara, ropes and ropes of pearls and diamond necklaces, diamond bracelets, decorations, and a blazing diamond stomacher." Queen Mary was often pictured in as many as six ropes of pearls, three diamond necklaces and a diamond dog collar. These jewels have been passed on to royal descendants, of course, but they are worn with more caution today. Elizabeth, for instance, removed several of the stones and shortened the necklace made from the lottery emeralds. This reduction in the amount of jewels worn all at once may, of course, be a reflection of growing good taste in the world today. Or it might be that the royal ladies have read and noted an observation made by Sir J. M. Barrie: "Have you ever noticed that many jewels make women either incredibly fat or incredibly thin?"

On the grandest occasions of all, of course, the royal ladies bring out their tiaras. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret have about a half-dozen each to choose from, while Queen Elizabeth has perhaps eighteen. For the opening of Parliament, one of the grandest of British occasions, the queen wears the diamond tiara made for Queen Victoria in 1838. This has a Maltese Cross and a thistle made of diamonds and pearls. With it, one year, she wore a necklace of three rows of diamonds, two diamond bracelets (one very large), and her small diamond watch. At another Parliament opening she appeared in emerald-and-diamond earrings with the necklace of diamonds and emeralds made from the lottery prize, and a narrow diamond bracelet. Last year, to open Parliament, she wore Victoria's tiara, pearl earrings surrounded by diamonds, and a pearl necklace set in diamonds, with an enormous drop pendant.

For these occasions, as for most of her "splendid" appearances, the queen usually wears a new dress. Although it is true that the queen often wears certain sets of jewelry with certain colors (the emeralds with her favorite pale green, diamonds with pale yellow, pearls with pink), the choice of which set she will wear remains her own. A royal dress designer may make a frock with certain jewels in mind, and suggest that she wear them, but there is no guaranty that she will act on his suggestion.

For instance, Norman Hartnell designed a shimmering silver-lace dress for the queen's spring visit to Paris, and released drawings of

WHAT JEWELS MEAN

Since the beginning of time, precious jewels have fascinated mankind for their beauty, their value, their rarity and for what ancient lore held was their magic power. Here are a few of the old beliefs:

Diamond. This is a magic stone of great power, and "serves to drive away nocturnal specters." The diamond is a symbol of fearlessness and invincibility, and for this reason the devil is a particular enemy of this stone. The Romans called it a "gem of reconciliation," and believed that it enhanced the love of a husband for his wife. But sixteenth-century Italians thought that it made the wearer, particularly a woman, unhappy—for if a woman is fearless and invincible she is not a true woman.

Emerald. This stone is supposed to give the wearer a knowledge of the future. It is a revealer of truth and an enemy of all enchantments and conjurations. It helps to strengthen memory and make the wearer an eloquent speaker. It reveals the truth or falsity of love, but is an enemy of sexual passion. It should never be worn in the marriage bed.

Amethyst. Can cure drunkenness, and has the power to control evil thoughts and to quicken the intelligence.

Ruby. Removes evil thoughts, controls amorous desires, dissipates pestilential vapors and reconciles disputes. It will guard the owner's house, his fruit trees and his vineyards from injury by tempests.

Sapphire. Preserves the wearer from his enemy, and attracts divine favor.

Turquoise. Protects the wearer from injury by falling, especially from horseback.

Coral. The wearer can still tempests and traverse broad rivers in safety. Coral also cures madness and gives wisdom.

The magic power of the jewels is more powerful if worn on the left (or devil's) side of the body. Perhaps this is why women today usually wear brooches on the left side, although they have forgotten the old lore.

e dress for publication on the day on which was worn. The drawings showed the emer- d necklace, but the queen wore diamonds d pearls.

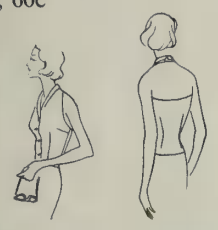
Whatever the choice of jewels, the effect on ess-up occasions is always magnificent. It is en said that you can see the light from the amonds flashing around a corner before the yal ladies themselves come in sight. And: fter seeing their jewels, I wanted to flush ne down the drain!" exclaimed Ethel erman.

A fashion editor remarked, after the queen's it to Paris: "Of course the queen has no me as a chic woman—her position wouldn't ow her to wear extremely fashionable thes, and sometimes she's even referred to dowdy. But there's nothing dowdy about r jewels—everything she wears is real, and autiful. It can't set fashion, of course, be- use it's way out of the price field of even the ll-to-do woman."

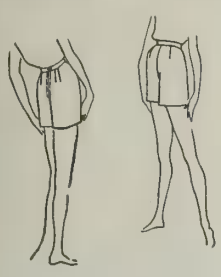
And Women's Wear Daily reported after visit: "Whatever else impressed Paris,

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 90

Vogue Design No. 9228. "Very Easy to Make" halter blouse and fichu. Sizes 10–18 (31–38). Price, 60c



Vogue Design No. 9233. "Easy to Make" shorts. Sizes 24 32 waist measure. Price, 50c



e is no question about the queen's elry, despite the fact that some of the crowds apparently expected to see her wearing a own at the evening functions, not appreci- ating the difference between the Crown Jewels, which never leave Britain, and the queen's personal jewelry. Among the latter, the magnifi- cent diamond tiara, triple diamond neck- lace and chandelier earrings certainly im- pressed."

At informal but public events the royal ladies wear, of course, far simpler jewelry, as does any well-dressed Englishwoman. Visiting a hospital or at the races, the queen usually wears a double string of small pearls, single pearl stud earrings (her ears are pierced) and one of her hundreds of diamond clips, or one of the jeweled symbolic badges of a British regiment. At a semiformal occasion, such as the opening of the Ascot races, she will wear more pearls and a larger clip. She usually wears pearls to the theater, and is reported to have twenty sets from which to make her choice.

Whenever the sisters appear together in public Princess Margaret invariably and noticeably wears fewer jewels. Her almost uniform daytime jewelry is a necklace of two strands of pearls along with pearl earrings and a diamond brooch or clip. Margaret originated the fashion of wearing a diamond initial brooch and took a leading part in the revival of spray and brooches—feathers or flowers or ferns made of precious stones. One of her favorites is a diamond rose-spray brooch given by Armstrong Vickers Aircraft when she visited their plant.

In general, Margaret shows great taste and fashion sense. In Edinburgh recently she chose a double gold-and-ruby clip to wear with a coat of bronze shade in heavy shot silk. The clips were worn in a manner she has now made fashionable—high on the front of the coat and one slightly above the other. For her controversial private audience with the Pope, however, her only jewelry was a pair of white earrings. Recently she has been photographed wearing a charm bracelet.

In both public and private appearances, the Queen Mother keeps to a uniform necklace of a triple row of enormous pearls, together with a diamond or sapphire clip pinned to her hat or her coat. Her earrings are usually one of an assortment of pearl studs, surrounded by diamonds.

At home in private the royal ladies wear even quieter jewels, sometimes even the charming semiprecious stones they cannot wear in public. In public their jewels must be precious. They are never imitation or paste. Both the queen and Princess Margaret like to wear turquoises because the pure sky blue matches their eyes. As for Prince Philip, his only jewel is usually a massive gold signet ring, which he says "helps a great deal in shaking hands."

Glittering with diamonds, glowing with pearls, adorned by the rich purple glow of amethysts, the hot fire of rubies or the green flawlessness of perfect emeralds—that is the way the British public likes to see women of the royal family. Jewels are a symbol, and so is the monarchy. Jewels represent a dream, a vision, an illusion which a woman has of herself. More than anything else they seem to say:

"You are beautiful, you are worth great value, you are loved." END

...it's the RelaxAcizor...you read about in VOGUE



PHOTO: PHILIP MARCH L. A.

USE AT HOME... new Relax-A-cizor with fabulous new "Beauty Belts" gives you a prettier, trimmer figure... so quickly... so pleasantly. Look your loveliest! New popularity... new happiness for a new YOU!

REDUCE hips, waist, tummy, in size... No Diet!

NEW—no vibration, no massage; a truly easy NO EFFORT way!

ROMANCE begins with a pretty figure. Now, *you* can lose excess inches from your hips, waist, tummy, thighs . . . without diet or weight-loss . . . QUICKLY, EASILY . . . while you REST luxuriously at *home!* Relax-A-cizor slims you with a delightful new kind of reducing exercise that requires NO EFFORT!

Twice as easy to use . . . and the NEW Relax-A-cizor . . . with the fabulous new "Beauty Belts" trims away excess inches from hips, waist, abdomen, and thighs TWICE AS FAST as ever before!

You use your Relax-A-cizor at *home* while you RELAX and enjoy reading, sewing . . . even SLEEPING . . . and excess inches vanish almost like magic . . . *never makes you feel tired like regular beauty exercises.*

HUSBANDS use Relax-A-cizor, too... for their waistlines . . . for soothing RELAXING exercise of tired back and feet muscles.

FIRMS...TIGHTENS...TRIMS— *Diet* may cause sagging and loss from bust, neck and face. Relax-A-cizor does NOT; it, instead, *firms* and *tightens* your waist, hips, thighs and abdomen. *New* FACIAL exercises, lifts, and tightens muscles under EYES and CHIN.

Don't Risk Your Health... this is the safe, sensible, economical HOME method used by more than 150,000 women. Approved by Underwriters' Laboratory.

Beauty Editors Praise... Featured editorially in both "Mademoiselle" and "Charm." *(Mail coupon below for reprints.)* USERS SAY: "4 inches removed from abdomen."—Mrs. M.F. "3 inches from hips."—M.A. "Dress size was 16, now 12." —C.P. MANY WOMEN LOSE AN INCH OR TWO THE FIRST FEW DAYS! You may lose less—or MORE.

FREE— If you live in or *near* city listed at right, TELEPHONE for FREE INFORMATION, FREE BOOKLET, FREE TRIAL TREATMENT. *No obligation.* Representatives in most cities and rural areas. SOLD BY MAIL ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE where company has no representatives.



TELEPHONE TODAY

NEW YORK CITY, MU 8-4690
NEWARK, MA 3-5313
PHILADELPHIA, LO 4-2566
BOSTON, KE 6-3030
DETROIT, WO 3-3311
CHICAGO, ST 2-5680
CLEVELAND, PR 1-2292
SAN FRANCISCO, SU 1-2682
LOS ANGELES, OL 5-8000
HONOLULU, 9-5276
MEXICO CITY, 14-68-16
LA CRESTA, PANAMA, 3-1899

—FREE...MAIL TODAY—

RELAX-A-CIZOR, Dept. LH-2
980 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles, Calif. *OR*
665 Fifth Ave., New York City, *OR*
Suite 800, 17 No. State St., Chicago
Please send in PLAIN envelope FREE information about reducing size of waist, hips, thighs, abdomen. No cost. No salesmen will call. (PLEASE PRINT.)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE___ STATE_____

TELEPHONE_____
Use margin for more writing space LH-2

They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. He never got past the seventh grade. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. But he never gave up his dream of becoming an artist.

Although he was working 12 hours a day, he began to study art at home in his spare time. Soon he discovered that people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 19 he was well launched in the field of commercial art. By 22 he was earning $500 a week. Dorne rose higher and higher—until he became probably the most fabulous money-maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school when he was 15, Steven Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck and worked in a mill before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, known as the "illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who struggled to support his family in a cold-water flat when he first broke into art, today lives in a magnificent contemporary home, over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others: Nearly ten years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists — Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags to riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a plan for sharing their good fortune with others. Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"



(Photo by Roy Stevens)

NORMAN ROCKWELL—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.



(Photo by Ferenz Fedor)

ALBERT DORNE—one of the greatest money-makers in commercial art. From the window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slum tenement where he once lived.

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the war-born methods of modern visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw the "glamour girls" for which he is world-famous. Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually *draw*, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

School is launched; students quickly succeed: Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools — whose campus is the U. S. mail, whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in the history of art teaching. The school's activities started in a converted old barn in Westport, Conn. It grew rapidly. Today it occupies its own modern building and has 5,000 active students in 32 countries. The twelve famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Don Smith is a good example. When he became a student three years ago, Don knew nothing about art, even doubted if he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in New Orleans.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she enrolled. A year later, she landed a good job as a fashion artist.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled in the School. Now a swank gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

John Busketta was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the School. He still works for the same company — but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Elizabeth Merriss—busy housewife and mother—now adds to her family's income by designing gift wrapping and greeting cards, and illustrating children's books.

A great-grandmother in Ohio decided to study painting in her spare time. Recently, she had her first "show" where she sold thirty water colors and five oil paintings.

"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?" Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U.S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test: To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged $1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it *might* lead you to become one of the "famous artists of tomorrow."

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 220, Westport, Conn.

I want to find out if I have art talent worth developing. Please send me—without obligation—your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs. _____ Age____
Miss (PLEASE PRINT)

Address_____

City, Zone, State_____

When the menu calls for All-American Flavor, it's

Bean-time, U.S.A.



VAN CAMP'S PORK & BEANS

The secret savory sauce is cooked in...Just heat...eat...enjoy!

Outsells the rest
'cause it tastes the best!



That Ivory Look-so clear...so fresh ...so easily yours



Gentle enough for a baby's skin, pure, mild Ivory is so right for your complexion, too.

A complexion smooth and clear—petal soft and fresh! That's what the magic of Ivory's mildness can give to you. Just make a simple change to regular care with this soap that's mild enough for a baby's skin, and soon your complexion will improve. You'll like the new freshness—the finer texture—the smoother feel. You'll like That Ivory Look!



99 44/100% pure... it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

JOURNAL

AUGUST
1957 - 35c



New Medication Now Makes
MOTHERHOOD POSSIBLE FOR MANY WOMEN WHO COULD NEVER BEAR A CHIL

By MEDICAL REPORTER ALBERT Q. MAISEL

JUN59 ND
CALIF
SURL INOAME
SURL INOAME PUB LIBR



NOT A WHISPER OF BAD BREATH WITH NEW IPANA

...its distinct taste tells you so

▪ New Ipana® Tooth Paste with germ-killing WD-9 prevents bad breath. Use it regularly. Ipana's distinct taste and refreshing after-taste tell you it cleans your entire mouth.

• Ipana with WD-9 actually has twice the decay-germ killing power of any other leading tooth paste. So it can help your children fight tooth decay effectively, too.



Look for the **BIG** cap— only on NEW Ipana

Product of Bristol-Myers



You're Prettier than you think you are!

...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!



Here's Proof **that Mild and Gentle Palmolive Care Cleans Cleaner, Deeper, Prettier!**

When you wash with your regular soap—in the ordinary, casual way—you leave hidden dirt behind that hides the prettiness of your complexion. But what a glorious difference after a 60-second Palmolive massage! You'll look fresher, lovelier! And to *prove* that hidden dirt is gone, rub with a tissue. The tissue will stay snowy-white . . . proof that Palmolive care cleans cleaner, deeper, prettier!



Be Palmolive Sweet and Clean All Over It's Wonderful for the Bath!



Yes—new complexion beauty is yours in just one minute with Palmolive Soap. Because Palmolive care removes beauty-robbing hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!

Ladies' Home Journal

CONTENTS

VOL. LXXIV NO. 8 AUGUST, 1957

JOURNALITIES



Richard Pratt

When Associate Editor RICHARD PRATT sent us this picture, he suggested, "This might be a salutary occasion to say I'm the anonymous writer of the page called Journal About Town—and I do wish readers wouldn't write in referring to me as *her!*" Having got that straightened out, we'll add that he joined the JOURNAL the year the Goulds took over as editors—"trying to get a job on the JOURNAL that year was like trying to get in the N.B.C. Orchestra when Toscanini became conductor!"—and, as Architectural and Garden Editor, has written about the oldest and the newest homes of this country. "Appropriately," he says, "my wife Dorothy and I live in an old stone Pennsylvania farmhouse—which has sprouted a most contemporary wing!" Mr. Pratt's JOURNAL contributions are collected in *A Treasury of Early American Homes* and *A Second Treasury of Early American Homes.* Last year he published a two-volume *Guide to Early American Homes* in which are described about 1800 houses—and how, when, where and why to see them.



Helen Itria

HELEN ITRIA is a short (five feet), slight (100 pounds), free-lance writer who has to wage a constant war between surges of nervous energy and long, lovely spells of laziness. Born in Santa Maria, California, she was told on graduating from high school that she would never amount to anything because she laughed too much. However, as a free-lance writer, Miss Itria has published many magazine articles, and is co-author of the book, Devil at my Heels. She lives alone in Beverly Hills, California, enjoys the freedom of working for herself, but worries about self-discipline. "I'll dodge working on any story I don't enjoy or believe in," she says, "but doing the article about the Melvin Traviolis was a wonderfully satisfying experience. These people are rare and very real and extremely generous—they give much more than they get." We hope you'll enjoy reading about the Traviolis (*How America Lives*, p. 113) as much as Miss Itria liked writing about them.



Paul Somers

The man with the pipe and the nice smile is PAUL SOMERS, whose chief interest besides writing and his family (he's married, has two sons and two daughters) is sailing small boats and exploring deserted islands. Born in Leicester, England, he started his working career on a sedate financial journal, switched to Fleet Street when he found the job too quiet. On the editorial staff of a London daily newspaper he worked, for many years, as reporter, leader writer and foreign correspondent. Knowing this, you won't be surprised to learn that both hero and heroine of his story, *Beginner's Luck* (p. 42), are newspaper reporters. A delightful pair too.

Condensed Novel Complete in This Issue

BEGINNER'S LUCK, *Paul Somers* . 42

Stories

REACH FOR THE SUN, *Charlotte Edwards* . 44
PEACHES IN THE BANK, *George Sumner Albee* . 48
CAPTIVE (Conclusion), *The Gordons* . 52

Special Features

MUST SCHOOLS BE PALACES?, *Dorothy Thompson* . 11
THE FIRST CHILD—AND HIS SPECIAL POSITION, *Benjamin Spock, M.D.* . 16
HIGH SCHOOL IS WORTH WORKING FOR! . 31
UNTAPPED LEADERSHIP, *Margaret Hickey* . 31
NEW HOPE FOR CHILDLESS WOMEN, *Albert Q. Maisel* . 46
THE BEACH AT VILLERVILLE, *Painting by Boudin, Description by John Walker* . 62
HOW AMERICA LIVES: THE HAPPY MAN, *Helen Itria* . 113

General Features

OUR READERS WRITE US . 4
DIARY OF DOMESTICITY, *Gladys Taber* . 24
THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE, *Harlan Miller* . 28
"HE SAYS MY FEELINGS ABOUT SEX ARE ALL WRONG," *Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D.* . 36
FIFTY YEARS AGO ▪ JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN . 41
THIS IS A FINICKY FEEDER, *Munro Leaf* . 76
ASK ANY WOMAN, *Marcelene Cox* . 132

Fashion and Beauty

BLACK IS THE FASHION, WEAR IT WITH COLOR, *Wilhela Cushman* . 56
FIRST FALL DRESSES, *Nora O'Leary* . 60
NO-WILL-POWER DIET, *Dawn Crowell Norman* . 63
HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING, *Bet Hart* . 130

Food and Homemaking

CHICKEN, GOLDEN CRISP AND TENDER . 64
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS: SOUP . 66
DOUBLE FEATURE DINNERS . 86

Architecture and Interior Decoration

OUTDOOR ROOMS FOR SUMMER LIVING, *Cynthia McAdoo Wheatland* . 50
ASPENDALE IN DELAWARE, *Richard Pratt* . 54
HOUSE AND SETTING PLANNED TOGETHER, *Carol L. Crane* . 96
SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL, *Tina S. Fredericks and Eileen Sharpe* . 123

Poems

THE UNPLANTED PRIMROSE, *Thomas Hardy* . 74
VALUE, *Georgie Starbuck Galbraith* . 92
AUGUST SONG, *Barbara Shook* . 105
NOT SO SURE, *Margaret Secrist* . 108
FIRST-BORN, *Beulah Fenderson Smith* . 116
FOR I HAVE KNOWN YOUR LOVE, *Elizabeth Graham* . 121
YOUNG DEMOCRAT, *Robert P. Tristram Coffin* . 131

Cover: Mark Shaw, Photographer
Tina S. Fredericks, Picture Editor

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

At least [illegible] days before a change is to take effect please send your complete name, new address and a mailing label from a recent issue. If this is not possible, write out your old address and send it with your new address including zone number. Address the Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide necessary postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Ladies' Home Journal, © 1957 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S Patent Office and foreign countries. Published on last Friday of month preceding date by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada—1 Yr., $3.50; 2 Yrs., $6; 3 Yrs., $8.50; 4 Yrs., $11. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $4. All other countries—1 Yr., $7. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company. Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Richard Ziesing, Jr., Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of Ladies' Home Journal. The Company also publishes The Saturday Evening Post, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

Happiness has a fragrance ...called TWEED®

TWEED is the one fragrance, above all others, to wear anywhere, anytime. But in the Fall, most of all, you'll love it. Such a happy companion to your Autumn wardrobe. And pure enchantment for your "companion."



Tweed Mist—concentrated Toilet Water—from $2.25

Tweed Bouquet—a cologne to use lavishly—from $1.50

prices plus tax

Lenthéric ...the name that says fragrance

NOW Jell-O Instant Pudding's special magic makes

ICE CREAM PIE

No freezing...keeps firm in your refrigerator!

JELL-O BRAND New INSTANT PUDDING

No Cooking "BUSY-DAY" Dessert

7 FLAVORS



EASY-AS-PIE ICE CREAM PIE



1. Ice Cream.
Blend together lightly in bowl one pint vanilla ice cream and one cup of milk.



2. Jell-O Instant Pudding.
Add package Chocolate Instant Pudding. Beat until just mixed . . . one minute.



3. A baked pie shell.
Pour at once into 9-inch pie shell. Let stand in refrigerator about one hour.

Jell-O Instant Pudding is the magic that makes this ice cream pie smooth and "cut-able." Keeps up to 24 hours in your refrigerator. And how those Jell-O Instant flavors blend with ice cream!

Try these pairs for a beginning. You'll discover other dream pie combinations yourself!



Jell-O Strawberry Instant Pudding with Strawberry Ice Cream!

Jell-O Lemon Instant Pudding with Pineapple Ice Cream!

Jell-O Vanilla Instant Pudding with Pistachio Ice Cream!

Jell-O is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corporation

OUR READERS WRITE US

Who Are Americans?

Wilton, Maine

Dear Editors: Thank you for the JOURNAL and for printing everyone's point of view. I read the letter on the James family (May JOURNAL) and then turned again to the story in the February issue. I looked at Officer James, of the United States Air Force, and thought of the atomic bomb and the young men of every race, color and creed who stand between the writer of the letter, you and me, and devastation of our way of life, even our very survival. I looked at their faces in church—"Blessed are ye when men shall revile ye and persecute ye"—I remembered the lady with the lamp—"Give me your homeless"—and I thought that the Jameses' ancestors probably received not the gift of America, but came in chains, in the hold of a wooden ship, slaves for a white man. I looked at all the Jameses—clean, nice-looking, intelligent, respectable—at the happy home, the healthy, well-behaved children.

If these are not Americans, if service and dedication to a country whose people have persecuted you for over a hundred years (and still do, in print) do not count; if you have risen from slavery, through years of the back of the bus, the other side of the street, the poorest housing, of being barred from societies, clubs, even from jobs and institutions of learning and have become an officer, have established the greatest institution in the world today—a good home—and maintained your faith and this does not count, what does? If these are not Americans, who, dear God, are the Americans?

Black or white, we commit crime because of environment, conditions in society, lack of training and help in home, school and church. Black or white, we are decent, law-abiding, respectable.

May the writer of that letter remember Christ on the cross, mercy, compassion, humility—"Heal the sick, love thy neighbor, do unto others as ye would that they do unto you"—not just for white Americans but for all humanity.

An American citizen (white),
DOROTHEA VOSE

Our Boy-Meets-Girl Covers

Glen Ridge, New Jersey

Dear Journal: Do the corners of my mouth turn up? Yes, ever since I saw the cover photo on the November issue—and then again in January, March and June. Your photographer and picture editor are just fine.

Sincerely,
MRS. HORACE P. LANTERMAN

▶ *And just wait till you see what happens to our couple next year! ED.*

Slow But Sure

South Euclid, Ohio

Dear Editors: I guess we must be the All-American freaks of this generation, for we defy what seems to be the basic rule of Young America: Buy now and pay later.

The philosophy that we have lived by for seven years is this: Unless we can pay cash for something, we don't buy. And guess what . . . it works! We may be the only house on our street without storm windows, but we do have a new car, carpeting, a well-fed and -clothed daughter of four, new washer, dryer, range and refrigerator and many more of the "necessary luxuries"—all paid for in cash. Best of all, we have no Installment Plan Blues.

It hasn't always been easy to wait, but slowly but surely, one at a time, we have acquired the "nice things of life."

Most sincerely,
AGNES PARK FAUSNAUGH

Enjoy 'Em While They're Young

Richmond, Virgin

Dear Journal Editors: I read so ma*ny good* articles on raising children, b haven't seen any advice to young mothe about enjoying their "little ones" wh they are little!

Here is a snapshot of my "baby aft forty." We have so much fun togeth



Pamela in furs.

With my first three I was young and such a "stew" all the time. I just didn take time to enjoy them as I have th little one!

Sincerely,
HAZEL S. OWE

The Greatest

Shoemakersville, Pennsylvan

Gentlemen: Our seniors at Perry Tow ship High School are using "Education a Changing World" for our commenc ment theme. I noticed your Who A America's Ten Richest Men? (Ap JOURNAL) and wished you had answer the question "Who are the World's (America's) Greatest Moving Freedo Forward?" We should be happy to ha an answer from you to share with audience.

Sincerely,
REBECCA E. SMIT
Teac

▶ *Every teacher who does the best job can.*

Every parent who does the best job and he can.

Every citizen who, mindful of our Co stitution and its Bill of Rights, lives to his obligation to uphold them.

Every officeholder who remembers is the servant of the electorate.

Every young man and woman who pr pares himself for the task of taking o the running of his country.

At the moment, Ike is the single Grea est Person (American) doing this, in o opinion. ED.

Why, Oh Why?

Farmington, New Mex

Dear Editors: Why, oh *why* do magazi story heroines have to be thin and bea tiful? Why can't they be just ordinar looking people—tall or plump or rawbon or knock-kneed—anything but that fas ionably skinny perfection!

You might judge that I am not skin and beautiful, and you're right.

Sincerely,
MRS. GEORGE RASC

▶ *We lay all blame on our authors, w apparently see beauty everywhere. ED.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

Perfect night for the *Light* refreshment

MODERN people have little time for yesterday's heavy foods. They pack their picnic baskets with light, less-filling food and drink—and they look and feel better for it.

Pepsi-Cola, too, takes this modern point of view about sensible diet. Never heavy, never too sweet, today's Pepsi-Cola is reduced in calories. Refresh without filling. Have a Pepsi!



Pepsi-Cola

refreshes without filling

A new kind
of deodorant ...

ban®

rolls on!

More effective than messy creams,
easier to apply than drippy sprays.*
Not a crumbly stick!

Here's a wonderful solution for your perspiration problems. Without mess, drip or smear, that revolving marble in the top of the BAN bottle spreads on just the right amount of quick-acting lotion deodorant. BAN protects you against odor a full 24 hours, won't harm clothes—is perfectly safe for normal skin. Get BAN today!

*In a recent survey against the leading cream and spray deodorants, 7 out of 10 prefer BAN.



Ban
works as no other
leading
deodorant can!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS MAKERS OF BUFFERIN AND IPANA

amazing new



lotion-moistened super tissue



cleans, cools face and hands



anytime, anywhere



The moist cleansing tissue in the neat carry-pak* that washes and cools face and hands—air-dries in seconds!

Package of 10, 49¢; package of 21, $1.00 at drug and cosmetic counters throughout the United States and Canada. For free sample send name and 10¢ for cost of mailing to Wash-'n-Dri, Canaan, Conn.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

NEVER GET CAUGHT OUT WITHOUT WASH 'N DRI!

©R. R. Williams Inc., Canaan, Conn.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

How to Get National Parks Info

Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: As a member of the Steering Committee of Keep America Beautiful, Inc., I would like to express warm appreciation for your extraordinarily fine treatment of the litter problem (May JOURNAL).

That same issue invited your readers to write to the National Park Service for *Camping Facilities in the National Park System* and for what is referred to as a *Map of National Parks.* The first is a sales publication, offered by the Superintendent of Documents for 15 cents a copy; the map, issued by the National Park Service in 1949, is entitled "Recreational Areas of the United States." Although out-of-date, it may still be purchased for 35 cents, cash or money order, from the Superintendent of Documents.

Sincerely yours,
HERBERT EVISON
Chief of Information
National Park Service

▶ ***Our error. Readers who wish to obtain publications of the National Park Service should write to the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C. Price lists of all Government publications are free on request. ED.***

That Three-Faced Girl

Washington, Indiana

Dear Editors: I am reading a book that is making quite a stir, The Three Faces of Eve, the case history of a patient who had a triple personality.

Now, years ago the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL published a fictional book, serially, that dealt with this identical subject. Can you search through your records and find it for me? The names of the three personalities were Marie Willet, Rosemary and Billie. I wonder if you might want to revive the story as a pioneer excursion into a field which has since become one of established fact!

Yours,
MRS. B. C. RALEY

▶ ***Our serial, Which One—the Marvelous Romance of a Triple Girl, by Robert Ames Bennet, began in May, 1912. It was based on the true story of a Miss Beauchamp. ED.***

Move Over, Uncle Remus!

Palo Alto, California

Dear Editors: Have you told and retold the story of the Three Bears so often that you want to pull up the covers of the baby's bed and smother Goldilocks once and for all? Something like that started me on my own storytelling.

My husband and I had taken our three-year-old granddaughter and a ten-year-old niece to spend the summer with us at our cabin. I had A Child's Garden of Verses, thinking to read a verse or two to the children at night. But after three weeks of reading the book (and telling all the children's stories I could recall) over and over, I was decidedly bored. If I wanted to continue the storytime and keep my own sanity, I'd have to make up my own tales.

I had no delusions about my ability as a storyteller. All day I wondered what I could talk about. My only hope lay in finding a character to put through a series of adventures. But what character? What would interest both a three-year-old and a ten-year-old?

That evening I took a deep breath. I began a tale about a little boy named Jack who wandered off into the redwood forest to hunt squirrels. When Jack and I got tired, I let him lie down and drop off to sleep. And then, wonder of wonders, a door in the trunk of a huge tree opened, and out swarmed a zillion little men. That ended the night's chapter.

The next night, the children bombarded me with questions. "Tell us what happened to Jack," they begged. That was my first lesson in storytelling for children. *You* may think those characters are only figments of your imagination, but to the children they are real.

Not all my stories were serials or adventure stories. I soon learned that even the ten-year-old preferred simple, familiar



ALERT, INTELLIGENT, THE OLD ENGLISH SHEEP DOG IS TRULY A TRUSTED FRIEND. PAINTING BY DOUGLASS CROCKWELL.

Clear-eyed and alert ...a Friskies-fed dog

—the secret is real meaty nourishment at its balanced best!

How wonderful to look at your dog and *see* the results of Friskies balanced nourishment. Friskies Meal satisfies your dog's craving for meat...provides in convenient form all the food values of choice steaks, chops, roasts.

VITAMINS, MINERALS. Friskies is rich in meat meal, bone meal, liver protein — contains essential growth vitamins and minerals. Give your dog Friskies Meal—and see the difference!

EASIEST OF ALL TO MIX. Quickest, too. Mixes instantly. Just add water. Ready at once. Won't mush. Feeding bowl rinses clean.



For Variety—Canned Friskies
Fully nourishing. Provides up to twice the nourishment of low quality dog foods. Feed alone, or mix with Friskies Meal.



Carnation quality products

ALBERS MILLING CO., DIV. OF CARNATION COMPANY, LOS ANGELES 65, CALIFORNIA



FOR ALL THE HOURS OF YOUR BUSY DAY

Shelton Stroller
THE CAREFREE FASHION

Meet the dress you need for the busy life you lead. LATE GETTING STARTED? Step into a Shelton Stroller and you're on your way. DRIVING DOWN? You'll arrive fresh and unwrinkled. SHOPPING OR VISITING? Look for compliments on your slim, trim appearance. And day after day, you'll delight in the 100% nylon jersey that washes in the evening, dries in the night, never, *never* needs an iron in the morning. Here we introduce FOLIAGE print, newest of the carefree Shelton Strollers. Sizes 12 to 20, 12½ to 22½. About $13.

Shelton CASUALS *for name of your nearest retailer and* FREE FASHION FOLIO, *write:* Department L-8, 1350 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

settings. One favorite was about three ants walking up to a chrysanthemum bush. It was simple. It had no plot. It taught no lesson. I don't think it was even a story. But the three ants were garbed in colorful attire, right down to the handkerchiefs in their hip pockets.

The three-year-old demanded this story again and again until I was ready to call for the ant powder. And when I wasn't telling it to her, she was telling it to herself. All day long she went around muttering, "Three ants were walking up a chrysantenan bush." And therein lay the secret of success. "Chrysanthemum" was a mouthful, and she loved it.

Later I told about the animals in the woods around us. To bring the children into it, I had the animals peering into our lighted windows, wondering what manner of animals *we* were. Then followed a story about the sea, a little girl named Alice and a sea turtle named Mehitable.

Sometimes I wondered whether I or the children told the stories. Their pertinent questions, excited exclamations, even their attitudes cued me on how to continue. One time I started telling how mamma rabbit took her twin babies to get food. "And did the baby rabbits push the grocery-store cart?" my little one interrupted. I hadn't exactly planned on taking the rabbits to a supermarket, but apparently that was how she saw it. The two girls, on familiar ground, finished the story to suit themselves.

When the summer was over and we had returned home, I began to read a book to my cherubs, bedded down for the night. "We don't want to hear that," they chorused. "You tell us a story." That for me who once thought I couldn't even hold my listeners' attention!

Maybe it's just because children are more polite than their elders. But I think it's because your children like to hear *you* tell of things *you* know or imagine. And if they can play a part in the tales, so much the better. I'll start you by giving you the opening sentence that never failed to leave my little listener squirming with anticipation: "Once there was a little girl and, you know, she looked almost like you."

Sincerely,
CLARE BOWMAN

Well, Dig That!

Hollywood, California

Ladies' Home Journal is really the most,
I know it's digged from coast to coast.

The book condensation is really complete;
When you read it you'll think it's neat.

The stories are both weird and romantic;
The rating with me is always gigantic.

The Fashion and Beauty are really the greatest;
They teach you how to be up with the latest.

With the Food and Homemaking you'll be a good wife;
They're useful and practical for the rest of your life.

Architecture, Gardening and Interior Decoration
Are really important for the whole wide nation.

Now you know why I like this magazine:
It's the coolest and craziest I've ever seen.

(Miss) ROBIN DICKEY
Age 13

It Burns Me Up!

Why do pickle factories pack the jars so tight you must tear one pickle all to pieces to get the rest out?

MRS. ROBERT VAN SICKLE
Bonifay, Florida

I wish manufacturers would make luminous keyholes on car ignitions—and on house doors. I'm tired of fumbling!

MRS. D. H. TEMPLE
Elizabeth, New Jersey

Why, oh why do shoe manufacturers put *black* soles on shoes—and especially on little girls' black patents? They make such bad marks on linoleum and also on hardwood floors.

MRS. JAMES F. HOGAN
Niagara Falls, New York

Spectators at disaster scenes, inhibiting rescue work.

MARIAN FRANK
Hackettstown, New Jersey

American Red Ball
moves your family "treasures" SAFELY



—because it's a
CERTIFIED MOVE!

Now move *all* your possessions the safest way . . . with American Red Ball, the nation's only van line to offer you a Certificate of Performance . . . the famous *written guarantee* of complete satisfaction! With this exclusive "plus service" feature, every item you move receives extra-careful handling—from pickup through delivery. Choose American Red Ball for a perfect move—it's Certified *in writing!*

Excellent storage facilities everywhere.

AMERICAN RED BALL
FOR A FREE WRITTEN ESTIMATE CONTACT YOUR LOCAL AMERICAN RED BALL AGENT—LISTED IN THE YELLOW PAGES OF YOUR DIRECTORY

AMERICAN RED BALL
TRANSIT COMPANY, INC.
1000 Illinois Bldg., Dept. L-8, Indianapolis, Indiana

COOLER CHEST!



THIS aluminum chest will hold a full case of beverages. Equipped with a bottle opener, a drain plug, and removable food tray it is ideal for picnic or traveling enjoyment.

To earn yours send us three 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10 each or five 2-year *Ladies' Home Journal* subscriptions at $6 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your home at the full advertised price. Both new and renewals count but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write your order on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance to us. Offer good in continental U. S. only, until October 31, 1957. Sorry, no cooler chests may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
202 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

Love me or leave me your Reed & Barton sterling



What manner of man is this? Anyone who has been anywhere knows that a girl and her Reed & Barton are not easily parted. This is the solid silver that betokens the charmed life. It's the fairest sterling in the land and has been since 1824. Silver Sculpture, Autumn Leaves, Tara. Each per setting, $36.75.

6-piece setting: knife, fork, teaspoon, soup spoon, salad fork, spreader. Prices include tax. For literature of nearest store write Reed & Barton, Dept. LH-87, Taunton, Mass.



That Ivory Look – so clear...so fresh ...so easily yours

What a sweet summer dream—and how That Ivory Look becomes her! A glowing look that can be yours through the magic of Ivory's mildness. Remember, the milder your soap, the prettier your skin—and Ivory has a mildness all its own. A simple change to regular Ivory care leaves your complexion clearer, fresher. You'll have That Ivory Look.



99 44/100% pure®...it floats



Wash your face regularly with pure, mild Ivory. Gentle enough for a baby's skin—so right for your complexion, too.

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

MUST SCHOOLS BE PALACES?

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON



WINTER RHYTHM, serigraph (12¼" x 18⅞") by Leonard Pytlak, depicts a scene in Central Park, New York. The artist has won a Guggenheim Fellowship, is represented in several museums, and is now associated with the Adult Education Department of the City College of New York. Courtesy the Weyhe Gallery, New York.

In dealing with the school shortage, I wonder whether we clearly ask ourselves what a school is—or has come to be. At any rate, the financial problem—and burden—is enhanced by demands upon the school that have little or nothing to do with essential education. Communities are being taxed to support properties that often are out of all proportion to the community's needs—or the income of its people.

A new high school has recently gone up in a Northern New England town which I know very well. It has a population of 2500. Although the school serves a number of small adjoining villages, enrollment is under 300 pupils and it is planned to accommodate no more than 350.

The town with the new high school is not industrial. Its people earn their livings as merchants, insurance and real-estate agents, and purveyors of various services to the townspeople, surrounding farmers and a seasonal population of "summer folks."

There are a few solidly well-to-do people in the town, which is famous for its beauty and therefore popular as a resort. These few "leading families" have, however, amassed their wealth elsewhere and most of them are retired. Tourism supports two excellent inns and several smaller ones. But the town has not expanded in decades and is unlikely to do so.

The average family income is modest. Young people, as they grow up, marry former school friends, get jobs in the little businesses of the town or drive to and from work in an industrial center some twenty miles distant or to mills in other centers that the school does not serve. The youth with energy and some family means go to college elsewhere and afterward seek employment where there are greater opportunities. They seldom come back except to visit.

The town has wonderful natural facilities for growing up in. There is a beautiful river in which to fish and swim in summer and on which to skate in winter. There are mountains to climb, woods to explore, and a nearby lake on which many people of modest incomes have little camps. There are Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Cub Scouts and Little League baseball, and for the country youth who come into town for school, the admirable 4-H clubs.

Four active churches offer homely old-fashioned festivities. A summer theater, touring from another town, plays once a week at reasonable prices. A little country club offers tennis courts and a golf course for modest fees.

The town has, for its size, an excellent public library. A wealthy townswoman, giving away her fortune in her extreme old age, has built and endowed an exceptionally fine recreation center with outdoor and indoor facilities, including a well-equipped stage and hall for amateur dramatics.

The recreational needs of children and youth are, therefore, one would think, more than adequately provided for by natural environment and the private energies and endowments of public-spirited citizens.

But this town has just built a new high school which, when completed, will certainly cost $650,000. The larger part of this money has gone into a gymnasium (worthy of a fashionable athletic club), very extensive playing fields, home-economics and shop rooms, a superb kitchen with every variety of gadget and laborsaving device in which to prepare noonday meals, handsome classrooms and extensive science laboratories. The gymnasium, planned to be used also as a public hall, has a seating capacity of 1200 people. Yet the population of the whole union district is under 4000, and the already existing town hall is entirely adequate.

The old high school, now being turned into a grade school, was built on two floors, securing twice as much room under one roof and on one foundation, and greatly decreasing building and heating costs in a severe winter climate. But apparently modern teen-agers don't like to climb stairs, and the new one is all on one level. The building must also, therefore, fill double the ground space, and this fact, together with its extensive playing fields occupying 28 acres, made it impossible to build in the town center. The new school is several miles outside and pupils who previously walked to school must now have transportation.

To build and maintain the physical plant alone has required an upping of the tax rate beyond the capacity to pay of the parents of most of the pupils. But it is their own fault, because most of them never showed up at the meetings where the matter was debated and the decisions made. To operate the plant will require a staff of at least five people, the whole teaching staff being only eighteen. And the higher the cost of these physical facilities, the greater the problem of finding (and adequately paying) teachers, who start at $3400 and rise to $4000 only after ten years. From the higher salaries, some 30 per cent is deducted for taxes and old-age security.

There are, of course, people who want such schools—architects and contractors first of all. They are always active in promotion. There is the spirit of "our children deserve the best," without thinking of whether "the best" covers the really important and essential.

For what is important and essential is that these young people should learn basic things under conditions suitable to the standard of living most of them can reasonably anticipate.

Is it really a good idea to bring children up in a school atmosphere of extreme luxury and send them back to very modest little homes at night?

A few of the girls who learn to cook and sew in the glamorous home-ec rooms may take up cooking and sewing later professionally, for institutions. But how many of them do? How many have done so in the past, going for training to special schools, as these will have to do CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

Executive Editor: Mary Bass *Special Projects Editor:* Laura Lou Brookman
Associate Editors: Hugh MacNair Kahler, Bernardine Kielty, Wilhela Cushman, William E. Fink, Richard Pratt, Louella G. Shouer, Mary Lea Page, Dawn Crowell Norman, Margaret Davidson, Nora O'Leary, Donald Stuart, Tina S. Fredericks, Helen Everitt, Peter Briggs, Anne Einselen, Margaret Parton, Cynthia McAdoo Wheatland
Contributing Editors: Gladys Taber, Gladys Denny Shultz, Margaret Hickey, Ruth Mills Teague, Barbara Benson
Assistant to the Editor: Nelle Keys Perry
Editorial Associates: John Werner, Ruth Mary Packard, Ruth Shapley Matthews, Alice Conkling, Joseph Di Pietro, Elizabeth Goetsch, Nancy Crawford Wood, Jean Todd Freeman, Eileen Sharpe, Betty Coe Spicer
Assistant Editors: Victoria Harris, Alice Kastberg, Virginia Price, Dorothy Anne Robinson, Albert Serwazi, June Schwartz, Carol Crane, Liane Waite, Joyce Posson, Neal Gilkyson Stuart, Ruth Imler, Elizabeth Hart
Editorial Assistants: Lee Stowell Cullen, Patricia Martin, Flora Casparian, Alberte Wright, Simone Smith, Hazel Owen, Laura Date, Patricia Corrigan, Corinna Wildman, Isabel Blythe, Helen Olchvary, Olivia Donovan, Abbot Mills, Sally Platt, Marley Marseilles



Cheese Pleaser—that's French's Mustard. Zips up the mild, adds tanginess to racy ones, brings out the best in any cheese!

On food

In food



Complete Salad Meal with French's new Sauce Superb—see easy recipes below.

no other mustard has FRENCH'S Light and Lively flavor



Just as you have recipe secrets, so has French's. The fabulous formula for French's Mustard! It calls for spices and flavorings from around the world . . . specially grown mustard seeds. All combining to give you the unique tang that makes French's the mustard more women choose and *use* than any other. Its light and lively flavor enhances all you use it *on* or *in*—won't fade out in cooking. Make *your* mustard French's!

SALAD MEAL

2 lbs. cold boiled beef brisket, corned beef or lamb
6 medium potatoes, cooked 6 hard-cooked eggs
3 large tomatoes, peeled 1 large onion, sliced
1 large head lettuce and 2 bunches watercress

SALAD SAUCE SUPERB

1 cup mayonnaise ¼ cup evaporated milk
3 tbsps. French's Mustard
1 tbsp. French's Worcestershire
1 tbsp. lemon juice ½ tsp. French's Pepper
½ tsp. French's Garlic Salt

Mix sauce ingredients and chill. Arrange thinly sliced boiled potatoes (previously marinated in ¼ cup oil, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 tsp. French's Seasoning Salt, parsley), sliced meat, eggs and tomatoes on greens as shown. Add onion rings and sauce. Serves 8-10.

F R E N C H ' S M U S T A R D

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

before they will be able to command institutional positions? Only a handful.

Most of them will marry young men of modest means shortly after they leave high school. They will have neither the space nor the money to install $2000 kitchens. The home economics they need to learn is how to shop, bake a good pie, cook cheaper cuts of meat tastily, organize the daily routine of housework, and keep their children busy and entertained and their husbands cozy and satisfied. They will not learn this in high schools, but what they (and their future husbands) can learn in high school (if enough time is devoted to it) is to appreciate a good book, understand something of the history and culture they inherit and pass on, have respect for the lives of great and illustrious people, think before they pass judgments, develop a capacity for concentrated industriousness and inner resources of interest and satisfaction.

Organized recreation is essential for children and youth confined in the brick-and-mortar prisons of great cities. But the most delightful and creative recreation is what children and youth think up for themselves or enjoy with their families: the camp in the woods built with their own hands of old boards and bricks salvaged from dump heaps or discarded by carpenters; the swimming hole built by the beavers, not the taxpayers; the botanical collection garnered in fields and waysides with the aid of a simple book on wild flowers; the string of fish brought home for the family supper; the family picnic with the children broiling hamburgers on a fireplace improvised of a ring of stones; the baseball match on a vacant lot; the trapeze rigged up in a barn. These are the perennial joys of the small-town and country child. Small towns such as we are discussing deprive children of imagination, initiative and the capacity to amuse themselves by too much organized recreation, while overemphasis on school playing facilities prejudices them against education as such.

But the parents who support such schools and "rec centers" really want their children off their hands, not only during school hours but for most of the time they are awake. This greatly increases the break between generations and leads to an increasingly collectivized society, whose members are not happy except in large groups all doing the same things.

The school I have described is not exceptional. It is part of a developing pattern. Within an area of 50 square miles I know of five other new small-town or rural schools, crushingly expensive in physical plant and its maintenance, the bulk of the money going into facilities for sport, recreation, kitchens, and courses for things children once learned at home, but still with poorly paid and overburdened teachers trying to do everything except teach.

It is high time that the one-room rural schools, which still exist in Northern New England, should disappear. But the school I have described is not the only "union school" where physical facilities for sport and recreation are out of all proportion—or so it seems to me.

In a much smaller town—actually a tiny village—a new primary school has been built combining the pupils of two one-room schools. The town still feels it cannot afford space and a teacher for each of the eight classes. Two grades are taught in one room. Toilet facilities leave much to be desired. To save plumbing costs, lavatories for girls and boys are next to each other, so girls and boys are likely to enter and leave simultaneously. But, again, the gymnasium is "out of this world"—eating up for both building and maintenance an entirely disproportionate part of the budget.

Thinking of these schools, I thought of one I saw this past winter in Morocco—also an American school.

"The American School" is in Tangier—and it is not operated by the American taxpayers.

Tangier, since a little over a year ago, when the French protectorate ended in the rest of Morocco, has been an integral part of that country. Before that, and since the end of the eighteenth century, it had been an international area. Back in the early eighteen hundreds Tangier was the only safe place in Northern Africa where foreigners could live. The city and its area is fifteen miles across the water from Gibraltar, on both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and in a most salubrious climate. The International Diplomatic Corps established a sanitary commission that later became, *de facto*, the government of the small province.

The oldest continually occupied American building abroad is in Tangier. The Sultan of Morocco was one of the first rulers to recognize the infant American republic and the United States paid tribute to him for protection against the Barbary pirates who preyed on American and other shipping. When the French took over the rest of Morocco in 1912, except for the smaller part held by Spain, Britain, Spain and the United States did not want to see France gain control of this critical seaway area, nor did France want to see Spain have it. So after World War I a statute internationalizing the area and providing for its administration by eight powers—France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, Spain, the Netherlands, Portugal and the United States—was adopted.

That status officially ended with the establishment of Moroccan independence. But Tangier remains a largely international city and free port and money market, attracting merchants and businessmen from all over the world, though how long that status will last is speculative.

Education is one of the chief concerns of all the world's new or reborn states, and Morocco is no exception.

And with the rise of American world power and influence since World War II there is increasing attraction toward American education, although French education, rivaled in Tangier by Spanish, is naturally predominant.

Some enterprising Americans with a long interest in Tangier, spurred on by encouragement from the local population, recently founded "The American School." They had no money to erect any building whatever, and rented a private house with room enough for nine classrooms. These are bright, airy and delightfully furnished. The administration office is housed on a glassed veranda. There is no assembly hall—pupils congregate in the front hall and on the wide stairs that ascend from it. There is no gymnasium, just the large yard of the villa where the children play their games during recesses.

The school has nearly 200 pupils of 17 nationalities—Americans, Moroccans, East Asians and Europeans.

Getting teachers is difficult at the very low salaries that the school can afford to pay. But the cost of living is low by American standards, too, and so far the school has found fine teachers, willing to undertake a tour of duty out of interest in the cause and for the opportunity to see and live in a beautiful country familiar to few people—teachers who like the challenge involved.

And the challenge is great. Although all the instruction is in English, many pupils enter the school knowing no English at all, and often not in the primary grade but in the fourth or fifth where they must receive supplementary language instruction to permit them to catch up with their class. But they get it and learn surprisingly quickly. The problem of racial adjustments hardly seems to exist. The teachers themselves have various racial backgrounds—one of the most successful and respected is a colored American. Boys and girls as blond as their Viking ancestors sit side by side with Moroccan,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

X X X X X

Man can do everything with himself, but he must not attempt to do too much with others.

WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT

X X X X X

No other rice is this easy!



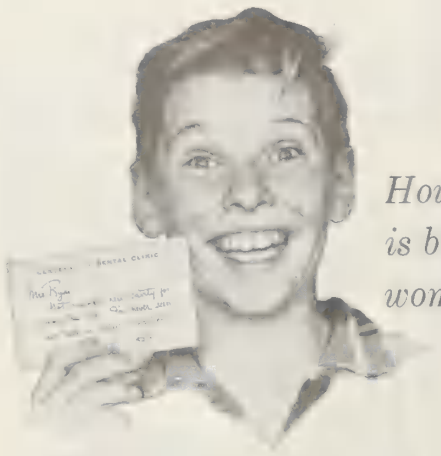
Pour Minute Rice in!

Pour perfect rice out!

Another favorite from General Foods

Minute Rice is already cooked – just boil water... add Minute Rice... cover... remove from heat! No cooking! No steaming!

Only Minute Rice is perfect every time



How a stannous fluoride toothpaste is bringing new hope to every man, woman and child in America

One Billion Unfilled Cavities Must Be Wrong!

BY MARGUERITE HIGGINS
Noted Journalist and Pulitzer Prize Winner

TOOTH DECAY has three notorious distinctions which, taken together, qualify it for the title of "Public Health Enemy Number One."

1. It is the most widespread of all chronic diseases, striking 95 out of every 100 people.
2. To date, it is a literally *incurable* disease—which must be *prevented* if it is to be conquered at all.
3. Unlike other diseases, most of which have been brought under control, tooth decay continues steadily to increase.

For every cavity a dentist fills, six are left unfilled through failure to visit a dentist. It is estimated that there are now *one billion unfilled cavities in the mouths of Americans—which, unless cared for, can result in the eventual loss of the teeth involved.*

FLUORIDE FOR ALL THE FAMILY

It is plain that unless a sharp reversal takes place in the tide of decay, the dentists—and all of us—will soon be in a difficult position. Fortunately, help has arrived in the form of a stannous fluoride toothpaste called Crest.

What Crest does is to give teeth fluoride they need—the *only* way for adults and older children to get proven fluoride protection. Crest's fluoride *strengthens* the tooth enamel against decay, so that acid can't dissolve it as readily—thus preventing cavities. The stannous fluoride formula that makes this possible has been given the trademark *Fluoristan.*

Most important, Crest's protective effect is concentrated in the very parts of the teeth that need it most—the weak places where cavities usually begin. These "soft spots" are danger areas which your dentist notes with special care. Before the development of Crest, there was no toothpaste which could prevent soft spots from turning into cavities.

UNMATCHED PROOF OF DECAY PREVENTION

Over a 4-year period, thousands of adults and children took part in repeated tests of Crest—the greatest "in-use" testing program ever made on a toothpaste. The results, published in leading dental journals, proved that on the average, Crest means *far less new decay* for both grownups and children. No other toothpaste has ever matched this proof of decay prevention.

For many people the use of Crest resulted in no new cavities. Norman Rockwell has dramatized this happy result on the opposite page.

Incidentally, Crest's refreshing flavor has won it many friends, particularly among children. And everyone appreciates Crest's unsurpassed ability to clean teeth and stop mouth odor.

Answers to your questions about CREST

Please address your questions to: Director, Division of Dental Research, Procter & Gamble, Box 182, Cincinnati 1, Ohio.

How can Crest harden tooth enamel? This seems difficult to believe— *Mrs. Ewing Brown, Los Angeles, California*

Our teeth have a natural "liking" for fluoride—in fact, all teeth contain some fluoride. When you brush with Crest, the tooth enamel takes up some of the fluoride in the toothpaste. To get the general idea, you might think of a sponge taking up water.

The added fluoride then makes the tooth enamel less soluble in decay acids—a property fluoride has long been known to possess. This is accompanied by an actual hardening of the enamel.

Is the Fluoristan in Crest the same as fluoride?—*Mrs. John Kruk, Buffalo, New York.*

Fluoristan is a fluoride formula especially developed for Crest Toothpaste. And—this is really important—Crest with Fluoristan can prevent decay for *both* grownups and children!

Crest is not a substitute for fluoride in drinking water. Fluoridation of water supplies is the only practical way of strengthening teeth against decay before they "come through" in childhood—while they are still being formed in the gums.

A DENTAL HEALTH MESSAGE FROM PROCTER & GAMBLE, MAKERS OF CREST TOOTHPASTE



"Look, Mom—no cavities!"



Crest Toothpaste stops soft spots from turning into cavities—means far less decay for grownups and children.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Fluoristan is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter.

1957, The Procter & Gamble Co.









FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES TO STEEPLE JACKS
whatever you need
Find It Fast In The Yellow Pages
Ads with this emblem make your shopping easier

The first child—and his special position.

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



LANA HOBAN

Derring-do brings self-confidence and independence.



DR. SPOCK

"I don't think there is any magical way to bring up a first child with the relaxation you will probably achieve with a second or third. Worry seems to go along with anything new."

Many parents by the time they have several children comment on how much more independent the others are, compared with the first. They say, for instance, that the first has always had more trouble getting acquainted with outsiders and learning to enjoy rough-and-tumble play or that he is timid in the face of new situations or that he has always clung to the parents and demanded a lot of attention from them or that he is spoiled. Of course this comparison is not true of all families, or of even a majority. Sometimes it's the second or third child who is the most dependent, or there may be no such tendency in any of them. But it's safe to say that if overdependence shows up in any child in a family, it is more apt to be in the first.

When overdependency is developing in a child, the process is usually so gradual that the parents don't see it at the time. If he is the first in the family, they may become aware of it only after they have a second child, who is so independent by comparison.

There are two kinds of feelings in us parents which commonly make us hover over a first child and thus tie him more closely to us. (In severe cases there are other feelings, too, but that's another story.) The first is anxiety. Most of us are so inexperienced when we start with our first baby that we are anxious about everything: his hiccups, his temperature, his weight, his breathing. His first fall frightens us and overwhelms us with guilt. When he has his first nose cold, it seems like a major illness. Our overconcern shows in our faces, our voices, the speed with which we respond to his cry. Some of this anxiety rubs off onto him. Our fears about his physical safety usually tone down as the months go by. The same can't be said of our anxieties about his behavior and about our ability to control it. These worries become worse during the second year, when a baby ceases to be just a cute and compliant doll. He starts to show a whole collection of characteristics that we have been taught to view with concern—willfulness, obstinacy, defiance, temper, hostility, timidity. The interesting thing is that when a mother and child get into frequent wrangles with each other—about eating, toileting, doing all the other things he's meant to do or not doing all the things he's not meant to do—it ties them more tightly to each other, despite their antagonism.

How do a majority of us parents manage to take minor misbehavior so much more casually in our later children? I suppose that part of the answer is that we have eventually learned with our first that we *can* control him somehow, by hook or by crook. With this assurance, we approach the second more calmly and therefore more effectively. At the very least we don't go looking for trouble—in the disciplinary sense. We assume everything is under control until proved wrong. So a lot of the possible issues never arise. As a result, the child is in a less touchy mood when we do have to interfere.

Just as important as our anxious feelings in tying a child to us are the feelings of delight we're apt to experience so very strongly in bringing up our first. When he smiles his first real smile, we are greedy for more. It's hard not to tickle him too much when we've heard his first belly laugh. We intimately share with him his discovery of his toes, his accomplishment in pat-a-cake, his pride in walking, his amazement at hearing his father's voice coming out of the telephone, his fascination with the first dog or cat he meets. As he becomes a little older, we can't wait to show him the zoo, the circus, a steam shovel in operation. The father is apt to buy electric trains about two years too soon and to get into enthusiastic demonstrations that would be more appropriate five years later.

All parents get down to the level of each of their children, occasionally, to play with them and to show them the wonders of the world. They wouldn't be ideal parents if they couldn't. This is good for parents and good for children.

But the problem of most of us, as we approach parenthood for the first time, is that we have such an accumulation of pent-up feelings—anxious uncertainty and joyful anticipation—that they come tumbling out in a flood to greet the first. Another way to say it is that to a certain extent we feel as though we are about to lead our lives all over again through our first child, with all the worries we developed while we were growing up (about our inadequacies and our naughtiness), and with all the hopes and ambitions we did realize and didn't realize in ourselves. Our first child is ourselves. We can't take him casually any more than we can take ourselves casually. No wonder it's something of a strain. (At its worst it's something like repeating an examination for a driver's license after you failed part of it the first time.)

So far, this has been all theoretical discussion and not much practical help. I don't think there is any magical way to bring up a first child with the relaxation you will probably achieve with a second or third. Worry seems to go along with learning anything new. We've never found a way to teach medical students without their becoming anxious at one stage or another, and it must be the same with students of law, divinity, aviation, watchmaking, schoolteaching and all the rest. Probably the most comfortable way to learn anything is in small doses from childhood on. This may be the main reason why farmers' sons follow in their fathers' footsteps more often than the sons of any other occupational group. To grow up in a pleasant family with a number of younger children is much the best way to learn child care, but it can't always be arranged.

However, I *do* think there are a number of practical steps that new parents can keep in mind that will lessen the chances of the baby's becoming too dependent. Fortunately, in the first three months of life babies are least aware of whether their parents are nervous or not. They're too preoccupied with their inner feelings—of hunger or sleepiness or colic.

From about three months on, they seem much more interested in the outside world. Colic is usually about over, thank goodness, and it shouldn't be necessary for the parents to be carrying the baby all evening. If he has developed the habit of expecting this, it can always be broken by letting him cry briefly for a couple of nights. It rarely takes longer than twenty minutes the first night and five minutes

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

IMPORTANT SKIN DISCOVERY FROM JOHNSON & JOHNSON

The first truly effective Medicated Powder

FOR BABY...AND ALL THE FAMILY



For diaper rash, chafing, urine scald

Only powder that clears up and prevents even "problem" diaper rash

New, exclusive Johnson's formula stops not only *ordinary diaper rash* caused by wet-diaper friction—but sore, difficult *ammonia dermatitis*.

Clears up rashes completely—prevents their return. Ends ammonia diaper odor, too. No other powder can give your baby this sure, soothing protection.



For heat rash, bites, minor skin irritations

Stops more kinds of skin irritations than any other medicated powder

The special formula contains two antiseptics...clears up really *stubborn* rashes as well as simple chafing.

And you can feel completely at ease when you use this medicated powder on the baby or children. For it has been hospital-tested, hospital-proved *completely safe* for the most sensitive skin.

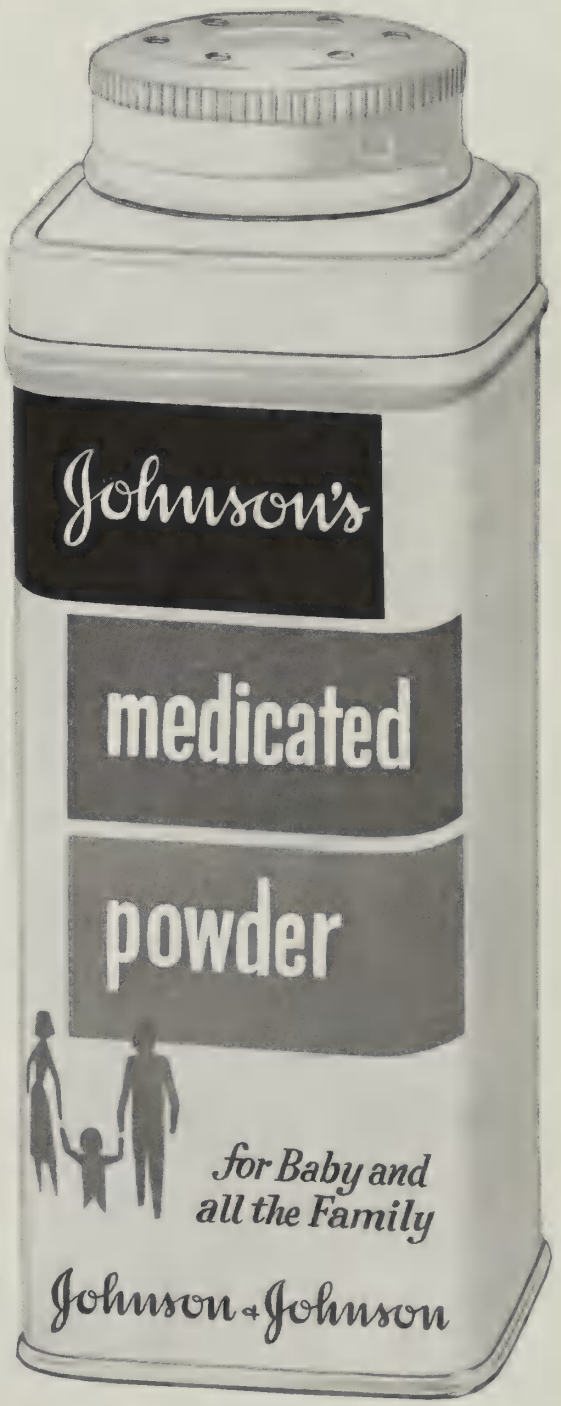


For girdle chafe, feet, underarms

Exclusive absorbent action keeps skin cool, dry—in hottest weather

The moment you smooth on Johnson's Medicated Powder, your skin will feel cooler, more comfortable. Its thirsty absorbing agents dry up moisture *fast*.

And it's the pleasantest medicated powder you can use. Silky-soft, never gritty—clings gently—smells fresh and clean. Get a can for your family today!



4 ounces, 49¢

NEW Johnson's Medicated Powder

The 26th in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide America's Children to a Better Future

Should your child be an Engineer?



Against the backdrop of the NACA transonic wind tunnel at Langley Field, Virginia, stand two young engineers. The abstract patterns seem to symbolize the dramatic role played by today's engineer in the never-ending drive toward technological progress. It is he who translates dreaming into doing . . . he to whom the future promises its greatest challenge.

by T. Keith Glennan

President of Case Institute of Technology, Cleveland, Ohio

(As told to OSCAR SCHISGALL)

HUNDREDS OF THEM, all engineers, had gathered for their fifth annual alumni reunion. There was the usual exuberance of shoulder-thumping and hand-shaking, with everybody saying to everybody else, "You old so-and-so, what are you *doing* these days?"

I wandered from one cheerful group to another, and here are some of the answers I caught:

"I'm out on the desert. Missile testing outfit."

"I'm laying out a shoe factory in Binghamton."

"I'm down in Maracaibo. Drilling for oil under the sea."

"I'm in the research lab of an Ohio plastics plant."

"I'm with a dredging outfit. Widening a river channel."

"I'm with a TV company. Working on color."

"I'm in construction. We're putting up two Park Avenue skyscrapers in New York."

"I'm in air conditioning."

"I'm in ceramics. Developing new kinds of building materials."

So it went: never the same answer twice. And this was revealing.

Only a few years ago the question, "Should your child be an engineer?" would evoke the image of a young man signaling from a tripod in mid-street, or perhaps of an older man supervising the construction of a bridge. I suppose these visualizations are still valid. But if you plan to consider the work of an engineer in our time, you will have to picture him in hundreds of different roles. For the word "engineer" has come to mean almost as many different occupations as there are industries.

Certainly the engineer who works on aircraft design is hardly the same fellow who, as an industrial engineer, builds a vast new conveyor system into an automotive plant; nor has he much in common with the chemical engineer, the nuclear engineer, or any of the other scores upon scores of engineering specialists I could name.

Believe it or not, there are more than 150 different organizations of American engineers, each devoted to its own specialized interest!

So when we ask today, "Should your child be an engineer?" we are really asking whether he should be a trained expert in some aspect of modern technology.

The scientists and engineers have become key figures in our modern industrial society. And this is only the dawn of their heyday. Scientific progress is constantly opening up new horizons, bringing new needs, new opportunities. In this era of mass production there is virtually no industry which does not require the skills and services of engineers.

Food? The growth of the frozen food business, as an example, has created countless demands for engineering know-how. Better methods of refrigeration in transit, better ways of storing and freezing at home—these and other improvements all depend on the ingenuity of engineers.

Clothing? The development of synthetic fabrics has brought new challenges and new opportunities to chemical engineers. Chemistry has, in fact, become one of the most important factors in the giant textile industry, producing countless new plants and thousands of new jobs.

Homes? Modern techniques not only in building and in architecture, but in heating, in air conditioning, in every aspect of electrification—all these call for the skill of engineers.

Communications? Without engineers there would be no television, no radio, no telephones, no telegraph lines, no cables.

"In this era of technology," I have heard it said, "engineering furnishes the basic training for almost any industrial career you can mention." And that is emphatically true.

People often ask me what is included in an academic program leading to a degree in engineering. They ask, "Isn't an engineering course basically a narrow one?" The answer, of course, is that the modern engineering curricula are so constructed as to provide an excellent and quite broad preparation for an effective life in a technological society such as ours.

Mathematics, physics, and chemistry are still the bedrock courses for the future engineer; without them he cannot go very far. The more of them he can get during his high school and college years, the better. But these must be regarded only as a begininng.

The fact that future engineers will enter every walk of life makes it necessary for these students to have, in addition to concentration in the natural sciences and the art and practice of engineering, a fine liberal education in the humanities. I am happy to say that most of our great institutes of technology and engineering colleges have recognized this. They have broadened their curricula to include substantial blocks of time for studies in the humanities and social sciences.

Naturally, what most young people want to know about engineering is this: Is it a good profession? Does it pay well? Does it offer wide opportunities for creative activity and for responsible leadership?

Frankly, I know of no profession that offers more today.

Look at the advertisements in our metropolitan newspapers. I do not mean only the classified help-wanted columns; I mean the big display ads inserted by countless firms that employ engineers. They plead with engineering students to come for interviews and conferences. They hang out the inducements of good pay (including such fringe benefits as retirement plans and group insurance), and good living conditions. Never before, as far back as I can remember, has industry competed so militantly for the services of young engineers.

As a result of this demand, no matter what branch of work the graduate of an engineering college may enter, he can count on earning at least $5,000 a year to start. Some men who are trained in specialties or who are willing to travel will command even higher salaries.

Moreover, the man with a master's degree can begin at $7,500; and a Ph.D can easily earn $9,000.

And what is the limit on earnings? There is no limit except ability and willingness to accept responsibility. Increasingly, in this age of technology, the engineer is being called on to assume top supervisory and managerial jobs in his own and allied fields. When he reaches executive levels, the engineer can go to any figure—salaries of $35,000 and more are no longer uncommon.

Another point to remember: Though I have no wish to be an alarmist, I must emphasize the fact that our country is competing against communist Russia for leadership, not only in such areas as aviation, atomic weapon development, and guided missiles, but also in almost every type of commercial production, including the peaceful use of the atom. So our national future may well depend on the quality and the number of our engineers. *And Russian schools are reported to be graduating approximately double the number of new engineers that ours are.*

This is a point to ponder soberly when thinking of a career. We in America need every engineer we can produce.

That brings up the question of women in the profession. Until now women have played a quiet role in engineering. For the most part they have served as laboratory technicians and research assistants. But I believe this is bound to change.



Probably no single field offers a broader choice of occupation than engineering. Every industry from steelmaking to papermaking, every locale from offshore drilling rig to city skyscraper can hold an assignment for the graduate engineer.

Recently the National Society of Professional Engineers queried several hundred leading firms on their attitude toward employing women engineers. The replies indicated that 65% of the firms would gladly hire women if they were available; and 23% of them already have women on their staffs.

Perhaps the future is brighter than women realize.

How long will the present demand for engineers continue? The need will go on, I believe, for generations. Our population is constantly increasing. By the end of the century we will probably be a nation of over 200,000,000. This growth, especially in a technological era which almost daily provides new ideas and new machines, will require more and more engineers. They are the most widely needed servants of such an age.

Also, our defense program seems destined to continue indefinitely. This means a great number of engineers must devote their time to research, planning, and development in connection with our military arsenal. As a result, there will continue to be a scarcity of engineering talent to meet the demands of private industry.

So when one asks, "Should my child be an engineer?" one can be sure that engineers are *needed* today and that their opportunities will be widespread and alluring.

What must be considered is not so much the attractions of the profession—these exist in abundance—but rather the skills, the aptitudes, the likes of the child.

If a youngster's great love is music, for example, one need hardly argue the point that he should follow a musical career; it would be worse than futile to reshape the child's temperament, forcing him into engineering or any other calling. The first criterion to consider is:

Does the child have a natural aptitude for the sciences?

Does he love to cope with the challenge that a scientific problem tosses at his imagination?

Is he skillful in mathematics, physics, chemistry?

Is the science department of his school the one to which he naturally gravitates?

Are his extra-curricular activities apt to lie with science clubs and similar experimental groups?

Does he love to read about scientific advances?

These are the considerations to be weighed. If a child meets the test of such questions with affirmatives on the side of science, then the chances are he will find engineering a satisfying, rewarding and always adventurous career.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Engineering is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science, Librarianship *and* the Armed Forces. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

NEW YORK LIFE
Insurance Company
51 Madison Ave., Dept. 26-J, New York 10, N. Y.

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know
Copyright 1957, New York Life Insurance Company



"There's a new Tonette!
It's really care-free!
Less work for Mommy!
More fun for me!"

Look! A Double-Easy Applicator with New Care-Free Tonette! It's made just for little girls. No skips! No drips! Tonette waves so carefully, so neatly . . . curls stay care-free for months and months . . . without pincurls every day! It's the one children's home permanent that's completely care-free! Give your little girl a New Care-Free Tonette, too!

Special Introductory Offer!

$1.50 value New Care-Free Tonette
$1.00 value Double-Easy Applicator
$2.50 value . . . Now only **$1.79**

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
COMMENDED by the CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU of PARENTS' MAGAZINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

the second. This is painful for the parents to carry out, but when they see how well it works, they are convinced it is right. This successful experience in separation teaches the baby that he doesn't need to be so dependent on his mother and father and it emancipates them from their own overprotectiveness.

My own preference is that a baby should be on a fairly regular feeding schedule, at least by three months of age, and in practically all cases a mother can gently educate her baby's digestion to this by waking him up if necessary when the hour arrives and by steadily stretching the interval to four hours if he was a frequent feeder to start with. I don't mean at all that an irregular, frequent schedule will always lead to dependence. What matters is the mother's state of mind. I do think that an insecure mother who hurries to the baby each time he stirs not only keeps him trained to frequency and irregularity, but she teaches him that he needs her quickly whenever he's the least bit uncomfortable. She keeps her protectiveness at a high pitch for many months. This helps to explain why some babies are still waking for a couple of night feedings in the latter part of the first year, which is certainly not necessary from a nutritional point of view. When a baby and mother are accustomed to a regular schedule by two or three months, each has developed a trust in the other's dependability and a certain independence in himself.

I think that a very crucial period for fostering either independence or dependence is the last half of the first year. Now a baby is able

D D D D D D

As we grow better we meet better people. ELBERT HUBBARD

D D D D D D

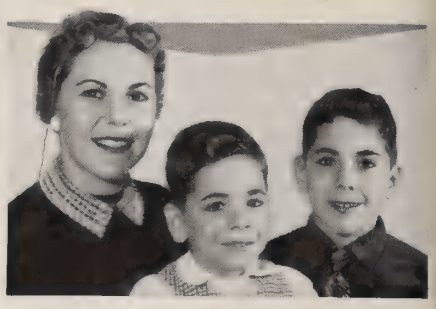
to sit up and, a little later, to creep and to stand. His natural interest runs to handling objects all his waking hours: rattles, strings of beads, kitchen utensils, woolly toys, magazines. His wakeful periods have increased to several hours a day and he will keep himself busy and happy most of this time exploring around or, if he is in the playpen, putting toys out through the slats and retrieving them. He passes things from hand to hand, tastes them, chews on them. He has a moderate appreciation of company, especially his mother's, and tends to crawl back, from time to time, to the room she is in, as if to replenish his security. It's common for a mother of a first child to complain toward the end of the year that he cries each time she leaves the room, and this suggests how easily a small child picks up a bit of overconcern in a parent and matches it with a bit of overdependence.

A few parents get into quite a jam with the first baby in this six-to-twelve-month period if they are too unsure of themselves to be able to resist his demands for attention—night or day—or can't resist the temptation to play with him most of his waking hours.

Some babies who previously have been sleeping soundly all through the night begin to be wakeful around the middle of the first year. This may start with a bad cold or ear infection which alarms the parents and makes them quick to run in to pick him up on subsequent nights, if he whimpers or stirs. Sometimes it seems to be just teething that causes the waking. But if a baby learns that by crying he can always get picked up and given a bottle and a sociable time, and if he finds that by increasing his demands he can always bully his parents into prolonging the midnight party, he may eventually have his parents up for an hour and a half, two or three times each night. This is exhausting for everybody. The sequence here is that the baby's discomfort or illness stirs up the parents' anxiety. The parents' anxiety, expressed in hurrying in to pick him up, convinces him that he is really in desperate need of being rescued from his lonely bed. The parents' submissiveness feeds his demandingness. It doesn't take long for the parents to become resentful of the hard life he's giving them, but they don't know

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

"My doctor prefers St. Joseph Aspirin for Children's accurate dosage"



says **MRS. A. D. STEINTHAL,** *New York*

St. Joseph Aspirin For Children is approved by more doctors than any other brand. Mothers trust its safe, gentle action, children like its pure orange flavor. This specialized tablet is America's mother-and-child favorite! Only the best is good enough for your child. Look for the trusted "St. Joseph" name.

World's Largest Selling Aspirin For Children



"...for adult needs, I insist on St. Joseph Aspirin"



200 Tablets 79c • 100 Tablets 49c • 12 Tablets 12c



New 1957 4-STYLE CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT OF 24 CARDS

FREE SAMPLES Name Imprinted Christmas Cards

Make $50, $75, $100 Extra Money
Start a GREETING CARD & GIFT SHOP at home

Show friends New Ideas in Christmas, All Occasion greeting card assortments, gift wrappings, home and gift items. It's easy — it's fun! Profits to $1.00 per box. Bonus. Write for Free Trial Outfit of Feature boxes on approval. Free Catalog, Selling Guide, all details and Sensational Free Offer.

NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS
North Abington 867, Mass.

DISCOURAGE THUMB SUCKING NAIL BITING

THUM TRADE MARK



Just Paint on Fingertips
60c at your drug store

TUMS for ACID INDIGESTION-HEARTBURN
10¢
QUICK RELIEF
Always carry Tums for top-speed relief of acid distress. No mixing, no waiting. Take Tums anywhere.



HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS

You'll wish you could wear them . . .

the fabulous Wamsutta Heritage "400". . . haute couture of the towel world. Wamsutta "400's" are superbly soft and deep, woven of fine combed cotton. You'll treasure these magnificent towels for years. See them in your favorite linen department in Siamese pink, pink carnation, aqua, yellow, rose, blue, grey, cinnamon, charcoal, light green or white.

August White Sale Priced $2.98, *regularly $4.98.* ***You save $2 each*** *(bath size)* ***on the most luxurious towels you can own.***

Wamsutta® HERITAGE TOWELS

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Not as Advertised Therein

WAMSUTTA MILLS, *Linens and Domestics, Dept. T20, 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y. Division of* M. Lowenstein & Sons, Inc.

By the makers of famous Wamsutta Supercale® and Debucale® by Wamsutta sheets and pillowcases.



Fragile ... handle with Johnson's

YOUR BABY'S DELICATE SKIN needs the safe, lasting protection of Johnson's Baby Powder. It's the powder that Chafe-Guards baby's skin—even when wet. Purest, most trusted baby powder in the world.



THAT PRECIOUS SKIN NEEDS gentle cleansing, too—with Johnson's Baby Oil. It's the purest oil of all, specially blended with lanolin to soothe and soften baby's skin. Favorite with mothers everywhere.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

ust what to blame him for. They feel ashamed f their angriness and submit further.

This nightly waking can be cured in a cou- le of nights if the parents can be convinced hat it's no better for the baby than it is for hem. They must stop going in to him, even nce. After a few minutes of loud crying he ealizes there's nothing to be gained and falls sleep. He will also be reassured by the non- ppearance of his parents that they must be- eve there is nothing to be afraid of after all.

Daytime dependence on the part of a baby an creep up on a mother who is either too elighted to play with him constantly or too nsure of herself to refuse. The first type is pt to turn into the second in a few weeks or nonths. Soon after the baby wakes in mid- fternoon the mother gets involved in games ike "This is the way the farmer rides" or eekaboo or pat-a-cake or dancing to music r just carrying him around in her arms. here's almost continuous conversation. After few weeks of this, a baby is apt to lose most f his ability to amuse himself. When his nother, tired out, tries to set him down, he himpers immediately and stretches out his rms. If she can never resist the appeal, it's s if she were saying to him, "You're right, 's lonely and perhaps dangerous to be any- here else than in your mother's arms." I hink, too, that the resentment that's ac- umulating inside her—at having to be a lave—probably gets through to him. It makes im uneasy, but it also challenges him to bully er again.

Naturally a mother wants to play with her aby at times, and to talk to him as she goes bout her activities. But it generally works etter to save most of the play together until he end of the wakeful period. And when she as played with him at other times, she needs o have enough assurance to get back to her ork or her reading without apology. If he ries, she should remind herself that there is o realistic cause for her to feel anxious or uilty, and cheerfully tell him off.

When a baby has become intensely de- endent, the process of mutual emancipation ay be quite painful and drawn out—but it hould be undertaken. The mother may need upport from a psychiatrist or a family agency. he'll have to develop strong nerves to ignore he wails while she insists on going about her usiness. A practical point, when she does ave time for play, is to sit down on the floor vith the baby. Then if he ever becomes bored vith standing in her lap, he can crawl away. But if she picks him up, there'll always be rouble when she sets him down again.

In the second year the child is even more at fork in the road as between independence nd dependence. He can walk now and he has he urge to explore in ever-widening circles. He is much more interested in other people nd children as separate personalities. He will vant to approach them and make friends, in a simple fashion. (He holds things out to them and then takes them back, or he piles countless objects in their laps.) On the other hand, he becomes even more aware of his dependence on his mother for his security and rushes to her when hurt or frightened. In regard to strangers, he must have time to size them up before he approaches them. If they crowd him too soon, it pushes him back to his mother's skirts.

It is certainly important for the development of his independence that he and his mother not become involved in feeding problems, toilet-training struggles and disciplinary issues. In conflicts in these areas the child and mother get tightly tied to each other with bonds which are partly hostile, partly anxious and partly guilty. They can't get along together, but they can't forget each other or leave each other alone. These are complicated, special problems which I have discussed separately at other times.

At a more simple level there are two procedures that a mother can keep in mind, especially if she senses a tendency to overprotectiveness in herself. The first is to resist the impulse to jump to the child's rescue whenever he gets himself involved in mildly dangerous maneuvers like climbing up on chairs or crawling into cupboards. If left to himself, he can usually solve these problems. If the mother anxiously rushes to his rescue, it convinces him that there are dangers all about and that he needs a mother's constant attention to survive.

The other method is to take him daily, if possible, where other small children play. Then he can learn how many kinds there are in the human race, that children are noisy and rough and often mean compared with adults, but that despite this they are the most fun of all to be with. Here again the protective mother may find herself watching him constantly and springing to his protection if he appears to be menaced by another child. Of course she should interfere if the danger is real or if he is being increasingly intimidated by a bully. She may even have to pick another playground. But first she should give him a reasonable opportunity to learn how to defend himself in minor squabbles. This is what she will see other mothers doing and will come more naturally to her when she has her second.

I think that a majority of us will continue to tend to make our first-born somewhat dependent, because that's the way we're made, but that by being aware of the more common pitfalls we can hold this to a reasonable minimum. It's also comforting to remember that though mild overdependence in a child may make his adjustment to life a little more difficult, it may well develop special types of sensitiveness and understanding in him which will be valuable to the world.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.



"But in school we used dolls—not wiggly babies!"



hints collected by **Mrs. Dan Gerber,** mother of five

bringing up baby®

new protein cereal for baby

Because babies grow so very fast, they need 3 to 4 times as much protein per pound of body weight as adults. The new Gerber High Protein Cereal provides a pleasant way to give baby extra protein in easy-to-digest form. The total protein (35%) is derived from oats, wheat, soy beans and yeast. In combination, these proteins provide truly effective "growing tools" for your active little one. And like all Gerber Cereals it's enriched with iron, calcium and B-vitamins.



Gerber High Protein Cereal has a toasted, nut-like flavor that is well accepted by babies and especially interesting to toddlers. It also provides appetizing variety when rotated with the 4 regular Gerber Cereals. And of course, it's pre-cooked and ready to serve with milk, formula or other liquids.

psychology dept. Another baby on the way? Here's one mother's solution for relieving those bound-to-be jealousy pangs. She bought her 2-year-old girl a new doll complete with miniature baby-care accessories: bath table, bottles, diapers, etc. A week or so before the new baby was due, she helped teach her daughter "baby care" for the doll. When the new baby arrived, the toddler was an accomplished little mother and took care of her "baby," while Mom tended to hers.

a water matter



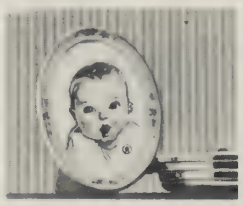
Even though "dog days" are unbearably hot, cold water is not the answer for baby's sponge baths. Tepid water will leave him much more refreshed. A shade warmer than room temperature is just about right for tiny tykes.

refreshment unlimited A delightful pair for baby's sipping pleasure—Gerber Strained Apple Juice and Gerber Strained Orange Juice. The Apple Juice is sparkling clear, mildly sweet and delicate in flavor. Vitamin C has been added to make it a good nutritional alternate to Gerber Strained Orange Juice. The Orange Juice is made from tree-ripened fruit, specially selected for mild flavor and high vitamin-C content. Both are pasteurized and carefully strained for easy feeding.

sweet scent-iments Two fragrant tricks for sticky days; (1) Splash a bit of baby's oil into your tepid bath. It satinizes your skin . . . delicate scent is delightful. (2) Borrow a bit of baby's powder to ease on your girdle. Scent is nice and not too heavy for sticky days.



strong points "Meat for strength, and the building of all body structures" say the experts on infant nutrition. Gerber Strained and Junior Meats provide the vital, body-building proteins so necessary for baby's growth and development. Made from juicy, selected Armour cuts they're specially pressure cooked to preserve true-meat flavor and fine Armour quality. Special processing removes most of the fat and the coarse tissue for easy digestibility. 7 Strained varieties. 4 Junior Meats.



ARMOUR

babies are our business . . . our only business!

Gerber® BABY FOODS

FREMONT, MICH.

5 CEREALS • OVER 75 STRAINED & JUNIOR FOODS, INCLUDING MEATS

take it
easy!
make it
easy!



3 SURE
WAYS
TO MAKE
ICED COFFEE

a QUICK METHOD. Make extra-strength coffee by using ½ measuring cup (4 fluid ounces) of water for each Standard Measure (2 level tblsps.) of coffee — pour hot over ice cubes.

b PRE-COOLED. Make coffee: 1 Standard Measure (2 level tblsps.) to each 6-oz. cup of water. Cool in covered *non-metal* container. For freshest taste, serve within three hours. Pour over ice cubes.

c INSTANT. Mix *twice* the usual amount of instant coffee with a little water (hot or cold, according to brand) — add ice cubes, fill glass with cold water.

HINT In refrigerator trays, freeze regular strength coffee into cubes — pour fresh coffee over them. Delicious — and no dilution!



NEW ZEST FOR SUMMER!

Iced Coffee Nectar

Take 2¼ cups strong cold coffee,
1 tblsp. Angostura bitters,
1 pint coffee ice cream
— beat together in bowl or electric blender until smooth and creamy.
Serves 3 or 4.

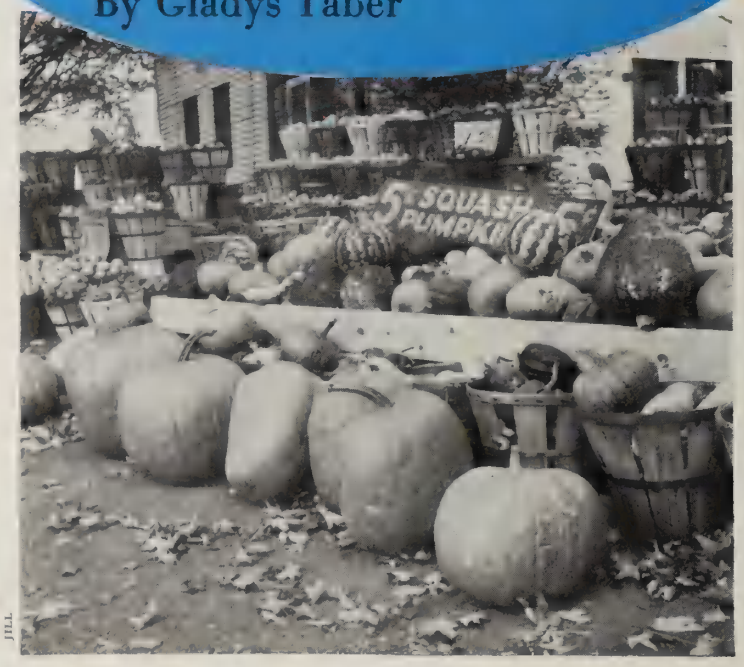
PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU
120 WALL STREET, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.
Brazil • Colombia • Costa Rica • Cuba • Dominican Republic
Ecuador • El Salvador • Guatemala • Honduras • Mexico • Venezuela



© 1957, Pan American Coffee Bureau

DIARY of DOMESTICITY

By Gladys Taber



JILL

The abundance of August arrives at Stillmeadow.

Now the turning wheel of the seasons rolls slowly. The air is dreamy, people walk without hurry. Even the haying lacks the feverish haste of early summer, for the barns are nearly full. Pumpkins and squash are comfortable in the hot sun, corn silk darkens. The song of summer, which is the music of the cicadas, sounds all night long.

This is a hiatus between the hard work of June and July and the brisk autumn days packed with chores to do before the first snow. Nature and man both move on a light rein these slow, lazy days. It is for both a restoring time.

The garden takes less weeding, the lawn less mowing, the dogs less shampooing (no mud in August!).

I wonder whether the fact that most vacations come now is because of the heat or because it is the natural time to relax, to look at one's life, reflect on what we have done, what we might do. And to dream. I have read that energy is highest on the brisk days of October, and for me this is true. I am full of projects in autumn—many of them unnecessary, to be sure, but all requiring bustling about. Now I am satisfied to take a cool swim, bake briefly on the bank of the pond, and swim again. It does not, now, seem vital that I wash windows.

Jill remarks that the kennel latches must be repaired, but she puts it off. For one thing, she has to finish reading The Tudor Wench, which Elswyth Thane sent us.

Summer reading is supposed to be light, but I think it is the time for solid fare. I take my light reading when I have to jump up and down every twenty minutes, and save the serious books for the days when we can sit under the old apple trees an hour or more at a time. For me, Winston Churchill is August enjoyment.

This is salad time supreme. By planting lettuce in succession, we have the makings of a crisp salad bowl all summer long. Oak Leaf is a fine variety, my choice. You can't buy it in a market, as it is perishable to the nth degree. Bibb is a standard. Jill likes Prize Head. She plants every two weeks, and thins as needed. We eat the tiny leaves of the plants she thins out too. If it is dry, she soaks the ground thoroughly before putting in the new planting.

Store lettuce we consider edible when it is snowing. But the flavor of market stuff is not comparable at all to freshly picked home-grown lettuce, and this is nobody's fault. Lettuce is just one of those things, like sweet corn, that do not take to sitting around.

We tried inland cress a few years, but it was not like real water cress. We tried for years to "catch" water cress in our pond, in the brook. Jill planted seeds, planted plants, went upstream in the ferny woods to where the flow was light. Went downstream below the dam. Set the cress in wire cages to keep floods from washing it away. Weighed some down with stones, just barely at the water's edge. But nothing ever came of it. Either its feet got too dry or it got washed down and took off for the Sound, which is probably where our water eventually goes.

It is a wise gardener who knows when he or she is licked. "Water cress," said Jill finally, "is not for us."

There is no reason, for Steve and Olive have to clear it from their brook with rakes when it takes over. And their brook is just about like ours. But either the fall of the land is steeper in ours, or maybe we were just not meant to raise water cress.

We were telling this to Cliff Hirsch as we sat around drinking coffee one morning. "My goodness," said Cliff, "you want water cress?" The next morning he came with a whole pailful, fresh and succulent. "I got tons of it up the hill," he said, "a spring and brook. Grows all over." He promised to keep us in cress. Said he might as well get two pailfuls when he got one!

A nice change from tossed salads is a molded one, and this makes a nice main dish for a buffet supper on a hot Sunday night. It is eggs in aspic, and it is easy, but elegant. It calls for 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin, ½ cup cold water, 4 cups chicken broth, 8 eggs, 1 tablespoon tarragon (fresh or dried; if dried, use a bit more), ½ cup deviled ham or 1

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26



When it's picnic time...it's

Bean-time, U.S.A.

Every family picnic should include

VAN CAMP'S PORK & BEANS

The secret savory sauce is cooked in...Just heat...eat...enjoy!



Outsells the rest 'cause it tastes the best!



Now... you'll fly through housework!

Women clean house new way—*without water!*

Does away with pail, powder, water, soap, mess!
Hands don't even get wet!



Kitchen by Beautycraft

Spray on lacy white froth—dirt wipes right off... metal, painted woodwork, windows, porcelain

In the kitchen, in the bathroom...all through the house—Jet Bon Ami is a whiz for cleaning glass, glossy and painted surfaces! Simply spray! Wipe with a *dry* cloth! No water, powder or mess! No job at all! Windows, woodwork, chrome, tile—everything you clean sparkles and shines so much easier. A stingy bit of froth cleans better than a lot...spreads as you clean...wipes *dry* faster...very economical.



New *Jet Bon Ami*

© 1957, The Bon Ami Company—an affiliate of United Dye & Chemical Corporation

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

medium-sized can, mayonnaise. To make it, you soften the gelatin in the cold water, and then dissolve it in the boiling broth and cool. When it begins to set, put half of it in a flat glass baking dish (8½" x 11") or in 8 individual custard cups. Sprinkle the tarragon over. Poach the eggs until quite firm, trim the edges and let them cool. When the gelatin is slightly firm in the dish or cups, place the eggs in, and spread lightly with the deviled ham. Pour over the rest of the gelatin, and set in the refrigerator until firm. Turn out on a bed of salad greens. Season the mayonnaise with dry mustard and a pinch of chili powder.

This is supposed to serve eight, but when Cicely was here for the weekend it served only four. The chicken broth should be strong, because when it is jellied it tends to become more bland. If you use canned chicken consommé, spark it with a dash of Worcestershire or your favorite herbs. Water cress does no harm as a garnish. If you use this as a main dish for a summer buffet, serve cold sliced boiled ham and liverwurst with it on a separate platter (they take kindly to chicken and eggs). Mix enough mustard in the mayonnaise to give it a real punch. And have a good bowl of it for ladling. For company we serve tiny hot buttermilk biscuits with honey butter or our own grape jelly (I make it more tart than is usual).

The nice thing about this salad is that you make it the day before and let it rest in the refrigerator so you can rest the next day except for slicing the cold meat and doing the biscuits. There will not be a morsel for the cockers and Irish to lick, but Jonquil thankfully eats the extra bits of lettuce with that delectable mustard mayonnaise.

The phrase "apple-pie order" originated with the practices of a Puritan housewife, Hepzibah Merton, who used to bake three dozen apple pies to last the family through the week. She placed them on pantry shelves, labeling each pie according to the day on which it was to be eaten. Her pantry, so arranged, was said to be "in apple-pie order."

In any season, dusk is my special hour. I like the feeling that most of the day's work is over. And in the country, dusk is usually a still and lovely time. The cockers and Irish have been busy all day on their various rabbit deals and mole diggings, or in winter tracking everything that can be tracked. They doze comfortably, Sister snoring and Holly making those whiffling noises. Teddy lies like a frog, back legs flat out. Linda, who is a peripatetic person, has settled for a snooze on the terrace. Even Tiki has given up barking at the barn cats across the road, because the cats have gone to bed. Jonquil is wagging in her sleep. I always plan to sneak out at 1 A.M. and see if she is still wagging, but I am never awake to find out.

The ancient house breathes quietly. Jill is breathing heavily on the charcoal grill to get it glowing before the broilers go on (marinated in plain store-bought French dressing all afternoon).

"I suppose you never travel far," said a recent visitor.

I thought it over. Well, we do not travel far in a way. No far islands. But I travel as far as my mind can reach, any day, any time. I pick up my book, which is now Hal Borland's beautiful This Hill, This Valley. Many of his experiences as a countryman in Connecticut I share, but his horizon reaches into philosophy, history, science.

The night air is cool, and a small whisper of wind lifts my ruffled curtains. The smell of fresh-cut hay is vibrant. The cicadas sing. The moon will be up when we get the dishes washed, and the world will be a dream of silver.

And as the faint coolness overlays the heat of the day, I send my good night to whoever is around to hear it! END

LINIT® STARCH

gives cottons that smart like-new look

Adds the finishing touch to dresses, shirts, curtains ...makes ironing easier, too!



"WHERE'LL I GET THE CASH?"

HOW many times have you asked yourself that question when you are faced with household expenses that have to be met? We would like to suggest an answer that can mean increased income for you.

By selling magazine subscriptions, you can earn generous commissions. Many of our representatives earn more than $1.50 an hour in their spare time—and you can do the same! Just send us your name and address on a postal, and you will receive our offer and easy-to-follow instructions.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
999 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania



You must try it!



Jack and Jill®
GELATIN DESSERT
■ ***New Taste Thrill!***
M-m-m — so delicious! So different! Just like eating plump, fresh fruit. Instantly prepared. Positive setting. 6 mouth-watering flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon, Lime.
AT YOUR GROCERS

Always Ask for JACK and JILL GELATIN, the Aristocrat of All Gelatin Desserts.
Write for FREE SAMPLE and EXCITING NEW RECIPES
WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY
Dept. L-8, Tyrone, Penna.

Slick trick for picnickers...

PACKABANANA!



Bananas...wholesome—and then some!



ckyard special: Kebababanana! For a sizzling good at, alternate chunks of banana on skewer with pieces of sweet and green pepper and meatballs wrapped in bacon. Grill.



Barbecue idea: Roastabanana! Remove strip of peel; brush fruit with butter. Place on grill and roast until peel is black and glossy, and the fruit tender — easily pierced with a fork.

It isn't a picnic without *bananas* — Nature's built-in convenience food!

- ...wrapped in Nature's own dust-proof, ant-proof package!
- ...no openers needed — just zip the peel and eat!
- ...a well-rounded supply of vitamins and minerals in every bite!
- ...everybody likes them 'cause they taste so good!





UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

Brush
Your Teeth
with Colgate's...
Brush
Bad Breath
Away!



And Colgate's with GARDOL
Fights Decay All Day, Too!

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people . . . with just one brushing! Gives you that fresh-clean feeling that comes from brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream.

And unlike other leading toothpastes,* Colgate Dental Cream contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing!

Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing.



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.



Colgate's with GARDOL
CLEANS YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



MARTHA BLANCHARD

"I just added a bay leaf, paprika, a touch of garlic salt, some capers, a tiny bit of chili powder . . . and threw it out."

Do pretty girls ever get bored with their beauty? I notice a few in our town contrive to disguise it with frizzled angularity for the sake of that gaunt, offbeat "fashionable" look.

I salute the teen-age couple which manages somehow to appear worldly, blasé and sophisticated when walking along Main Street holding hands.

Once upon a time I was a baby myself. Maybe that's why I'm anguished when I see doting admirers breathe into a helpless baby's nose and mouth. If it could only punch them with a baby fist!

While I watched our Air Force's drenching display of fire power, an odd notion tickled me: Will the Russians ever erect in Red Square a statue to the American airman, because he deterred them from triggering a foolish war?

At the summer resorts I observe an axiom I wish the womenfolk might whisper to their beauticians: "The richer or more desirable a woman's man, the simpler her hairdo."

"I'm often relaxed when I discuss children with other mothers," murmurs Betty Comfort, giving her potted pink geraniums a pill. "I discover to my surprise that our kids are no worse than others."

As substitute for the vanishing guest room, I hope our married children will someday install, far in the rear of their back yards, the water, sewer and electricity connections for a "mother-in-law" house trailer. (Only for short visits, of course.)

My insurance salesman assures me men enjoy more longevity than ever before. Yet this rosier life expectancy doesn't prevent us from beginning to worry about dying twenty or twenty-five years earlier than gramp did.

In our crowd, conversation seems to improve when in a group of four, each person talks only one fifth of the time. (The other fifth might come in handy for meditation and silence.) But alas, each of us tends to talk one third of the time.

I've found a jewel of a plastics man who helps me contrive all sorts of brave-new-world gadgets. Irked for years by an opaque steel lamp shade in my Dream Girl's bedroom, I replaced it with a translucent ivory shade with gold stars. Her old one (with his help) is now a wastebasket.

Our neighbor's son wants to split his college education three ways—two years each in an Eastern, a Midwestern and a Far Western university. Wonderful, as long as dad's dough holds out: I wish I could have done that.

How the family gangs up on pa! It's a splendid modern American tradition. Keeps him on his mettle, unsmug. A few men have low moments when they fear it'd be O.K. with their families if they'd mail their salaries home.

We rarely admit it to our wives, but mature men on planes and trains confide to each other how influential in their careers was luck. (Biggest stroke of luck, of course: when we married our wives.) Half a career is the way the ball bounces.

My neighbor in the brick colonial is helping his son-in-law buy carpet for their new house. "I think a thousand dollars in their twenties," he philosophizes, "means more than a cool ten thousand in their forties."

"I'm bored by drunks," confides Peter Comfort, stowing a case of empties from a party in his station wagon. "They're a pain, seldom witty, never gay. Apparently they regain some wit and gaiety when they join AA."

A savant in New Orleans sent me a list of 560 musical compositions restful or soothing, from Brahms to Bartok. Maybe we moderns don't need any more the 100-piece musical thunder and cannonade that relieved the tedium of Wagner's heyday.

On a deep summer night one of life's memorable adventures is to lie on your back on the grass for an hour, gazing up at a starry sky, till the stars seem only treetop high.

How often I've found a $7000 colonel the equal of a $35,000 executive, or a $10,000 general as brilliant as a $50,000 tycoon! My answer is like John Marquand's: Military men unconsciously care less for money, more for glory.

I'm baffled by what a high-school girl calls a "date." If a girl "goes steady" (exclusively) with a boy, and dates no other boy, yet spends six or seven hours with another boy, she doesn't call that a date. If not, then what is it, an endurance test?

"How can I compete," asked the boy next door, "with the supermen, the big brains, for the top jobs?"

"Huh?" I exclaimed. "Those jobs are filled with men who used to ask themselves the same question."

For years our town's more solvent people have argued whether a winter vacation is better than a summer vacation. They can't quite make up their minds, so they take both.

Let your hair down; dinner-table chatter *can* be fascinating. The enchanting creature at my left confessed she recently conked her husband on the head with a long-handled bath brush. The ravishing gumdrop on my right recalled she once struck *her* husband with a loaded picnic basket.

Fate has surrounded me with family and friends who all seem to like their meat raw, rare or medium rare. I like it well done. Imagine my glee, on a tour of airbases, to learn that 80 per cent plus of all enlisted men prefer meat well done.

I'm the type who can't remember any funny story except the last one I've heard. So it delights me when I catch our town's most gifted storyteller dishing at a cocktail party an anecdote fresh from Bennett Cerf's third-from-the-last joke book.

At country-club dances this summer a man can't be too careful. The college girls are cultivating a Madame Bovary look and the maturer matrons act more like Françoise Sagan, a drippy nineteen.

I know a neighborhood merchant who's sure to win: he cheats a little on the weight, charges a few cents more, and invariably makes mistakes in arithmetic in favor of the house. A triple-threat man.

. . . When the whole family bursts into a salvo of laughter at one of my tales,

. . . Or my wife forgives my follies as if I were a blood relative,

. . . And a friend tells me of Junior's singular sense of responsibility,

. . . And my son-in-law writes me a two-page single-spaced letter,

. . . And I even get a word of approval from my youngest son and severest critic,

. . . Then my cup overfloweth and I tell myself, "Senior, you've got 'em fooled."



CANNON PERCALES are different—three important ways:

Easier bedmaking! Prettier beds! Longer wear!

Cannon Percales are Combspun! No other percales are. You see the difference in their unusual beauty, feel it in their luxuriously soft texture. And year after year you notice the difference Combspun makes in long, long wear.



Cannon fitted sheets have Ezy-matic Corners! No other fitted sheets do. They slip easily over all four corners without mattress lifting, stay comfortably smooth, wrinkle-free—never need retucking.



Cannon Percales come in such lovely variety! Combine white or colorful pastels with gay woven stripes or exquisite flower prints. All are certified colorfast by the American Institute of Laundering.

Good news! Cannon Combspun Percales are sale-priced now at department stores

Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y. • Towels • Sheets • Bedspreads • Draperies • Stockings • Terry Cloth

TRADE MARK REG. U.S.A. CANNON

CYD CHARISSE co-starring in "SILK STOCKINGS"

AN ARTHUR FREED PRODUCTION FOR MGM RELEASE IN CINEMASCOPE AND METROCOLOR



Every time you walk into a room *you're on stage!*

That's true for Cyd Charisse and every girl. That's why a soft lovely complexion is a must. That's why she uses Lux and that's why *you* should, too!

Your audience is waiting—and don't you know it! So you *always* look wonderful, with a complexion that's soft and smooth . . . a Lux Complexion. Lux, with its rich *Cosmetic lather*, its mild and gentle ways, can do as much for you as it does for any Hollywood star. And the Lux fragrance, best-liked soap perfume in the world, is sure to please you, too.

Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees that you'll decide Lux Soap is perfect for you, or you can have your money back. *For a complexion you'll love—and he'll love, too—use Lux.*



Now Lux comes in 4 lovely pastels, as well as pure white. Buy new color Lux by the color of its foil wrapper.



9 out of 10 Hollywood stars depend on LUX

HIGH SCHOOL IS WORTH WORKING FOR! ... Ozarks, Missouri



ROLAND PATTERSON

John and Lillian grew up, next-door neighbors, in a tiny Arkansas town. Now, making sacrifices to get an education, they look to a bright future.

Untapped Leadership

By MARGARET HICKEY

Colleges and universities will welcome some three and one half million students to their campuses this fall. Yet, because their ability and interests were not developed during their high-school years, many of the ablest young people will never go to college.

"These individuals, capable of more education than they are receiving, are a serious wastage of the nation's talent," the Educational Policies Commission points out in a new report, Higher Education in a Decade of Decision.

What can be done to change this situation? The Educational Testing Service suggests a nationwide testing program for eighth- and ninth-graders to discover hidden talent. One such program already is under way in Junior High School 43 in New York City, where students who have scored low on current tests largely because of their social and economic backgrounds are given new experimental tests to show their actual potential. This potential then is developed through special courses, intensive guidance and stimulation. Other communities now can get consultation and technical assistance to help gifted youth from underprivileged homes—regardless of race, creed or sex—through the new community self-service in talent-searching program of the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students.

Chicago's Bryn Mawr School, which organized a first-grade class of 30 high-I.Q. youngsters, reports that within two years the group was doing advanced fourth-grade work, plus additional library research and individual projects, taking tours and getting piano lessons.

How can gifted children be identified when they are young? Dr. Paul A. Witty, director of the Psycho-Educational Clinic, Northwestern University, suggests the following yardsticks: early and accurate use of a large vocabulary; keen observation and retention of facts; interest in calendars and in telling time; unusual ability to give sustained attention; curiosity about the cause of everything—and its effect; competence in drawing, painting, singing; proficiency in reading and a great liking for books.

When a child shows special talent, Doctor Witty counsels, parents and teachers should make every effort to guide and encourage him. Many potential leaders are in our classrooms today—they should not be neglected or overlooked. END

From the doorway of a two-room house on the crest of a mountain a thirteen-year-old boy looks out over miles of Ozark hills and ravines. It's a long hike across creeks and through brambles to the bus line which carries children to the public high school in the town thirty miles away. In the little grade school dampened clothing, disheveled hair and muddy shoes, even bare feet, were taken for granted. But that faraway high school is part of another world. What can this eighth-grade youngster, who cannot afford new clothes or books or school lunches, make of his life now?

Resolutely the boy turns back into the house, sits down at a table cut from rough boards and painstakingly scratches out a note, addresses it simply to: "School of the Ozarks, Point Lookout, Missouri."

This school, founded in 1906, for bright, ambitious hill children who might otherwise never get a high-school education, has opened its doors to thousands of such youngsters. Though they arrive without a cent, without a change of clothes and often in need of a balanced diet, all bring with them the determination to get an education. For here is a school—financed solely through voluntary contributions, without state or Federal aid—where they can work to pay *all* their expenses through high school and a new junior college.

Fifteen-year-old Elizabeth B——, one of the prettiest girls on campus, is the only one of an Arkansas farm family of sixteen children who had the chance to go to high school. Elizabeth's parents, who have neither electricity nor telephone in their home, could not afford to buy books or even the 25-cent daily lunch in the regular public school. But Elizabeth's eldest brother, determined that she should have an opportunity the others never had, persuaded his parents to let him take her to the School of the Ozarks. Though timid about leaving home for the first time, Elizabeth eagerly packed her few belongings, including sheets and pillowcases made from feed sacks, into two cardboard cartons and set off with her brother in the family truck for Point Lookout.

At the school Elizabeth found she was eligible for a $200 scholarship to cover a year's tuition—but that she must work 540 hours during the summer in return. To pay for her room and meals, she would be assigned 16 work hours a week during the school term. Extra hours could be put in for clothing and pin money.

The School of the Ozarks, according to its president, M. Graham Clark, puts into practice the theories that life is not a handout and that a busy child is a good child. Mr. Clark, a medium-tall man with graying wavy hair and the manner of a Southern gentleman, like many of the school's faculty members gave up more lucrative work elsewhere—he was a business executive in Atlanta—to accept the challenge offered at this school. Since coming to the school in 1946 he has been ordained a Presbyterian minister.

For most of the youngsters who enroll, hard work is nothing new. Dark-haired Margaret, seventeen, now in the school's junior college and on her way to becoming a mathematics teacher, got up at four every morning at home, helped milk twenty-six cows before boarding the bus for a ten-mile trip to her local school. After class there was little time for homework, with household chores and five brothers and sisters to look after. When her family lost its crops—corn, hay and alfalfa—in the drought that plagued the region for four years, the School of the Ozarks was her only opportunity for an education. Her scholarship paid by a kindergarten teacher at Jefferson City, Missouri, bent on encouraging a future teacher, she worked 540 hours making fruitcake for the school's annual cake sale. For her board and room she started, as do all freshman girls, by helping in the kitchen and dining hall, later waxed floors in the girls' dorm, now works as a file clerk in the guidance office. In addition she carries sixteen hours of school work in chemistry, algebra, history, rhetoric and geometry.

The school gives many other children a home, with emphasis on spiritual and moral training through required Bible study and church attendance. There are death, divorce, desertion and parental delinquency in the Ozarks too. When relatives are unable to take in a homeless child, department-of-welfare authorities more often than not turn to the School of the Ozarks. And many girls, because it is the only real home they have ever known, come back to be married in their dormitory living room or in the school chapel.

The school grew out of an appeal by a young CONTINUED ON PAGE 33



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

New MUM DEODORANT stops odor...without irritation

So gentle for any normal skin you can use it every day

If you've ever worried about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—or right after shaving or a hot bath—you can set your mind at ease. New Mum Cream is so gentle for normal skin, you can use it whenever you please.

Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can't possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way. Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor . . . contains no astringent aluminum salts.

And it keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum's wonderful hexachlorophene that destroys *both odor and odor-causing bacteria!* When Mum is so effective—yet so safe—isn't it the deodorant for *you?* Try new Mum Cream today.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING CERTIFIED

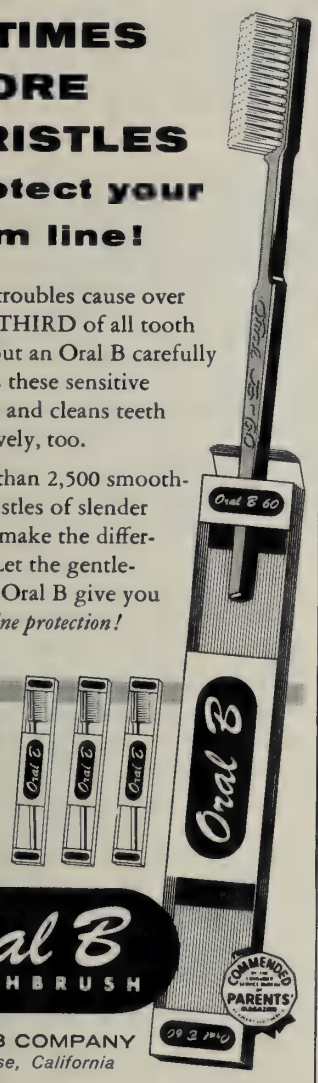
MUM® contains M-3 (*bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene*)

...stops odor 24 hours a da

3 TIMES MORE BRISTLES protect your gum line!

Gum troubles cause over ONE-THIRD of all tooth loss. But an Oral B carefully guards these sensitive tissues and cleans teeth effectively, too.

More than 2,500 smooth-top bristles of slender nylon make the difference. Let the gentle-action Oral B give you *gum-line protection!*



AT THE DRUG COUNTER . . . IN 3 SIZES FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Oral B TOOTHBRUSH

© ORAL B COMPANY
San Jose, California

CROOKED TOES?



his highly effective device soft, flexible rubber— r. Scholl's **TOE-FLEX**—tends to gradually raighten crooked or overlapping toes by exerting even outward pressure. Worn invisibly. Very com-rtable. Sizes, Small, Medium, Large. Only 75¢ each.

EXTRA MONEY

$50 TO $300 OR MORE
For Yourself or Group
Show Big Value
$1.00 and $1.25 Assortments of
CHRISTMAS AND EVERYDAY
GREETING CARDS
GIFT WRAPPINGS, STATIONERY, GIFTS

Show leading 21 card Christmas, Birthday, Get Well, Religious Assortments, Costume Jewelry, Household Items in full or spare time. No experience needed. Profits to 100%. Bonus. Write for Assortments On Approval, Free Album of Imprinted Christmas Cards, Free Gift Offer.

HEDENKAMP
361 Broadway, Dept. L-13
New York 13, N.Y.

21 Card Christmas $1.00
18 Card All Occasion Asst'l $1.00
FREE ALBUM OF IMPRINTS
Over 250 Best Sellers
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
FREE GIFT OFFER
$1.25 "Tiny TV" Salt and Pepper Set for PROMPT ACTION!

Tense, Nervous Headaches Need This Relief

survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the mous ingredients of Anacin to relieve pain. Here's ny Anacin® gives better *total* effect in pain relief an aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

- **ACTS INSTANTLY:** Anacin goes to work instantly. Brings fast relief to *source* of your pain.
- **MORE EFFECTIVE:** Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one, but a combination of medically proven ingredients.
- **SAFER:** Anacin simply *can not* upset your stomach.
- **LESSENS TENSION:** Anacin also reduces nervous tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin Tablets *today!*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Presbyterian minister, the Rev. J. F. Forsythe, to the Missouri synod of his church in 1906. A home missionary in the Ozarks, Mr. Forsythe was impressed by the keen native intelligence of the people, and particularly the plight of the children with no education, no hope, no future. The church had no money to establish a school, but managed to obtain enough voluntary contributions from farmers and townspeople of Taney County to put up a single big stone building to serve as dormitories, classrooms, kitchen and dining room. The first year's enrollment was 35.

Since then word of the school's "earn and learn" policy has been carried back into the rugged Ozark country to youngsters eager to go to high school, and beyond the hills as well. With help from people all over the country, the School of the Ozarks has grown to a large community of some 80 buildings on a 1500-acre campus and an enrollment of 300. The school's daily operating expenses of approximately $700 are met by gifts from friends of the school—ranging from large sums to the "widow's mite." Some donors have given entire buildings. J. M. McDonald, vice president of the school's board of trustees, gave the hospital in memory of his wife, a nurse; Ralph L. Smith, president of a lumber company in Kansas City, gave the boys' dormitory; and the insurance of a lonely soldier who died in Korea paid for a staff cottage. Mrs. Annie Lee Parry, of Kansas City, pays for the operation of the home-economics department, and each autumn a

The young man who has not wept is a savage, and the old man who will not laugh is a fool.
GEORGE SANTAYANA

truckload of vegetables comes as a gift from a farmer in Minnesota. Many business people and teachers and clubs contribute tuition money for one or more students. Others send gifts of clothing or fabrics.

The school is located on the banks of the White River, just off the twisting, curving highway south from Springfield. Except in the little towns, the homes are few and far apart, set in deep valleys or perched off sloping trails. Money has always been scarce in this region. Extra jobs for the farmers who grow little patches of corn and other vegetables are few. One farmer, for example, goes to Utah each summer to cut timber to help feed the family. His daughter, a quiet-spoken, pale blond lass of fifteen who wants more than anything else to be a missionary nurse, wonders how she can possibly manage the tuition at college after she graduates from the School of the Ozarks. Right now she is earning her way through high school making beautiful heirloom place mats on the looms in the school's weaving room.

But somehow, someway, the graduates of the school seem to make out well. Colleges, always on the lookout for outstanding students for scholarships, keep in close touch with the school. Former Pres. John Spraggins, of Arkansas College, in Batesville, said he found School of the Ozarks students more resourceful than any others.

The school's alumni roster contains scores of accountants, lawyers, doctors, dentists, teachers, successful businessmen. One lad who arrived at the school not many years ago carrying his only belongings in a handkerchief tied to a stick today is a minister.

But the school is not able to admit all who want to come. "Those who have the least and need us most" are the first to be accepted, according to Mr. Clark. A recent visitor to the school, looking across the campus at the boys in overalls trimming lawns and a group of girls headed for noontime duty in the dining hall, turned to his young redheaded guide with a smile. "That wire fence around the grounds," he asked, "is that to keep the boys and girls in?"

"Certainly not," the girl answered with a proud look. "It's to keep them *out*."



now MAX FACTOR
SEBB® SHAMPOO
brings you the joy of hygienically clean hair and scalp

Maybe you and your husband don't wash your hair in a bowl; or maybe you do. But, however you shampoo, your hair never felt so clean as it will now... with sparkling, new liquid Sebb Shampoo that smells like bottled sunshine.

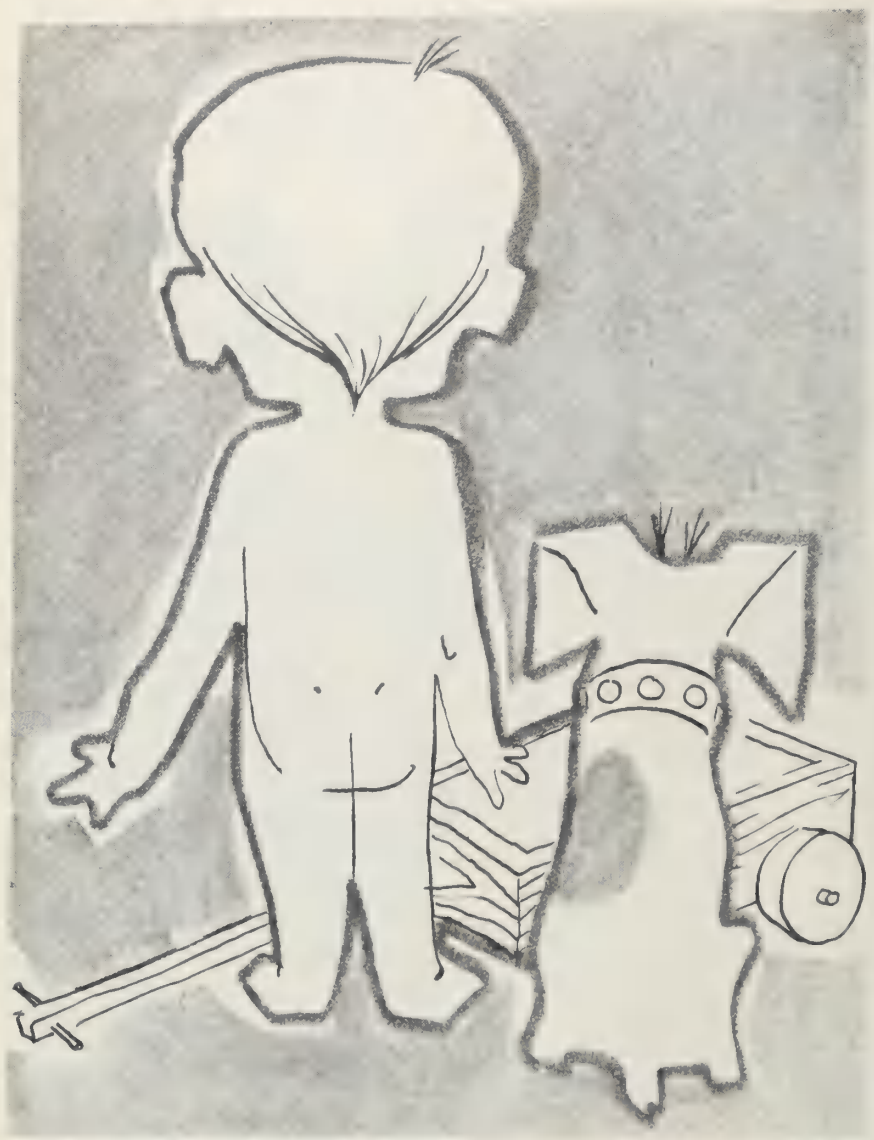
Sebb Shampoo gently washes dandruff and itching scalp out of your life. Regular use frees you of dandruff problems.

Light, quick-foaming, it cannot dry hair. Instead, Sebb Shampoo leaves your hair silky soft, easy to manage, and lustrous with life. Only healthy, **hygienically clean hair** can be truly beautiful hair. Make Sebb Shampoo your regular family shampoo.



Family-size unbreakable bottle **$1.25**

For severe dandruff and itching scalp Max Factor also recommends use of Sebb amazing scientific formula between shampoos. Results guaranteed, if used regularly, or money back. *8-oz. bottle $1.50*



Mr. Clark estimates that approximately one in twenty applicants is accepted. Applications come from far parts of the nation, from foreign countries and from rich families as well as poor families. But the hill children of Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and Oklahoma, with their background of self-reliance, dignity and independence, always seem to fit in best, he says. Those who don't want to work or obey the rules are the first to leave.

Last winter the seventeen-year-old son of a mathematics teacher in a small Arkansas town wrote that he had no money for college tuition, board or room and his only spending money would come from the sale of the milk of his two cows, which his father would tend for him in his absence. As customary, the letter went into the stack of junior-college applications to be answered later. But within a few days, other letters came from two neighbors of the boy, recommending him highly. The following week, more letters arrived from other residents of the town. Finally, Mr. Clark sent the boy notice of acceptance and received an immediate reply: "I count your letter my most precious gift at this Christmas season."

There is much to be done around the school. One thousand meals are prepared and served every day by busy young cooks and dishwashers working in the kitchen under an experienced dietitian. Mountains of towels and sheets for both staff and students are washed in the steamy basement of the cannery building, with coeds manning the washers and dryers and mangles. At this school students are the janitors, and a corps of young custodians keeps the hallways and grounds clean. At four A.M. the dairy boys go on duty, caring for and milking the herd of Jerseys which provides the school with its fresh milk, cream and butter. The boys in the power plant take turns at around-the-clock duty operating tubular boilers, steam-turbine and diesel generators that provide electricity for the school. And there is always a hum of building activity on campus. A sixteen-year-old boy operates a bulldozer in the quarry of Ozark stone from which many of the campus buildings were erected. Another puts up a stone wall between the campus museum and the boys' dormitory. Teams of four working early and late put in a new gymnasium floor. Other boys unload hay, coal, cement, potatoes.

"Not everyone starts out with good work habits, but they all soon learn they save a lot of time by doing a job right the first time," A. R. Mottesheard, conservation instructor, tells a visitor. "And what better training for employment later on?" he wants to know.

As in real life, students frequently find themselves doing work they don't like. But eventually they get work they do like. The disliked work, school leaders feel, pays off by building character and by giving the student experience he otherwise would not have had. The school's records show that not one student ever has been on relief rolls after graduation.

Visitors comment on the well-groomed appearance of the students, and upon their orderly behavior on the campus and in the dining room, in the businesslike attention they pay to the classroom lecture as they take notes, college style. "It might have been Groton School in Massachusetts," Publisher Bennett Cerf remarked after touring the campus. Boys and girls frequently tell their teachers they'd rather come here because they learn more. There is a wider variety of subjects, they feel, particularly in the music department, than in many rural schools, and less emphasis on athletics.

They learn things city youngsters never do. In conservation class they practice casting a line and shooting a rifle—in the interests of safety first in fishing and hunting. In sewing class girls learn how to make pretty dresses out of colorful feed sacks, as well as from beautiful fabrics.

Though lights must be out by 9:30 P.M., there is still time after the work day for campus activities and getting acquainted. The shyness of a newcomer soon vanishes after she gets a haircut and home permanent in the home-economics department, a new outfit from the clothing room, and makes friends in the mixed choir or in the lively dramatics workshop. After working hours, students can look forward to movie nights and shopping days in nearby Branson, Sunday-afternoon social hours, baseball and basketball games. For the home-nursing girls the long-awaited graduation tea is a very special occasion—even though the capping ceremony is carried out with caps made from paper napkins held together by toothpicks. All winter long the sewing class prepares for the spring style show, one of the big campus events. Mrs. Angie Murphy, the instructor, says she has only two worries: one, that the pretty dresses may not be finished in time; two, that the garments may be finished and worn out before the big date.

The youngsters find time for romance too. Mrs. Nixon, the boys' dorm mother, is bombarded by questions from both boys and girls, ranging from "How do I get a girl to like me?" to "Is my picture still on his dresser?" But among the busy boys and girls at the School of the Ozarks, teachers feel, there is less of the coyness and giggling self-consciousness so evident at other schools. Scores of young people who first met on campus now are married, and there are a number of second-generation students at the school—developing, as did their parents before them, the good work habits and the respect for enduring values that are part of School of the Ozarks tradition. END

Let's start from scratch with

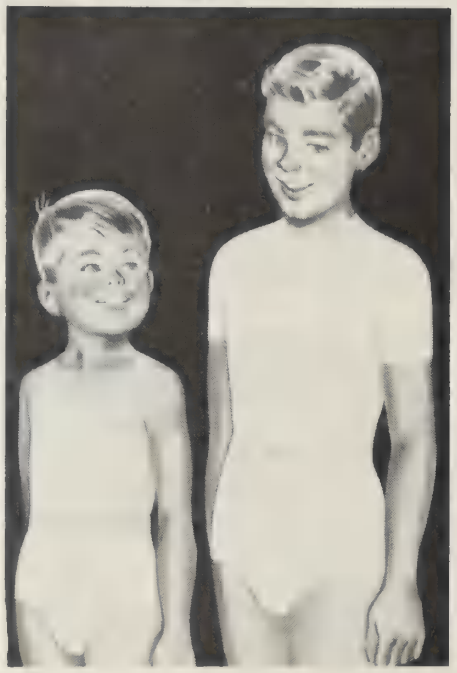
Jockey Jr.® BRAND underwear

made only by Coopers®

Today's the day. He's off to climb trees, ride bikes, chase "Indians" —and now he's ready for Jockey Jr. underwear!

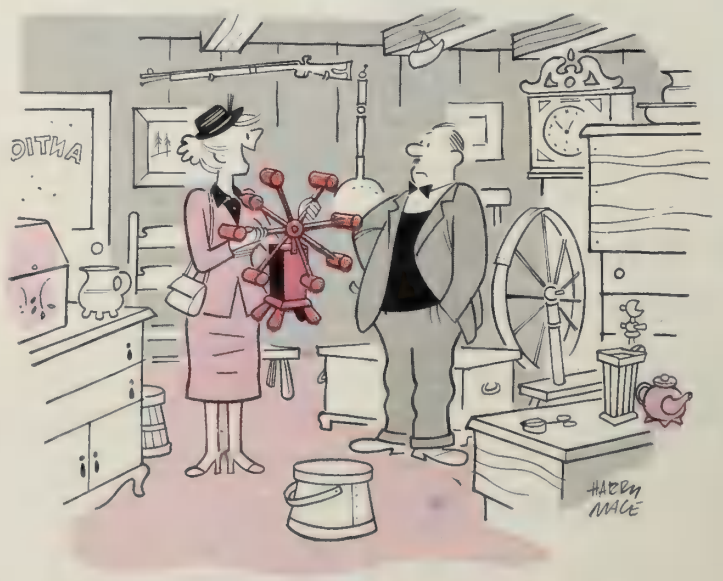
Sitting, walking or running there's no gap, bind or chafe. That's because they're tailored to fit a boy's figure and give him coverage like no other underwear. Jockey Jr. features the same long-lasting elastic waistbands and leg openings that have made Jockey underwear so popular with men.

So, give your lad a break, and introduce him *now* to the comfort of Jockey Jr. underwear!



Boys' Sizes 2-12 Prep Sizes 14-20

known the world over by this symbol ® Cooper's, Incorporated—Kenosha, Wis. Licensees and registered users: **Canada:** J. R. Moodie Company, Limited; **Australia:** Speedo Knitting Mills; **British Isles:** Lyle & Scott; **New Zealand:** Lane, Walker, Rudkin; **Switzerland:** Vollmoeller; **France:** Verdier; **Colombia:** Textiles, Ego; **Italy:** Sanit; **Denmark:** Taco; **South Africa:** Ninian & Lester; **Germany:** Volma; **Austria:** Josef Huber's Erben; **Ireland:** Dublin Shirt & Collar Company; **Mexico:** Rinbros, S.A.; **Venezuela:** HRH; **Spain:** Nerva.



"It's adorable! I must have it. . . . What is it?"

CLEAN CLEAR THROUGH

—and Deodorized Too!

THAT'S A FAB WASH!

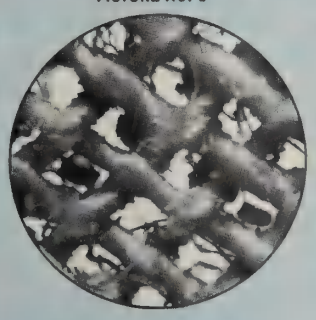




Microscope, magnifying fabric 100 times, shows the amazing difference between FAB-washed clothes and others washed with less effective products. FAB (see Picture No. 2) gets clothes clean clear through, *not just surface clean* . . . not just bleached white or blued white. Millions of women use washday products (see Picture No. 1) that let soil and scum pile up in clothes. Do you? Dirt can cause odor! No such problem with FAB-washed clothes. They're really clean, yes, *clean clear through*—and deodorized, too!

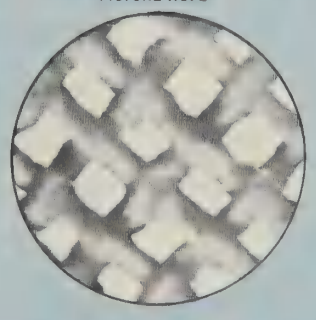
PICTURE NO. 1

Millions use washday products that leave hidden dirt in clothes. Dirt can cause odor . . .



PICTURE NO. 2

Clothes washed with modern FAB are clean clear through— and deodorized, too . . .





FAB Is The Hard-Working, Heavy-Duty Detergent For The Whole Family Wash... And Dishes, Of Course!

"He says my feelings about sex are all wrong."

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

SEX ATTITUDES IN YOUNG MARRIAGES

"My husband is twenty-five, I am twenty-three; we are both college graduates, and I think fairly sophisticated. After almost a year of marriage, he says my feelings and attitudes about sex are all wrong. Our relationship has never been satisfactory to me and seems to be getting worse instead of better. Could it be because we don't think alike? What are the *right* attitudes for a young husband and wife toward sex?"

Many of the difficulties in marriage, whatever their nature, stem from the fact that a couple do not think alike and therefore cannot feel alike. It is the combination of thinking and feeling that makes up an attitude. When attitudes are in conflict, so are actions and behavior.

For example, money is second only to sex as a source of conflict in early marriage. Yet quarrels seldom concern the amount of money available, or the facts of the financial situation. The real problem arises when the couple cannot agree on what they want their money to provide. Until they succeed in balancing their values (attitudes), they cannot balance their budget satisfactorily (as discussed more fully elsewhere on this page).

Neither can they achieve mutually satisfactory sexual adjustment until they reach some common understanding of the values of sex and so develop attitudes acceptable to both. The basic criterion of adjustment should not be that both mates achieve a climactic release, but rather that each experiences the feeling of being wanted, of being loved and of being appreciated.

Returning to the young wife's question, let us consider attitudes as favorable or unfavorable to sexual adjustment, rather than as "right" or "wrong."

- Each—husband as well as wife—has the right to assume that the other will take an interest in sex, as in all other privileges and obligations of marriage. To demand that each sex act be preceded by an elaborate romantic ritual is unrealistic if not egotistical.

- Sex fulfills one need at one time, another at another. On one occasion it may be creative, on another recreative. It may result from the need to relieve tension, or the desire to express tenderness and affection. It may be anticipated or spontaneous, but should always be generous and co-operative.

- Love and sex cannot be bartered. Some husbands and wives virtually put a price on sex, granting it as a reward, withholding it as a threat or punishment. To do so degrades love and cheapens human dignity. Neither mate should exact or refuse sex for extraneous reasons.

- Sex depends on sharing. Both mates should believe that each not only has an equal right to sexual satisfaction but also that each can acquire the ability to enhance the enjoyment of the other. Individual differences should be recognized and compromised, not ignored or deprecated.

- Sex is a real need, both physical and psychological. A husband may be more direct in expression of his physical needs than his wife, but this emphasis is part of his normal inheritance. She should not allow her lack of familiarity with natural male responses to make her critical of her husband.

- Responsiveness can be cultivated. To try to set arbitrary limits on the physical expression of love in respect to method, frequency or intensity would be selfish, unrealistic and unwholesome. Only through yielding to their natural impulses can husband and wife develop the deep mutuality that underlies responsiveness and a satisfactory adjustment.

As love matures, so can sex. The superficial excitement of courtship is gradually replaced by a steady, dependable relationship of trust, understanding and devotion. By the same token, sex evolves from an overwhelming but short-lived impulse to an enduring tie and solace. For many couples, the satisfactions of sex have deeper meaning in middle age than in youth. Regardless of the responsibilities of earning a living, making a home and rearing a family, physical intimacy should never lose its significance.

WHERE DOES THE MONEY GO?

"How does one ever learn to manage money? Although we have been married three years and have both worked full time, we haven't a penny in the bank. Worse yet, we quarrel about money all the time. I blame Ted, he blames me. I suppose both of us are at fault. Our combined pay, after taxes, totals $502 a month. Apartment rent with all utilities but telephone is $130 a month, and our furniture and TV installments are $85. The car payment is $107. We have to eat lunch out and, with occasional dinners, this probably runs about $90–$100. This leaves us too little, and we are running deeper and deeper into debt even though each of us got a raise the first of the year. What should we do?"

This letter illustrates four specific types of mismanagement of money. If you can identify them now, you don't need to read this article. If you can't, perhaps you will be able to when you have finished—and you may also find some clues as to why your budget stays unbalanced.

Especially in the early years of marriage, money is one of the commonest subjects of quarrels between husband and wife. Genuine poverty may cause suffering and unhappiness, but—ironically—is seldom a subject of quarrels. For when there is barely enough money to satisfy the absolute needs of existence, there is nothing left over to quarrel about.

It follows, then, that it is less the amount of money than the management of money that causes trouble. Whatever the size of the income, it must be managed so as to cover the actual needs and if possible satisfy some of the wants of both husband and wife.

Quarrels occur when husband and wife cannot agree on the relative importance of various needs, or whether a particular expenditure covers an actual need or merely a wish, desirable but avoidable. If the monthly budget will cover either repairs to the roof or new tires for the car but not both, which comes first? Is membership in the country club actually necessary in the husband's business, or merely a desirable convenience? Is the wife's purchase of a sale dress really an economy, as she claims, or a personal indulgence?

Questions like these will continue to cause friction until husband and wife can evolve a system or framework to govern their spending. This means agreement on the standard of living their income will support, apportionment of expenditures for which each will be responsible, allocation of a definite amount or proportion to cover personal expenses of each, and provision for the future through savings or insurance.

If satisfactory decisions can be reached and observed on these fundamental issues, specific problems will tend to solve themselves. If the wife's funds for personal expenses are already exhausted, she won't buy the sale dress.

Some couples prefer to operate within a rigid budget, others manage equally well on a more flexible system. But in either case, certain principles should govern spending and *not* spending.

Rent should not exceed a maximum of 20 per cent of take-home pay, nor should the purchase price of a home be more than two and a half times annual income.

Health-and-hospitalization insurance is a must. Life insurance should be included for protection when funds are limited; as income increases, it can be converted to the investment type.

Savings may mean self-denial, but reserve funds should be accumulated as soon and as regularly as possible in case of illness, loss of job or other emergency.

Installment buying and charge accounts, though convenient, may encourage overspending. It's safer to operate on a cash basis, at least until savings are substantial.

All these suggestions are means to an end—the end of keeping outgo less than income. Until and unless you do that, you can and will go bankrupt, no matter what your income.

These are the errors illustrated in the letter:

They are overspending on rent: 20 per cent of $502, even with an allowance for utilities, is considerably less than $130.

They are overextended on installment buying.

In their present circumstances, they cannot afford a car at all.

They will either have to find less expensive places for lunch, or cut down on the "occasional" dinners out.

When they have corrected these errors, they will be solving a fifth—no money in the bank.

DO YOU AGREE?

What is the average income?

The typical family income in 1956 was about $5000.

ASK YOURSELF: Is Money Our Real Problem?

For you to profit from this quiz, you must be completely truthful and honest in answering "Yes" or "No." If you are seriously doubtful about any question, do not answer it.

Do You:

1. **Quarrel with your husband about money?**
2. **Often borrow small amounts from friends?**
3. **Think 10 per cent more income would prevent arguments?**
4. **Have credit accounts at the best stores?**
5. **Get mixed up about your bank balance?**
6. **Regularly buy on the installment plan?**
7. **Occasionally have a check bounce?**
8. **Often pay interest exceeding a 6 per cent rate?**
9. **Run out of money before payday?**
10. **Buy a new car every year or two?**
11. **Let bills go unpaid for two or three months?**
12. **Sacrifice on other things to buy clothes?**
13. **Usually buy for credit rather than cash?**
14. **Have any problems other than money?**

Credit yourself with two points for each "No" answer and one point for each unanswered question or doubtful answer. If your total score is 23 or more, you probably have no money problem, or at most one that should be easily resolved. Scores of 15 to 22 are average for couples married only two or three years. But scores of 14 or less indicate a serious problem that requires immediate attention. Your "Yes" answers are danger signals that should not be ignored.

All the joys of naturally curly hair



And every curl is trained to stay with Helene Curtis Spray Net®



Not only makes lovely, natural curls, but trains them to stay!



Not only holds your hair softly in place, but trains it to stay!

Lots of hair sprays promise curls. *But do they last?* Only Helene Curtis SPRAY NET, with its fabulous "control" ingredient, gives you beautiful curls—and *trains* those curls to stay, like naturally curly hair. Only SPRAY NET holds your hair softly in place and, at the same time, trains it to remember its place. Even in damp weather, SPRAY NET will train your curls to stay springy . . . bouncy . . . *curly*. (When they muss—just comb them right back in place!) Back of every silky spray are years of research in the Helene Curtis laboratories, years of use by professional hairdressers. No wonder where other sprays *promise*, SPRAY NET *performs!* Never flaky, never drying, only SPRAY NET gives you glorious . . . shining . . . carefree curls—*trained* to stay curled, like naturally curly hair!

Be sure to ask your hairdresser to use SPRAY NET *on your hair.*

Choose the formula that's right for your hair.

▲ SUPER SOFT, *without lacquer, for gentle control.*

▲ REGULAR, *for hair harder to manage.*

69¢, LARGE $1.25, GIANT ECONOMY $1.89 *plus tax.*

Wonderful news for every
Pepperell's terrific August



ed in your home—
heet Sale is now on!

Here's a White Sale to rave about! Pepperell now brings you every kind of sheet for every kind of bed—and each and every one the very latest in fashion. Percales, prints, patterns, muslins, regular or Slip-On®—now waiting for you at your favorite store!



hat wonderful buys! Now I can afford stock up on everything!"

and so can *you!* 'Cause there's a right Pepperell for every bed in your home. urious percales, superfine muslins, fine, ty muslins – just take your choice. Each every one will wear and wear and wear!



"Aren't these pastels delicious? Especially Turquoise, Pepperell's latest!"

New – exclusive – and oh so smart, you'll adore the new delicate shade of Turquoise! Other flower-fresh, Vat-dyed colors are Rose, Blue, Pink, Spring Green, Maize, and Orchid. At these low, low prices, why not get them all?



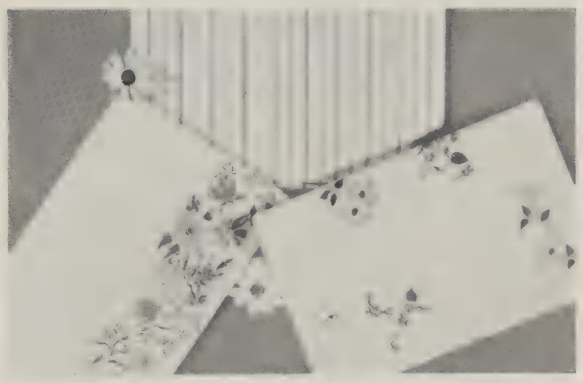
"How I love Pepperell's Slip-On corners! They make bedmaking so much easier!"

Now you can end mattress tugging forever! Pepperell's Slip-On corners go on in a jiffy . . . last longer because they're ⅓ stronger . . . and are reversible. Now yours in colors, white, and patterns at substantial reductions!



"My Pepperell Nylons are such a joy! They never have to be ironed!"

What a boon to every homemaker! Pepperell's wonderful woven nylons wash like a hankie – dry like a flash – and *need no ironing*. Longest-wearing sheet made. Your choice of fitted or regular in dreamy pastel Vat-dyed colors.



"And I couldn't resist a few prints from the exciting designer collection!"

Always fashion's leader, Pepperell brings you its widest collection ever! Here are just a few of the dainty border prints, gay Multi-Stripes, and all-over florals. They're all a delight, and at such wonderful prices!

-our best buy in August—and <u>always</u>!

Lady Pepperell Sheets – percales and muslins

PEPPERELL FABRICS

Look for the Pepperell name on blankets, sportswear, and work clothes, too!

New and lavish PINK CAMAY

scented like perfume from Paris
that would cost you $25.00 an ounce

blended with
pink cold cream





Probably the most lavish soap
that ever pampered your skin
(yet costs no more than ordinary soaps)

Kept fresh and fragrant in Pink Pearl foil

© The Procter & Gamble Co.

Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know,
editors you like,
and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

In August, 1907, a nearly completed bridge over the St. Lawrence River near Quebec collapsed, killing eighty. Richard Mansfield, often called America's greatest actor, died, and Broadway produced two new tunes called "I'm a Yiddish Cowboy" and "How Do You Like Your Oysters? Raw, Raw, Raw!"

"Has the woman whose husband feeds, shelters and clothes her everything she needs?" asks The Plain Country Woman in the August, 1907, JOURNAL. ***"Women have said 'no' to this question and the one item in a long list they think they need is always 'a little spending money.'"***

"Is it proper for girls to cross their knees when sitting down?" a reader asks Mrs. Kingsland. "Most inelegant and more to be deprecated because abroad they call it American."

Care of the sickroom after chicken pox: "Formalin candles are burned in the room, then floor, furniture and basework washed with carbolic-acid solution, and beds, mattresses and rug aired outdoors for an entire day."

"To embroider when your hands are rough: Rub the hands with the finest sandpaper and embroidery silks will not stick to the fingers."

"The pocket slits are the main difficulty," says the writer of Cutting Over a Man's Coat for a Child, "but a man's size 38 will make a boy's size 6 coat."

Pin money for the country girl: "In season she gathers clover, hops, balsam, pine needles, milkweed, down from cattails and chicken feathers and makes them into pillows on winter evenings."

Other pin-money ideas: placing cut flowers on graves for 25 cents, playing chess at $1 an hour with elderly shut-ins, hanging curtains and pictures for housewives exhausted from spring cleaning.

"At a church wedding, what becomes of the bridegroom's hat?" worries a male reader. Mrs. Kingsland reassures him that it is left in the vestry room and recovered by the best man.

"Should a girl accept a man's proposal the first time?" Answer: "Assuredly, if she wishes to accept. Most men would never dream of repeating it."



JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Lowell Thomas, Bet Hart and the hat from Hunza.

The hat that *Lowell Thomas* has just placed on *Bet Hart*'s head, up in the Workshop's Entertainment Room, is from the tiny principality of Hunza, high in the Himalayas, surrounded by Pakistan, India, Afghanistan, China and Russia. "A real Shangri-La," said Lowell in that voice familiar to millions. "No jails, and no criminals to occupy any. People there live to be a hundred."

We'd lassoed Lowell, so to speak, to hear about his new Cinerama picture, called Search for Paradise, whose sensational three-dimensional sound and screen take you bodily to shoot the boiling white rapids of the upper Indus, to bask among the floating gardens in the Vale of Kashmir, and to ride the royal elephant at the crowning of the King of Nepal—all more breathlessly real than anything we've ever looked at in a theater.

"Was that your idea of Paradise, Lowell?" asked Bet. "Mine's right here at home," said Lowell. "And how would you like to have that Hunza hat?"

In New York you get the correct time by dialing N-E-R-V-O-U-S.

The Goulds, who were in England this summer, report that they found the utmost kindness there—that the English, normally hospitable and friendly people (though for some reason building up the myth that they are cold and reserved) were even more than usually friendly as though saying, "Don't mind what our crackpot papers say about you. We like you and want your friendship."

Lunching one day with a charming young couple, the Goulds found them exactly at odds—one condemning *Eden*'s action of intervention, one defending it. True to the British tradition, it was the young wife, *Mrs. Gould* noted, who made an excuse and withdrew from the argument, leaving the field to her husband. Which, together with other observations at the races, at country houses, led *Bruce Gould* to a philosophy: "In England I would rather be a man, a horse, a dog, or a woman, in that order. In America I think the order would be reversed."

ABBOT MILLS



Mary Lea Page presents an Amigos Siempre—"Friends Always"—pin to Madame de Barros as Eleanor Roosevelt and Senhor de Barros look on.

He spoke pretending I was much younger and gayer than I am; made gentle fun of me, yet gave me much occasion for pride. Could not give direct quotes for all France was in that afternoon and it was not translatable. That is why we have to go there." . . . But a few of M. Brisson's phrases *do* translate: "The most original nuance of your humor is audacity. Nothing can scare you, nothing can take you unaware. You are not afraid of saying what you think." . . . The JOURNAL is proud to have Rebecca West as an author, and as a friend.

Ever since the luncheon fifteen years ago in Washington when *Bruce Gould* presented the wives of the South American diplomats with the JOURNAL Amigos Siempre pin, signifying friendship in the Western Hemisphere, these colorful flag-bedecked pieces of costume jewelry have been collectors' items. Now, finally, they don't have to be borrowed. They can be bought. At her office opposite the U.N., *Eleanor Roosevelt* pinned the first of the new ones on her cornflower-blue dress the other day. "I still wear the first of the *first* ones," she told *Mary Lea Page*, who then gave the second of the new ones to the wife of the deputy of the Brazilian delegation to the U.N., *Madame Jayme de Barros*. If you write, we'll let you know how to get one for yourself. They're around $5.

At least 50 per cent of the people they talked to had some reservation about Suez, considerable respect for the American position.

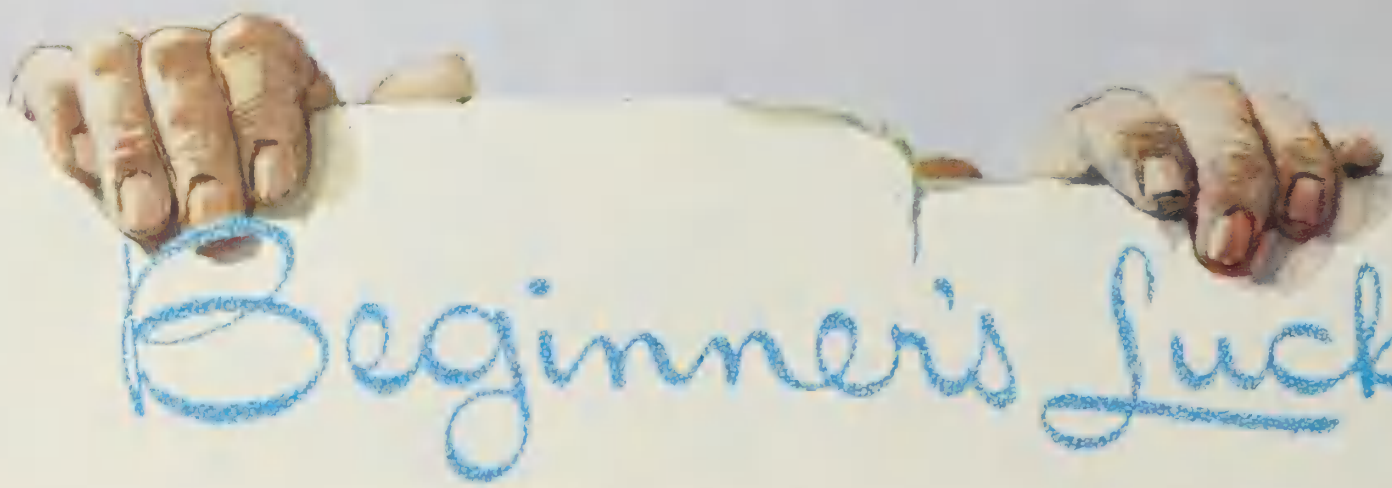
When we received from Paris this picture of ***Rebecca West*** receiving the medal of the Legion of Honor from ***Pierre Brisson***, we asked the celebrated author of The Fountain Overflows to cable us from England what the occasion was like, which she did: "Brisson had just given me medal in newspaper Figaro office which had rose-colored Aubusson carpet under foot, view of chestnut trees through windows and much champagne.

Rebecca West, Legion-of-Honored by Pierre Brisson.



LE FIGARO

Interim report from Poetry Department: One fourth of the 900 verses we receive a week on an average are from men. The most popular last-name initials of poetry writers are S and M. This month all the U's were men, all the I's were women. Poems came from places as poetic-sounding as Lovely, Kentucky, and Paradise, Pennsylvania July's a trickle (too hot?). March is a flood (thoughts of spring?). Things happen that puzzle the poetry people here. In one week six separate poems came in about Lot's wife turning into a pillar of salt.



Beginner's Luck

All the reporters warned,
"Keep your eye on Mollie!"
Hugh found this a pleasant occupation—
and a very
dangerous one.

By PAUL SOMERS

The day I started work on the London Daily Record was my first as a newspaperman anywhere, and I felt pretty scared as well as excited. But I needn't have worried. Blair, the news editor, couldn't have been more friendly. He introduced me to one or two other members of the staff and then he put me in the charge of an elderly reporter named Furnival, a man with a slow drawl and charming Edwardian manners, who would "show me the ropes." We were to go out to Hampshire together and do a story about the drought, which was supposed to be bad there.

The first thing that happened was that Furnival drew ten pounds from the cashier. We took a cab to his home in Putney, where he introduced me to his wife and showed me round his garden. About three, he got out an ancient car and we set off at a leisurely pace for Hampshire. We went to the village that Blair had mentioned and called on a small holder and a couple of cottagers, and Furnival asked if there was a drought. They said there was a bit of a water shortage and Furnival listened with attentive sympathy for a few moments and then said we'd have to be getting back. He dropped me off at an Underground station, and said I needn't bother to do anything about the story as he'd phone it from home. Next morning there was a quarter of a column in the Record about the Hampshire drought. I couldn't think where he got it all from, and decided that I couldn't have been listening properly.

The second day I was given my first solo assignment—a ladies' archery tournament in Kent. I drove down in my Riley and arrived at the field in good time for the start. The competitors were picturesquely costumed and there was a lot of greensward and dappled shade and everything looked most attractive. The secretary of the club welcomed me with enthusiasm—and gave me all the information I wanted. I watched the tournament and afterward composed a careful descriptive piece and phoned it. When I opened the Record next morning, I found it hadn't been used.

The third day I was on the four-o'clock turn, and for the first time I met the night news editor, named Hatcher. He was thin, grizzled and fiftyish. He barked, "Who are you?" and snorted when I told him, and said that if he wanted me he'd let me know. For the next four hours I sat doing nothing. I was just beginning to feel very hungry when Hatcher rushed out of the news room yelling, "Curtis! Fire! Whitechapel High Street!" I got a taxi to Whitechapel High Street. As far as I could make out, the fire was in an upper floor of a block of shops. There were a lot of fire engines and police cars and ambulances, and hundreds of people standing around watching. The smoke was thick in the street. I waved my press pass at a policeman and tried to get nearer, but he told me to stand back. I tackled a sergeant, but he wouldn't let me through either. From where I was I couldn't see a thing because of the smoke. I started to question some of the bystanders, and presently found a man in a house opposite who said the fire was in a furrier's shop and the furrier had been taken to the hospital with bad burns. I got the name of the furrier, wrote out the story and phoned it, and went back to the office. Hatcher greeted me with "You're a fine reporter!" and thrust a bit of agency copy at me. The agency said that the fire had been at a pawnbroker's and that three small children had been rescued by fire escape. "Couldn't even get the place right!" Hatcher said disgustedly. "Do you realize if your story had gone into the paper, that furrier would have been after us for damages?" He tore my copy into small pieces, threw them on the floor, barked "Good night!"

I was in a pretty dejected frame of mind when I got to the office next morning, half expecting to find a memo giving me a week's notice. With relief, I saw that my pigeonhole was empty. However, my blunder of the previous night hadn't passed without comment. It was the custom among the Record's reporters to use the woodwork around the pigeonholes for making topical cracks about one another. The technique was to snip suitable words from newspaper headlines and paste them together. Until now, the space around my pigeonhole had been bare. Now it wasn't. Someone had pasted up MAN SUED BY ANGRY FURRIER.

I reported to Blair, who glanced up from a sea of papers, grunted, and returned immediately to his work. I went back into the reporters' room. The only occupant was a man named Martin, who was going through the morning papers with a blue pencil, marking stories that might be worth following up. He was a quiet, studious-looking man with thick horn-rimmed glasses. He gave me a friendly smile. "I hear you had your baptism of fire last night."

"I fell flat on my face," I said ruefully.

"Well, it's a position we've all been in."

After a few moments two more reporters came in: a woman named Mabel Learoyd, gray, spinsterish, very much the "old hand"; and Jack Lawson, a slim, pallid man of thirty or so with a rather knowing air. He was followed almost at once by a stranger to me, who turned out to be the chief reporter, Fred Hunt. He'd been away on an out-of-town story.

Martin said, "Fred, meet the new boy—Hugh Curtis."

Hunt gave me a shrewd look and nodded. He was a dark, handsome, immaculately dressed man, exuding vitality and CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

Mollie was sitting on
a chunk of fallen masonry,
a small folding easel in front of her.
"What happened to your story?" she asked.
"They didn't use it, did they?"

THE JOURNALS
COMPLETE-
IN-ONE-ISSUE
CONDENSED
NOVEL

©1957 by Paul Somers
BEGINNER'S LUCK
is soon to be published in book form
by Harper & Brothers



How do you know when a first love is also the final love?

Reach for the Sun

By CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

A week ago Wednesday morning my brother's wife, Sara, called me. She sounded troubled. It's a condition she indulges in a little too frequently for my taste. But sometimes she has reason to sound that way.

"Frieda," she said a little breathlessly, a little mournfully, "Mike and I simply have to turn to you. We need your help."

I braced myself.

I suppose every fairly large family has somebody like me. I'm the one who made the "good" marriage. It brought with it a dependable man with a great talent for making money, a large house with pillars, and several acres of carefully tended ground. Trailing behind these three important factors were all the smaller luxuries which loom large to the average eyes. Cars and new refrigerators and garbage grinders and a full-time maid.

The money made me the center of the relatives, I guess. That, and the fact that I'm tall and dark (or was, before the gray began to creep into my long hair) and everybody has always thought of me as regal.

They also, let's face it, have thought of me as a bank charging no interest, a Lady Bountiful, or—let's face that too—a downright sucker on occasion.

That doesn't mean I'm bitter. I love my brothers and sisters, and all of them started out with me in the simplest rural fashion imaginable. All of them have done well. But there have been times when they needed help. Those times they remembered very quickly that my husband Jed gives me a shockingly big allowance to do with as I please, and that one of my whims is to spread it around a little.

I never figured out exactly what I thought. I helped where I could, without endangering their self-respect and independence. It was Jed's money, after all. There was more where it came from. It reflected no particular credit on me that I was known as sympathetic, understanding and generous.

With Sara, however, I braced myself.

Just as there is one like me in every large family, there is also one like Sara. A perfectly good woman, but not averse to whining a little and implying that her husband will never amount to very much. Not in the least reluctant to hint for that pretty hat, or flatter that new dress, until you feel that you can't get the first wear off fast enough, so that Sara may inherit it.

But otherwise I like her, I really do. Still, I braced myself.

"I'm sorry," I said.

It was the regal way of saying it; quite simple, really, if you've had money all your married life.

I waited, not asking what the trouble was. *This time*, I told myself, *I'm not going to "invest" a cent.* Mike does all right. He's my favorite brother, with a great deal of charm, and he's knocked himself out for Sara trying to climb up into the sort of success Jed has without trying. He'll never make it. He just doesn't love money enough, or power either. He's good and warm, and Sara has no right to humiliate him by contrast, the way she does so often.

I waited. I could hear Sara breathe on the other end of the line, hoping that I'd at least ask, "What is it?"

She gave up after a few humming moments of silence. "It's Bets," she said at last.

"What's the matter?" I cried quickly. "Is she ill? Is she in trouble? What can I do?"

Those hurried questions showed how I stand, I guess.

I have two sons, one in prep school, and one a freshman at Harvard. They are terrific boys; and were fun to bring up. But they are replicas of their father. Tall, lean boys with flashing smiles, imperturbable eyes, easy manners, and something aloof, hidden inside them. I have enjoyed them, as I have enjoyed their father for many years. I have never known any of the three of them—nor they me.

But Mike's girl Bets, that's a different thing entirely. She *is* me.

She's tall and dark and regal. She's full of poetry and odd, suddenly sparked dreams, and a love of people that upsets her balance time and again. Since she was small she has liked to come to our big house. She has loved to sleep in the little room in the attic. She has spent hours with me on those long walks I've always taken, which do so much to keep me restored. She's sat with me beside the big fireplace when Jed was away (which is, of course, most of the time, and not surprising to anybody who knows the holding of money, power and success).

And I have loved her so much that she has never seen the slightest flicker of it, in my eyes or my touch or the fairly sharp disciplinary way I've helped train her.

Bets is, after all, Sara's girl. She is Sara's power over me. Quite literally, I would have been alone in the world of my marriage and my luxuries, if it hadn't been for Sara's generosity in sharing Bets.

I'm quite sure Sara never thought of it as generous. If I were bitter or cynical, I should say that Sara encouraged her only child to butter up to me. To come to the advantages of our home

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

"Some days you wake up so happy
you try to bring the sky down
near enough to touch," Bets said.
"Other times being young
is all through you like fog.
Either way, it hurts."



New medication
has been developed
to make motherhood possible
for many women
who could never have
borne a child.

NEW HOPE FOR CHILDLESS WOMEN

By MEDICAL REPORTER ALBERT Q. MAISEL

THE SEARCH

For more than fifty years, in hospitals and research laboratories all over the world, hundreds of physicians and scientists have been searching for methods of overcoming the infertility which in this country alone prevents more than 600,000 couples who desperately want children from achieving parenthood.

Hundreds of other researchers—especially within the last decade—have been struggling to develop a means for limiting fertility so safe, so simple and so inexpensive that it might be used effectively by even the most poverty-stricken and least educated of women in such countries as India, Egypt, Japan and Indonesia, where uncontrolled fertility keeps countless millions always upon the ragged edge of starvation.

Seemingly, these two vast research efforts have been aimed in diametrically opposite directions.

But it hasn't worked out that way.

Instead, over the last five years, a group of outstanding biochemists, endocrinologists and gynecologists have developed and extensively tested a new synthetic hormone that may prove to be not only the means of restoring the ability to bear children to hundreds of thousands of once hopelessly barren women, but also—paradoxically—a means of inhibiting fertility.

This is the story of that group's brilliant and painstaking research. It is deliberately labeled a "Progress Report" because the full range of its uses as a weapon against infertility will not be completely clear until many more clinical trials have been conducted and evaluated. Further extensive tests will also be necessary before anyone can say for certain that the new hormone preparation is fully ready for widespread and long-term use as a method of controlling fertility in the lands where it is most desperately needed.

THE ACHIEVEMENT TO DATE

But this much is already sure. In a series of startlingly successful field tests, the new preparation has:

1. Helped women to achieve pregnancy after all conventional forms of medical or surgical treatment had failed to relieve their infertility.

2. Helped to relieve a number of women suffering from painful and often sterility-producing endometriosis.

3. Effectively overcome excessive and prolonged menstrual bleeding in other groups of women.

4. Demonstrated its ability to relieve both premenstrual tension and painful menstruation for the women in still other experimental study groups, and

5. Inhibited further pregnancies for more than a hundred mothers for as long as they swallowed one of these little white pills once a day.

THE SCIENTISTS AND THEIR RESEARCH

Thousands of laboratory animals, hundreds of volunteer human guinea pigs and more than two score scientists have all contributed toward these dramatic achievements. But the man most directly responsible for this great advance—in our ability both to enhance and to limit human fertility—is a modest researcher named Gregory Pincus.

He has devoted more than thirty years to the unraveling of the mysteries of the infinitely intricate processes of reproduction. Long recognized as one of the world's foremost biologists, soft-spoken "Goody" Pincus has served as a professor at Harvard, Clark, Tufts and Boston Universities. For fourteen years his colleagues have re-elected him chairman of their Laurentian Hormone Conference and editor of the definitive annual, Progress in Hormone Research. And, since its establish-

nent in 1944, he has been co-director of the famed Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology, unique research center which has produced many of the most fundamental advances of recent years in science's unending battles against cancer, mental illness, arthritis, muscular dystrophy and the complex disorders of the reproductive organs.

With such a background, it was all but inevitable that the Planned Parenthood Federation should turn to Doctor Pincus when, in 1951, through small grants-in-aid to a number of scientists, it sought to stimulate research for more effective birth-control methods. A number of the other grants were devoted to attempts to improve the mechanical or chemical means of preventing fertilization upon which birth control had long depended. But, analyzing the problem, Pincus rejected this approach. Instead, he decided to work toward some method of controlling fertility by inhibiting the ovulation process through which all mature women normally produce an ovum—or fertilizable egg cell—at the mid-point of their monthly cycle. (When no ovum has been released, there is no life and consequently no destruction of life.)

To be widely useful—especially to the poverty-plagued millions in the world's overpopulated regions—such a method would have to be simple, foolproof and cheap. It must be absolutely safe, even in the hands of the utterly uneducated. Most important of all, it would have to be only temporary in its effect, so that all who used it would find their normal fertility unimpaired when they again wished to bear a child.

Such temporary inhibition of ovulation, of course, occurs naturally in every normal pregnancy. For as soon as a fertilized ovum begins its growth in the womb, Nature steps up its output of one of the female sex hormones—progesterone. And this chemical messenger, in turn, causes the ovaries to cease maturing and releasing additional ova throughout the entire period of pregnancy. Once the baby has been delivered, progesterone output falls and, with ovulation no longer inhibited, the ovaries resume their normal cyclic release of a fertilizable egg cell every 28 days or so.

Progesterone, Pincus knew, was nontoxic and therefore safe to use as a drug. In fact, physicians had been using it, in massive injections, for more than twenty years, as a means of preventing threatened miscarriages among women who were so-called "habitual aborters." From the reports of earlier investigators, Pincus also knew that progesterone injections would indeed suppress ovulation, at least in rabbits.

But injections would never do—the method must be simple, foolproof and cheap. Thus, the first key experiments, at the Worcester Laboratories, were designed to determine whether progesterone would retain its ovulation-inhibiting power if it were administered by mouth.

At the start, female rabbits were given oral doses of varying amounts of the hormone and—twenty-four hours later—placed with males in mating cages. Those that received less than two milligrams of progesterone continued to multiply like rabbits, producing large, normal litters. Among those that got slightly larger doses, only a few became pregnant. And when the oral dose exceeded five milligrams—still barely enough to cover the head of a pin—ovulation was completely halted and not one of these female rabbits became pregnant.

From rabbits, Pincus and his co-worker, Dr. M. C. Chang, turned to laboratory rats, which normally ovulate in cycles similar to—though shorter than—those of humans. First they studied some five dozen untreated females, placed in mating cages with provenly fertile male rats. On the average, the females became pregnant within slightly less than five days.

Then a second group of five dozen more females went through the same routine, but only after they had been fed five to fifty milligrams of progesterone—about as much as half a pinch of salt. This time, mating had to be allowed to proceed for more than ten days—on the average—before pregnancy occurred. The single tiny dose of progesterone was sufficient to suppress ovulation for at least one full cyclic period.

A TOTALLY DIFFERENT PROBLEM

While these rat and rabbit experiments were being carried out in Worcester, another gifted researcher was independently tackling a totally different fertility problem, only forty miles away. At the Free Hospital for Women in the Boston suburb of Brookline, Harvard's professor of gynecology, tall, white-maned John Rock, had long been director of one of this country's best and busiest fertility clinics. Like others of the small, skilled band of fertility specialists, Rock had succeeded in relieving the barrenness of an increasing percentage of women whose failure to bear children could be diagnosed and identified with a specific cause. But—again like all the rest of his colleagues—he was stymied in case after case where no single cause of infertility could be identified and indicted. To these anxious supplicants, he could offer only the tissue-thin hope that trial-and-error treatments might fortuitously come to a happy end with pregnancy.

Studying the detailed records of hundreds of such patients, early in 1952, Rock noted that a large proportion of them seemed to be victims of hypoplasia—an underdevelopment of the ovarian tubes or the uterus. He knew that in normal women the start of pregnancy—and the resulting sharp rise in the output of the female sex hormones, estrogen and progesterone—produced a marked increase in the size of both the tubes and the uterus. "In the absence of real pregnancy," Doctor Rock asked himself, "might not the administration of these hormones bring about a *pseudopregnancy* that would stimulate the growth of the tubes and the womb, correcting their disfunction and making fertilization and pregnancy possible?"

To one after another of his inexplicably infertile patients, John Rock explained both his theory and the fact that it was only a theory. Previous widespread use of both hormones, for the relief of other conditions, had demonstrated that what he proposed to do would almost surely be harmless. But the treatments, he emphasized, would be completely experimental. He could promise nothing except the shadow of a hope that they might just possibly prove helpful.

Despite the doctor's deliberate and calculated pessimism, 80 frustrated but valiantly adventuresome women—all of whom had been futilely seeking motherhood for from two to six years—volunteered to co-operate in the experiments. Daily, for three months, they swallowed increasingly larger doses of the synthetic estrogen, diethylstilbestrol, and similarly increasing doses of progesterone. Just as Doctor Rock had warned them, they developed pseudopregnancies that seemed all too real. They suffered nausea indistinguishable from the morning sickness of the pregnant. Their breasts became enlarged and tender; their nipples tingled and became pigmented. They missed first one menstrual period and then another. Their husbands, though warned that all these false signs of pregnancy would probably appear, had to be reminded frequently that they were *not* becoming fathers and reassured that their wives were *not* being injured by the treatments.

Over a period of eighteen months, as one woman after another completed her three-month course of hormone taking, these reassurances were confirmed by the prompt return of these women to their normal menstrual cycles. In 67 cases, in fact, that was all that happened.

But in 13 other instances—several times as many as could possibly be accounted for by chance—the women became pregnant within four months or less after treatment had been discontinued. Rock's inspired guess that a "rebound reaction" might occur had brought the all-but-despaired-of happiness of parenthood to these 13 "hopeless" cases.

But the emotional shock that both wives and husbands seemed to suffer when the treatments suppressed menstruation convinced Rock that the time had come to discontinue his bold experiment and search for some less drastic way of accomplishing the same end.

Fortunately, just at this time, chance brought the two old friends, Pincus and Rock, together at a scientific conference. Between sessions, they exchanged with each other details of what each had been doing since last they met. And thus, at Pincus' suggestion, Rock embarked upon a new attempt to evoke the rebound reaction. But now he used progesterone alone. And to avoid the possibility of the objectionable suppression of menstruation, he instructed his patients to interrupt their medication after the twenty-fifth day of each treated cycle and not to resume taking the progesterone pills until the fifth day after their menstrual periods began.

This time, 29 barren women, who had been infertile for more than two years, volunteered for the treatments. For a month, during which she took no medication, each woman was kept under close medical observation at Doctor Rock's newly established Reproductive Study Center across the street from the Free Hospital. A study of temperature curves, uterine biopsies and vaginal smears proved that each ovulated in normal fashion.

Only when this fact was thoroughly established did the various patients begin their oral dosing with progesterone, starting on the fifth day after the beginning of their menstrual period. During the month, each patient again reported for the various tests. But now these tests indicated that almost all of them had ceased to ovulate. Yet none of these women experienced the symptoms of pseudopregnancy, as their predecessors had. And when treatment was withdrawn after twenty days of taking the hormone, each volunteer human guinea pig promptly underwent an otherwise normal menstrual period.

In this manner, 13 of the women went through two months of treatment and 16 others continued the experiment for three full cycles while Rock waited anxiously to see whether the new and far less emotionally disturbing regimen would again produce the hoped-for rebound reaction.

Considering the low fertility potential of all the women in this group, the occurrence among them of even a single pregnancy would have been something to crow about. But within four months after the end of medication, John Rock found himself the prospective godfather not of one baby but of four! And Doctor Pincus—with proof that progesterone *could* inhibit ovulation in humans as well as in laboratory animals—was able to plan ahead on further steps in *his* hunt for an effective oral fertility inhibitor.

Despite the success of this second fertility-fostering experiment, neither Doctor Rock nor Doctor Pincus was fully satisfied with the performance of progesterone. From Rock's viewpoint, as a fertility specialist, progesterone suffered from the great disadvantage of CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

PEACHES IN THE



His money—
all 10 million dollars of it—
was enough
to go to any woman's head.
But it all went
to Lou-Ella's heart
and that made it even harder.

By GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

Romance is a rainbow. There it is up in the sky, the colors richer than any we glimpse on earth because they're made of purest light itself—but the end of that arch of glory falls, always and ever, far away across a plowed field, or behind a barn so distant it's no more than a postage stamp against a ridge, or plunging into a misty hill. . . . As we grow older we resign ourselves, as we do to dishes that must be washed, to the knowledge that those glowing bands of violet and yellow and rose will never strike into our own dooryard. But not so long ago, here in our peach country, they did, they really did.

Sunrise is a queer time for romance to begin, but that was when it found Lou-Ella. Summer sun gets up early, this far south, and so does Lou-Ella. She had the tractor out of her old mule barn, working on the motor. A car stopped, and two men came around the side of the house.

"Ma'am, allow me to introduce myself," said the tall one. "And grant me the honor and pleasure of shaking your hand."

They stood there in the dawn, the three of them, with Lou-Ella's peach trees rank on rank behind them in their green capes like one of those choirs you see on television singing carols at Christmastime. The tall, rangy man was forty-one or forty-two, with a tanned lean face and lips that were long and thin but formed as nicely as a woman's, with a fine, strong, manly nose with a curve to it. Lou-Ella noticed his hair. The barbers he went to (it turned out later he had a barber of his own, on salary the year around, but Lou-Ella couldn't know that at the time) had better sense than to clip a straight line across his neck, but even so it was a country haircut, close on the sides and bushy on top, and wavy as a permanent from being newly washed. He had his hat in his hand; one of the hats Texans call ten-gallons.

"My name," he went on, making a bow, "is John Cartwright Ransom, ma'am."

"Mine is Mrs. Temple," said Lou-Ella, her own hand oily from the wrench she was holding. Until the time her husband Thompson died, Lou-Ella was the prettiest girl in Pineywood. But no woman born of woman can be very pretty at 5:40 A.M. in dungarees and old tennis shoes with tractor oil on them.

"I know who you are, ma'am," said Mr. Ransom. "That's why I'm here. I couldn't begin my day without paying my deepest respects to a lady who offers such an inspiring example, not only to the South, but to our entire nation." He thrust out his hand.

Lou-Ella thought he was crazy sure enough, but she was too well-mannered to drip tractor oil on a hundred-dollar ranch suit and a pair of embroidered boots, all roses and stars, that looked as if they had cost another hundred. "Here, you can shake my shoulder," she said.

The second man, the secretary, was a young fellow in a suit the color of maple sugar, with maple-sugar shoes—suède. He had on a wrist watch with a gold strap so wide it made Lou-Ella think of the heavenly streets. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Temple," he said, "but are you aware of Mr. Ransom's activities?"

"I'm afraid I'm not," said Lou-Ella.

The sun was up. The east looked like a watermelon sliced down the middle, pink and sugary.

The secretary turned to Mr. Ransom. "Let me explain, John," he said. "Mrs. Temple wants to get on with her plowing."

"Spraying," Lou-Ella set him straight.

"No, you'll make me sound fancy, Bruce," objected Mr. Ransom. "I'm just a red-neck cotton farmer, Mrs. Temple, born not far from here in Culpepper County. But when I was a tad I drifted out to Texas and struck oil. Today I have some other interests."

"Quite a few," added the secretary. He went on to say that Mr. Ransom was financing a cellophane plant to give the Carolinas a market for their cotton linters. But more than he was a financier, he explained, Mr. Ransom was a philosopher of free enterprise. He was impressed by the piece in our Pineywood Needle, about Mrs. Temple operating a peach plantation with nobody to help her, and he wanted to carry her story to the nation in his newspapers and over his television stations.

"Gracious, I don't operate without help because I like it," said Lou-Ella. "I do it because I have three young ones to feed, and every time I hire a hand he burns out my tractor. But thank you just the same, and if you like collards drop in for supper any time you're passing by."

Our Pineywood Needle comes out on Tuesdays and Fridays. That was why we hadn't known John Cartwright Ransom was visiting us. On Friday he filled all four pages of the paper. That afternoon it was Orabelle Gensel's turn to have the Ladies' Literary and Cultural Club. Naturally the the subject of Mr. Ransom

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

"Well then, I'll tell y
said Lou-Ella. "When a m
with ten million dollars
goes around telling other fo
what a fine healthy thing it is
to be poor,
I think he sounds a bit fool

BANK



HAROLD FOWLER

This "room" is formed by two sides of the house, "ceiling" is canvas awning supported by two poles. Black iron furniture, white-and-blue covers are enlivened by bright pillows, potted plants in white tubs. There's plenty of seating and dining space; serving table stands against wall to left.

GARDEN ARRANGEMENT BY ROBERT ROYSTON

FRED LYON PHOTO

A garden sectioned off, partly paved and walled with railroad ties (you can get old ties from your railway maintenance department—they're glad to get rid of them) blooms with colorful petunias, zinnias, marigolds. Water lilies grow in galvanized tubs sunk in raised beds of sandy soil.



In California an Oriental serenity marks this cool garden seclusion. A slatted fence screens off the rest of the garden and the house. Blocks of wood inserted between the uprights of this screen make a ribbon pattern, give a pleasing design. Clump of feathery bamboo walls in one side.

Outdoor

The country ove
garden nooks, terraces, sun porches
summer flowers, rich green
foliage, gay canvas trapping

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAN
Interior Decoration Editor of the Jour

GARDEN ARRANGEMENT BY DOROTHY PRATT

HAANEL CASSIDY PHOTO



This little pavilion is designed for enjoying house plants outdoors in summer (here, all types of begonias). Roofing is of flat plastic sheets, floor is cement. Roll-up blind provides light control, sun or shade as needed for the plants; reed fence is inexpensive, comes in a roll.

BY RICHARD PRATT

GARDEN ARRANGEMENT BY ETHELBERT FURLONG

Rooms for Summer Living

corners for dining, sunning, conversing are at hand in
er shady trees. From north to south they invite your leisure with

A pretty sunny-weather place to relax, dine, sip a cool drink can range from tropical glamour to the old-fashioned glassed-in side porch. With a little imagination and not so much money, a truly gay and entertaining spot can be made in a small, unprepossessing space. Outdoor furniture is handsome and practical, doubling for extra indoor seating. Tough, heavy cottons and plastics make cheerful awnings, shades, pillows, seat cushions and table coverings. All these are just accessories to the outdoors, to the flower borders, green shrubs, feathery trees and to the sun and blue skies. On these pages, we picture five completely different, charming ways to take advantage of summer airs; they range from a garden inspired by railroad ties to a canopied, glamorous outdoor living room. Adaptable for any part of the country, they are filled with ideas for good planning and pretty gardens.

HAROLD FOWLER



A hot, glary sun porch is transformed by gay and ingenious window shades into a cool, private retreat. Striped cotton makes ordinary roller blinds, double hung for more light control. Equipped with a radiator and a drain in the tile floor, this will be an excellent place for plants in the winter.



How much longer
could she hide
the terror she felt?

While the search widened, the country waited for news of the helpless girl who was hostage to hunted killers in a wild and deadly land.



CAPTIVE

By THE GORDONS

SYNOPSIS OF PART I "You're coming with us!" the escaping killer ordered. He had a gun. For the stolen $60,000 he carried he had already killed twice. Because the gun and the crazed look in his eyes threatened death to the children of the isolated Indian school where she taught—children she had come to love—pretty young Ruth Madison obeyed killer Marvin's orders. She bandaged the bullet wound of Marvin's companion, Joe. Joe had planned the robbery, but Joe had not planned murder. Joe was grateful to Ruth, but he was badly wounded and he knew, as she knew, that his control over the wild young killer was ebbing as his strength ebbed. Ruth realized desperately that she had to keep Joe alive. The men knew that their one chance of escaping an ever-tightening police net was to push deeper into the wild, remote canyon country of Northern Arizona. It was country so slashed and broken that it had been called "the place where the world began." Country where death from hunger and thirst stalked the outlander as surely as Indian scouts—and deputies, forest rangers, Air Force planes, the FBI—now stalked the killers, clinging to a waning hope that they might reach Ruth Madison in time. Again and again Ruth attempted escape, only to have the attempts frustrated by Marvin. "You're a pretty doll and I like a girl with spirit, but you'll die, next time," he warned her at last. Now, shivering in the chill darkness of a fear-ridden night, Ruth searched her memories of the past to keep alive her courage and her will to survive. She thought of the young doctor she had loved—and run away from, as she had run away from her job as a hospital nurse. Would he hear news of what had happened to her? Would he remember, and care?

CONCLUSION

A late snow fell lazily on the San Francisco peaks that night and Flagstaff, nestled high in its mountain cup, felt the chill breath. The smoke from the lumber mills was whiter in the blue-black night, the heavy breathing of the trains after the long climb from the wastelands was more pronounced.

Hurriedly Rip left the deputy's car, and took the sidewalk in long strides, past a low building, until he gained the door of the sheriff's office. He entered a narrow gray room with stacks of "wanted" notices on one wall, and on the other photographs of the sheriff and his deputies riding horseback in a July Fourth parade. At a counter sat a young, open-shirted fellow by a garrulous radio: "Can't find anyone around the Brinkmeyer place, although there are fresh tracks. What do you want us to do?"

"Come back in," the young fellow said into a mike; and to Rip, "What's holding you up? You've had six hours to crack the case."

Rip smiled and turned right to the sheriff's office, which was a stuffy cubicle with a beat-up desk, a tractor-ad calendar on a flat-painted wall, and some files. Walt was tilted back in a swivel chair, his face sober and dogged. Sam Morales, the deputy, hunched on a window sill, opening and shutting a pocketknife. Bill Parkinson, the newspaperman, leaned against a far wall, hands in his pockets. Other officers lounged about.

Hosteen Chuska stood before a large topographical map of the Rainbow country. "They have only one way out if they keep dead ahead—the Colorado River. But someone would have to come down for them in a boat from Mexican Hat."

He pointed to Mexican Hat, a pioneer settlement in Utah. Not far from the settlement the San Juan River cut a serpentine groove to the Colorado.

The sheriff interrupted: "That river's a bad actor up there. Lots of rapids and rocks. No one could make it but a man who knows the river."

Hosteen agreed. "We've placed a twenty-four-hour watch on the river below Mexican Hat."

The inexorable grindings of the investigation had begun some hours before. Hosteen had dispatched two Navaho officers down the Rainbow Trail by muleback. They were Far Wind and Adrian Lopez, both seasoned men. By the time they left, they had less than an hour of daylight. They had orders to locate the desperadoes, and then to radio back for further instructions. They were to forgo any attempt to apprehend them, for fear of endangering the victim's life.

The three—Rip, Walt and Hosteen—had decided against the use of bloodhounds. The trail was rocky and hard-baked, and would not hold a scent.

Hosteen continued, "This is the trail. They can turn off into these canyons, and these branch off into others."

Rip said, "We're going to be stymied nights, and that means we've got to make the most of the daylight hours. I thought if we started at sunrise ——"

Tersely he reported he had requested a check on the helicopter by every field office in the West and that this information had been developed: the Los Angeles office advised that two unidentified men three days prior had rented a helicopter from an agency located near an airport. One had submitted a pilot's license which subsequent investigation disclosed had been stolen. The rental agency had requested no flight plan and none had been offered. The two men had put down at Needles, California, to refuel, and then at Williams, Arizona, thirty-four miles west of Flagstaff. Rip conjectured that they had taken off from Williams directly for the scene of the holdup killing.

That reminded a deputy who said, "I was asked to tell you boys the funeral services for old Clay will be held day after tomorrow. Two o'clock, if any of you were thinking of going."

Walt said, "I think we all ought to be there if we've got this roped up by then." He added, "God help us, if we haven't."

Shortly afterward they broke up, and as the others drifted out Rip informed Walt that Washington was working on the identification of the killers. "When and if they find out who the subjects are, they'll start backtracking on them, and maybe find someone in their history who lives in Flagstaff and could have been the setup man. I figure it this way," he continued. "Whoever in Flagstaff set this up thought he was only fingering a holdup. Probably the idea of a killing never entered his mind." CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

The complete novel is soon to be published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

© 1957 by Mildred and Gordon Gordon

RESTORATION BY THE OWNER: DONALD V. D. DOWNS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER

Aspendale
IN DELAWARE



The wisteria woodwork and oyster walls of the master bedroom have color counterpart combinations elsewhere in the house of light grape and brown, strawberry and pearl, blush green and gray—all original!

In this attic room the fireplace is less than one foot square. The equally miniature tongs were a token of esteem to Aspendale's owner from the great Americana collector, Henry du Pont, of nearby Winterthur.



By RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

The gentle Delaware landscape is dotted with an aristocracy of brick houses whose original leaden roofs were all undoubtedly melted down like Aspendale's into balls for Revolutionary muskets. But there are many other similarities among them, chiefly concerned with visual enchantments, most of which Aspendale possesses, as will be seen. Anyhow, here is an outstandingly attractive country cousin of the early town houses that give distinction and delight to Dover, Odessa and New Castle. Delaware houses in the old days did not go in for grandeur and nobility. They were more likely to be minor masterpieces, of which Aspendale is a major exhibit, and quite a personal tour de force of restoration. For you must keep in mind as you look at the pictures that the paintwork everywhere on the walls and woodwork is the first, only and original coat put on in the 1770's, a miracle of care and cleaning.



The Flemish bond brickwork and solid Georgian symmetry are true Delaware traits.

present dining room, formerly the kitchen, takes in the e lower part of the wing except the lean-to. The ladder once the only communication with the servants' quarters.

The living room occupies the whole left-hand end of the first floor from front to back. Notice the restraint with which it is being furnished, and how beautifully this restraint points up the purity of the paneling on the fireplace wall, the warm rich patina of the old cherry floor boards, and the lines and color of the pieces of furniture themselves.







Red pump boasts a satin bow—black satin slipper a gay stripe. Pencil-slim envelope, white kid gloves. Pin and earrings by Eleanora Garnett.

BLACK

is the fashion

This black rayon-and-acetate crepe with an easy skirt and short sleeves is an inexpensive lifesaver of a dress to wear from now on, by Jack Horwitz. Tangerine hat from Lilly Daché's young collection. Calfskin bag by Gucci. Crystal pin by Robert Zentall.



Black jersey with a garnet-red cut-velvet top and waist-length jacket by Hannah Troy—jacket lin with the velvet. Rayon velvet beret by Alice Marl



Royal-blue velvet evening slipper with emerald-green bag by Morris Moskowitz. A short green glove by Viola Weinberger. Topaz-tone pin by Edgar Roedelheimer.

STILL-LIFE DRAWINGS BY RICHARD HANLEY

Every woman loves black, and practically every man. This year there's emphasis on black with vibrant blues—wonderful new indigo and ink tones, cobalt and sapphire in hats, bags, lavish necklaces. Try also the agate and moss greens, honey and amber tones, the bright yellow and orange of fall marigolds, the reds of red roses and garnets. Once more black contains the forecast—silks and crepes to wear from now on, wool jerseys with cropped jackets, the softer look of dresses with blouse backs, bias skirts and overblouses, black coats with an overplaid of color.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

wear it with COLOR



Forecast of a new shoe silhouette by Christian Dior—tapered square toe, square throat, squared off heel—bracelet by Hattie Carnegie.

The certainty of black—a suit to wear anywhere in basket-weave wool with a slim skirt, lightly fitted jacket, off-the-neckline collar, by Ben Reig. Green faille beret and scarf by Mr. John. The calfskin bag by Lederer.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Afternoon silk with easy skirt, rose at waistline by Larry Aldrich.



Jersey dress and jacket lined with satin, Ben Barrack; hat, Miss Alice.



A putty-colored sling pump with a buckle; honey-tone scarf and gloves. Pin and bracelet by Hattie Carnegie.



The black-and-blue tweed coat is a forerunner of fall, with new-shaped collar and sleeves, roomy but not bulky lines, by Monte Sano and Pruzan. A good coat for a black-and-blue wardrobe. The blue stitched taffeta hat is by Mr. John, the slim jersey dress by Ben Barrack.



The black wool suit, belted in front, free in the back, an important silhouette by Nettie Rosenstein. Nasturtium jersey beret by Hattie Carnegie, calfskin bag by Richard Koret.

BLACK

is the fashion,

wear it with

COLOR



The wide-beltline dress, in black crepe, Jerry Greenwald



Bow-waistline dress, Mollie Parnis. Bow hat, Irene of New York.



Blouse-back silhouette, Adele Simpson. Gucci bag, Irene hat.

Black silk peau d'ange with a tremendous patch-pocket skirt for dinner and evening by Nettie Rosenstein. Five-strand blue necklace by Joseph Bobley.



WILHELA CUSHMAN



Sailor-collar dress, easy silhouette in rayon by Jeanne Campbell.



Embroidered satin belt, the pale flowerlike pins from Lilly Daché. With purple pumps, gloves perhaps just a shade lighter. The bag, a focal point, in deeper purple, by Koret.

Ruby Venetian and rose glass beads by Joseph Bobley. Choose between sculptured velvet and jewel-trimmed pumps. Garnet bag with crushed velvet bow by Greta.



The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.

First Fall Dresses . . .

Your first fall dress might be a novelty-plaid wool jersey with a fringed stole. Or a crisp wool crepe with a pleated skirt. These lovely fabrics are sheer inspiration to a woman who loves to sew. Matching-fabric bows, brass buttons, a fur belt are just a few of the "custom made" touches you will want to add. The colors are like an artist's palette and there is a becoming shade for everyone.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal



A lovely red dress is at home in every wardrobe. This basic design lends itself to many neckline changes. It would be pretty, too, in a bright wool challis or a pastel. Vogue Design No. S-4813, 10–18.



A bright dress gives a lift on the first cool day. Later, it goes prettily under a fur or cloth coat. Our turquoise shetland is accented with brass buttons, a fur belt. Vogue Design No. 9236, 12–42.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 100. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.



Plaid wool jersey makes news for fall. This basic dress in deep blues and greens has a stole with fringe. Vogue Design No. 9259, 9–16.



Crisp wool crepe pleats to perfection. This two-piece overblouse makes an important fashion. Vogue Design No. 9256, 9–16.



This glen-plaid featherweight worsted has a bias-cut skirt and a bias fold at the neckline. Vogue Design No. 9254, 10–18.

© VOGUE

LEOMBRUNO-BODI





Checks will be seen in all sizes, all colors this fall. Ours has bias-cut sleeves and cummerbund. Vogue Design No. 9255, 10–18.

Beautiful basket-weave wool in a heavenly blue. Note the deep pleat and stand-away neckline. Vogue Design No. 9253, 10–20.

BELTS BY BEN KING
GOLD CHAINS BY EDGAR ROEDELHEIMER



FROM THE CHESTER DALE COLLECTION

The Beach at Villerville

EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824–98)

In a short autobiographical piece Boudin stated, to the consternation of his admirers, that his principal object had been for many years "to please the sovereign public." During the 1860's he discovered a genre which did just that: seascapes of fashionable bathing places adorned with a frieze of small, modishly dressed figures. One of the finest of these is reproduced, *The Beach at Villerville*. Few canvases so evoke the past. It is a late-summer day in 1864 and a group of men and women, who seem to have stepped without change of apparel from boulevard to beach, stroll about or sit in their stiff chairs. They have wrapped themselves in coats and capes, for the days are drawing in and there is a cool breeze sweeping in from the sea. Charming as we find this diminutive society, to Boudin the artist it was merely a means to an end, a way by which he could make his marvelous renderings of sea and sky more palatable to the public.

Air and water were Boudin's real interests. He often annotated his earlier pastels with meteorological exactness, as for example, "8th October, noon, wind from northeast." Baudelaire among critics was especially entranced by such skyscapes. Their clouds of fantastic and luminous form, their effects of mist and broken light, had for him, as he wrote, "all the eloquence of opium." But as a friend the poet also gave the painter some practical advice. He said that though he himself had not regretted the absence of human beings in these studies, if Boudin "wanted a little popularity, he should realize that the public had not arrived at an equal enthusiasm for solitude."

It was pleasant to be dubbed by Corot "the King of the Skies"; but Boudin, with a dependent wife and mother, needed more than that, needed "a little popularity." An idea occurred to him. The son of a pilot, he had known the coast of Normandy from childhood, and he had noted its extraordinary transformation. Resorts had sprung up all along the beaches. Deauville, Trouville, Villerville were beginning to attract visitors from the rising middle class and the not-yet-impoverished aristocracy. These were the harbingers of the society Proust was to describe a few decades later in *À l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*. Boudin sketched them repeatedly in ink and water color until his pictures, having become mirrors of fashion, attained a sudden vogue. "My little ladies on the seashore," he wrote a friend in 1863, "are very popular. Some people even think there is a vein of gold in these subjects ready to be exploited."

But Boudin came to despise himself for its exploitation. The turning point was a trip to Brittany in 1867 to visit his wife's relations. On his return he wrote the same friend, "Having just passed a month among people who on black bread and water devote their lives to rude labor in the fields, one feels . . . ashamed to paint these idlers, this band of gilded parasites, who seem to have such a triumphant air." Though he continued to depict an occasional beach scene, his heart was not in it, and after 1870 he abandoned his "gilded parasites" altogether and devoted the rest of his life to views of harbors and shipping.

Unfortunately, when Boudin exchanged the idlers of the seashore for the toilers of the sea, he lost his vein of gold. The treasure he had found, though he did not realize it, had been aesthetic as well as commercial. For the poetry, the evocation, in a canvas like *The Beach at Villerville* lies in the very incongruity of these fashionable people seen against the majestic setting of sea and sky. They suggest an audience come to the edge of the world to watch a drama of cosmic splendor, which in the end bores them with its magnificence. But our sympathies are touched, our hearts moved by these spectators. The infinite radiance of sky, streaked by the setting sun and hung with ominous clouds, lends a melancholy poetry to their transience.

Baudelaire with his feeling for ironic contrast could not have suggested figures more appropriate. The tragedy is that the painter himself saw only "a hideous masquerade" where in reality he had expressed the poignancy of the transitory, the pathos of the evanescent. Boudin was a victim of social consciousness, perhaps the first but certainly not the last in the history of art.

—JOHN WALKER,
Director, National Gallery of Art.



I weighed 241 pounds and wore a size 48 when these pictures were taken. People ask why *I wore horizontal stripes! Well, I just didn't care how I looked. In those days, a dress was only something to keep me covered. I hadn't started my diet then, I was just posing for a friend who wanted to test her new camera. It's a wonder I didn't break it! Believe it or not, it took more than the sight of these to make me reduce!*

No-Will-Power Diet

She ate six times a day—and dieted 116 pounds away!

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal



ROGER PRIGENT

Today, at 125 pounds and in a size 12, I'm one of the most clothes-conscious women I know! My reducing diet has brought me better health, happiness, a lovely new outlook on life. No marshmallow-fudge sundae will ever take this away from me!

Here are the ups (241 pounds) and downs (125 pounds) of Mallory Baele's diet story, as she told them to us.

Long on appetite, short on will power—that's me in a nutshell. Or, rather, in a marshmallow-fudge sundae. Preferably, a *double* marshmallow-fudge sundae smothered beneath an avalanche of buttery golden toasted almonds and mountainous snowslides of pure whipped cream.

I am only 5'2" tall, but I gorged myself up from a normal weight of 125 pounds to a Gargantuan 241. As the pounds piled on my pint-size frame, I saved my sapping energy for just one task—preparing food.

Until my husband, Steff, and I were married, I had never had a weight problem. My wedding dress was a trim size 12. Soon after our marriage, Steff's invalid father came to live with us and within weeks his arthritic condition worsened to a stage where he required constant attention. Steff and I couldn't afford a nurse. We had no relatives to whom we could turn. It meant that I had to give up my job—a job I loved—to stay home and cook and clean and care for this elderly gentleman whom I barely knew. Naturally, I felt sorry for him and wanted to help. But at the same time, I was deeply disappointed in this turn of events. I couldn't help feeling that it was the last straw in a series of mishaps which had plagued me all my life.

When I was five years old my father died, leaving me alone with a pampered, pretty mother who couldn't hide her disappointment in such a plain-looking daughter. No matter how I tried, I felt I was never able to please mother or to win her affection. We were both relieved when it came time for me to leave home for college.

Six weeks after I entered the University of Wisconsin, a message from mother told me we had lost all our money and if I wanted to continue my schooling, I would have to work my way. Because as a girl I had never been taught to lift a finger for myself, it was an emotional as well as a physical strain to keep up with my studies while I worked for my living. But college seemed the first real home I ever had. In order to stay, I washed and ironed in a laundry, waited on tables, even got a job picking flowers in a nursery.

College life ended for me in the summer of my sophomore year. I was returning home from a dance, riding with my beau in his old jalopy, when the accident occurred. I remember the glaring lights of an oncoming truck, the shattering crash of glass and steel, unbelievable pain. My date was fortunate to escape with slight injuries. My next year was spent in a hospital where, after five operations on my neck, face and eyes, I was told I was lucky to be alive.

I was eking out a living writing, and doing part-time office work, when I met Harry, my first husband. Harry was a young architectural engineer. "Brilliant" and "promising" were words most often used to describe him. In the first year of our marriage, I was shocked to discover Harry was an excessive drinker. I wanted with all my heart to help him. And I believed I could. After all, I had licked plenty of my own problems! But Harry was incurable. He died, an alcoholic, in the sixth year of our marriage.

When Steff came along, I felt sure that at last my heartbreaks were behind me. With this gentle, understanding man at my side, a happy future seemed inevitable. This dream died with the arrival of Steff's sick father. It was then that I reached my limit of endurance and became what I call a "foodoholic."

Three big meals a day weren't enough to drown out the pity and frustration I felt for myself. In the middle of the mornings, I'd start in on peanut-butter-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125


Menu
CUCUMBER STICKS WITH DIP
IMPERIAL CHICKEN
SUMMER PEAS AND CORN
GARDEN SLAW
SALT STICKS
PEPPERMINT ICE-CREAM CAKE
ICED COFFEE
(Planned for 6)

STUART-FOWLER

Warm from the oven and aromatic of cheese. . . . Come and get it!

August is the month of fulfillment. Every sense is touched by this moment of absolute bloom. Our appetite for satisfying food is at its peak. Grownups and children alike troop into the kitchen after swims to revel in the smells of wonderful cooking that scent the air.

A great platter of chicken encrusted with Parmesan cheese and crumbs; garden corn and peas, a spicy slaw—could any meal be a more appealing climax to a flawless summer's day? And as a prelude, frosty cucumber sticks to dip in sour cream flavored with tarragon.

CUCUMBER STICKS WITH DIP. Peel 4 large cucumbers. Cut into pencil-thin strips and slice off the seedy portion. Crisp them in a bowl of ice water. They should be so crisp they crackle when you bite into them. For the dip: mix together 1 pint commercial sour cream, 1 tablespoon plus 1 teaspoon prepared horse-radish, 1 tablespoon paprika, 1 tablespoon minced chives, 1 teaspoon each salt and tarragon (that tangy herb that does so much for so many foods), ¼ teaspoon each garlic salt and monosodium glutamate, a generous sprinkling of coarsely ground pepper and 1 clove garlic, crushed. Chill in the refrigerator about an hour to let the flavors mingle. Serve the dip set in a small bowl within a larger bowl filled with crushed ice. Drain the cucumber sticks and stick them down in the ice so they'll stay crisp and cold for each guest to dip into the refreshing cream. Instead of tarragon, sometime try minced fresh dill in the sauce.

Chicken at its best: There are so many good ways of cooking chicken that entire cookbooks are given over to the subject. Oven-baked under a crisp, flavorful coating of crumbs, parsley, garlic and Parmesan cheese, it beats fried chicken any day. No

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Chicken, golden crisp and tender

Flower-bordered sterling silver and a centerpiece of pink geraniums—gay and inviting with bright summer pottery.

Soup COLLECTOR'S ITEMS from the Journal Kitchen



First course for a terrace buffet: chilled jellied gaspacho is served in glass bowls, nested in a wooden salad bowl, in a bed of crushed ice.

August is waiting, just outside your door; the appetite craves delicious soups, both hot and cold; it's a time when beautiful bowls of aromatic clam bisque steam toward the table, prelude to a shimmering cold tongue in aspic, eaten under the stars. Cups of delectable cold jellied *gaspacho* whet the appetite for an herb-seasoned, tender roast of veal. A big vacuum jug of buttermilk consommé, put together in two minutes flat, goes along at lunchtime on a beach picnic, with roast-beef sandwiches and deviled eggs. This last one hardly needs a recipe, but just in case —

BUTTERMILK CONSOMMÉ: Mix together equal parts buttermilk and consommé. Stir in a dash—which means to taste, naturally—of grated onion, and chill very cold. Mix in a tablespoon or two of chopped chives. That's all there is to this one, but the result is more than delicious.

Jellied gaspacho—it's a new twist on an old favorite. Furthermore, this soup, served in chilled avocado halves, on a ruffle of crisp lettuce, makes a perfect luncheon dish for hot weather.

JELLIED GASPACHO: Mix together 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin and 1 No. 2 can tomato juice. Heat, stirring constantly until gelatin is dissolved. Set aside to cool. Chop coarsely 4 rosy-red tomatoes which have been peeled and 1 small peeled and seeded cucumber. Seed and dice ½ green pepper and mince ¼ cup onion. Add the vegetables to the tomato juice along with ¼ cup olive oil and ¼ cup wine vinegar. Season with ¾ teaspoon salt, 8 drops hot pepper sauce and a dash of freshly ground black pepper. Crush a clove of garlic and add to soup. Chill for about 6 hours. Makes 6–7 cups.



Summer-squash soup: a delicate blending of golden squash, chicken broth and fresh herb seasonings. Serve in heated bowls, garnished with thin yellow squash rings.

Another soup, a hot one this time, that makes a perfect summer luncheon is this Michigan bean soup. With a cucumber-and-water-cress sandwich, it's filling and refreshing. You might end with cold cantaloupe halves filled with fresh raspberries.

MICHIGAN BEAN SOUP: Mix together in a saucepan one 10½-ounce can condensed black-bean soup, one 10½-ounce can beef consommé and 2 cups water. Add a peeled onion, studded with 6 cloves. Heat to the simmering point. Then add 3 tablespoons lemon juice—or, if you like, white wine. Ladle at once into bowls and float a thin slice of lemon on top of each serving, or pass a dish of chopped hard-cooked eggs. Makes 4–6 servings.

It's been said that he who lays a good fire makes a good home—but in summer, if you know your way to the makings of a good cold soup, you've far outclassed the fire builder. Here's a chilled fruit soup, tart and fresh, and of such enticing color and fragrance that no one, young, middling or ancient, can resist dipping in his spoon.

COLD CHERRY SOUP: Drain one 1-pound-1-ounce can pitted sour red cherries. Save the cherries. Place syrup in saucepan. Blend 1½ teaspoons cornstarch into ½ cup cold water. Pour into cherry syrup. Heat to boiling point and boil, stirring constantly, for 5 minutes. Add 1 tablespoon sugar and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Remove from heat, chill. When syrup is cool, blend in 1 cup commercial sour cream. Add the drained cherries. Chill very well. Serve in chilled soup cups. Makes 4 servings.

The best of our classic American dishes come from places where one or two things are plentiful and cheap. From green Northern orchards, tart apples were folded between fragile crusts, becoming apple pie. Along the wild coasts of New England, our fishing forefathers developed chowders and other delicious fish soups. This clam bisque is subtly seasoned, slightly sophisticated, but hearty. Serve it as first course for that well-loved summer institution, the "shore dinner."

CLAM BISQUE: Place in saucepan ½ cup finely chopped green onions or scallions, and 2 cups milk. Scald the mixture and set aside. In another saucepan, make a *roux* with 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour and ⅛ teaspoon curry powder. Slowly add 2 cups heavy cream and the scalded milk. Bring to a boil. Add 1½ pints clams that have been drained well and finely chopped. Bring the mixture once again to a boil. Season with salt and pepper to taste and 2 or 3 drops hot pepper sauce. Makes about 5 cups bisque.

The lavish yield from summer's vegetable gardens finds its way into luscious summer soups. Try, for instance, this

SUMMER-SQUASH SOUP: Scrub 3 medium summer squash. Without peeling, cut about 12 paper-thin slices from the narrow ends. Place the slices in cold water to crisp. Seed the rest of the squash and cut into small chunks to make about 5 to 6 cups. Sauté very slowly in 2 tablespoons butter with 1½ teaspoons garlic salt, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ⅛ teaspoon rosemary. Keep pan tightly covered and do not allow squash to brown. Add 1 or 2 tablespoons water if necessary. When squash is softened, process mixture in electric blender. This makes about 3 cups squash purée. Return purée to pan and add one 6-ounce can boned chicken, ½ cup chicken broth and ½ cup water. Heat until flavors are well blended. Makes about 1 quart. Garnish with the crisp, thin squash slices.

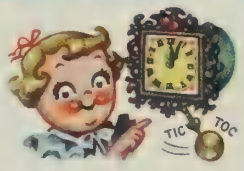
This icy-cold cucumber frappé is cooler than the cucumbers it's made of, the most refreshing beginning imaginable for a meal on a blistering day.

CUCUMBER FRAPPÉ: In an electric blender place ¾ cup commercial sour cream and ¼ cup milk. Add ¼ cup water-cress leaves and 1 large cucumber, peeled and cut into small pieces. Season with 2 teaspoons lemon juice and ¾ teaspoon onion salt. Run the blender until all ingredients are well blended. Pour into freezer tray and freeze for about ½ hour, or until partially frozen. Pour back into blender and run for a minute. Add salt and pepper to taste. Pile into cold soup cups. Garnish with sprig of water cress and a dab of sour cream. Makes 4 servings.

Here is some sleight of hand—a quick soup, with some substance to it, that can be put together in ten minutes. It's hearty enough to be the basis of a luncheon menu.

WELSH SOUP: Mix together in a saucepan one 10½-ounce can cream-of-celery soup, ½ cup evaporated milk, ½ cup chicken bouillon, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon minced parsley and ¾ cup grated process cheese. Heat, stirring until cheese melts and is smooth. Bring to a simmer and serve at once. Makes 3 servings.

TOMATO SOUP À LA McADOO: Put 1 large can (3½ cups) tomatoes through a sieve. In a bowl, add to the tomatoes 3 medium cooked potatoes, riced, and 1 medium onion, minced. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate and a good dash of pepper. Mix well. Chill for 2–3 hours. While soup is chilling, beat together 3 tablespoons mayonnaise and 1 tablespoon heavy cream. Add 1 teaspoon chopped chives, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley and ½ teaspoon curry powder. Chill. When ready to serve, place a spoonful on top of each cup of soup. Makes 6 servings.

4-Minute Meal  M'm, M'm, good!

Here's a new way, a *great* way — to have soup at its very best! Campbell's Vegetable Soup — so fine and nourishing — brought *right* to the table from the stove in its own cook-and-serve pot. That's soup as it should be — when it's hot and most delicious — 15 garden vegetables and brown beef broth ready to eat at the *precise* moment of best flavor and goodness. Stove-to-table soup takes just 4 minutes, from heating to eating!



Company coming? On the table there's a basketful of soup — Campbell's Vegetable Soup heated in an oven-glass dish, then placed in a table-protecting basket for serving.



Ladle out your Vegetable Soup course right from the casserole, and ladle it generously! Everyone likes vegetables *this* way — 15 of the garden's best, flavored with fine beef broth.



OUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS: Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for neral well-being • Proteins—for upkeep and growth • Carbohydrates—for energy

Once a day... every day... SOUP!

CAPTIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

"Might even be a friend of Clay Jackson's," Walt agreed.

He watched Rip walk out the door, tall and hard-packed, fitting himself in with this rugged crowd. He shook his head. He'd been hanging around this office for thirty-two years, twenty of them as a deputy and twelve as the sheriff. Because this was his life, he wanted four more years of it. He'd be going down to Mary's one of these days, his daughter's spread near Cottonwood. He'd sit on that long porch of hers and rehash a few of his exciting cases for her boys.

As Rip entered the outer office, the young fellow on the desk looked up from booking a girl who had been "working the lumber camps."

"Mr. Frazier's been waiting for you. He's the teller at the Pueblo Bank." He indicated a man reading the wanted notices, his back to them.

Rip walked over. "Mr. Frazier? I'm John Ripley."

Frazier turned about, startled. He offered a soft hand. "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Ripley." He was in a dark suit with matching tie and white shirt, and was freshly shaven. "The sheriff said you wanted ——"

Rip took the list he offered.

Frazier continued, "We only keep the serial numbers on the bigger bills."

"Thanks for bringing them over."

"No trouble at all. If there's anything else ——"

"One thing. What'd Clay Jackson talk about this morning?"

"Nothing much." He sketched the conversation in detail, recalling the words with meticulous care, a man as precise in his conversation as his dress. He continued, "If there's nothing else, would you excuse me? I promised my girls I'd take them to a P.T.A. affair at the high school. Their mother's ill—been ill a long time."

Rip asked about his family, and learned he had two daughters, Angela, fifteen, and Grace, sixteen, and that his wife was a cancer victim.

He started to leave, then turned. "I may go up to Kanab this weekend, if there's nothing —— I've got some uranium holdings ——"

Walt had said, "He spends every cent he makes staking a couple of guys up there. He's got the fever along with the rest of the country."

Frazier's eye caught the prostitute's briefly, and Rip intercepted the exchange. There was recognition but no acknowledgment. Frazier glanced away hastily, obviously startled, but the girl continued to watch him from beneath drooping eyelids as she was fingerprinted.

Anne Hayes said, "Hello, Rip," in a quiet way, a mistiness in her eyes. "Coffee?"

"Put a piece of pie with it. Apple, if you've got it."

"I've got it."

Even as subdued as she was tonight, she had an earthiness that brought the place alive. A record player as gaudy as a Christmas tree ground out noise that neither heard. Navaho rugs and Mexican gourds hung from the walls, a string of Hopi Kachina dolls marched across the pie case, and a box for tourist mail was by the cash register. The counter seats themselves silently spoke of another era. They were placed farther apart than usual, to accommodate boots and spurs.

A 300-pounder in a heavy jacket clumped in. Anne said, "Hello, Tiny."

"Coffee—as hot as my eyes when I look at you, honey, and as black as my heart." He struck the counter a blow that rattled the tableware.

She brought the coffee.

When Tiny was gone, and there was no one about, she said wistfully, "We were going to a dance down at Sedona Saturday night."

Rip finished the pie. "I'm sorry about Clay."

She looked up. "I know you are; because you're a nice guy, Rip."

She put the coffee cups through the dip. "You want to know about Clay and me, don'cha? The sheriff's boys were around 'bout an hour ago, asking all kinds of questions." She shrugged. "Well, that's all it was between him and me, just a good time, until the other night we got to talking sorta serious-like." She looked away. "I don't know whether anything ever would've come of it, seeing that he'd never settled down—and me neither." Her voice dropped. "Clay always said I was like a filly he once had. Nothing he could do but what that filly would get out of pasture and the next he knew she'd be flying over the sage, mane blowing in the wind. That's what he said, and I kinda liked it."

He walked in thought down the darkened street, past Babbitt's and the Monte Vista Hotel, turned toward a low building and pushed through a door into a telephone exchange.

He showed his credentials to a motherly looking woman. "Could you tell me if any calls were placed from the Flagstaff area to the Williams airport between six and seven this morning?"

She thumbed through a stack of messag slips, and extracted one. "Yes, at six-fort seven," she told him. "Collect to Mr. Wi liam Leacock. They didn't talk more tha three minutes. It was placed from an ou side phone booth near Anne Hayes' coffe shop."

Wearily, he dropped into a chair behind barren desk in a small barren office. From a inside coat pocket he took the snapshot Ruth Madison that her Navaho assistan Mary Toatin, had furnished him.

"It was taken when she got her first schoo north of Ganado," Miss Toatin had said.

Ruth Madison was kneeling by a Navah child, holding her tightly. She had a youn loveliness in her smile, and he had the momen tary feeling he had seen her before. Eventuall he decided it was because she was like s many girls on so many campuses.

He was disturbed as he dropped the snap shot into a file. He needed it for only or reason—for identification, if they found h body.

He took a deep breath, then picked up handful of reports from a drawer. His ca load was growing heavier: seven stolen moto vehicles, two thefts from interstate shipmen one national stolen property, eight crimes Government reservations, one fraud again the Government, one impersonation and o cattle theft.

He pulled up his coat collar. The roo seemed cold and unfriendly. He had a theory that violence and death change a influence the lives of everyone they bru against. So he wondered about himself, abo those around him, and about this girl, Ru Madison.

He marched faces before him, faces he seen that day and evening. He matched voic to the faces and movements, scrutinizing the for something off key. Eventually he snappe himself out of his deep thought.

Next he pushed aside the reports and place flat on the desk the drawings of the killers th Chee, the ten-year-old at the trailer schoo had given him. From a file he took a bul ledger of wanted notices. He leafed throug them carefully.

He came at last to a photograph that bore resemblance to one of the drawings. The blac type leaped out: "Wanted for flight to avo prosecution for murder." The name under th picture was, "Joseph Zanislaus Barnes, ali Joe Barnes, alias Frank Roscoe Newto alias William O. Leacock." A notation heavy black print read: "WARNING: TH MAN IS HEAVILY ARMED AND DANGEROUS."

The restlessness of the mules as they stirr in the predawn broke into her sleep. S turned and the ache of her bones nudged h From a far distance she heard Joe call Ma In one moment there was the good feeling awakening as she had a thousand mornin and the next the realization of where she w the sensation that it couldn't be, a fleeti hope denied the next instant by the call Joe's voice once more.

Marv groaned, but Joe prodded him until rose. "Damn you, Joe, the sun isn't even up Noisily he cleared his throat, then took time shoving his shirttail in. As he left to sa dle the mules, his steps were awkward a lumbering.

Joe turned next to her. "Come on, gi Rustle up some breakfast."

"Why should I?" she blurted.

"You're not exactly a guest here." After pause he added, "You've got guts, girl—b we're all in this together, and we'd better g along the best we can."

She shook out her hair, pushed her blou back into the Levis, and tried to stretch sor of the tightness out of them.

As she bent over him, she caught the sten of the wound, and her hand went to his pul The beat was weak but steady. His eyes que tioned her as she turned to the banda "You're going to be all right," she said. she dressed the wound with the last of t gauze, she searched deep into her memory f details of gunshot cases she had handled the hospital.

She said, "I've got to have coffee ——"

Mrs. V. E. P. of Rhode Island writes: *"I found her a poor abandoned kitten. Now she is gorgeous and in wonderful condition—thanks to her diet of Puss 'n Boots."*



"Let's go fishing!" For 8" x 10" print in full color of this original photo by Walter Chandoha, send 25¢ and one Puss 'n Boots label to Cat Pictures, Department J-47, Box 6856, Chicago 77, Illinois.

"Gorgeous...and in wonderful condition!"

...the result of feeding Puss 'n Boots regularly!

Put your pet on a *regular* Puss 'n Boots diet and in three weeks or less, you'll be wanting to write us a glowing letter, too ...like Mrs. V. E. P.'s above. You'll find there's *no* substitute for good nutrition.

Puss 'n Boots is made from *whole* fish ...including the high quality proteins of the costly fish fillets...the precious vitamins and minerals of the liver and glands. And to complete the nutritional balance of Puss 'n Boots, tasty cereals and extra Vitamin B_1 are added for appetite, energy and sound, healthy nerves.

So for health, beauty—and fun to own —put *your* cat on Puss 'n Boots today. *Puss 'n Boots adds the plus!*



The Difference in Proteins Diagrammed

High Quality Proteins from fish fillets show a full count of essential amino acids (red blocks). Every essential amino acid is there in sufficient quantity. Other colors represent less important amino acids.

Low Quality Proteins, from the mere fish "frames", lack the full count of essential amino acids (red blocks). Part-empty blocks indicate essential amino acids that are wholly or partly missing.

The Natural Life Balance of WHOLE FISH is Retained in Puss 'n Boots

Costly Fillets, rich in essential, high-quality proteins. Usually reserved for human consumption, but *retained in Puss 'n Boots.*

Liver and Glands, for minerals and vitamins. Vital for health. Often extracted for medicinal use, but *retained in Puss 'n Boots.*



Bone Structure, for valuable calcium and phosphorus. Made soft, crumbly and digestible, and *retained in Puss 'n Boots.*

PUSS'n BOOTS is good nutrition



Available in 8 oz. and 15 oz. sizes

Coast Fisheries, Division of Quaker Oats Co., Chicago 54, Ill.

America's largest selling cat food...adds the plus in health, beauty, vigor

He stiffened. "Look, girl, you might as well et it through your head. Nobody's building ny fires."

She rose swiftly, angered at his tone, and ft to wash in the brook. By now the morning as graying up, and she saw in the mirror of ie wafer-thin compact Corny had given her iat her eyes were reflecting the ordeal. She ad dozed fitfully, awakening every few min-tes, forcing herself to lie there while every-ing inside her cried out to run.

Some of the time, too, she had wondered out Corny, where he was, what he was do-g. She remembered every word he had said, nd a hundred little glances that repeated over nd over that he loved her. He was such a veet guy. She wished they had run away to ijuana that night they both wanted to, and een married. "Let's wait, Hypo, and do it up ght, the way you've always dreamed of doing ," he had said finally, and she had thought it st too. But wasn't it better sometimes to do hat one felt, rather than to think everything ut analytically, as though life were a problem electronics?

Marv's voice startled her. "You making up r the birds—or me?"

She ran blindly and burst into the clearing ut of breath. Joe lifted his eyes, but she of-red no explanation, and set about preparing breakfast of sorts. She opened a can of pears, vided them into three portions and dumped rn flakes over them.

When she thought that Joe was dozing she pped the shiny pear-can lid into her blouse. plan had come to her in the night.

Marv gave her a spank he passed. She turned anger, then caught her-lf. "You've sure got a fig-e for jeans," he said.

"Cut it," Joe said.

Marv gulped down the ars and breakfast food. ou're getting old, Joe. A l likes you to notice her ure. Don't she, baby?"

Joe nagged at them to hurry. By now the sun d flooded the sky, painting the clouds pink, d soon would begin to slide down the can-n walls.

A time or two when she glanced at him, he emed to be listening, his head tilted slightly, s eyes far away. When Marv finished sad-ng the mules Joe somehow managed to ise himself to his feet, doing it in slow, short ages.

"You're not as dead as I thought you re," Marv said.

Joe smiled faintly in the way of a man who lds an ace. She steadied him as he walked to e mule and he leaned against her as he got a ot up to the stirrup.

He played his ace then. "I divvied up the oney," he told Marv.

Marv came taut. His eyes held on Joe as a nd groped for the moneybag tied to his gun lt. He brought it around, opened it, and only en did his gaze drop. He counted the money th the slowness of a person not sure of his thematics, pushed it roughly back into the g, and turned in the saddle. He gave the ule a starting kick.

The morning smelled fresh and spiced with aint dash of sage, a heavier pinch of pine, a eet toss of wild flowers in bloom—a desert potpourri. And the little brook, sturdier now, rted playfully back and forth across the il.

Yesterday there had been panic, but even ock could hold a peak only so long. Now r had become something to live with, like a oken bone or tuberculosis.

They began climbing a long rise and the ly heat presaged a brutal day. "Where're u from?" she asked Marv.

He turned slightly in the saddle to look ck. "Oklahoma."

"Did you like it there?"

"What're you playing at—a social worker? ly off it, do you hear?"

"I was just ——"

"All right." Then after a while, "My father s a drunk. My mother was on snow. My ndma raised me. That satisfy you?"

When they reached the crest, he scanned the ntry in all directions, began the descent.

Then it was that she heard the far-off, subdued roar of the plane. Marv heard it in the same breath, and dropped to the ground. Yelling to Joe, he began beating the mules, giving Romeo a whack that caused him to jump. Just in time, she dug in with her knees to stay in the pitching saddle.

The pounding of the motors swelled by the second, magnified by the stillness. The plane was skimming low.

She thought of sliding into the brush and scrambling for a clearing, but Marv stayed close. In a matter of seconds they gained the protection of a long low rock ledge that jutted out like a balcony. Marv drove the mules under it, swearing at them.

Joe moaned then, and she swung about to see him fall and twist up on the ground with the whimper of a hurt dog. Her foot caught briefly in the stirrup, and as she hurried to him Marv got in her way, perhaps accidentally, or perhaps intentionally. She shoved him roughly aside.

The roar swelled over them and as quickly was muted.

Joe's pulse beat was erratic but still fairly strong, and within minutes he was wanting to sit up.

"He's too tough to die," Marv said. He moved away to tighten a saddle cinch. "I'm for hiding out days and making time nights. In Korea ——"

"How many times do I have to tell you this isn't Korea? You travel nights and you make a mistake, and there won't be enough of you left to bury." He nodded upward to a mesa rim. "Howja like to fall off that?"

She drifted away, as though she were restless. When she had gone as far as she dared, she stooped low, her back to them, and took the shiny can lid from her blouse. Her fingers shook as a faint hum once again came from far out on the periphery of sound. Carefully she set the lid on a rock, at such an angle that it caught the sun's reflection and beamed it back into the sky.

The faint, far sound became a low drone and then rolled into a steady wave of thunder. She rose with deliberation, praying neither Joe nor Marv had noticed. She stood so she hid the tin. She was suddenly conscious of the weakness in her legs, the shortness of breath.

Another ten seconds. They had to see it, they simply had to see it!

The outcry behind her tore up and down every nerve, and a force struck her with such impact that her body had no weight until it squashed on a rock. Her hands shot out by instinct and grabbed wildly, but nothing held. The crash of a foot hitting the tin was in her ear, blotting out all other sound. She struggled to rise and crumpled up, but a hand reached out to grab her about the shoulder.

She heard Joe yell, "Stop it, kid. Stop it!"

Marv let her drop and turned about.

She managed to get to her feet and stood a long time, struggling with her thoughts, and trying to still her breathing. Joe was talking, but his words never took shape with her until after a time when they wavered and faded away. Turning, she saw him stretched out prostrate.

The hurt in her own body was blotted out by the shock of seeing him there. Something wrenched her into sudden activity. Dropping by his side, she saw his eyes rolled white and the slight foam on his lips. Frantically she searched for his pulse, and eventually found it and was frightened. She unhooked the canteen from the nearest saddle, barely conscious that Marv was standing motionless, watching.

Raising Joe's head, she held the canteen to his lips, and the body mechanism, as by habit, felt the trickle of water and swallowed a little. Then a strange thing was happening inside her. The fright and the panic dropped away, and she was a nurse again. The tremble ran out of her hands and her mind took over.

She rose determinedly. "Get a fire going," she ordered, "and some water boiling. I'm taking the bullet out."

Marv never moved.

There is no passion in the human heart that promises so much and pays so little as revenge. H. W. SHAW



Are you ready for emergencies like these?

Now is the time to check your first-aid cabinet . . . for more accidents occur in the summer than in any other season of the year.

In fact, during the summer months there is a daily average of 280 accidental deaths . . . to say nothing of the almost endless number of burns, cuts, bruises and other injuries associated with outdoor activities.

Regardless of how well equipped your first-aid cabinet is, it will not do you much good unless you really know how to give first-aid treatment properly.

For example, it is important to know *what to do* and *what not to do* in situations ranging from minor scratches or cuts to more serious injuries such as broken bones.

To treat minor cuts: most cuts heal quickly if cared for promptly, but can become serious if infection develops. The first and most important thing to do is to wash the cut under warm running water. Then apply a mild antiseptic and sterile compress to the injury.

If iodine is used, remember that it becomes stronger with age and old solutions should not be applied.

To treat more serious injuries: falls cause many serious injuries, especially among young children and people age 65 and over. If you suspect a fall has caused a broken bone, do not move the victim unless absolutely necessary. Keep the patient as warm and comfortable as possible and get medical care promptly.

If an accident occurs and you cannot determine its extent or seriousness, call a doctor. Describe the injury, tell him where the victim is, what you have done and the victim's apparent condition.

With your description, the doctor can offer suggestions, decide how urgently he is needed and foresee what equipment he should bring.

To help you give the right care at the right time, Metropolitan offers its new first-aid chart. It tells what to do for many common emergencies—burns, cuts, fainting, poisoning and others. *It also features, with illustrations, the new method of life-saving to apply when someone is nearly drowned.*

This handy first-aid chart may help you keep a minor injury from becoming serious —and perhaps even save a life. For your free copy, just clip and mail the coupon below.

COPYRIGHT 1957—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please mail me a free copy of your "*First-Aid Chart*," 8-57-J.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

She walked toward him, feeling no fear. "I don't know what this man means to you, if anything—I don't suppose anybody means anything to you ——"

She used Marv's pocketknife. She never had cut before, but she had watched surgeons a hundred times, as she stood immaculate in white, in a sterile white operating room. If she ever had thought that one hot day, on the sun-scorched earth of a lost land in Arizona, she would have a patient stretched prone, his hands clenching rocks in lieu of an anesthetic, his face contorted with a pain he never spoke—well, it would have seemed a mad dream.

She held the flesh apart with the fingers of her left hand. She talked low, never knowing afterward what she said, but talking because of the animal comfort it might give this man who was a killer, who might still turn on her if it would serve some purpose of his own.

She probed, and the metal of the knife touched other metal. She probed still more to locate the slug fully, so she would know exactly where it lay.

Joe was drawing every breath as though it would be his last. Swiftly she eased the knife under the slug. The knife slipped, and then she started the process over again. *O God*, she prayed, *O God*. He was scarcely breathing.

The slug came out, followed by a rush of blood. She mopped it up the best she could, and once more pressured the area, knowing the pain must be greater than any she could have stood. At last the bleeding stopped.

Taking his pulse, she noted the slowness, and then while she held it new life was pumped into his arteries without reason, as though something deep within him had taken hold, and where he had been passive he was struggling to live.

When she had done all she could, she dropped the knife in the water on the coals, and walked away. She stood a long moment, shaken to the core and staring unseeingly into the sun-flooded canyon.

The quiet was a thing alive until Marv said hoarsely, "I'd better look at the mules."

The day crawled along on its hands and knees, the air heavy with heat. She sat on the hard earth at the far back wall under the ledge, where the rock strata still held vestiges of the night's coolness. Desert swifts scampered about in the cracks, and near her the mules stomped nervously.

On the other side of the animals Marv sprawled, cleaning a .38 with concentration. Joe lay a few feet away, his chest rising and falling laboriously.

She poured water from her canteen on a handkerchief, and bathed his forehead. She dribbled a few drops through his parched and cracked lips.

Marv said, "Don't go wastin' that water, doll. We're ——"

He listened. The deep drum roll of motors was swelling again from far out, swelling until the roar was deafening as the plane cruised over them and down the long canyon. She sat straighter, hope surging.

They're hunting me. Men I've never seen. Doing it because a human being was in trouble. When this was all over, if it ever was, she would tell them what it was like to hear the roar of a plane. It was a brief, tenuous strand with a world she had been grabbed out of not quite twenty-four hours ago.

Going to the pack mule, she found a few slices of bread, dried and hard, and opened a can of meat. She spread a thin coating of preserves over the bread. When she handed Marv his helping, he said, "Some birthday party!"

"This your birthday?" she asked.

"Yeah." He crunched down a mouthful of bread. "I guess so. Grannie never knew for sure."

As she knelt by Joe to feed him, she noticed the weapon in his right hand, clutched close to his body. Somehow he had slipped it out of its holster.

"You figuring on a killing?" Marv asked. He stopped eating.

"Maybe," Joe whispered.

Her hand stopped in mid-air as she looked from one to the other. Marv said, "I don't know how you lived so long, Joe."

She had to say something, anything. "What was your grandmother like?" she asked too abruptly.

With effort, Marv pulled his attention from Joe. "Old." He stared at his left hand. The wrist was crooked, where it had been broken and never set. "She gave me this—for Christmas once."

She waited, rocking back on her heels.

"Me and some other kids slugged a guy in an alley and rolled him. We got fifty cents apiece."

He turned the hand about, idly studying it. "But I showed her. I beat her until she couldn't get out of bed for a week."

He shook off the mood. "Maybe you think I don't know what you're doing—asking your sneaky questions. Maybe I got some to ask. Yeah—maybe I have. Like maybe I want to know if you've got a man."

She nodded. "I've got one."

The lie unexpectedly warmed her cheeks. But she and Corny would have been married by now, if everything had gone right. After she had disappeared from Los Angeles, he had got her address from a friend and written. She never had answered. She wished now she had. Not that it could have meant anything, but it would have been the right thing to do.

Marv broke her reverie. "I betcha you haven't got a man. I betcha thirty thousand bucks."

He tossed the moneybag on the ground and spilled the bills out. "You beautiful, beautiful stuff." He ran his fingers through it. "You know what, Joe? I'm going to get me a dozen suits. And a dozen shirts—with pleats yet. And one of them ten-thousand-dollar Mercedes-Benz cars, and a couple of dolls, and I'm going to hit the crap table at Las Vegas."

He stuffed the money back and looked at Joe. "What're you getting, Joe? A gold coffin?"

Shock lay a club to her neck. Her lips trembled and she said quietly, "He may outlive you."

The smile slipped from Marv's face. He stared at her, then got to his feet.

She heard him breaking brush, and she slipped to a point where she could watch. He was climbing the canyon side, bending low, keeping under cover. He passed from sight behind a boulder, but she continued to hear the shale break and roll. He would be glancing back often, and if she ventured into the open he would kill her. He would be thinking that she and Joe were too much baggage to carry. Without them, he might make it to the four corners where Arizona, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico square off, and up to Monticello where he could catch a bus. She wandered over to Joe. He was resting easier and smiled faintly.

"You ever worked a gun, girl?"

She nodded. During duck hunts with her father, he had taught her to break a gun down and clean it.

Joe said, "I want you to take this, if anything happens to me."

"Nothing's going to happen." His forehead was cooler, and his pulse stronger.

She stood staring at the weapon in the palm of his hand. She wondered if she could bring herself to kill any man unless she were about to be destroyed herself.

Then she heard the roll and pitch of rock sliding down the canyon, and the weight of a man crashing through brush. Marv emerged, losing his footing the last few steps, then scrambling to his feet.

"Some men are up there—coming down the trail."

"You can't move him," she said flatly.

"How many?" Joe asked.

"I don't know. I spotted two and then high-tailed it. I saw a canyon west of here. The country's mostly shale ——"

"He's got to stay quiet," she said.

Marv said, "Tell her, Joe."

Joe took a deep breath. "Get the mules saddled up."

That night in Flagstaff Rip wandered past the Chamber of Commerce and down the main street which glowed like Christmas as the service stations and motels bade for the tourist trade. At the sheriff's office he placed a call to the Phoenix field division, and set forth the telephonic lead, a request for assistance to the commanding officer of the U.S. Air Force at Litchfield Park, near Phoenix. He asked the C.O. to clear the request as an emergency matter. As he talked, he toyed with a pencil that broke in his tense fingers. Afterward Phoenix reported back and he listened for twenty-two minutes, making careful notes.

MARRIED BY PROXY

■ She was married to a man she had never seen who lived in a country where she had never been. Julia Maire is the bride who, twenty-four hours after her marriage, standing beside a proxy bridegroom, sails for the East Indies to meet her unknown husband.

SCENT OF CLOVES
the new novel by Norah Lofts
begins in the
SEPTEMBER JOURNAL

STOP PERSPIRATION STAINS
before they ruin your dress and cause embarrassing odor



New ARRID with Perstop*
Penetrates deep into pores to Stop Perspiration Stains–Stop Odor



ARRID with Perstop* was rubbed into this woman's forehead. Then she was put in a steambath at 104°. 15 minutes later . . .



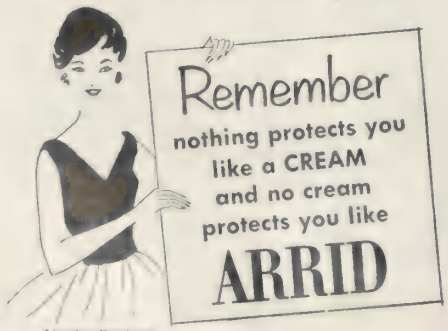
. . . she was dripping with perspiration—but ARRID kept her forehead *dry*. ARRID will do the same for your underarms, too.



Just rub ARRID in—rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe, even on hot, sticky days.



ARRID with Perstop*, when used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains, keeps your underarms dry, soft and sweet.



*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.



43¢ plus tax

Proved 1½ Times as Effective

Doctors have proved in laboratory tests that ARRID with Perstop* is 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested against perspiration and odor.

He was hanging up when Walt walked in. he old sheriff looked bushed.

"I think I'm coming down with the preeth-rs," he said.

"The preethers?"

"Haven't you heard of the preethers, son? irst off you get them, and then you get the emokus, and after that comes the salvatoris, nd then you die. They're old Texas diseases. ledical science don't know much about iem."

Rip smiled, then turned sober. "We think e've identified the subject with Joe Barnes," e said.

"That so?"

"Washington's got a nickname file—about hundred and fifty thousand of them. They arched it and came up with about a hundred larvs. One was a Robert Marvin—who atches the description we have from the chil-en at the trailer school. He was in the Arizona enitentiary at the same time Joe Barnes was." ip referred to his notes. "He's worked as an uto mechanic, a truck driver and a welder's elper. He's got a three-inch birthmark on his ft cheek, a shrapnel scar on the back of the ft calf and a tattoo of a hula girl on his right rearm."

"What's he done?" Walt asked, sagging into chair.

"Statutory rape, armed robbery, prison es-pe and murder. He slugged a man to rob m when he was eighteen, and the man died. e killed a prison guard about a year ago dur-g a break."

"Nice fellow." Walt was thinking about his ughter, down on the ranch near Cotton-ood, and how he would feel if this fellow had ducted her.

Rip continued, "If we can find a third per-n tied in with their background who lives in agstaff ——"

"Fourteen thousand people are a lot to go rough."

"We went through thirty thousand once—a kidnaping."

Walt hefted himself to his feet. He stopped the door and turned. "You know that fel-w over at the bank—Charlie Frazier?"

Rip nodded.

"Thought maybe you ought to know, he's t a Mexican girl he's keeping. A real looker. e clerks over at the White House." He ook his head. "Charlie's wife hasn't really en a wife to him for a long time. Been ailing r years. Still, I don't see what gets into a an. His wife's a good woman, a fine woman." e added, "Well, I guess we're doing every-ing we can," and walked off.

Joe sat hunched up, his hand locked about e saddle horn, his eyes closed. His body lled precariously with the mule's.

Marv hadn't spoken in the last hour, and e feared his silence more than his words. nce when he turned to check on them, she w the dark, heavy scowl, the set lips, the gged look. His beard was growing prom-nt, changing his face, giving him somehow more respectable appearance as it hid the akness in his fading jawline and covered e birthmark.

They breasted the summit of a low mesa, arv blazing the way more by guess than by ing up a pinnacle or dome in the distance guide them. The limitations of the country t him little choice.

ey picked their way tediously down into long, thin canyon whose tall sheer walls sed even narrower as they rode. They fol-ved a meandering arroyo that carried off e flood waters in spring. When she saw the ss ahead, a bare crevice, an old fright dug o her. It was unreasoning, this fear of a k, closed room or tunnel or basement. But r panic refused to be talked out of it.

Her heart throbbed as they rode through t pass, which was a half city block long. In e spot she had to pull her legs up to keep t walls from scraping them.

A blessed relief swept through her as they erged from the smothering cliffs into the ar sunlight of a canyon dotted with minia-e spires and domes, delicate in their color-i.

The enchantment was brief. Her insides enched as Joe slumped prostrate over the neck of his mule. As she hastened back, Marv pulled his mount to a halt and turned.

As Marv came alongside, Joe said in a half whisper, "I can't make it, kid. You go on. We'll follow."

Marv studied him coolly. "Come on, buck up. We got only another hour's ride."

Joe didn't answer, and his eye when she pulled the closed lid back was sightless. His arms hung limp about the mule's neck.

"Is he gone?" Marv asked.

She shook her head. The pulse was unbelievably strong.

Marv gave his animal a hard swat on the rump that brought it even with Joe's. He reached over and dug into Joe's pocket and pulled out the bills. A few floated to the ground, but he paid no attention. He stuffed the others in the moneybag, then gave Joe's mule a kick in the ribs, starting it up the wash. He fell in behind and she followed, churning with anger but not speaking, because nothing she could say would change his course.

Rip sauntered by Anne Hayes' a couple of times, but waited until the big trailer trucks that built a Roman wall about the place at the rush hour had lumbered on.

A middle-aged tourist couple was finishing dinner at a table in a far corner, and Bill Parkinson, the newspaperman, was seated at the counter with a girl Rip had not seen before.

"Hello, Rip," Bill called. "Do you know Jeanne Morrison? . . . This is Mr. Ripley. You know, the fellow I've been telling you about."

"How do you do, Mr. Ripley."

Rip seated himself a few chairs away. Anne Hayes swung up with a glass of water and set it down.

Bill rose and reached for the check. Anne made change, and they drifted out with Bill saying, "See you in the morning," and Jeanne adding, "I'm glad to have met you, Mr. Ripley."



Now! Wash away "new perm" frizz and odor!

NEW! Quick! The prettiest wave in the world leaves your hair instantly shampoo-fresh!

Takes ½ the time, ½ the work!

New! The only wave you dare wash at once!
Only Richard Hudnut's new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked right in with Crystal Clear Lotion!

So quick! Wave and wash with ½ the work!
Quick's the quickest! Only Quick's exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips of your hair. So you get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—½ the winding time—½ the waving work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to be near. Use Quick today—be shampoo-fresh tonight!



2 new-style waves for the price of 1
Crystal Clear Lotion can be recapped. Use ½—Save ½.
$2.00 plus tax. 1 wave size, $1.25 plus tax.

© 1957 Lambert-Hudnut Division, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

Anne's gaze followed them. "She's a sweet kid." She poured Rip a cup of coffee.

"Apple pie," he said.

"It's fresh. Made it myself."

She cut him a piece and pushed the pie toward him.

A Mexican girl with smooth olive skin and dark hair that was shoulder length came through the door and took a seat on the far side of the counter.

"Hiya, honey," Anne said.

"Hello, Anne," the Mexican girl said. "Coffee. Strong."

"That kind of a day, huh?"

The girl nodded.

The tourists began stirring, preparatory to leaving. Anne hit the cash-register keys with a vengeance, dropped the couple's change on the counter and turned back. She began filling the sugar bowls. "I'd hate to see Jeanne marry Bill Parkinson."

"What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing much. I don't know whether he can settle down in a small town like this—or anywhere else."

"Like Clay Jackson?"

She paused. "Yes—like Clay. Didja see the notice on the door? I'm closing for his funeral." She looked away. "Clay never was one to hold a job long. It didn't pay enough or he got into a fight with his boss or something. But you know—it was about a week ago—we were coming back from a dance and he got to talking. He said he was hankering to settle down and how would I like it, a nice home and a couple kids and a car?"

"What'd you say?"

She tossed her hair, flustered. "I told him he never need ask a woman that, 'cause that's what every woman wants, only some of us sure go round the barn about it." She stared out the window. "We were going to a movie a couple nights ago, and I was going to tell him I sorta liked that talk about a couple kids, and all, but then he had to go over to Chambers suddenlike on business and I never got to tell him."

The Mexican girl dropped a dime by the cash register and called, "See you, Anne," and was gone.

Anne tossed the dime in the proper compartment. "That's Rosita Higueroa—Charlie Frazier's girl. You know, the fellow over at the bank."

"I thought he was married."

"He is." She began folding napkins. "She works over at the White House. Charlie got her the job. Seems like an awful nice girl. Sorta shy."

"How long's that been going on?"

"A few months, I guess. She's Frank Higueroa's daughter. Nobody's ever told Frank because he'd blow his top."

Rip paid, said good night and sauntered down the deserted street. The sky was milky white with stars. He never could understand why there were so many in Arizona and so few in Chicago.

Rosita Higueroa glanced uneasily about in the dark before tapping on the back door to the bank. When Charlie Frazier expected her, he turned off the overhead light. She pulled a black stole about her shoulders as she heard keys touching the lock.

"Hello, dear," he said, turning back and leaving her to trail him in. "I'll be about ten minutes yet."

He hadn't balanced the cash for the day. For years he had balanced to the penny, but these days he couldn't seem to count, and it was getting worse.

She dropped gracefully into the swivel chair while he returned to his cage. She began humming Golondrina.

The phone rang. Before he picked up the receiver, he knew it would be his wife. He told her he would be home in about two hours, that the bank examiner ——

She knew about Rosita. He didn't have any idea how she had found out, but she had. She had said, "No one can take the first ten years from us—and they're all that counts with me, Charlie. I've been dead now a long time."

He hung up and stood lost in thought. Rosita asked, "How is she, Charlie?"

"Not good—not good at all." He wished she hadn't asked.

"I'm sorry."

He glanced up. He knew she meant it.

She said, "I think you ought to go home." She was hurt as deeply by this as he was. He had betrayed not only his wife but this girl as well.

"You don't mind?"

"I've told you, Charlie." She rose, misty-eyed. "I wished I'd met you . . . before."

Shortly after Joe lost consciousness, they started climbing. She rode bareback behind him to hold him in the saddle and thought her muscles would tear apart. She had to dig her knees into the animal to stay on, and they, too, cried with hurt.

Marv led the way up over a stark, denuded land of rock and shale where they left no trail. The climb was so steep that the mules would place a foreleg on the next step, test it out, and then jump their hind legs up. Once she pleaded with him to halt, but nothing could hold him.

At last he chose a shallow cavelike recess beneath a great overhanging ledge, high up on the side of a canyon. It was a cavity in a soft spot of a rock wall, worn deep by the rains and winds and sands of a million years.

As she placed a saddlebag under Joe's head, her ears caught a faint sound in the dark depths. It was a soft murmur, as though someone had been disturbed in his sleep. And yet i was not that. It was a sound she had neve heard before.

Marv left, mumbling about tethering th mules in a clearing a short distance down th canyon. Anxiously, she bathed Joe's forehea and forced a few sips of water through hi swollen lips. His pulse was weaker, but hi fever had broken. He rallied slowly until at las he was fully conscious.

Later, after Marv returned, she attempted t spoon-feed Joe, but he couldn't take food Marv said, "You made it, Joe." He said i softly as though he might mean it. But he sti had the money, all of it.

The next moment he was asking, "Hov long can he live if he doesn't eat?"

She turned away without answering.

After another cold meal of canned mea and dried bread, washed down by water tha was hot from the canteens, she moved abou quietly, putting the supper things away. Jo had come around again. He was talking, an the sound of his voice was comforting.

She walked away from them, and stoo gazing out over the canyon. She heard Jo say, "I remember the first time I ever put eye on you. You weren't more than eighteen—an scared." His words fell uneven. "But you ha guts, kid, and that's what counted with m Everyone thought I was off my rocker cuttin you in on the Masterson job. But you've faile me, kid."

"What d'ya mean?"

Joe's words came slowly. "In my book, killer's a scared rabbit or he's not got th brains to do the job any other way." H sucked deeply for breath. "I'm trying to sa kid, I want you to smarten up."

"O.K., Joe."

"I mean it."

"I know you do."

Joe dropped his voice. "Another thing—I don't want you hurting her. I want you to se she gets back all right."

"O.K."

"It's the last thing I'm asking you."

Marv moved uneasily. "You'll pull through You always have."

She turned swiftly in alarm. Joe was cough ing. But he broke off almost immediately. H said slowly, "I don't think I'm going to ro my point this time."

"Come seven," Marv said. He got to h feet.

Joe said, "Yeah, come seven." He raised h head, looking her way. "Whatcha thinkin 'bout, girl?"

She sat beside him and wiped his fac "Nothing."

Marv wandered away. "Better take a loo at them mules," he said, and shortly th heard the stones rolling as he made his w down.

"Like what?" Joe asked.

She straightened the saddlebag under h head. "Well," she began, talking easily as s might to a hospital patient, "I was thinkin this was Saturday, and wondering if The Pe ple came around to the trailer to listen to th radio."

She held his head, touching the cup of wat to his lips. He took only enough to wet h throat. His breathing was becoming mo difficult. "The kind of job you did on me—yo shouldn't've given it up."

She leaned back, where he couldn't see he and it was almost as though she were talkin to herself. "A boy died in Los Angeles in th hospital. They said I killed him, and maybe did. I don't know, for sure. A little, towheade kid. He was only seven."

She hesitated, returning to the scene, seein the people clearly and hearing their voices. picked up the bottle. I thought I read the lab right, but if I did, someone had filled it wron I don't know."

For a moment there was only the sound the mules moving about. Then Joe said, "S you pull a booboo, girl. That's no reason f quitting."

No reason for quitting? But a person cou take only so much without breaking.

He was like the others. He didn't know th nights you awakened in the dark to see th boy smiling up from the hospital bed, telli you about the bicycle his folks had promis



This *plus* in his diet proves you care

➔ Only French's, the clean, dependable Parakeet Seed, has the big *plus* in every package—an exclusive *pep-up* biscuit that actually promotes vigor, sharpens appetites, aids digestion! French's Parakeet Seed, with Biscuit, is one of the "Basic Five" foods of the Natural Feeding Diet, shown below, the only *scientifically prepared* diet that provides *all* the benefits of the foods that wild birds enjoy.





French's®
NATURAL FEEDING DIET
KEEPS YOUR PARAKEET
HAPPY AND HEALTHY

m and asking if he could have a second helpg of ice cream. He didn't know about the ening you walked into the room for a roue check and there he lay motionless, his lit body twisted up in the last agonizing asm wrought by the poison.

"We all pull booboos," he was saying. "Me, never was much and it didn't matter. But arv, he had somethin'—if he'd stood up it."

Stood up to it? That was what Corny had d, that you had to face up to it, admit that was done and over, and go on living. Go on ing as though it had never happened? A boy d and you go on living as though it never ppened?

She turned quickly as Joe's words took on moan of a nightmare, bottled up in a oat tightening and cords no longer respondg. She slipped her arm about his head and ld him. Someone had to care—had to care ether he lived or died. His struggle eased a oment at her touch, as though his slipping nd reached out and found comfort.

He shook as he got the words out. "Come ven," he whispered.

A spasm racked him, and then the heavy eathing eased and grew quieter, until it was ne. She continued holding him a moment, mb with shock, then withdrew her arm, letg his head come to rest on the saddlebag. embling, she reached over his body to the lster. It was empty.

She walked to the edge of the recess. The oon was fading on the distant battlements, d the sweet, heavy, punnt smell of sage rose about r.

She felt a peace that had en a long time in coming. e never had thought she uld again nurse someone, d have him die, and in her llure experience the contment of knowing this s the way of life.

She stood a long time, mesmerized by her oughts. She wondered what crimes Joe had nmitted, if he ever had married and had ldren, if there were anyone who would like know of his passing, or would they rather be reminded of him. To die like this, flee, a hunted man ——

Marv's soft footfall thrust her sharply back o reality. As he came up, she said, "Joe's ad."

He stopped and shuffled, and ran a hand ough his hair. He passed without comment.

She lay on her back, stretched out on a sadd blanket, staring into the moon-bright sky. casionally she shifted to ease the hurt in her nes where they pressed against the ungiving ound.

Nearby Marv swore as he struggled to dig a llow grave with only a sharp rock and his nds. He went about it like a creature possed, fighting the process as though the th itself were an enemy to be destroyed by ack and curses.

She moistened her lips for the hundredth e, and struggled against the compulsion to n. Her reasoning told her that if she could it until near dawn, she might have a chance. the last of the darkness she would pick her y cautiously toward the mules, transfer d from the pack animal and saddle Romeo. he could get an hour's start before Marv akened, she would have time to retrace the l through the narrow pass between the fs. Once on the other side, she would push meo toward open country where she would seen if the plane came over again.

It didn't —— She refused to consider such ossibility. It was a plan weighted with hazds, and one she had rejected as long as Joe s alive. Now she had no alternative.

Below her, the fierce, incessant hacking of ground ended, then followed the shuffling eet, a long grunt as though a weight were ng lifted, and the unmistakable pushing of th in and over. A long minute passed, and other, then his footsteps echoed raggedly, ring her. His panting was that of an old dog pulled himself up into the recess. By will he, she slowed her breathing until it fell o the pattern of sleep.

His feet dragged until they were alongside her, then they stood perfectly still, inches away. A foot poked at her, and something hard struck the ground by her head. She jerked involuntarily and looked up to see the glowing cigarette, the bearded face, the burned-out eyes.

"Looking for this?" he asked, touching Joe's weapon with a foot. He enjoyed her consternation, before turning away. As he moved about, spreading a blanket on the ground and dropping his dead weight on it, she sagged with relief.

He finished the cigarette, turned on his side to face her, and soon was wheezing asthmatically in the restless sleep of a cat that would spring at the slightest alien sound.

She pushed Joe's gun away, knowing it was unloaded, then changed her thinking, and picked it up. She shoved it into her belt, to use as a club if she needed one.

As the chill grew more penetrating, she pulled the blanket close about her. A soft, lulling breeze rose, and sleep took her unawares. She knew nothing until the low throb of whirring wings aroused her, as the web-winged creatures swarmed overhead. She never stirred, though she sensed they had awakened Marv.

For minutes that seemed endless, she remained motionless. Then, certain he was sleeping soundly again, she freed herself from the blanket. Rising to her feet, she took anxious steps to the outer edge of the recess, where she hesitated, sizing up a three-foot drop. She eased her body over until her feet touched the smooth rock surface beneath, then slowly rested her weight.

She bent low and took a cautious step at a time, careful not to set stones rolling. A danger she had not foreseen loomed when she neared the clump of gnarled trees where the mules were hobbled. When they caught wind of her, they might grow restless or call out.

She crossed a rocky gully, and was lowering herself from a boulder when the shot exploded like a grenade in the stillness. Instantly, she threw herself spread-eagled on the ground. Then she wrenched herself into action and squirmed toward the protective cover of the clump of trees. The second slug spattered inches from her among stones that shot out under the impact.

She lay still, thinking perhaps he was firing at movement alone in the tricky light of early morning. Only he needn't. He could see her outlined on the ground, for the sun had come up with a rush over the mountain.

His footsteps crunched noisily, bearing down on her. They struck the earth with the weight of a man determined on a course.

Once the footfall paused, but only the slightest second, to permit a third shot to be fired. Again the slug ripped close, struck a rock and ricocheted, digging into the ground by her right shoulder. As she turned, a hand grabbed her by an arm. His scar was angry through his black stubble beard, his hair matted and his eyes bloodshot.

"Where you think you're going?" he yelled, and yanked her toward him.

Bringing up Joe's gun, she swung the butt for his head, but he was quicker, striking her wrist a blow that caused the weapon to spring from her hand.

"Don't you like my company?" he shouted.

She struggled, beating a fist against him. His arms encased her then until she was clutched so tightly she couldn't move. He felt the soft, yielding flesh against his hard muscle. His mouth bent her head back and pressed hard, and then he tensed, listening.

Slowly his arms relaxed, and the gun hand slipped for the weapon which he pressed into her. Indicating the clump of trees, he shoved her roughly toward them. Once there, he warned her to stand perfectly still.

The jet roar swelled quickly until its thunder pounded in waves on the canyon walls.

The craft was marked: U. S. Air Force.

The trail was so steep the two Navaho officers stood bolt upright in their saddles as the jet streaked over them. Through binoculars they studied the country spread below. Law and Order had advised them a half hour before that the plane would be coming over, and instructed them to climb to an elevation and watch for any sudden movement as the jet passed.

They looked for a flyspeck on the land, or for dust that might still float in the tree branches. But not a leaf breathed in the stillness. Only the distant shadows edged deeper into the canyons as the sun climbed into a sky daubed with white puffs.

Even though the fugitives had taken to a dry arroyo bed and later stayed with rocky country as much as they could, the trail was not difficult for the officers to follow. But the searching and the constant cutbacks consumed time.

Not too long after sunrise, they had discovered a bit of glazed paper, torn from a can wrapper, and knew the girl was marking the trail for them. Soon they found that she dropped the paper only when the trail turned. They rode faster now, kneeing and kicking the mules when they poked.

As they rode, the older talked occasionally into the mike. Several times the jet roared over them as the plane plowed the sky in furrows, like a farmer his land.

S S S S S

To fear love is to fear life, and those who fear life are already three parts dead.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

S S S S S

Let BUDS do it!



Baby care . . . Use 100% Sterile BUDS for baby's most delicate cleansing. BUDS are just the right size for baby's tiny needs.



Colds . . . Use 100% Sterile BUDS to cleanse nostrils, apply drops or ointment. The softest, finest cotton is used . . . safe for nose and ears.



Small cuts . . . Use 100% Sterile BUDS to cleanse small cuts and scrapes safely, to apply medication. Tight-spun BUDS won't "fuzz up."

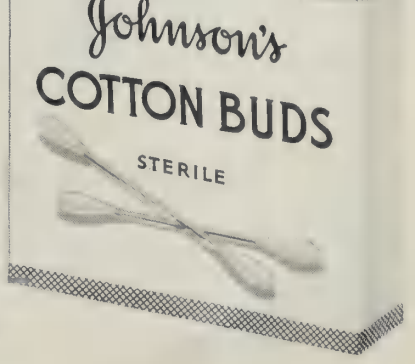


Tender gums . . . Use 100% Sterile BUDS to massage or treat tender gums. They're so gentle, so safe . . . handy for bedroom, bath, nursery.

100% STERILE

Made by the most trusted name in surgical products

Johnson & Johnson



Eventually, the binoculars circled a carrion bird wheeling lazily in the distant sky. He might be scouring the country as they were, or hopefully stalking a living creature. They knew it was the latter when the trail led them directly toward the floating bird.

At last they reached the narrow defile between the cliff faces. They paused, talking low in Navaho and scanning the rims of the cliffs.

They decided to chance it, not because they were reckless or brave, but because there was no other way to follow the trail. They slowed their mounts as they rode through the pass, their legs drawn up to clear the jagged walls.

Marv lay prone on the floor of the recess, staring below with fixed concentration. He was waiting, and had been for three hours. She sat behind him, where he had put her, so deep in the cavern she could not see below.

She knew now he had seen her marking the trail, and had let her. That was why he had pressed so hard yesterday. He had been searching for a setup such as this where he could pick the men off one by one.

And now they waited. The morning pursued its old, familiar routine. The sun warmed the cool air and slowly erased shadows still lurking in the canyon crevasses.

For a time she watched the carrion bird as it bobbed and floated. There was something hypnotic about it.

Marv talked about the plane. He figured they planned to drop parachuters if they located them. He was amused and proud of his importance. "The whole blasted Air Force!"

He was unworried. "I was sitting deep in brush on this hillside in Korea—and this plane was coming over—and here these four Reds come dropping down smack in front of me. I never moved. Popped 'em off one by one."

He paused, remembering. "I tell you, baby, I was a big guy with my outfit—except for a shrimp of a sergeant who told me to go to hell for working beyond our lines."

After a second, he added, "He never chewed me out again. They found him the next day—with a bullet dead on target in his back."

He said then, "You're like a girl I had ——"

"You told me. You really loved her, didn't you?"

He thought that over. "Yeah."

"Why didn't you marry her?"

"I dunno. It just didn't happen. Her folks were great ones to talk—me not good enough. Why, her old man never had a hundred bucks in his life."

"Maybe they weren't thinking about that," she told him.

"Whatdayamean?"

"Nothing."

"I don't like dames who don't mean nothing when they mean something. You hear?"

He added shortly, "Your hair's a mess—and do something to your face."

She was filing her grubby, cracked nails when she heard the first faint click of a mule's hoof striking rock. He covered the gun with his left hand so there would be no reflection. She tensed, and rose noiselessly until she could see the trail.

The click, click grew. A mule's nose came into sight. She struggled to cry out, but nothing filtered from a throat garroted by fear.

Marv waited. He was listening for their own mules, which might betray them.

The Navahos looked up as they rode out of the pass, and that second she got the scream out as Marv fired two quick shots. But her warning had been in time. Far Wind rolled off his mule and into a depression. The older fell behind his mount, using it as a shield. Marv dropped the animal almost instantly, and the Navaho sprinted for a boulder, part way up the canyon side. Marv held his fire, waiting.

The younger called, "We're the Navaho police. Come out with your hands up and we'll hold our fire."

The older was only a flash of movement between two rocks as he scrambled higher up the canyon wall. Still Marv waited. They were splitting his vision, the older man veering to the left, and the other, he was sure, would come up on the right behind a ridge that would hide him until he gained higher ground and could look across into the cavern.

It wasn't working out as he had figured.

The radio on their pack mule squawked, "Come in, Far Wind, come in. What's happened to you? Come in if you can."

Marv waited uneasily. The older one was going to sit there, behind that rock, until the younger had slipped into position across the way, up on the ridge. He couldn't have that.

He called out, "O.K., you down there—you win." He shouted to Ruth, "Get out in the open where they can see you."

She hesitated. He swore at her until she walked unsteadily to the edge and stood, clenching her hands to press the tremble from them. As he rose behind her, he tossed the weapon to the ground and raised his arms.

The older officer's voice called to her, "Where is the other man?"

"He's dead," she answered.

Still the older one didn't show himself. "Step away from the man, miss."

She moved several feet to one side, leaving Marv exposed. The officer emerged into the open, gun in hand. He squinted to shut out the harsh light that reflected upward from the white rocky ground.

"Come down here," he ordered Marv, "and keep your hands up."

In a fluid movement, so swift the eye could scarcely have caught it, Marv dropped flat, his hand slithering the same second for the weapon, which cracked as his body touched the ground. The Navaho crumpled without a word or moan, and was still. Ruth sagged to the ground.

After watching the prostrate form a few seconds, Marv shifted to scan the ridge to his right. He showed himself then briefly, rising and dropping in the same instant. As he expected, he drew fire. The slug shattered rock above his head. His eyes marked the spot where the officer lay concealed, and he answered with a shot triggered at random, intended only to pin the Navaho down.

He slipped behind Ruth and said, "Get up." He pushed her ahead of him, synchronizing his movements with hers, so that he was never exposed. She stumbled as she dropped from the ledge and he stumbled with her. His left arm went about her middle and squeezed her tight against him. As he shoved her toward the ridge where the Navaho lay, his legs walked with hers.

Far Wind contained them in his sights, biding his time until that split second when she would wrench free. He didn't permit himself to think of his friend, dead a few yards distant. He thought only of this killer advancing toward him with the girl blanketing his body.

The radio called anxiously, "Come in, Far Wind," a voice from out of nowhere repeating words as though it knew there would be no answer.

Stoically Far Wind waited. Foot by foot they climbed above him to higher ground. He couldn't wait much longer. Step by step the killer was moving into a position where he could pick him off with the ease of shooting a lizard playing dead.

He sent a stone skimming over the ground that struck shale behind the fugitive. But the ruse failed to divert the man.

He shouted to the girl, "Get out of the way, miss. Get out of the way."

She responded instinctively, but Marv only pinned her tighter.

Stooping low and half sliding, Far Wind scrambled frantically down the ridge. The earth swirled and rocked as he plunged for the cover of his mule.

Marv held him in his sights for a second, lining up a straight shot, then fired. It was as simple as the time he knocked a bobcat off a ledge.

He warned Ruth to shut up, and listened, and heard the brief death groan. He holstered his weapon as she slumped to the ground.

The operation hadn't gone as planned. But a man needn't worry if he could think as quick as he could shoot.

He raced down the canyon side, falling and sliding and picking himself up and running again, propelled by the exhilaration pounding through him.

Picking up the mike, he said, "Hello."

"Come in, come in," the voice repeated.

"You tell that boss man of yours his two boys won't be coming back—and if he sends any more cops down here, I'm going to kill the girl. Do you get that?"

He picked up the radio and pitched it to the ground and kicked it silent.

The day cooled perceptibly as dark storm clouds puffed themselves up in the west. They retraced yesterday's ride through the narrow defile, across the bald mountain and then down into a restful canyon of dark green, turning finally toward Rainbow Bridge.

She rocked along on Romeo in a daze, struggling to draw up a plan, but her mind sat like one of the great boulders they passed, immovable.

Marv said little. After destroying the radio, he had gone swiftly about the business of saddling the mules. He was a man in a desperate hurry.

He was sitting the saddle straight, lean and hard-packed. He looked always up, scanning the canyon walls and the cliffs, fearful of the same ambush he himself had set up. His right hand rode easily on his leg, near the holster.

At Redbud Pass he let the animal nibble at tender leaves. Swinging half around in the saddle, he said, "We're going to be together a long time, doll. We might as well come to some sort of working arrangement."

She busied herself straightening out a stirrup, feeling the blood rush through her. She couldn't wait much longer. She had to make a break, even if he killed her in the attempt.

His faint smile slipped, and he rammed his mount. Ploddingly they began the sharp rough ascent. In minutes they were through the pass. He pulled his mount up to let it catch its wind, and sat a moment, his gaze resting on her.

Once more the blast of a plane bore into their hearing, and again hope tugged at her apathy. Marv beat the mules and soon they were hidden in the thick foliage of a grove of stunted trees.

He waited a few minutes, then led the way back to the trail. His usual unreadable expression had given way to a pleased-with-himself look. He was beginning to enjoy the situation. He had outshot and outwitted the searchers; he had the $60,000 and her, and no immediate worries.

She heard a dog bark and swung around. Marv, too, looked back startled. A scrawny, half-starved mongrel raced out of the brush and snapped at the mules. Marv's hand slid for the holster as he let out a curse that sent the dog backtracking with its tail between its legs.

He pulled up the mule and sat perfectly still, reconnoitering. She wondered if he knew, as she did, that a dog indicated a hogan nearby.

"You ride ahead," he said. She nudged Romeo and passed him with the pack mule following.

He trailed close behind her, and slightly to one side, so he could again use her body as a shield. The tinkle of sheep bells came over and then a hundred yards or so off the trail a flimsy Navaho shelter took shape. Romeo slowed at the sight of a habitation, and Ruth touched her heels to his flanks. There must be no change of pace, not the slightest hesitation Marv would figure that she would try for a break.

Romeo's steps clattered in the stillness. The dog was yapping near the hogan, giving the alarm. They rode along a dry arroyo bed that wound through brush shoulder high. On the horizon, a rainbow curved in myriad colors about a dark mesa, and a yellow light she had never seen before fell over the land.

She scanned the hogan out of the corner of her eyes. Still there was no life, not even with the alarm given by the dog. But there had to be someone or there wouldn't be a dog.

She tensed and bent forward, pretending to pet Romeo. As she did, she freed her feet from the stirrups. Then she heard Marv's mule stumble behind her. In that second she dropped to the ground and plunged for the brush, gaining it as the shot exploded on her heels.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

THE UNPLANTED PRIMROSE

By THOMAS HARDY

"A pink primrose from the plant he knows
Let me send him in his far spot,
From the root I brought to his garden-knot
When he dwelt herefrom but a little mile;
A root I had reared at that time of love,
And of all my stock the best that throve,
Which he took with so warm a smile."

Such she sang and said, and aflush she sped
To her love's old home hard by
Ere he left that nook for the wider sky
Of a southern country unassayed.
And she crept to the border of early stocks,
Of pansies, pinks, and hollyhocks,
Where their vows and the gift were made.

"It has not bloomed!" And her glances gloomed
As she missed the expected hue.
"Yet the rest are in blow the border through;
Nor is leaf or bud of it evident.
Ah, can it have died of an over-care
In its tendance, sprung of his charge to spare
No pains for its nourishment?"

She turned her round from the wrong ones found
To the seat where a year before
She had brought it him as the best of her store,
And lo, on a ledge of the wall she neared,
Lay its withered skeleton, dry and brown,
Untouched since there he had laid it down
When she waved and disappeared.

1865–1867 Westbourne Park Villas

© Trustees of the Hardy Estate. This poem, discovered by Miss Evelyn Hardy among the unpublished papers of Thomas Hardy, is printed by permission of the Trustees.

"Shades of Rome...tempting ravioli ready in minutes"



SET YOUR TABLE the way Italians do—with heaping plates of ravioli . . . real Italian-style ravioli . . . Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli. You'll think you're dining in Rome!





You can serve a real Italian meal right in your home with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Italian-style Ravioli! It may not have the atmosphere of the Colosseum by moonlight . . . but it will have all the savory, satisfying flavor of this famous Italian dish.

It's been prepared for you by a master Italian chef, Chef Boy-Ar-Dee. His recipe captures the tantalizing taste and aroma of the finest ravioli—as it's served in Italy.

These miniature macaroni pies are filled with juicy beef . . . then simmered slowly in a rich tomato sauce that's full of meat . . . spiced to perfection the true Italian way.

You'll find guests appreciate the appeal of a dish so different. And you'll appreciate the speed and ease with which it's ready. Just open the can, heat and serve . . . and watch it disappear, at lunch, at dinner or as an evening snack.

And, most important when you're watching your budget, Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli costs *just about 14¢ a serving.*

real Italian-style

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®

Ravioli

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

Stooping low, she kept herself hidden as she fought her way through a thicket that clawed at her face and tore her clothes. She heard brush being trampled behind her and Marv shouting as he forced his mule down the trail she was breaking. She drove herself harder as he gained on her. A branch ripped her blouse and another caught in her hair.

Relief surged through her then as she emerged into a clearing and mistily saw human forms. She brushed her sleeve across her eyes, still running headlong, and two Navaho men, a woman and a little boy sharpened into focus. They were staring at her, and a little behind them the dog raced crazily.

The woman was big and broad and in her fifties. Coin-silver buttons sparkled on a velveteen blouse that was a bright red. As Ruth hurried up to her, Marv rode into the clearing.

Gasping, Ruth said, "This man's holding me prisoner. He killed two policemen this morning."

The woman continued staring, then glanced questioningly at the men.

Ruth turned to the men. "Have you a gun? Please—you've got to help me." She fought back the sob beginning to rack her. She had to make them understand.

The woman spoke in quick Navaho, and comprehension stole over Ruth, cold and wrecking. They understood no English.

Marv dropped slowly from the saddle, contemplating them one by one. "Just stay where you are," he said. He added to her, "Get on the mule."

She tried to recall the few Navaho expressions she knew. Into her mind flashed words for the phrase, "He is my enemy." She spoke them quickly to the woman.

Marv seized her wrist in a tight hold. "Shut up, damn you, or I'll pistol-whip you until you'll never see again."

The woman's puzzled look remained unchanged. And Ruth knew she hadn't given the words the right tonal quality, that they weren't understandable.

It came to Marv then that they knew no English. He indicated by pointing to her, and then to himself, that she was his wife. She screamed:

"No—it's not true. I'm not."

The men nodded and turned away. They wanted no part of a white man's quarrel with his spouse. The woman, pity in her dark eyes, turned too.

Marv grinned down at her. He broke into a laugh that boomed around the canyon and came reverberating back. Sobbing, she let him lead her without struggle to the mule.

He had broken her.

When Anne Hayes served up the roast beef with French fries and squash that night, she lingered before Rip a moment, taking longer than she needed to write the check. Her eyes looked bruised in a face that had faded these last days.

"He was laid out real nice. Looked like he did when I took him his coffee that morning, excepting some of the fellows had bought him a dark suit." She shook her head. "I sorta wish they hadn't, because I never saw Clay in a suit. He never owned one." She went on: "Seems like a long time ago—day before yesterday."

She hurried away to wait on a couple of truckers. When she returned, she asked, "Know anything?"

He looked up. "Nothing yet."

"People are talking sweet about Miss Madison—like she was dead. They say she sure was devoted to those Navvy kids."

"That's what they tell me."

They both turned as the door screeched. Charlie Frazier stood there, looking as though he had gone several nights without sleep. He glanced awkwardly about.

"Hello, Mr. Frazier," Rip said. "How about some coffee?"

"No, thank you," he mumbled and left like a cat surprised by a dog.

Anne said, "I could've told him Rosita hasn't been in tonight. But he doesn't think I know. He doesn't think anybody knows."

Charlie Frazier hurried across the street from Anne's and lost himself in the blackness of the alley behind the bank. He stepped up to the back door, his hand quivering as he searched his pockets for the key chain.

"Hello, Charlie," Rosita said, and he jumped. He couldn't see her, but he caught the scent of her perfume.

"I've been looking for you," he said.

"I know. I saw you."

"Come on in."

"No, Charlie." She cleared her throat. "I've got a job in Gallup—in a curio store. I'm taking the bus at eleven."

"But why?"

"You've got two swell daughters, Charlie." She handed him something. An envelope. She kissed him quickly, whispered, "*Vaya con Dios*," and was gone.

He stood in a daze. *Vaya con Dios*. Go with God. Another night he might have stopped her. He would have pleaded with her. But Clay's death—and his wife's going so soon ——

Inside the bank, he opened the envelope and counted the bills. A hundred dollars. He hadn't thought anyone had known he needed money so desperately.

He fell into a swivel chair. Two women had come into his life, each wonderful in her way, each loving him.

And both were leaving.

Slowly, as though counting them, Rip climbed the stairs to his dingy office. Switching on the overhead light, he closed the window to shut out the cold of the night, and then sank into the creaky chair behind the desk. As he did so, his eyes fell on the snapshot of Ruth Madison. By now, she had been gone fifty-four hours.

He loosened his tie, ran a hand through his hair and penciled some notes. Joe Barnes' car had been located by the Navaho police at Wide Ruin. Obviously the fugitives had planned to desert the helicopter, pick up the car and drive east, perhaps to Albuquerque. There they would have holed in and waited to divide the loot with the setup man.

He jotted down other notes: The state bank examiner reported that a preliminary check of the bank's books indicated no shortages. A financial and credit check run on several people revealed that none was in excessive debt, although all were living on slim margins. The Federal Communications Commission, which had sent equipment into Flagstaff to search for an illegal broadcasting set, reported none found. A study of every telephone call and telegram in a two-month period to Southern California cities frequented by Barnes and Marvin failed to develop any lead.

He picked up the phone on the first ring to hear Deputy Sam Morales' voice. Morales reported Rosita Higueroa was leaving town on the eleven-o'clock bus. "We haven't any reason to hold her. How about you?"

Rip told him no, hung up, and swung back in the swivel.

The steps on the stairs were cat-light and he called, "Come in" before Hosteen pushed through.

"You're part Navaho," Hosteen said, closing the door behind him. "You have ears that travel far."

Rip smiled. "Your men did a good job—finding Joe Barnes' car."

Hosteen shrugged. "This is our country. We know where to look."

The clamor of the phone cut in. He leaned forward as Rip talked a moment, then reported, "They're ready with the briefing."

They stood about a long table, the sheriff and Sam Morales and the other deputies, with Maj. Robert Downes of the U. S. Air Force at one end. He was a low-spoken, confident man in his mid-thirties.

They crowded closer to make space for Hosteen and Rip. Smoke floated in strata across the small tight office. The blurred chatter of the radio came from the outer room, and from far away the rumble of trucks.

"We might as well get goin'," Walt said. "The boys are all here."

The major indicated the strip photograph spread lengthwise on the table, and matched correctly section by section until a good pa of the Rainbow country lay before them. looked on fire, as though this were forest lan and a conflagration were raging.

He began easily, "We used infrared film— and you can see for yourselves what it doe The film causes chlorophyll, which is the sub stance that gives green to all foliage, to ap pear red. The result is this: every dark objec stands out prominently."

Picking up a magnification viewer, he ran across one strip. "The captain"—he indicate Hosteen—"has informed me that he sent tw men down to recover the bodies and that the would be at about this point at the time of ou last flight." He indicated two dark objects easily discernible as men on muleback.

"And here you will note what may be Navaho hogan. We're not sure about that— but you can see either a man or woman a shor distance away."

He moved the viewer farther. "I had th area blown up—which is on the trail to Rain bow Bridge. I would estimate within two mile of the bridge itself."

The natural arch was so clearly discernib that the detail of its rock facing stood out.

He picked up another photographic prin "Here on this blowup you can see the mule Two have riders, although you can't determi the sex from this altitude. We caught them they were trying to hide out in these trees

Walt turned to Rip. "What time do w move?"

"How about four o'clock?"

Walt nodded. He hoped to heaven th breaks would be with them, for no matter ho many hours a man put into planning maneuver, the breaks could decide it.

Ruth's gaze rode with the ground, and wit Romeo's steps. What she did was by rote— hands that without thinking pulled the tor blouse about her, fumbling to piece it togethe to cover her, and then ran unsteadily throug her tangled hair. Vaguely she knew when Mar swung about in the saddle, and sat for wha must have been several minutes studying he out of squinted eyes.

She straightened, and as she did she saw th expression that said he wanted to break he but not crush her, that he wanted a little fir left in her, so that when he grabbed her sh would give him the fight he enjoyed from woman. He wanted nothing by peaceful means, whether it was a woman or the loo from a raid.

As they rode, the sun fell and the shadow stole quickly down into the wrinkles of th canyon. Shortly afterward they came to spring and mirrored pool, at the foot of shee circular walls rising hundreds of feet, a natur amphitheater formed by solid coral sandston Runoff waters pouring down the cliffs had le the familiar black-brown stains.

She slid from Romeo hurriedly, before h could help her. She walked falteringly towar the pool, dropped to her knees and scoope the water in handfuls up over her face.

Turning about, she discovered him sti standing by his mule, his gaze roaming th length of her long, thin figure. He wiped hi face with a grimy handkerchief, moistened hi swollen lips and started for her. Step by ste she backed away toward the rock wall, boxe up in a dead-end canyon. All the words sh had thought up for the moment slipped fron her confused mind.

As he crushed her to him, she struggled, he arms flailing ineffectually. She said somethin then; she never knew what; but he didn't hear

Wrenching suddenly, she broke his grip, o he let her. She ran and stumbled and fell, an as she looked up, scrambling to rise, the clif was a straight line into a sky that the star were beginning to dot. The next she knew he shoulders were being pinned down, and wher the cliff and sky had been a bearded face cam down on her, hunting her lips and findin them, and grinding at them until she felt hi teeth, and struggled to scream.

Laughing, he looked down on her as sh lunged and kicked. "I like to feel you squirm ing, baby," he whispered.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80





The bottles tell you they'll taste just fine

Seems as if soft drinks are twice as delicious in clear, frosty bottles. Even before you pry off the cap, you know the sipping will be fine. But sparkling beverages not only look more appetizing in glass. They taste just the way you expect them to, because glass never adds anything to the flavor. To be sure of freshness and flavor, insist on soft drinks in glass.

GLASS CONTAINER MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, 99 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK



. . . an active life, a woman's life . . .

then how glorious it feels to rela



©1957, PUREX CORPORATION, LTD













n your SweetHeart bath

Warm . . . welcome . . . wonderful, aren't they, those precious moments of privacy?

But only in a SweetHeart bath can you savor all the luxury these leisure moments promise. Because SweetHeart's special secret is the unique way it pampers your hands and face and all of you . . . soothes you with a gentle touch that floats weariness away . . . whispers its fragrance that breathes femininity.

Only SweetHeart can relax you, revive you, reward you so well—because only SweetHeart adores you so.



now "glamorapped"
in new gleaming foil

because SweetHeart adores you so!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

Again she managed to pull her head away, and said, "Didn't you ever have a girl you loved—and respected—and wanted the way a man should want a girl?"

The taunt stopped him. Over his body ran a quiver that transferred to her. He said slowly, "Yeah, I had a girl." Momentarily, his mind was far away, then something inside pulled him back. "Don't try to snow me, doll."

His fingers dug into her shoulders and ripped her blouse, and his lips again fastened on hers but couldn't hold as she jerked her head about.

If she could only keep talking ——

But the words died in a muffled sound as he found her lips. The scream kept rising, never to find escape.

Suddenly she went inert, quitting the struggle. The second her body was quiet, he lifted himself a little and stared down questioningly at her. Half sobbing, she asked, "Is this the only way you can get a woman?"

The enjoyment ran out of his eyes. But he continued crushing her, his fingernails breaking the flesh of her arms.

She continued, "By brute strength—with a gun?"

He brought his hand up in a hard slap across her face. He shouted, "Don't you ever talk to me like that, you damn little broad."

He got to his feet, his fingers working as though they could strangle her. Then, turning, he walked away. Noisily he began unsaddling the mules.

By the time they ate, the stars were hung low, and so diamond-bright they cast a ghostly, milky light over the amphitheater and the pool, so that everything seemed unreal.

Marv alone was dimensional as he sat some distance away, rocking on his heels cowpuncher fashion. He was wolfing down a can of baked beans and the heel of a loaf of stale bread. He tore off chunks with an anger that was far from spent. She sat on the ground with her legs curled under her, and forced the food down with a wash of tepid water.

Previously she had broken the racking silence by asking to build a fire. He had come from hobbling the mules and had been tempted by the thought of hot coffee. Then he said, "We didn't when Joe was with us," and walked off. It was the first he had mentioned Joe, and it was evident he was closer to Joe now than he probably ever had been in life.

As they ate, the quiet once more began to work on her. She never before had thought of solitude as other than peaceful, but now the stillness itself was danger, treading noiselessly.

He drew his hands across his trousers, wiping them. "You're a cold one—for a nurse."

She was taken by surprise. "Why a nurse?" she asked.

He got to his feet. "You kidding?" he asked, and walked toward the pool where suddenly he swore and hurled a rock into the water.

He turned on her. "I can get plenty of women—women crazy about me," he blurted.

"I believe you," she said quietly. "You're good-looking, and you've got a way with you—when you're not taking things by force."

She wanted to keep him talking. "What happened with you, anyway?"

"You talk too much. I can't stand dames that talk."

She ignored him. "Did you ever know your folks?"

He didn't answer and she pressed, "Well, did you?"

He rose and sent a rock skipping across the water. "I was twelve when my mom ran off with the junkie."

He added quickly, "I'm not blaming her—or my old man. They were made that way. It's like the doc said. He's a guy I knew at Quentin. It's all the way you're born. The chemistry in you. You got it—and you can't fight it. Some guys are rabbits—and some drunks—and some of us are born with guts."

He talked as though this was something that had to be said, as though he had to explain himself to himself.

"And with us gutsy guys it depends on how the breaks go, whether we're heroes and they put up statues to us, or we're bums and they sock us in prison. You see, some guys never figure themselves. But I did a lot of thinking at Quentin—with doc's help."

He paused, listening, and she did, too, but heard only the shuffling of the mules, more restless than usual.

He played nervously with a handful of pebbles. "Most guys alibi. They blame their old man, or the breaks they got. But I don't. And I'm not asking for any redeal. I'm just happy I'm not one of them rabbit guys."

He began massaging the cords at the base of his neck.

She said, "You've got a headache."

"Sometimes I get bad ones. Migraines."

"I've got aspirin."

He fell back into his old taunting way. "You wouldn't dope me, would you, doll?"

"Don't be like that." After a moment, she added, "You think you're different from the rest of us—but you're not. Don't you know that most of us have wanted to steal at some time—or take something by force? That we've all got pretty much the same chemistry?"

INFECTIOUS HEPATITIS NOW A NATIONAL PROBLEM

● In recent years the liver ailment known as "infectious hepatitis" has reached almost epidemic proportions in the United States. Nearly everyone knows of a case among friends. It is now reported to be the third most common of our infectious diseases.

Seldom fatal, it is nevertheless a serious illness because of the long months spent in convalescence. Hepatitis is, presumably, caused by a virus, but the specific virus has never been isolated. It commonly produces jaundice, a yellowish skin color, in its victims. Even more unpleasant are the lassitude, weakness and irritability it causes. Fever, chills, nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, fatigue, joint and muscle pain, loss of appetite are other symptoms.

It can spread through personal contact, by drinking water, food and milk. Once an outbreak occurs, exposed persons can frequently be saved by inoculation with gamma globulin.

The only treatment is bed rest, controlled diet and avoidance, for long periods, of alcohol and too much physical exertion.

From Today's Health

He continued rubbing his neck, his head sunk on his chest. "You're doing too much soft talking, doll. I knew a con man like you once. He could soft-talk anybody."

His steps moved away, weary feet unsure of themselves. Soon he was stirring about where he had tossed the blankets when he unsaddled the mules.

"Here." A blanket was shoved toward her, and a hand set like metal about her arm. "You sleep up that way." He pushed her toward the face of the cliff. "I'm going to kill you, doll, the next time you try to run away. I'm going to line up my sights real careful and put a slug through that pretty head.

"Another thing—be real nice to me next time I want a kiss, or something's going to snap, and I'll let you have it. I won't want to—but I won't be able to help myself."

She couldn't bring herself to stretch out. She sat up, leaning against a boulder, and wrapped the blanket about the lower part of her body, leaving it loose enough, though, so she could free herself easily.

She followed him by the glow of his cigarette as he bedded down astride the trail where she would have to pass to escape. Her thoughts grabbed at straws.

But it was no use. He was thinking as she was thinking, putting himself in her place and checkmating each move.

The glow died at last, and he was quiet.

She suffered an exhaustion so utter that fighting off sleep was agony. By sheer will power she forced her mind to keep working. For a time she lay studying the stars and hunting for the ones her father had pointed out on camping trips—the Little Dipper, the Pleiades, the North Star.

She reached a decision as she put the Little Dipper together. She would chance one more break, and if she died, so be it.

Suddenly, she didn't want to die. She had a wild desire to live, and knew this was how her dad felt when he was slipping away, and knew it, minute by minute.

Hosteen roamed softly about the Law and Order room, glancing again at the wall map, checking a firearm, and sanding his finger tips so they would be sensitive to the touch of a trigger.

He swung about as the sheriff said unexpectedly, "We might as well come clean with each other. We all know who he is."

Patiently and methodically, the three had gone over the physical evidence this last half hour, and then sifted through what was not so physical—all those soft, impressionable, little footprints formed in a man's mind by what he has seen or heard, tracks so faint that sometimes only in talking them over do they take on meaning.

"It wouldn't hold up in court," Rip said.

"I'm talking about us," Walt said irritably. He added then, gently, "Though I still can't believe it."

"The People have a saying," Hosteen put in. "Man is like a coyote. Nobody knows which way he will jump—and least of all, himself."

Walt ambled toward the door. "I'm going to get off a couple of shots," he said. "I'll see you at the car."

Their eyes followed him. He was a man bothered and they knew it.

The helicopter rose over a hogan, a corral and a flock of sheep seemingly as fixed as the buttes and mesas. Two officers from the 93rd Transportation Company, U. S. Army, were at the controls, and an Army paramedic hovered behind them, scanning the silent blacked-out land. Within minutes they were drifting over the Rainbow country.

Hosteen watched the land slide by, thinking of lagoons and palms sweeping under him on flights in the South Seas; Rip studied his watch occasionally, knowing how momentous a minute could be in an operation of this type; Walt busied himself with his pipe; Sam Morales spun the cylinder of his .38; and Bill Parkinson shifted nervously in his seat, his gaze roaming from one face to the next in the way of a newspaperman searching out the facets of a story.

The first faraway dim gray of dawn was slipping into the east when the helicopter began settling, like a huge bird coming to rest. The pilot called for Hosteen, and the Navaho stood behind him, talking low, indicating a ledge of rock far beneath them. The two agreed that the hazard, already great, would be increased if they attempted to put down in the canyon bottom itself, and that the rock ledge offered the best landing site in view. Soon they were dropping between walls with the sensation of an elevator descending too rapidly. The walls were not so sheer as they had expected, but jagged with treacherous tentacles that jutted out sharply. Once the pilot took the 'copter back up and maneuvered it a few feet before lowering it again. Eventually they settled as easily as a bird on the narrow ledge.

They took their time leaving the ship, and afterward they took their time about everything, since in a country like this a man's gait had to be studied and thought out, and every chance reckoned with, as in a game of chess.

Walt said, "I'm figuring to stay here and handle the radio." Then he noted Rip's odd, questioning glance, and added, "My arm's giving me a little trouble."

Here deep in the canyon the night was still black. They huddled to recheck the plan before beginning the risky descent to the canyon floor. They were on the Colorado River side of Rainbow Bridge, and if their calculations were correct, the girl and the fugitives were encamped on the other side of the natural bridge. They had put down well ahead of them, and now would make their way back on foot. Hosteen would work one side of the canyon, and Rip the other, both on high ground, so that when the sun rose they might look down on the canyon and through binoculars locate the party.

The others would follow at a considerable distance, and would not move in until instructed to do so. It was agreed Hosteen and Rip would work the advance operation alone. They could maneuver more quietly than a posse, and hence the likelihood of taking the fugitives by surprise would be greater. They would keep in touch with each other through transistor microphones. Each man would carry a white-smoke flare, for use in case of serious trouble.

As the first sun splashed the cliff rim, Hosteen moved stealthily, walking with scarcely a sound, even stilling his breathing. He squatted low so he wouldn't be silhouetted against the sky, and watched his shadow as it moved along with him, since a shadow could betray a man. Frequently he paused to survey the country. Several times he glanced back, scanning the canyon as far as he could see, but he was unable to locate the two Navaho officers who were trailing him. He searched, too, across the way with binoculars, and at last found a sign of Rip when a long-stemmed sapling moved against the wind.

He whispered into the microphone, "Rip—Hosteen here. Hosteen here."

He informed Rip he was at Rainbow Bridge and would work past it toward the natural amphitheater and pool that was not far beyond.

On the opposite side of the gorge, Rip was well behind Hosteen when the message came over. His progress had been slower than the Navaho's. Occasionally he could hear the telltale stir of rock behind him as Sam Morales and another deputy followed at a considerable distance. Hosteen had said that the white man was heavy on his feet, that a white baby was never taught to walk.

At the top of a long rise, and then a turn, his gaze was pulled upward by the bridge span that bisected a sky of great pink rain clouds. The wonder and beauty and symphony of it all lay hold of him for the barest brush of time, and then the spell broke as Hosteen's low guttural words came over. "Hosteen here. Hosteen here. Party has been located near the pool, and the woman seems all right. They are breaking camp, just one man—and the woman. No sign of second man and from this distance cannot tell identity of fugitive. Will trail them as planned."

Long before the light began to filter the dark out, Ruth heard Marv tossing restlessly. Once awake, she began planning how to live out this day, how to crawl from hour to hour. She rose the second she heard Marv stirring, washed her face, and then got out the canned meat and bread.

He was in a sullen mood, his lower lip pushed out and his eyes stony. He didn't help her as she swung into the saddle. He gestured for her to go first, and she did, sitting awkwardly. There was more cold and ache in her bones than before, and every movement seemed to touch a bruise suffered the previous night. Romeo offered consolation, turning big, lugubrious eyes on her a time or two.

Marv rode hunched up, as a man will who is cold to the marrow. He never took his sharp eyes from the canyon sides, down which the sun was slipping stratum by stratum.

The fall of the mules' hoofs grew softer once they left the amphitheater, and more rhythmic as they settled into the old, fixed pattern. As they rounded a bend, Rainbow Bridge in all its bright, freshly washed hues of early morning rose with moving, telling effect. If Marv noticed, he gave no indication. For him it would be only more scenery, a landscape that was so many rocks and trees tossed haphazardly about.

Hosteen squatted in thick bushes, hidden by a boulder, and listened to the slow, plodding patter of the mules. He was so close to the trail that he could spit on it.

The wind had died, and a great stillness weighed on him. It was broken only by his own faint breathing which seemed loud, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82



because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Nothing matters but you two. Your world is all wrapped up in this one momentous moment. Don't let anything spoil it. Double check your charm every day with VETO... the deodorant that drives away odor... dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next-to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)



One touch of VETO dries away perspiration worries!

VETO is for you in more ways than one



Cream *Spray* *Stick* *Aerosol Mist*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

the crunch, crunch of the mules as they pounded out these last minutes to zero hour. As an idle apprehension nudged him, he squinted through the brush at the trail directly opposite. He had had to cross it to reach this covering, and had brushed out his footprints behind him step by step. They were obliterated, but still to an eye that could read this land, the brush strokes stood out in bold type.

He told his body to sag, to let his muscles rest. A man could hold himself tense only so long.

The deadened clip-clop shifted from a muted sound to one clear and distinct, and he knew they had rounded a turn some fifteen feet away and were bearing straight toward him. Swiftly, as a camera shutter records an impression at a thousandth of a second, he glanced their way to assure himself the woman was still in the lead. Then he averted his eyes, half closing them. Even a rabbit could "feel" a man's eyes on him. Henceforth, he would time his moves by ear, by the grinding of the hoofs on the hard ground.

In that thousandth of a second, he had seen a tongue running over swollen lips, a cheek bruised at the high bone line, and full, rounded, hurt eyes. He had noted, too, that she wore her stirrup loosely, and that was good.

The night's coldness was still on his .38 as Rip held it in one palm, and the flat, thin stone, shaped like so many he had skipped across a pond as a boy, in the other. From where he crouched, across the trail from Hosteen and considerably higher up, he could glimpse little more than movement through the dense brush. A woman's hips riding easily and then, seconds later, a man's equally at ease and with his far arm swinging close to his side.

Behind Rip, Rainbow Bridge loomed, and beyond, the sheer cliff walls. Minutes now. He took a long, deep breath, and his eyes followed down the slit opening in the brush to his left, straight through to the trail. As he watched, he held his gun hand in a splotch of warm sun close to the ground, and exercised the fingers, feeling the blood coursing again and the bones thawing out.

Seconds now. His hand tightened about the stone. When the mule's nose jutted into his line of vision, he rose ever so slightly and in a fluid movement sent the stone spinning into a clot of brush directly behind Marv. In the same instant, he fired a wild shot into the air that in the canyon's closeness seemed to blow up the world about him, hurl itself about the walls, and surge back on him in shock waves.

Simultaneously with the explosion, Marv swung around in the saddle, a flow of disciplined muscle that found the weapon in one swift, unbroken movement. Firing into the brush moving behind him, he jerked the mule's head up with his left hand, and dug his heels into the animal.

At the second Marv was turning backward, an arm went out in a swifter movement to lock about Ruth at the waist, and the same moment a hand clamped roughly over her mouth to shut off the gasp. As the explosion shattered her hearing, she was heaved in one violent swing from the saddle. The cliffs, the bridge ahead and the patch of sky whirled insanely, seemed to topple and all crash in the explosion, and somewhere up there, lurching madly, was Romeo's big head, and then a Navaho face. She was stunned, and yet somehow knew.

Marv's face became a part of the whirling sky as he swung back, but disappeared as brush closed about her. Another shot exploded. It seemed far away, but the ground burst open near her and spat in her face, blinding her. She felt the Navaho pin her to the ground. And then a man's voice was calling above Marv's. He was shouting something about officers, and calling for Marv to throw down his gun.

She didn't hear any more, because her own sobbing was in her ears.

Hugging the ground, Rip talked into the transistor microphone as he ran, trailing Marv, who had scrambled from the mule and taken to the heavy growth. On higher ground, Rip could see the brush breaking below him as Marv fought and ripped his way like some crazed animal, fleeing toward Rainbow Bridge. Rip followed doggedly, leaping a small gully, jumping from rock to rock, keeping under cover when he could and moving with the dart of a desert lizard when he couldn't.

He said into the mike, "Watch it, everyone. Subject attempting to gain Rainbow Bridge."

From that height, Marv could command the approach for several hundred yards and might hold them off until his ammunition was spent. By that time he possibly would have killed more than one officer.

As Rip ran headlong, his senses told him that the thunderous roar from higher up the opposite canyon was Sam Morales coming down like a bull. A shot roared, and then a piece of rock knifed Rip's cheek as the bullet chipped it from a boulder.

Racing, Marv emerged for a brief moment as he deserted a dry stream bed and streaked across a clearing, reaching the base of the bridge. Unexpectedly, then, he turned and stood spread-legged in the open, defiantly, as though he were a superman no human could shoot down. He took a few steps forward, raising his arms slowly but still holding the gun. His words were toneless:

"O.K., come and get me. You guys win."

Rip stood very still, and apparently Sam Morales did, too, for no living thing seemed to breathe.

Marv continued, "Hey, out there—do you hear me?"

Rip said slowly, "Throw down your gun."

The minute that followed dragged endlessly as Marv stood motionless, as much a figure in stone as the bridge above him. Rip felt the cold crawling up his back, and the sweat breaking out in its wake.

Marv tossed the gun before him. "I said, come and get me." He shouted defiantly, "What's the matter with you guys out there? You afraid?"

Rip whispered into the microphone, "Subject surrendering. Hold your fire and stay where you are—but cover me if you can."

He climbed out of the undergrowth into plain view, approaching warily, his .38 swinging along with him, loosely at his side. A pain slashed up a shinbone, and his feet were heavy as they half stumbled over the rough, unfamiliar ground.

Marv stared with all the hatred of the years, stared as if by the force of brute will alone he could halt him in his walk.

Suddenly he dropped like a dead weight, falling in the direction of the weapon. His hand snaked out for it before his body hit the ground, and brought the gun up. In that unmeasurable moment, the gun seemed to hang there, suspended by the hand. Then he doubled up, and turned once, in the wake of three roars fused into one as Rip and Hosteen and Sam Morales fired. Marv threw out an arm and was quiet.

Rip moved slowly toward him. He heard voices about him, Sam Morales and Hosteen, and Ruth Madison—and yet he did not hear them.

As the helicopter rose easily from its perch, she thought the canyon and cliffs shrinking below were a never-never land someone had made up; and as the craft climbed higher, some of the dull, deadened weight began to lighten.

She looked at the faces about her, rugged, deeply furrowed faces for the most part, sober, exhausted, needing shaves, quiet men speaking only to shake out a cigarette or ask the time. They were men she had never known, would never see again, who had given life back to her, impersonally, for that was the way of the law. But not entirely so, for they had offered water and hot coffee from their canteens, they had been solicitous about her while she waited for them to bury Marv, and later on the long hike back to the 'copter.

Her gaze dropped again to the open face of the country they were skimming over, hot in the brilliant sun, where at long last she had found herself.

A little after eight that night, Rip sauntered wearily into Anne Hayes' and dropped into a seat at the far end of the counter where he might be alone.

Anne glanced at him uneasily. "Hi, Rip," she said.

"Hello, Anne," he answered. "The usual, please."

It was like any other night, and yet it wasn't. As she brought the coffee and apple pie, the fork rattled and slid from the plate and the coffee slurped over.

Her eyes slipped away from his. "Will anyone have to know?" she asked, dropping her voice.

"I don't know, Anne."

"You mean they will."

"It's up to the United States attorney." He sipped at the scalding coffee, then added, "He may not see any reason to."

She looked relieved. "Clay was a good man, Rip. He just sort of—sort of drifted into things."

"Joe Barnes was in here, wasn't he? Talking with him?"

She bit her lip. "I'm sorry, honest I am, Rip. But I figured—well, it wouldn't do any good telling you, Clay being dead. It wouldn't have gotten you any place—and it would've hurt him with the folks around here. They thought an awful lot of him."

"How many times was Joe Barnes in here?" Rip asked.

"Only once I know of." She stared past h into the street. "Clay did it—for that hon wanted, and the kids we were going to ha He didn't think any harm would come o I'm sure. The money was insured and no would lose anything."

She busied herself then folding pa napkins. "I—I shouldn't be defending h the way it came out. But if you'd kn him ——" She met his eyes. "But I di know about it. Honest, I didn't. He ne told me."

"I believe you."

She finished with the napkins. "Nobod ever known about Clay if I hadn't opened big trap and said he was going over Chambers."

Rip forked the last piece of pie. "It wa that alone. It was other things."

It was little things, that at the time ha meant much, but in the aggregate did. C had locked the bag of money in the rear tru though Charlie Frazier said he never done that before, always tossing it back of front seat. A man wanting a holdup to l legitimate would lock the money up.

Then, too, Hosteen had noted that C had fired only one shot, although the Nav officer with him, Jim Begay, had emptied revolver. Yet Clay was fast with a gun. when they started putting the facts toget it looked as though he had held his fire that moment he realized Marv intended kil him, too, for the extra third of the split.

Clay's pockets had been rifled, moreo though Jim Begay's had not. Rifled perh because Marv wanted to assure himself hadn't jotted down anything incrimina

Then, of course, when the Navaho pc found the desperadoes' getaway car Chambers, Rip remembered Anne's idle c versation about a date she had with Clay t to a movie and how he had canceled out "s denlike" when he had to go to Chambers "business." It was evident now he had g there to cache the car for Marv and Joe.

The operation had worked out someth like this: Joe Barnes had wandered into F staff to look around, liking the town beca it was isolated. Perhaps he was planning hold up the bank. Anyway, he learned ab Clay and the money he was running up the Navaho country. Probably he took time in getting acquainted with Clay before sounded him out. Joe was the kind of who would appeal to Clay, a rugged fel like Clay himself and yet soft-talking easygoing.

Rip drained the last of the coffee and, risi placed the exact change on the counter.

There was hesitation in her voice. "I h you won't stop coming around."

He smiled down at her. "As long as keep making pies like that, I'll be around.

The day Ruth came back to the Red L Trailer School, Chee was waiting. He han her the piñon nuts, and said, "Worry killing me, Miss Madison, but the men w not let me go for you." He added accusin "They took too long."

She started to put a hand on his shou but quickly withdrew it and shook hands stead. "Thank you, Chee—and I think it wonderful of you to want to help me."

"Yes, sir."

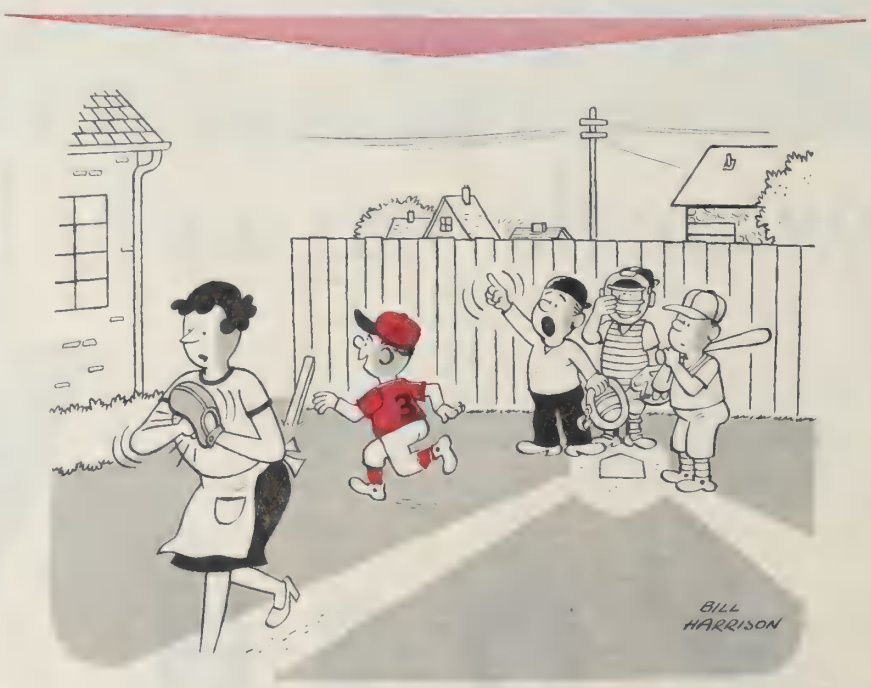
"Ma'am, Chee. Ma'am. How many ti must I tell you?"

He grinned. "Yes, ma'am."

After he scooted away, she stood a mom looking across the scorched wastelands to long strip of dark mesa wavering on the horizon, and up to the lazy white clouds in blue sky that was one big eggshell. This the land she had hated at first, and then gr to love, and these were the people who w always be close to her, no matter how far was from them.

Corny had written, "I've never stopped ing you, Hypo. I always knew someday find you."

Funny. A criminal had given her back life. Two criminals, for it was Joe who started her thinking, and it was Marv who mirrored her and shocked her into the t about herself. Two desperate men, on killer.



"Now substituting for Tommy Davis at first base is Mrs. Davis, while Tommy eats his lunch."

Try the field-fresh flavor of Del Monte® plantation pineapple



SPOON IT OVER VANILLA ICE CREAM! DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple makes a special sundae in seconds! Such delicate fruit flavor takes a lot of growing, a lot of knowing—and we specialize in both on our own DEL MONTE pineapple plantations. Each pineapple is patiently sun-ripened until the flavor is a perfect blend of tart and sweet. Then we harvest and can at peak speed! That's why, if you want all the natural field-fresh flavor of the finest pineapple, you'll buy DEL MONTE Pineapple—the brand that always puts flavor first!

5 fine styles–tender SLICES, dainty TIDBITS, bite-size CHUNKS, handy CRUSHED, refreshing JUICE

just comb it in...

then comb out!





the world's first 1-step permanent!

creamy Prom

end curl Prom

Creamy Prom

FASTER...BECAUSE PROM IS A WAVING CREAM! Just comb in PROM's waving cream once—(then roll up and rinse). One Step! That's all. The neutralizing is automatic! When your wave's ready... *comb out!*

EASIER...BECAUSE PROM IS A WAVING CREAM! No dripping! No dabbing! No messing! Creamy Prom stays where you put it—waves where you want it!

SOFTER...BECAUSE PROM IS A WAVING CREAM! No after-wave dryness! No snarls! No frizz! PROM is rich with costly conditioners. It actually waves in silken softness... leaves hair far easier to manage. And, it's the longest lasting home permanent you've ever had! **TRY IT!**

NEW HOPE FOR CHILDLESS WOMEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

sing a slight bleeding or "premature men- in some 20 per cent of the treated monthly es. Even though these "breakthroughs" d be overcome by a prompt increase in age, their occurrence was inevitably highly urbing to the patients. From Pincus' point iew, the fact that progesterone inhibited lation only about 85 per cent of the time ned as a major drawback to its potential s use.

'hat was obviously needed—both for k's purpose and for Pincus'—was a com- nd as harmless as progesterone, yet far e potent in suppressing ovulation and— r as Rock's goal was concerned—at least ffective, if not more so, in the relief of :plained sterility.

t Pincus' request, several leading hormone ufacturers set their best research chemists preparing whole groups of synthetic oid compounds differing from proges- ne in one slight chemical detail or another. all through the summer and fall of 1954 ights burned late in the labs at Worcester ore than fifty of these compounds were :ned, for safety and potency, upon batch batch of rabbits and rats.

December of that year, the long series imal experiments was completed. Fifteen ne fifty compounds had proved to have e effect as ovulation inhibitors. More im- nt, two of these not only were effective n administered orally but were also from to ten times more potent than proges- ne in inhibiting ovulation in laboratory als.

us, John Rock—aided now by Drs. i Mastroianni, Jr., John V. Kelly and R. Garcia, who left his post as assistant ssor of obstetrics and gynecology at the ersity of Puerto Rico to join the Brook- eam—began to recruit a new group of fertile women for a third series of tests. again each woman went through a pre- ary month of testing to make sure that vas a "natural ovulator." Then each be- aking one or the other of the new drugs outh, from the fifth through the twenty- day of her cycle. But, where the women e earlier tests had had to swallow 300 ligrams of progesterone every day, those the new drugs now received no more 50 milligrams daily, and, in some in- ces, as little as 10 milligrams a day.

Despite these far smaller doses, tests showed he new compounds achieved a virtually 00 per cent inhibition of ovulation. And h the women completed their two-cycle or r-cycle courses of treatment, every last n of them promptly resumed her normal at n of ovulation and menstruation, in- ic ng that the drug had no deleterious ef- ect pon their organs.

a third time, Rock sweated through the va ng period for the first signs that the new ru could evoke what his colleagues now all the Rock Rebound. Within eight weeks is orries ended as the first ecstatic patient us d to his offices and proved indeed to be re ant. During the next few months, six no of his 50 troubled women heard the an glad tidings. Two of them had been ai striving for motherhood for more than u nd a half years. Another had been in- rt for at least five years. And in still an- the case, pregnancy was achieved after more ha ix years of hoping against hope.

T new synthetic hormones were not only io potent than progesterone in suppressing vu ion; they had evoked the rebound re- ti in 14 per cent of this seemingly hope- ss roup after everything else had failed. nc hey had produced far fewer—and far il —side effects than had occurred in the ir progesterone experiments.

Si e 1955, the medical team at the Re- pd ctive Study Center has treated 60 addi- on barren women. As this is written, re -of the 25 in this group who have com- et therapy four months or more ago— e w pregnant.

(I recent months, a number of other ne logists have been repeating the Rock experimental pattern. At the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York, for example, Dr. Maxwell Roland has conducted a pilot study involving 19 patients who had suffered from infertility for from two to ten years. Unlike the Rock group, 10 of Doctor Roland's patients were women who, tests revealed, failed to ovulate at all in at least some of their cycles. Yet within three months after the completion of treatment three conceptions occurred, including one to a woman who had not previously been ovulating.)

While the new synthetic hormone was so spectacularly enhancing the fertility of the barren patients of Doctor Rock and other physicians, Doctor Pincus was searching for an opportunity to test its efficacy as a fertility inhibitor under the most rugged of circumstances. He found both that opportunity and the ideal person to conduct such mass tests, in Puerto Rico. There, a tremendously high birth rate and a rapidly falling death rate—the result of excellent public-health measures instituted by the commonwealth government—had combined to make this beautiful island one of the most overpopulated areas in all the world. And there a determined and energetic woman, Dr. Edris Rice-Wray, the medical director of Puerto Rico's Family Planning Association, was willing to undertake the exacting and demanding work of organizing a prolonged, mass experimental test.

Early in 1956 she set herself a twofold goal. First, to establish beyond a doubt whether or not the new hormone would be really effective. Second, to determine whether women without financial or educational advantages would find the drug acceptable and be able to follow conscientiously the necessarily complicated directions for its effective use.

In a bustling slum-clearance development, near San Juan, Doctor Rice-Wray and her aides began to visit women who had already given birth to one or more children and who were under 40 years of age. Many had to be rejected for the study because either they were pregnant or they had undergone a sterilization operation. But as the grapevine carried the word from house to house that the "lady doctor" could help women have only as many children as they could support and take care of, the interviewers were besieged by several times as many applicants as the 100 they had originally planned for their case load.

The anxiety of these poor women to be included in the experiment was easy to understand. Typical was Julia A——, at 31 already the mother of five children and the wife of a mentally ill husband who would not consent to sterilization for either himself or his mate. Felicia G—— had even more reason to grasp eagerly for surcease from childbearing. Though she was but 30 years old, she was already the mother of ten children ranging in age from 16 years to 10 months. And because her husband was both ill and a heavy drinker, the major responsibility for supporting this brood fell upon her.

Early in April, the 125 accepted women were visited again. Each was supplied with a vial containing 20 pills. Each was instructed to take one pill a day starting five days after the onset of her period. Following these directions, each would automatically discontinue medication on the twenty-fifth day of her cycle, since the twenty-pill vial would then be exhausted.

The vast majority of the women followed this regimen to the letter, month after month. Others who forgot the directions or moved away were dropped from the test group and replaced—from time to time—with new volunteers. Some, at the start, complained of dizziness, nausea or headaches. But many of these continued faithfully to swallow the pills and eventually their mild reactions faded and disappeared.

By last January 1st, 221 fertile women under 40 years of age had been taking the new drugs for periods varying from one to nine full months, while they continued to live with their husbands and had no recourse to any other method of birth control. Yet, as long as they took the pills, not a single one of these women became pregnant. "The drug," Doctor Rice-Wray declared, "has given 100 per cent protection against pregnancy in ten-milligram doses taken twenty days of each month."

Nor did the medication have any detectable effect against the fertility of these volunteers. This was demonstrated by the post-treatment pregnancy record of the 113 women who discontinued taking the medication at various times during the year. By last January 1st, 17 of these women had become pregnant, just about as many as would have conceived children within the same period of "exposure" if they had never taken the pills at all.

(The mass tests in Puerto Rico are still continuing. As of May 15, 1957, 117 women—who were still taking the pills—had completed treatment courses for as long as sixteen menstrual cycles without ill effects. And still not a single woman had become pregnant while participating in the experiment!)

During the last year and a half, as reports of the Rock and Pincus studies have been discussed at medical meetings and published in scientific journals, numerous other endocrinologists have initiated their own experiments with the new synthetic hormones. At recent conferences, many of these specialists have reported that the new synthetic hormones have proved markedly helpful in relieving varied and deeply troublesome disturbances of menstruation.

S S S S S S S

I do not pin my dream for the future to my country or even to my race. I think it probable that civilization somehow will last as long as I care to look ahead.

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

S S S S S S S

Dr. Robert W. Kistner, of the Free Hospital for Women, Brookline, has used the hormone combined with an estrogen, stilbesterol, in successful treatment of women suffering from endometriosis, a painful and sometimes sterility-causing ailment which Doctor Kistner estimates is responsible for up to a third of all gynecological problems. Heretofore the only nonsurgical treatment known for endometriosis has been for a woman to have a baby, precluded in many cases because the condition itself induces sterility. Now the way is opened for relieving even unmarried women of endometriosis without resort to surgery; and married women suffering from sterility induced by endometriosis may now become pregnant without first undergoing an operation.

Dr. Anna Southam, of Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons, for example, has described her treatment of a group of 17 women suffering from amenorrhea, or complete failure to menstruate. In five of these refractory cases—an astonishingly high proportion—normal menstruation periods occurred shortly after completion of oral treatment with the new hormones. In one instance, after a three-cycle course of treatments, menstruation took place for the first time in nearly eight years. Drs. Harry Kupperman and Jeanne A. Epstein, of the New York University School of Medicine; Dr. Jay J. Gold, of Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital; and Dr. Maxwell Roland, of the Albert Einstein Medical College, are among others reporting similar successes in the relief of amenorrhea.

Uterine hemorrhages and excessive menstrual flow—metrorrhagia and menorrhea, to the M.D.'s—have both been promptly arrested in a large number of cases treated with the new hormones by various experimenters. Dr. Carl Heller, of the University of Oregon, for instance, has stated that for women suffering from prolonged or excessive bleeding, the hormone has repeatedly stopped the flow within six to twelve hours. Of a series of 15 women treated for the same condition, by Doctor Southam, 14 were promptly benefited by oral doses.

Menstrual cramp, or dysmenorrhea—a condition which periodically agonizes more than one third of all women—has likewise succumbed to the medication. At the Touro Infirmary in New Orleans, for example, Dr. Carl H. Weinberg recently reported on his treatment of 26 such cases. In 20 of these, the new drug either provided complete relief from all discomfort or, at least, sufficient relief to make it possible for the patients to perform all their usual duties. Dr. Emil G. Holstrom, professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the University of Utah, has reported similar—though not quite so uniformly successful—results in the treatment of a series of sixteen young women suffering from dysmenorrhea.

Particularly spectacular was the relief afforded one young New Orleans woman who had suffered from painful menstruation for more than ten years. As a schoolgirl and later as a saleswoman, she had been compelled to stay home for at least two days every month by the severity of her cramps. Various medications and even a dilation and curettage operation had afforded her no relief. But after taking 10 milligrams nightly for twenty days, she experienced her first pain-free period. Continued treatment provided equally complete relief in subsequent months.

Especially surprising have been the effects of the new hormone in relieving the premenstrual tensions which make innumerable women extremely nervous, irritable and depressed during the days immediately preceding their periods. In Portland, Prof. Carl Heller, of the University of Oregon Medical School, treated a series of 20 women seriously affected by this syndrome, obtaining "excellent" results through three or more menstrual cycles. Doctor Weinberg has reported equally good results secured by the oral administration of just one 10-milligram tablet daily for only one week prior to menstruation.

For the treatment of menstrual disturbances, the new hormones will shortly be made available to all physicians by two leading pharmaceutical houses. They will be obtainable only upon a doctor's prescription.

But the new hormones will definitely not be released, in the immediate future at least, for widespread use as birth-control pills. Despite the phenomenal success of the Puerto Rican experiments, both Doctor Pincus and Doctor Rice-Wray strongly emphasize the fact that additional mass trials will be necessary before they can be deemed completely ready for medically unsupervised use. It will be essential, for example, for extensive tests to be conducted under the even more difficult conditions of squalor and illiteracy to be found in the crowded villages of Japan and India. In both countries, plans for such trials are now in their preliminary stages.

Cautious researchers also point out that, though the Puerto Rican tests have revealed no deleterious effects after more than a year of oral use of the new hormone, only longer use by volunteers will provide full assurance that such effects will not take place even if the drug is utilized for several years at a stretch. Further experimentation will likewise be necessary to reduce—or eliminate entirely—the reactions which still trouble some users today.

Yet, notwithstanding these reservations, the fact remains that the pill is no idle dream but rather a practical and imminent possibility. Nor are the new hormones the only arrows in science's quiver. Already scores of other closely related compounds are being synthesized and readied for testing. One or another of these may prove even more acceptable or cheaper to manufacture than the drugs we already have.

Thus, mankind today faces a doubly happy prospect. Thousands of despairing, infertile couples may soon see their dreams of parenthood fulfilled. And the explosive growth of population that today condemns swarming scores of millions to perpetual poverty may be stemmed and brought under control. END

COOL SUPPER IDEAS:
with chilled Cranberry Sauce

It's a natural hot-weather food—Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce, jellied and chilled igloo-cool. Bright contrast to turkey or chicken or ham, it's an elegant salad escort, too—for meat, fish, or vegetable. And see how it points up the flavor of summer fruits! You'll wonder, "Why didn't I think of that before?"



NOW IN CANADA, TOO!

For a holiday flavor any day—serve

Ocean Spray CRANBERRY SAUCE

Have dinner at any hour—when it's cold chicken with Cranberry Sauce. Or supper on the porch—your favorite molded salad of chicken or tuna, centered with cubes of jellied sauce. Or a pineapple luncheon plate, sparked with Cranberry Sauce.



DOUBLE



STUART

Opening night: Blanquette de veau, savory with vegetables and golden veal, in a subtly flavored sauce.

Summertime, with its wealth of fresh fruits and vegetables, showers blessings on the inventive cook. One thinks of platters of cold sliced tomatoes sprinkled with fresh basil, served with homemade mayonnaise; bowls of hot corn chowder; cucumbers cooked in butter, with a pinch of dill. But there are all those beautiful sunny days, and who wants to spend much time indoors preparing meals, in even the most inviting kitchen? One way to deal with this problem: the main dish which can be made in double quantity, and completely transformed, quick as a wink, for the next night so that no member of the family could possibly penetrate the disguise. Here's how it works: The first night, for instance, you make a double quantity of a delicious golden veal stew, putting half aside to store in the refrigerator. The first night it is served with tiny tender carrots and whole onions, plus noodles. The second half of the stew, the second night, minus vegetables, is seasoned with curry powder; raisins and water chestnuts are added; it's served with buttered rice.

First night: BLANQUETTE DE VEAU

Flour lightly 4 pounds boneless stewing veal, cut into 1" cubes. Brown th veal in a skillet in 5 tablespoons butter until golden. Remove veal to a heav skillet or Dutch oven. In the skillet, make a roux with the drippings and tablespoons flour. Gradually add 4 cups chicken broth, stirring constantl Season with 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ¼ cup wine vinegar, 1½ teaspoo salt, ¼ teaspoon each pepper, thyme, rosemary, and ⅛ teaspoon powdere cloves. Pour over the veal and simmer over low heat for half an hour. Remo half of the veal mixture. Cool, cover and store in the refrigerator for the follo ing night. To the remaining veal, add 15 small, peeled white onions and 4 ca rots, sliced. Simmer another half hour. Makes 6 servings.

A second version of this "double feature" plan goes this way: The basis of the two recipes is a richly flavored tomato sauce, with tiny meat balls. Half of the sauce is reserved in the refrigerator for the second night. The first night's dish is a delicious casserole of spaghetti and cottage cheese, layered with meat balls and sauce. On its second appearance, the other half of the tomato-meat mixture, spicily flavored with chopped green pepper and chili powder, becomes the basis of a steaming tamale pie. You'll see how it goes:

First night: BAKED SPAGHETTI CASSEROLE

To make the meat balls: Add ⅓ cup milk to 1½ cups soft bread crumb Mix together with 3 pounds ground round steak, 1 egg and ½ cup mince onion. Season with 1 tablespoon salt, 1 teaspoon each garlic salt and mono sodium glutamate. Then add ½ teaspoon each black pepper, thyme, *orégan* and bitters. Finally add 2 dashes hot pepper sauce. Remix to blend the flavor Shape into small meat balls and brown in a skillet in 4 tablespoons butte Remove them when well browned and add 1½ cups chopped onion. Brown th onion also and then put the meat balls back in skillet.

To make the sauce: Over the meat balls pour 2 No. 2½ cans tomatoes, or 8-ounce can tomato paste, 2 cloves garlic, crushed, ½ teaspoon *orégano*, ½ teaspoon each thyme and basil, and ½ cup crumbled, cooked bacon. Simm about 45 minutes. Remove from the heat and adjust seasonings if necessar Divide in half. Cool and refrigerate one half, well covered with aluminum fo or plastic wrap.

FEATURE DINNERS

Delicious hot-weather dishes
to make in twice the quantity,
ompletely transformable for the next night's meal.

By NANCY CRAWFORD WOOD



2 *Second night: A spicy curry, served in a ring of rice, crunchy with sliced water chestnuts, sweet with raisins.*

econd night: CURRY OF VEAL

Heat the refrigerated veal and sauce, made the night before, in a saucepan. dd 1 cup thinly sliced water chestnuts and ½ cup seedless black raisins. Sea- on with 2 tablespoons curry powder, 1 clove garlic, crushed, and a pinch f saffron. Simmer half an hour. Remove pan from heat and quickly stir in ½ cup commercial sour cream. Serve with rice, or in a molded rice ring.

To make the casserole: Cook ½ pound spaghetti according to package direc- ons. Then place half the cooked spaghetti in a buttered 3-quart casserole. ver this spread 1 cup creamed cottage cheese mixed with ½ cup commercial ur cream. Cover with half the meat and sauce. Top with remaining spaghetti nd dot with butter. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate, 350° F. oven, uncovered. lakes 6 servings.

econd night: TAMALE PIE

Gently heat the other half of the sauce and meat balls, which has been efrigerated overnight. Add 1½ tablespoons chili powder, 1 large green epper, seeded and diced, 2 dashes hot pepper sauce, 1 cup chopped, pitted lack olives and 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce. Crush the meat balls a ttle with a fork while the sauce is simmering.

To make the crust: Mix 1 cup dry corn meal with 1 cup cold water. Add to cups hot beef bouillon and cook gently, stirring occasionally, for 30 min- tes, or until thickened. Remove from the heat and stir in 2 tablespoons butter nd 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. (This mixture can be stored in the refrig- rator overnight. If so, mix when ready to use, until softened, with a rotary eater.)

Spread the bottom of a 3-quart casserole with a little over half of the corn- eal mixture. Pour the meat sauce over. Then spread the remaining corn meal ver the top, leaving a circle in the middle uncovered. Bake in a moderately ot oven, 375° F., for 35–40 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

When a step stool is handy... everything else is!



GET A COSCO® STEP STOOL

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if not as advertised therein

● High spots to reach? Up and at 'em on ■ Cosco Step Stool, *the safer household ladder with the extra-roomy, rubber-treaded steps!* A restful seat, too, for kitchen chores. Chromium or black enamel legs; washable Duran upholstery, six colors. At department, furniture, hardware stores. Got yours?

Model 4-M $13.95
($14.95 Colorado and west)
Other models as low as $9.95

HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
COLUMBUS, INDIANA

MONEY...
In Your Free Time

Spare-time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
201 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania



DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?
$50.35 IS YOURS
for selling only 53 boxes of our Christmas Card Lustre Line. Free samples. Other leading boxes on approval.

It costs nothing to try.

Last year some folks made $150-$250-$500 from now to Christmas. Church groups and organizations did this, too. No experience needed.

Write today

COLONIAL STUDIOS, Inc., Dept. 641, White Plains, N.Y.

Thick Rich **BROADLOOM** Why Pay More?

SAVE UP TO ½ by Sending Your Old Rugs, Carpets, Clothing to the OLSON FACTORY



2 Rugs in 1
Use both sides. Double the wear! Each sq. yd. weighs 3¾ lbs.

By the Famous Olson Process, we scientifically reclaim the valuable wools and materials in used carpets, rugs, clothing, etc., sterilize, merge, shred, bleach, picker, card and combine with choice New Wools, then redye, respin and weave into luxurious, new, Two-Sided Broadloom (almost ½ inch thick). Any size to 18 ft. wide, seamless, any length in ■ Week. Easy Monthly Payments.

CHOICE of: Embossed Effect, Floral, Solid Colors, Early American, Scroll, Tweeds, Tree Bark, Ovals

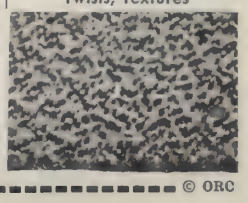
Over 3 million customers. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Our 83rd year.

FREE Big, New, Money-Saving Book in Color—Model Rooms
Mail Coupon or Postcard

Your Name.....
Address.....
Town.....
State.....

OLSON RUG CO. *Dept. P-35*
CHICAGO 3500 N. Crawford — NEW YORK 15 W. 34th St. — SAN FRANCISCO 209 Post Street

Rich New TWEEDS, Twists, Textures



© ORC



For weight watchers... new low-calorie **D-ZERTA PUDDING**

Now weight watchers can have dessert—sweet satisfying D-Zerta Pudding. It is made without sugar yet has all the goodness of America's best-liked pudding. Everybody enjoys it! You'll want to try all three flavors—*Vanilla*, *Chocolate* and *Butterscotch*.

D-Zerta Gelatin is made without sugar, too... in six tempting flavors. Keep several packages on hand for refreshing salads and bright, low-calorie desserts that cost only pennies a serving.

D-Zerta and Jell-O are registered trademarks of General Foods

Compare the calories in one serving	
Peach pie	406
Vanilla layer cake	309
Lemon sherbet	241
D-Zerta Pudding (*with skim milk*)	54
D-Zerta Gelatin (*all 6 flavors*)	12



Made by the makers of JELL-O desserts...so you know it's good!

MUST SCHOOLS BE PALACES?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Indian and East Asian children of greatly contrasting color.

The climate of the school impressed me greatly—an atmosphere of industry, decorum and gaiety. Obviously these children, want to learn—to speak and write correct English, to know their "figures," to learn about the history of their own old lands and of the New World, and much opportunity is given them to develop their artistic talents and perceptions.

The moral background is in the great tradition of American liberal democracy—of freedom and order, individualism and co-operation. It interested me to see how these children responded to some of our great American documents, reading into them the aspirations of their own peoples. Most of them know the Gettysburg Address by heart, seeing it as universal, not national and provincial, and when they sing "My country, 'tis of thee"—as they do—they sing of their own aspiration to be members of a "sweet land of liberty."

This school attempts only to *teach*—in an interesting but thorough way. Except as learning is itself entertaining, it does not entertain, feed or transport children, nor accept the responsibilities that traditionally, everywhere, have been assumed by families. Yet it is undoubtedly forming as well as filling the chil dren's minds.

The physical plant is not adequate because first, twice as many parents wish to enroll thei children as can be accepted. It needs an as sembly hall, a playground and administratio offices. But it neither needs nor asks for room in the "decorator colors" that have becom standard for modern schools all throug the country—violent blues, yellows, pinks greens—or for miles of glass walls that the have to be provided with draw curtains to kee *out* an overglare and that have to be cleaned along with wide long corridors that must b mopped every day.

How are these great plants such as the on in the New England village to be maintaine if even a minor recession from full employ ment sets in? The contrast seems to me to prov that many costly things, however desirable, ar relatively incidental. And nothing has s raised American prestige in Tangier as "The American School," partly, I am convinced, by its modesty.

There are schools in this country that hav become famous, not at all for their plants an equipment, but for the clarity and integrity o their educational purpose and the quality o their teaching. These are the important things

BEGINNER'S LUCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

confidence. "I heard about you," he said, and paused. "You wouldn't be any relation of Sir Jocelyn Curtis, would you?"

"I'm his son," I said, in as neutral a tone as I could manage.

Hunt regarded me for a moment in gloomy silence. Then he turned to Lawson. "Seen any good fires lately, Jack?"

"I hear there was a big one in Whitechapel last night," Lawson said. "At a furrier's."

I smiled rather sheepishly.

Martin said, "It's your turn to buy the coffee, Fred."

"What, when I've been away all week? Not on your life! Curtis can buy it—he's probably rolling, anyway."

I dialed the canteen and ordered five coffees. Presently the newsroom door opened with a bang, and a perky youth came out, whistling softly between his teeth, and gave Hunt a cutting. "Mr. Blair thought you might like to see this."

If you want to travel fast, travel light—take off all your jealousies, prejudices, selfishness and fears.
GLENN CLARK

Hunt took the cutting between his finger and thumb as though it were contaminated and dropped it into the wastebasket. "Now why would he think that? . . . Ah, here's the coffee! Morning, Phyllis! Have a good time last night?"

The waitress said, "None of your lip!" and passed the cups around.

Lawson looked up from a copy of the Courier he was reading. The Courier was the Record's chief rival. "I say, Fred—do you see Mollie Bourne's got herself mixed up in a story again? That girl doesn't report the news, she makes it!"

"What's she been up to this time?"

"Dined with Alonzo just before he caught that plane last night. Drove him to the airport!" Lawson picked up his coffee cup and gave me a nod of acknowledgment as he drank. "I suppose you haven't run into Mollie Bourne yet, Curtis, have you?"

"No," I said. "Who is she?"

"Reporter on the Courier. Always getting into trouble. Always getting scoops. If you want to do well in Fleet Street, here's a tip: keep your eye on Mollie!"

"What's she like?" I asked.

Lawson leered. "Smashing redhead," he told me.

"She's a good reporter," Martin said.

The newsroom door banged again. This time the perky youth made a beeline for me. "Mr. Blair says you're to get a bright story out of this," he announced, and slapped a journal down in front of me. It was the Economist.

I looked round at the others. They were all grinning like apes.

It was a quarter to twelve now and, judging by the activity in the newsroom, Blair's preparations for the morning conference were reaching a climax. Presently he came bustling out. He was a short, square man, with enormously powerful shoulders. I turned a page of the Economist and tried to seem interested in the "Active Securities." Blair proposed an assignment to Hunt that Hunt didn't like. There was a short, testy argument. In the end, of course, Blair had his way, and Hunt departed, grumbling. Mabel Learoyd was dispatched to a luncheon. I was ignored. Martin went to help out at the news desk. Lawson opened a paperbacked thriller and put his feet up.

The conference lasted half an hour, and then the newsroom came to life again. I looked through the glass partition and saw that Blair was grinning hugely. After a moment he came out. "Oh, Curtis," he said, "here's a story for you. A cannon ball's disappeared from Lodden Castle in Sussex. You might get down there and find out what's happened to it."

I thought at first that he was simply pulling my leg. But when he'd gone, Lawson said, "Well, good-by, Curtis. Into the valley of death!"

"You don't mean he was serious?" I said.

"Sure he was serious."

"But it's such a trivial thing. What's the point?"

"Yours not to reason why, old boy. Probably your penance! Anyway, why should you worry? It's a day out of town on expenses."

I closed my desk, and went and collected my hat from the stand. As I passed the correspondence rack I saw that a new headline had been pasted beside my name. This time it read: BARONET'S SON ON ARSON CHARGE.

Still smarting over my unpromising assignment, I headed the Riley for Sussex. Not that I blamed Blair, or any of them, for having a bit of fun at my expense. I'd gone into Fleet Street by the wrong door, the door of influence, instead of the hard, slow way via police-court reporting and a local paper. I'd done it with my eyes open, because after three years at Oxford and two more in the army I'd felt there

mply wasn't time to start at the bottom. I'd tended to work hard and make up for it that ay. Instead, I'd made a botch of things. Nat-ally, the professionals were gloating. All I ished was that they'd taken it out on me by nding me on another fire, in which case I oubted if any police cordon would have topped me. This cannon-ball story was not erely humiliating—it held out no hope of re-emption.

However, there were certainly worse ways spending a May afternoon than cruising rough a pleasant countryside. It was nearly ur o'clock when I reached Lodden, a most tractive little hamlet, set well back from a sy main road. It had a picturesque parish urch, one shop, an inviting-looking pub lled the Castle Arms, and a few old cot-ges, clustered round an ancient stone bridge ross the River Lod. The castle, of which only e top of a tower was visible from the village, ood on rising ground about half a mile from e church. I drove as near to it as I could get, rking the Riley beside a tearoom that, rather rprisingly, was shuttered. When I reached e gate I found a notice which said: LODDEN ASTLE. CLOSED FOR REPAIRS. REOPENING UNE 1ST.

That shook me a little. I'd assumed that if a nnon ball really had disappeared, it had robably been taken by some skylarking oungsters during a visit. Now that seemed ss likely.

A paper tacked to the board gave the name nd address of the caretaker, T. Figgis, Rose ottage, Lodden. I soon found the cottage, a harming blend of thatch and old timber—but ot T. Figgis. His wife, a fair-haired girl who as preparing to leave as I arrived, said that er husband had gone to London, and that she pected him to be away for nearly a week. hen the castle reopened, she explained, he as to be the official guide as well as the care-ker, and he was being briefed for the job.

She said that the cannon ball had been ken two days ago and that they had no idea ho might have taken it. I asked if anyone ad been allowed inside the castle while it had een officially closed and she said no, only the orkmen, and they'd finished a week ago. She as sorry she couldn't stop and talk, but she ad a bus to catch. Perhaps I'd like to look ver the castle? If so, she thought it would be l right, as I was from a newspaper.

I thanked her and she gave me the key, a assive object that made me feel like a beef-ater, together with a short Guide to Lodden astle for which I paid her ninepence. I prom-ed to leave the key under a box beside the ack door when I'd finished with it.

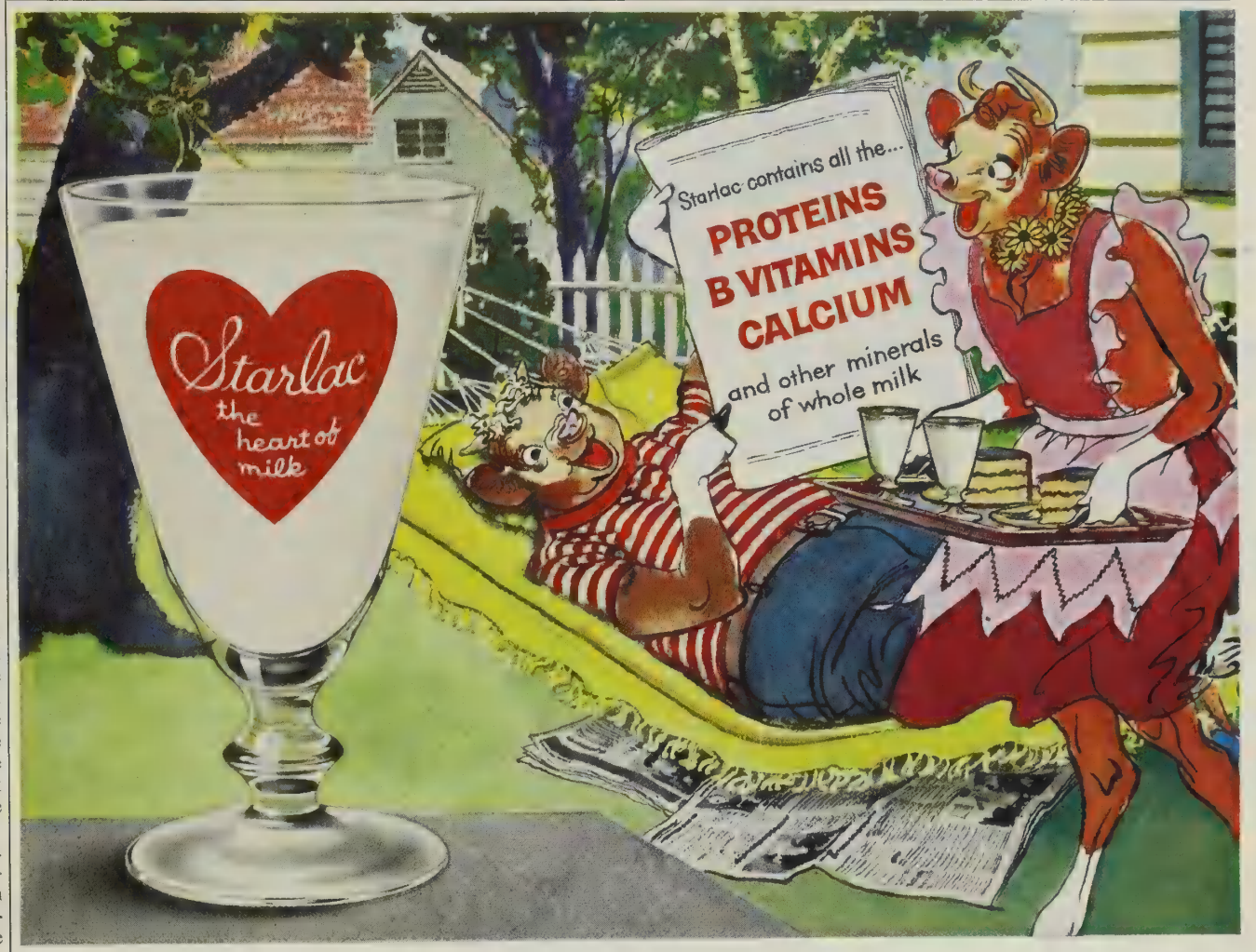
I walked slowly back, glancing through the troduction to the guidebook. There was a himsical paragraph about some medieval gend, which I didn't pay much attention to, nd a few historical facts, which I marked for ossible use later. The castle had been built in e fourteenth century to command the water-ay of the River Lod at a time when naval aids were feared. It had suffered a short siege uring the Wars of the Roses and had played small part in the Civil War. It had been pri-ately owned until 1939 and had then been resented to a trust. That was about all. By is time I had reached the gate, and I set off p the field path to see what the castle looked ke.

was in a wonderfully fine state of preser-ation. It was built on a simple rectangle—bout fifty yards long by forty wide, the book aid—and its crenelated walls, seven feet thick nd forty feet high, were all intact. Except for few narrow loopholes, the walls were blank. t each corner there was a round tower, and n the center of each flank a square tower, and e towers, I read, were sixty feet high. The hole pile rose majestically from a broad oat, carpeted with water lilies and fringed ith hazel bushes. Apart from a small wooden ut near the entrance, which was obviously sed for the sale of tickets when the castle was pen to the public, there wasn't a building in ght. The place had a wonderful air of seren-y and peace, and I could imagine that T. iggis enjoyed his custodianship.

An earthen causeway led across the moat to pointed gate arch, with a spiked portcullis at seemed to hang threateningly but was, in fact, well rusted into its socket. I thrust my key into the big mortise lock and wrestled with it and finally succeeded in swinging one of the halves of the huge oak door back on its creaking hinges. Inside, there was a broad passage with some fine groined vaulting, curiously pierced by a number of large circular holes. I referred to the book, and discovered that they were *meurtrières*, or "murder holes," through which the old-time defenders had poured their molten lead and pitch as the enemy stormed in. Beyond there was a rectangular courtyard, grassed over with well-kept turf, and surrounded by remnants of partition walls. Ferns and wallflowers grew in profusion from the sheltered crannies of the gray-green lichened stone, and the air was deliciously scented. It was a most satisfying place, tranquil as an abbey cloister.

So far I had seen no sign of cannon or cannon balls, but as I glanced around the courtyard I spotted some sort of gun and walked quickly across to it. There was a guard chain around it, and a descriptive panel was planted in the grass beside it. The gun, I read, was a replica of a fifteenth-century siege gun, or bombard, the original of which had been dredged up out of the moat and given to a museum. The stone shot lying beside the gun, the panel said, was also a replica. It had a diameter of fifteen inches and weighed a hundred and fifty pounds. There was a depression in the grass where the shot had lain, but the shot was no longer there. This, I had to conclude, was the missing "cannon ball."

By now I was beginning to feel distinctly intrigued. The physical effort involved in moving a stone shot weighing nearly a hundredweight and a half must have been considerable. If it had been taken away altogether, it had presumably been manhandled all the way to the gate, a tremendous undertaking. And why should anyone want to steal a stone shot, particularly one that was only a replica? It was possible, of course, that it hadn't been



"It's the modern, thrifty way to get heart-of-milk nourishment" *says Elsie, the Borden Cow*

Borden's Starlac® is the finest, pasteurized milk with water and fat removed. And it tastes like just what it is—the delicious *heart of milk*.

This modern milk without fat mixes instantly, dissolves completely, even in ice water. Smart young homemakers drink it, cook with it, bake with it.

Borden's nonfat Starlac costs as little as 8¢ a quart when you buy it in the money-saving 12-quart family size package. Slightly higher in the 5-qt. and in the 3-qt. size which contains 3 pre-measured 1-qt. envelopes.

Use Starlac, the heart-of-milk in your made-with-milk recipes.



Every time you add Borden's Starlac to chopped meats, casseroles or beverages you add extra nutrition.



Milk desserts, sauces and gravies are smoother and pastry browns so much better when made with Starlac.



©1957, The Borden Company

1857 SECOND 100 YEARS

8¢ a quart in the 12-qt. family-size package



NO-COOK SUNDAE SAUCES

Chocolate: Gradually stir contents of 1 package instant chocolate pudding into 1 cup Karo Syrup, Red Label. Blend in ¼ cup water. Makes 1¼ cups. For a richer sauce, stir in two tablespoons melted margarine or butter.

Butterscotch: Add ¼ cup undiluted evaporated milk to 1 cup Karo Syrup, Blue or Green Label. Stir until well blended. Makes 1¼ cups.

When your recipes call for corn syrup . . . that's Karo!

Santone®
going to school in style



Kids know style... that's why they enjoy dressing up for school or leisure in these "man-tailored" fashion pace setters. Santone-selected fabrics are chosen for long wear and easy-on-mother care. At leading children's specialty shops near you... and department stores, too.

Bomber Jacket, Stormsheen with all wool quilted lining and Timton collar 2-6x, about $7.00; 8-12, about $8.00.

Dan River wrinkle-shedding Car Coat, 2-6x, about $10.00; 6-12, about $11.00.

Wash'n Wear Sheen Gabardine Slacks, 2-6, about $4.00; 7-12, about $6.00.

Wool tweed blend Sport Coat, 6-12, about $13.00. Acrilan blended flannel Slacks, 6-12, about $6.00. White long sleeve Shirt, 6-12, about $3.00.

Juvenile Manufacturing Company, Inc., 327 North Flores Street, San Antonio. Also New York, Chicago, Dallas

stolen—some vandal might simply have rolled it into the moat for a joke or on a bet. But what opportunity had there been, when the castle was closed to visitors? Certainly no one could have broken into such a place. I wished more than ever that I could have had a word with T. Figgis.

I went on to explore the rest of the castle, and it didn't take me long. Though the outer walls were so well preserved, they were in fact no more than a beautiful shell. The towers, with one exception, were all hollow and stairless. The exception was a square one directly opposite the main entrance. I went through a wooden door and climbed a spiral stone staircase dimly lit by loopholes. Halfway up the staircase there was access to a first-floor chamber, bare and cold, and at the top of the flight there was a heavier door, opening onto a flat concrete roof some twenty feet square. It was here, apparently, that much of the repair work had been done, for I could see several places where holes and cracks in the stone had been filled and strengthened with new cement. A waist-high parapet, carried on heavy stone corbels, overhung the sides of the tower, leaving a gap a foot wide between the parapet and the walls down which more nasty liquids had doubtless been poured on the heads of scaling parties. The gap was protected now by three narrow iron slats, an inch or two apart, so that one could still look down the sides of the walls to the moat and yet tread with safety.

I stayed up there for a few minutes, admiring the scene and enjoying the sense of remoteness that one had at the top of the tower. Then I finished my circuit of the castle, locked the door and took the key back to Rose Cottage. I had had a pleasant little excursion, but I hadn't got very much further with the story.

I sought out the village policeman, P. C. Mathers, and asked him if the loss had been officially reported. He said that Tom Figgis had mentioned it to his superior, but as the shot was of no great value and they were shorthanded anyway, nothing had been done about it. He agreed that it was a "funny business," but he hadn't any theories about the disappearance to offer.

I wrote my story in the lounge of the Castle Arms, padding out the few facts with a bit of description from the guidebook, and at six o'clock I got on the phone to the office and dictated it. Afterward I was put through to the news desk. Hatcher was there and I started to tell him what I'd been doing.

He cut me short. "Have you found the cannon ball?"

"Well, no," I began. "The fact is ——"

"Then stay there till you've found it," he said, and hung up.

It hadn't occurred to me that I might be kept out of town overnight, but luckily I'd taken a bit of advice Furnival had given me and I had a small bag already packed in the car against just this sort of emergency. I booked a room at the Castle Arms, which I'd already discovered to be a homely, do-as-you-please sort of inn with a tradition of comfort. Then I rang the news desk again to let them know where I was staying, and went off to find the bar and drown my sorrows.

There was only one other customer there, a girl. She was sitting on a high stool with her back to the door, sipping tomato juice and doing a crossword puzzle in the Courier. The back view was distinctly promising—she had a mass of rich chestnut hair, a glorious color, perfectly set off by a cool summer frock with unusual shades of green in it. I ordered a small bitter, and as she turned to see who had come in, the promise was more than fulfilled. She had dark eyes and a creamy complexion and a beautifully shaped mouth. She was lovely.

I felt sure it couldn't be a coincidence. I said, "Excuse me—but are you by any chance Mollie Bourne?"

She gave me a haughty stare. After a moment she said, "I am—yes. Who are you?"

"My name's Hugh Curtis. I'm a reporter on the Record."

People will believe anything that you tell them, if you whisper it.

IRVING HOFFMAN'S
column in The Hollywood Reporter

She thawed at once. "In that case, draw up a stool."

I drew up a stool. Close to, she looked even more attractive. She was exquisitely groomed, immensely self-possessed. Yet she couldn't have been more than twenty-three or twenty-four.

"You're new, aren't you?" she said.

I nodded. "Straight from the mint!" I told her.

"I suppose you're on this castle story too?" she asked.

"Yes. I thought I had it to myself. Isn't it rather small stuff for a star reporter?"

She smiled. "I happen to like Lodden Castle—my people used to live not far away—and the story sounded mildly amusing so I suggested I should cover it."

"Now that's what I call a civilized way of running an office," I said. I looked at her empty glass. "What about a real drink?"

"I'd sooner have another tomato juice, if you don't mind. I have to watch my figure."

I'd been watching it, too, and it wasn't any hardship. "Keeping an eye on Mollie," in Lawson's phrase, would be a pleasure.

I ordered the drinks. Then I said, "Did you send a long piece about the castle?"

"Good heavens, no. There wasn't much to say, was there?"

I agreed, with relief, that there wasn't. "All the same, it's quite interesting," I said. "What do you think happened to the stone?"

She gave a slight shrug. "Just a piece of hooliganism, I should think. It's probably at the bottom of the moat."

"Yes, but how did the chap get into the castle?"

She gave me a quizzical smile. "That's the mystery, isn't it?"

"In any case, it would have been quite a job to get the stone even as far as the moat."

"But not impossible—not for a big man." She looked me up and down, appraisingly. "I should think you could carry a hundred and fifty pounds, couldn't you?"

"To the moat? Just about—but it wouldn't be much fun."

"Whoever did it was probably crackers," she said. "You know—strength of madness." She sounded a bit bored with the subject, so I didn't pursue it.

"How long do you think you'll be staying?" I asked.

"Over tomorrow, anyway. I'm due for a few days off and I thought of doing some sketching at the castle."

"Sketching? Are you good?"

"Not really. I dabble a bit, that's all." She began to gather up her belongings.

"If you're going to be around," I said, "perhaps you'd join me for dinner tonight?"

"And help you to relax?"

"That's the idea."

"It seems quite a pleasant one." She finished her tomato juice and slid off her stool. Tall, but not too tall. Slim but not in the least fragile-looking. I couldn't see a single flaw. "I'll see you in the dining room at seven then," she said.

She was delightful company. From the way Lawson had described her, I'd expected her to be very hard-boiled in the Fleet Street sense, but there was no sign of that. Her conversation was bright, but not in the least tough. Naturally, we talked shop most of the time. I asked how long she'd been on the Courier and she said two years. Apparently she'd gone there straight from Lady Margaret Hall and, like me, had never been near a local paper, which I found encouraging. She told me about some of the stories she'd been on, and one or two of her experiences struck me as pretty hair-raising. She seemed to find them merely amusing. She had tremendous zest and obviously enjoyed every minute of her work.

I asked, in a mock-interview manner, to what she attributed her spectacular success.

"If you must know," she said with a mischievous smile, "it's just a confidence trick. If a reasonably attractive girl is sent to cover a fashion show, nobody takes any special notice

of her. If she turns up to report a murder, everyone falls over backward to help her because they're sorry for her."

"In fact, you concentrate on the men and use everything you've got?"

"Almost everything," she said. "One has to keep a reserve for contingencies."

It was after eleven when we finally said good night—and that was still too early for me. I put the lights out in the lounge, because everyone else had gone to bed, and we crept quietly upstairs.

Her room was number six, two doors from mine. She lingered for a moment at her door, and the heady thought crossed my mind that she was going to ask me in for a nightcap. But she just smiled very charmingly and said it had been a delightful evening and wished me good night. I went to my own room in a mental whirl. At that moment I couldn't have cared less about Hatcher, or the office, or stone shots weighing a hundredweight and a half. I had met, I felt sure, the one woman in my life!

There was no sign of Mollie when I went down to breakfast at nine next morning. I thought perhaps she was sleeping late, but it turned out that she'd already breakfasted and gone out.

I'd asked the hotel to get me the Courier as well as the Record, and they were both beside my plate. I opened my own paper first and looked eagerly through it—but once again not a line of my story had been used. I was disappointed, but hardly surprised. I picked up the Courier, feeling fairly sure that Mollie wouldn't have got much of a show either. But I was wrong. On page three she had a signed story with the Lodden date line and a picture of the castle and a caption across three columns. I read what she'd written:

Mystery broods today over the lovely castle of Lodden in Sussex.

Ever since Sir Bedford de Courtenay leaped to his death from the battlements after an interrupted tryst with his mistress, the Lady Blanche, the inhabitants of this charming Sussex village have believed the castle to be haunted. Strange noises have been heard at night, and there are villagers who refuse to go near the place after dark.

But now the question is being asked, Can a ghost carry a stone shot weighing 150 pounds? For that is the object that was mysteriously removed from the inner courtyard two days ago.

The castle, which has been closed for repairs, was locked up at the time and Mr. Tom Figgis, the caretaker, told me today that the key was in his possession when the theft occurred. The castle is moated and the walls are forty feet high, so that entry is virtually impossible except through the main gate.

Mr. Figgis doesn't believe in weight-lifting ghosts, and he had his own theory. Four years ago a key was taken from the lock of the main gate by some visitor. As the castle contains nothing of value, the lock was never changed. Are the two thefts connected?

If so, the mystery deepens. For why should anyone return after four years to remove a hundredweight and a half of completely worthless stone?

I drank my coffee moodily. It was naïve of me, I knew, but I couldn't help feeling piqued with Mollie. No wonder she hadn't wanted to talk about the castle; no wonder she'd said, "It's a mystery" when I'd asked how anyone could have got in! And all that disarming chatter over dinner! There she'd sat, knowing all the time that she'd done me down and that I was going to look pretty silly in the morning. And I'd detected no toughness! If a light and unimportant story like this could bring out such duplicity in her, what, I wondered, would she be like over a big one? The imagination boggled.

I went out and bought all the other papers that I could get and read them with a conscientiousness that even Hatcher couldn't have criticized.

Afterward I continued to hang around the hotel lobby. Just before eleven there was a call for me. It was Martin. His voice was quiet and restrained, as always, but it had an edge to it.

"Hello, Curtis," he said. "Have you seen Mollie Bourne's story about the castle?"

I said I had.

"Pity you didn't get it. All that guidebook stuff you sent cuts no ice at all, you know. You're supposed to be a reporter, not a Baedeker. Blair's pretty annoyed."

I wiped the sweat from the earpiece of the receiver, and said I could imagine it and that I was sorry I'd fluffed the job.

"Didn't Figgis tell you about the key?"

"Figgis has gone to London," I said. "He left just before I arrived. He's staying up there."

"I see." Martin's tone became slightly more amiable. "That was bad luck. Well, get his address and we'll put someone on to him here."

"All right. What do you want me to do afterward?"

"Stay there, I should think, and try to get a good follow-up. Hold on a minute. . . . Yes—Mr. Blair says keep at it."

"You mean I'm still expected to look for the stone?"

"I imagine so. It's up to you to do what you think best, Curtis—it's your story." There was a click, and the line went dead.

I got Figgis' address from his wife. I also asked her about the missing key. She remembered the incident perfectly. There'd been a particularly ghastly motor smash that day on the road just above the castle, and her husband had gone rushing up the road, leaving the castle unattended, and it was while he was away that the key had been taken. I asked if I could borrow the key again. She said that the other reporter, the young lady, had already borrowed it, and I remembered then about Mollie's sketching. I went back to the pub and rang the news desk and gave them Figgis' address.

Then I strolled up to the castle. There was a new Sunbeam Talbot 90 parked outside the tearoom, a very lush job in cream and sage, obviously Mollie's, and I wondered just how many thousands a year the Courier paid their spoiled darling. Enough, obviously, to make her fight tooth and nail against all comers—even beginners!



New! Mushroom Dumplings on

Dinty Moore
BEEF STEW

Quick can opener-and-mix trick turns out impressive eating! The lean beef, firm white potatoes, tender carrots, rich gravy of Dinty Moore Beef Stew . . . get a luscious topper of Mushroom Dumplings: *Blend together* 1 cup biscuit mix, 1 tbsp. soft butter, ½ cup condensed canned mushroom soup (add ½ tsp. water if dough seems stiff). Drop on hot Dinty Moore Beef Stew. Cook over low heat *uncovered* 10 min., covered 10 min.



EVEN BETTER NOW—in the new "picture" can!
1½ lb. family size.
Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.



keep

COOL

Nothing to stop you from rushing headlong into a clear, fresh pool, a mountain spring, a briny surf! When it's time-of-the-month, you can *still* keep cool! You can swim wearing *Tampax*—the internal sanitary protection that really protects while it keeps your secret safe!

Doctor-invented Tampax® is *invisible* and *unfelt* when in place. You can wear it under the sleekest bathing suit—and no one will ever know! You can dive, swim, be a living *mermaid*—and Tampax won't absorb a *drop* of water!

Any time, anywhere, Tampax is the *coolest*, *nicest*, most comfortable sanitary protection you can wear. No belts, pins or pads to chafe and bind. Nothing to bulge or show. Nothing to cause odor.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Take off for a breezy beach at a moment's notice! Say "goodbye" to "problem days" with Tampax! It's easy to change . . . simple to dispose of . . . convenient to carry. Why, as much as a whole month's supply tucks away in your purse! 3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super. Wherever drug products are sold. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.
Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.
( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name_____
(Please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____

I walked up the field path with reluctantly eager steps. She'd probably be patronizing about my poor performance, which would be hard to take—yet I badly wanted to see her again.

She was sitting on a chunk of fallen masonry in the courtyard, with a sketching block on a small folding easel in front of her. I stepped up quietly and had a look at the sketch. It was of one of the towers, and by my standards it wasn't at all bad. She turned and greeted me with a friendly smile.

"Hullo!" she said.

"Hullo!" I said very coldly. I'd made up my mind to be dignified and nonchalant—but I overdid it a bit.

"What happened to your story? They didn't use it, did they?"

"No."

"Too bad."

"Oh, I didn't really expect them to." I stood back and studied her drawing with my head slightly on one side as though I were an expert, and said in an offhand way, "I thought you did a nice piece."

"Thanks."

"Very pleasant flight of imagination."

Her beautifully plucked eyebrows became a little more arched. "Oh, not entirely."

"Haunted castle?" I said.

"All the best castles are haunted."

"Noises in the night?"

"But there have been noises. Strange knockings and clankings—most weird. Haven't you heard about them?"

"And terrified villagers?"

"Scared to death."

"The amours of Sir Bedford?"

"That's in the guidebook. And the missing-key stuff is certainly true."

"Oh, that's true enough. That's why you kept quiet about it, of course!" I meant to sound teasing, but my voice came out peevish.

She looked at me in surprise. "What did you expect me to do—give you a carbon copy of my story? I paid you the compliment of supposing you'd prefer to stand on your own feet."

"Quite right. I'm merely admiring your powers of dissimulation."

"Well, all's fair in love and war, you know."

"Reporting is war, I take it?"

"To the knife! That's the whole fun of it. No quarter asked or given, survival of the fittest, and the weakest to the wall."

"A hard philosophy," I said.

"I don't think so. After all, no one *has* to be a reporter. If you are one, you can't afford to be squeamish. You've got to be tough—very tough—or you just won't last. You'll soon learn."

"I'm learning fast," I said.

She drew a few more lines on her sketch pad and then looked up at me again curiously. "What are you doing around here today, anyway?"

"I'm supposed to be doing a follow-up," I told her.

"Is there one?"

"I wouldn't have thought so—not unless I can get a line on the chap who pinched the key."

"What makes you think he had anything to do with the stone?"

"It was you who suggested it."

"I didn't suppose anyone would take it seriously. Probably some tourist took the key as a souvenir."

"Then we're back where we were—how did the stone thief get in?"

She shook her head sadly. "Poor old Record!" she said. "Always flogging dead horses. If you find out how he got in, the explanation will probably be quite banal. Why spoil a good mystery?"

"Don't ask me," I said, "it's not my idea. All I know is that I'm expected to produce something good—preferably the stone. I've a good mind to drain the moat and charge it to expenses."

"Now that's what I call enterprise."

"How deep is it, do you think?"

"The water's eight feet deep, according to Figgis, and there are two feet of sticky black mud at the bottom."

"Really? Oh, well, perhaps I'd better content myself with another walk round."

I examined the grass around the gun like a detective looking for clues. There were lots of marks, but nothing at all helpful. I climbed down into the little dungeon, and up onto the flat roof. I descended to the basement of the well tower, but there was nothing there. At least, I didn't think there was. Then I wondered. There was a lot of soft wet mud around the well, and it had taken quite a number of footprints. Some were mine from the previous day, some were Mollie's. Some were probably Figgis'. The rest might be the workmen's, though there was no sign of repairs here. There were certainly three different sets of men's prints, possibly four. Some of them went right round the well.

An imaginary conversation was running through my mind. I was telling Hatcher that I'd searched the castle without success and he was saying was there a well and I was saying yes there was and he was saying what had I done about it and I was saying "Nothing" and he was saying "Then go and do something." So I stayed and pondered, gazing down at the opaque green water.

I wondered how deep it was, and decided that I might as well find out. I returned to the courtyard, where I'd noticed a few tools of

VALUE

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Ask not the dweller in the garden
To gauge the rose.
It is the wanderer in the desert
Who knows
The crimson value of the blossom.
A prize's worth
Cannot be measured by possession.
But dearth.

Figgis' in an alcove. I chose a rake, and took it back to the well and pushed it down into the water as far as I could, but it didn't reach bottom. I'd have to tie something else to it.

I searched among the tools for some string, but there wasn't any. Then I remembered that I'd seen a piece beside the parcel of sketching materials that Mollie had brought with her, and I went over and asked her if I could borrow it.

She said, "What on earth are you up to now?"

"I'm trying to find out how deep the well is," I said.

"Ten feet," she informed me. "It's in the guidebook."

I thanked her politely, and took the string and found a long pole in the alcove and lashed it to the rake. Then I carried the contraption to the well. After a moment Mollie joined me.

"Muscling in?" I said.

"Just idle curiosity. Are you still looking for the stone?"

I nodded. "This seemed easier than the moat."

"You'll probably lose the rake."

I pushed the unwieldy probe down into the water till it touched bottom. Then I began to move it around, cautiously, because the lashing wasn't very secure. The bottom was soft, but after a moment or two I came up against some hard obstruction.

"You know, I believe it is here!" I exclaimed. I wiggled the pole, trying to make out the shape of the object, and it seemed to be round, and about the right size.

Mollie gave me a teasing smile. "It'll make a wonderful follow-up," she said. "I can see it now—front-page splash, streamer across seven columns. By-line—'From Our Special Correspondent, Hugh Curtis.' And then the sensational facts! 'Today I am in a position to reveal exclusively that the stone shot believed to have been stolen from Lodden Castle was in fact dropped down a well.' *What* a story!"

"At least I'll be able to stop looking for the perishing thing," I said, and continued to wiggle. Mollie leaned over the rail and helped to steady the rake.

Then suddenly, horribly, it happened. There was a stir in the water, and a lot of bubbles, and something large came swirling up to the surface and floated there.

It was the fully dressed body of a man.

For a moment we gazed down in shocked silence at the white, bloated face. Then Mollie gasped "Oh!" and turned quickly and rushed up the short flight of steps to the courtyard.

I felt a bit queasy myself, but not for long. I was much too excited. I climbed over the railing to see if I could get the body out. The water was almost level with the ground or I'd never have managed it. As it was, I was able to drag it out with a bit of a struggle. It seemed to be a fairly elderly man, judging by the sparse gray hair. The face, after its soaking, could have been pretty well anyone's. As I straightened the waterlogged torso, I saw that a length of stout wire had been looped round the waist, and twisted, and then formed into another loop which made a perfect circle about fifteen inches in diameter. The mystery of the stone shot, at least, was solved. It had simply been used as a weight to keep the body under water.

I went up the steps. Mollie was folding her easel, her face a pale shade of green. She was not, I decided, with an odd feeling of relief, quite as tough as she'd pretended.

"Are you all right?" I said.

"I will be in a minute."

"It *was* pretty nasty."

"Strictly between ourselves," she said, "I never did like corpses. Particularly those that bob up under your nose without warning. . . . I suppose the stone was holding him down."

I nodded. "What do we do next? Search the body for identification? I don't mind trying."

"Better not," she said. "If the police found out there'd be a frightful row—and we wouldn't get another thing out of them."

"In that case, we'd better go tell them."

There was a telephone booth near the teahouse. The chief inspector said he'd be right over and asked us to stay where we were.

Fifteen minutes later two police cars drew up at the gate and four plain-clothes men came up the path. The chief inspector introduced himself. His name was Cobley. He was a big, grim-looking man with a thin, tight mouth, but his manner to us was friendly enough.

He knew about the shot, because he'd read Mollie's story in the Courier. I told him I'd pulled the body out, and he looked a bit disapproving, but didn't say anything. He took his sergeant down to the well, and we stood on the steps while they examined the body. After a moment Cobley felt in the inside breast pocket of the dead man's jacket and produced a wallet, which he brought out into the brighter light of the courtyard.

"Bashed on the head!" he remarked laconically to a third man. The two who had not yet seen the body went down to look. Cobley put the wallet on a bit of broken wall and opened it and began to go through the sodden contents. About the first thing he pulled out was a driving license.

"May we know who he is, inspector?" Mollie asked, in her most cajoling tone.

"I don't see why not," Cobley said. "You'll have to give us time to break the news to the relatives before you start any inquiries, that's all. . . . John Hoad, Down View, Clifton Road, Brighton."

I memorized the name and address.

"I'll want a statement from you two," he said. "Just hold on a minute."

He turned to the other men and gave them some instructions. One went back to the gate. Another prepared to take photographs of the body and its surroundings. The third went off for a preliminary look round the castle.

"Now, then," said Cobley, "if you'd just let me have the main details again. Exactly what time was it when you found the body?"

I gave him the details. He thanked me for the information, then checked our shoes against the footprints round the wall. "Looks like a herd of buffaloes has been around here,"

he grumbled. He had a look at the grass near the bombard, and then set off on a tour of the castle. We went with him, in case he discovered anything we'd overlooked, but he didn't appear to. Presently two men came up the field path with a stretcher, and the body was taken away under a rug.

Cobley said, "By the way, Miss Bourne, what were those noises in the night that you mentioned in your story? Anything specific?"

Mollie avoided my eye. "Not really, inspector. Just . . . well, sound effects."

"Atmosphere, eh?"

"That's all."

He nodded tolerantly. Just then two more men came up the hill, drawing a wheeled pump behind them. They took it to the well tower and started the engine and we watched while they pumped the well dry. Afterward one of them went down by ladder. There was nothing at the bottom but a thin layer of mud and the stone shot.

Cobley turned to us. "All right," he said, "I don't think I need detain you two any longer. Thank you for your help."

Mollie smiled and said, "Thank *you*, inspector," and we departed together. As we reached her car she said, "Well, this is where we split up."

"War to the knife again?"

"Naturally. It begins to look like quite a story."

"Why don't you get a job on the Record?" I said. "Then we could work together all the time."

"What do you think I am," she said, "a plumber's mate? Well—good luck!" She got into her car and drove off as though she were leaving the pits on a race track.

She hadn't said where she was going, but I assumed it was Brighton. I wondered if I ought to ring the office and tell them what had happened, but decided that I'd better go to Brighton, too, and ring them later.

I stepped hard on the accelerator. I didn't expect to catch Mollie, but at least I wouldn't be far behind. Then, as I slowed through Worthing High Street, I suddenly saw the Sunbeam Talbot drawn up beside the curb behind a police car. A flat-capped policeman was making notes in a book.

I reached Brighton just after one. Clifton Road turned out to be a new one, cut out of the downs at the edge of the town. Down View was the last house but one. I walked up a concrete path between beds of tulips and rang the bell in some trepidation, apologies for the intrusion already on my lips. But no one came.

I was just turning away when I heard a step on the path next door and a woman emerged. She looked at me across the fence. "Are you the police again?"

I told her I was a reporter from the Record.

"Oh, yes. It's about poor Mr. Hoad, I suppose?"

I nodded.

"I'm afraid you won't find anyone to talk to, except me. Mrs. Hoad's up in Scotland, visiting her mother. Dear, oh dear, what a shocking business."

She was obviously quite prepared to talk. I said, "Do you happen to know Mrs. Hoad's address in Scotland?"

"It's a place called Inveraray, that's all I know. I told the police and they said they'd be able to find her. I can hardly bear to think about it—it's going to be such a dreadful shock for her."

I moved closer to the fence. "A ghastly thing! It was I who found Mr. Hoad's body, you know. I've just come from the place."

She seemed avid for details, so I gave her some.

"Well, I just can't imagine how anyone could have done such a thing," she said at last. "He was such a nice, quiet man. I'm sure he never did anyone any harm. There really are some very wicked people in the world."

I agreed. "How old would you say he was?" I asked. "Sixty?"

"Oh, more like fifty. His wife is much younger—about thirty—she's very pretty."

"Have they any family?"

"A little boy of four. He's with his mother. Poor little chap."

"Have you any idea what Mr. Hoad could have been doing at Lodden?" I asked.

"Why, yes, he was on his boat," she said, as though she thought I knew. "He was having a week's holiday while his wife was away."

"What sort of boat is it?"

"Well, I don't know exactly—just an ordinary boat, with an engine. It was his hobby, he was absolutely mad about it. Mrs. Hoad didn't like going on the sea because it made her ill, but she often joined him for a weekend on the river when the weather was nice—and the little boy, too, of course. They were all absolutely devoted to each other. Such a tragedy!"

"Terrible!" I said. "Do you happen to know the name of the boat?"

"Now let me think—it was some bird. Snipe, that's it."

I thanked her and left. As I turned into the main road, Mollie turned out of it. She made a face at me as she passed.

I popped into a pub and had a beer and a sandwich, and then I rang the office. Lawson was on the desk.

I said, "This is Curtis. I thought I'd better let you know that I've found a body in a well."

There was a moment's silence. Then Lawson said anxiously, "Are you drunk, old boy?"

"Sober as a judge," I assured him. "Remember that stone shot I was looking for? It was tied to the body. The police have just taken the chap away."

He said, "Look, hold on—I'd better tell Blair. He's up in the canteen."

I held on. In a moment or two Blair came on the phone. "Hello, Curtis," he said. "What's all this about a body?"

I told him. He kept grunting encouragingly—he had a most eager grunt when he was hearing news of a story. He seemed very pleased.

"Well, it sounds like a first-class story," he said when I had finished. "Is anyone else on to it yet?"

"Mollie Bourne," I said.



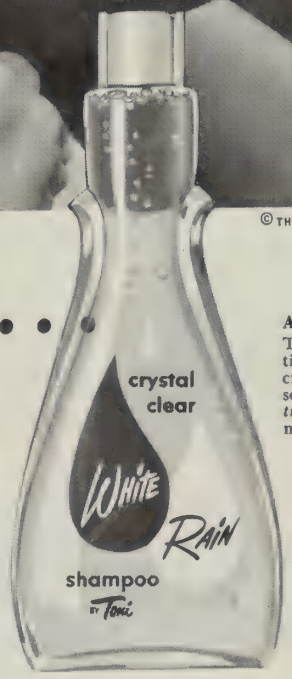
© THE GILLETTE COMPANY

It's crystal-clear...

the first and only crystal-clear liquid shampoo!

The difference is *clear!* It's new, pure, that's why it rinses twice as clean as any other leading shampoo. No thick, hard-to-rinse oils. No artificial color. Nothing but rich, crystal-clear WHITE RAIN . . . shining with a thousand sparkling bubbles . . . to leave your hair gloriously clean . . . freshly laced with sunshine. Try it tonight!

NEW! CRYSTAL-CLEAR WHITE RAIN LIQUID SHAMPOO



Also available—
The *original* lotion shampoo . . . creamy-rich and so gentle. *Three times milder* than most shampoos.



UNIVERSAL Coffeematic

with the FLAVOR-SELECTOR



CHROME ON SOLID COPPER

No guessing . . . no watching . . . no reheating

. . . it's Completely automatic!

Coffeematic does it all! The magical Flavor-Selector lets you choose the exact strength you want and from then on you're sure of that same wonderful coffee every time . . . automatically. And whatever brand of coffee you prefer, Coffeematic will bring out the full flavor, for it never boils in a Coffeematic, preventing any bitter taste. It's the fastest, finest way to *good* coffee.

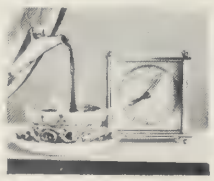
Ten-cup model shown, $29.95. In copper, $32.95. Other models from $19.95



NO GUESSING
Flavor-Selector gives the exact strength you prefer every single time.



NO WATCHING
Redi-Lite glows to show when coffee is brewed to the strength chosen.



NO REHEATING
Heat-Sentinel keeps your coffee at the perfect serving temperature.

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

"Oh!" A little of the excitement went out of his voice; a hint of anxiety came into it. "Have you dictated your story yet?"

"No, but I can in a few minutes."

"Let's have it quickly—everything you've got. After that you'd better get back to the castle—but keep in touch."

The story sounded pretty good to me as I phoned it. I had another word with Lawson and then drove back to Lodden.

Things had changed a lot at the castle. A dozen cars were parked beside the gate and the place was swarming.

Tom Figgis turned out to be a strongly built, dark-haired man of thirty or so, with cold blue eyes. He wasn't very forthcoming, but he opened out a bit when I told him it was I who'd found the body. The trouble was, he didn't know anything except what had already come out.

About four I went back to the Castle Arms and there was a message for me to ring the office. This time I got straight through to Blair.

"Oh, hello, Curtis," he said in a voice that was almost genial. "That's a very good piece you sent. The editor's very pleased with it."

"I'm glad about that," I murmured.

"Now look, Curtis, we're sending Lawson down to take over. I don't want you to think it's any reflection on you. You've done very well, but it's an important story and it needs a man of experience. So Lawson will be down early this evening, and I'd like you to work under his direction."

"Very well," I said.

"In the meantime will you try to get a line on that boat of Hoad's—it must be somewhere around. You might find some clue there—and anyway, we'd like a description of it. We've got a good start on this and we've got to keep ahead."

"I'll do my best," I said.

"Good! That's all, then." Blair gave a little chuckle into the phone. "We'll make a reporter of you yet, Curtis!"

I put the receiver down with mixed feelings. Blair's praise had fallen on my ears like music, and the fact that I'd done reasonably well so far made it all the harder to accept the fact that I was to be superseded. All the same, I realized that Blair was probably right.

I bought an inch-to-the-mile map of the district and studied the course of the River Lod. There were only about seven miles of it between the sea and the castle, and I knew Hoad couldn't have cruised above the castle because the road bridge at Lodden was too low to get under. Seven miles didn't seem too formidable a proposition. I decided to walk it.

There was no proper path, but the river ran mainly through quiet pastures and I didn't think anyone would object to my doing a bit of trespassing.

I'd walked about three miles when, from somewhere not far ahead, I caught the sound of a two-stroke engine and a moment later a small boat appeared round a bend in the river, traveling fast. There were two men in it. By the time I'd identified one of them as Inspector Cobley it had swept past me and disappeared round another bend.

I felt pretty sure they were looking for Snipe. If they'd stopped I could have saved them a journey. As it was, they'd saved me one. I sat on the bank to rest and I wondered what Mollie was doing.

Twenty minutes passed, and then I heard the outboard again. As the dinghy approached within hailing distance I cupped my hands and called out, "No sign of Snipe?" This time Cobley recognized me. He slowed for a moment and shook his head. "Not on this river!" he shouted. Then he opened up again and they were gone. Presently I got up and began to retrace my steps back toward Lodden.

There was a strong smell of petrol in the air, and I noticed that the outboard had left a slick of oil on the water. It drifted slowly downstream, a patch of iridescent purple and green. A couple of hundred yards ahead there was another patch. For the next half mile there were patches at regular intervals. Cobley's engine evidently needed attention. Then, right before my eyes, a stretch of water that had been clear suddenly became covered with the same oily colors. The oil *wasn't* from the outboard! It was coming up from the river bed. It must have been coming up when I'd passed by before, only I'd been too busy thinking about Snipe to notice.

The channel in the middle must be eight or ten feet deep. If I was going to investigate, I should have to swim. I took a quick look round. Except for a small clump of trees just ahead of me there were open fields on all sides, and there was no one about. I stripped and slid into the water.

Half a dozen strokes brought me to the middle of the river, and I dived cautiously. The water was remarkably clear. I looked ahead, and almost at once I saw a large object sitting on the river bed. It was the boat! The woodwork was badly smashed, as though it had been hit with some heavy instrument. It was pretty clear that Snipe had been scuttled.

I surfaced and climbed onto the cabin roof, the top half of me out of the water. As I emerged I heard a sharp cry from the bank. Mollie had just come out from the trees, and she was gazing at me in astonishment.

"What on earth are you standing on?" she said.

It was too late to pretend I was treading water. I said, "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I'm standing on someone's old boat."

"Why?"

"Well, mainly because I've nothing on. Nudity always strikes me as rather undignified."

She smiled, but her glance switched to a patch of oil that was just drifting away.

"It can't be a *very* old boat," she said. "Is it Snipe?"

"You surely don't expect me to give you a carbon copy of my story," I said.

"I suppose I'll have to come and look," she said coldly, and turned toward the wood.

I called after her, "Don't be silly—I don't mind telling you. Always ready to help a colleague in trouble!"

"Thanks, but I don't think I want my news secondhand, after all."

I rested a bit, and then dived in again. I wanted to have a look in the cabin if I could, but the doors were shut and by the time I'd got them open I needed air again. I reached the surface just in time to see Mollie approaching from upstream at a fast crawl. I caught the flash of a gleaming shoulder, and then she dived. She looked much more attractive than any mermaid. I swam down and peered through the cabin doors. I don't know what I'd expected to find, but there was nothing of any obvious interest. Perhaps I wasn't concentrating.

I surfaced for the last time and swam back to my clothes. I dried off as well as I could with a pocket handkerchief, and dressed damply. Mollie was already on her way back upstream to the wood.

She emerged a few minutes later, combed and lipsticked, though hardly her usual *soignée* self. She gave me an amused smile.

"The things I do for my paper!"

"You owed it to them," I said. I wanted to ask her if she'd noticed the broken plank, but I didn't, in case she hadn't.

"We'd better be getting back," she said. "If we phone our stories first, and tell the police afterward, there's a chance we'll beat the others to the first editions."

It was after seven when we reached the Castle Arms. I reported the new development to Blair, who grunted happily and said, "Splen-

PUMPERNICKEL

In the Westphalian section of Germany, the peasants made huge loaves of rye bread which won enthusiastic praise from everyone who tasted it—everyone except a French cavalry officer, who disliked it so thoroughly that he maintained it was only "*bon pour Nicolas*"—that is, good (or proper) for Nicholas, his horse. That derisive epithet, "*bon pour Nicolas*," became "pumpernickel," the name of that dark-brown, now almost universal, bread.

did, Curtis!" Then I ran into Lawson. He'd just checked in at the reception desk.

"Hullo, old boy!" he said affably. "I say, I hope you don't mind me butting in like this?"

"Of course not," I lied.

"Personally," he said, with equal insincerity, "I'd have left you to handle it on your own, but you know Blair. Anyway, it'll probably take both of us to exploit the thing properly."

I nodded, and he looked relieved.

"Let's go and have a drink," he said, "and you can fill me in on what's happened." He grinned. "You certainly did run slap into this story, didn't you? Quite a break!"

"Just beginner's luck," I said modestly.

Next morning, for the first time I had the exquisite pleasure of seeing my words in print and my name over a story. I'd made the front page and my first-person descriptions of finding the body and the boat were more or less intact.

I read Mollie's story next—and once again I had a slight feeling of chagrin. She'd done a first-person account, too, but with a difference. I'd described how "I and another reporter" had found the body. She'd just said "I."

I met her in the lobby on my way to breakfast. She looked very smart, more like a photographer's model than a working reporter.

I said, "Morning, Mollie!"

"Morning!" she said brightly.

"I've just been reading your story. I thought that was a pretty good effort of yours, dealing with the body singlehanded. Some women would have been too upset!"

Her self-possession faltered. I detected a very faint blush. "I didn't write it like that," she said. "Rewrite altered it."

I grinned. "I believe you," I said, "but millions wouldn't."

"Cross my heart!"

"Well, it read very nicely, anyway. I don't know how you do it."

"Your piece was good too," she said graciously. "The trouble with you is that you're too modest—you've got to put yourself over in this game. It's like show business." She went in to breakfast.

The dining room was packed with reporters. Lawson was there, reading the papers over his coffee. He congratulated me warmly on my story, but he seemed a bit puzzled. "Are you and Mollie Bourne running some sort of co-operative society?" he asked.

"On the contrary," I said, "we're at each other's throats."

"I just wondered. It's odd she should have noticed that petrol on the water too. Pretty chancy thing to happen."

"She's a very observant girl," I said.

He looked faintly suspicious, but he didn't pursue the subject. About ten we went off along the riverbank to watch them raising Snipe. The police had brought some experts along, and the whole job took only about an hour. After they'd had a preliminary look we were allowed aboard one at a time, with instructions not to touch. Actually, there was nothing very interesting there, nothing to hint at violence.

When Cobley left, we went along to headquarters and for the first time I had a chance of seeing Lawson at work. He undoubtedly had a way with him where policemen were concerned, and, though he didn't actually prize away any facts that our rivals didn't get, I could well imagine him doing so.

At an informal press conference Cobley told us what the police had discovered so far. Hoad had been killed, it appeared, by two savage blows from some blunt instrument, possibly a blackjack. If something heavier had been used, it had probably been wrapped up in a cloth of some kind, because though the skull had been fractured the skin had scarcely been broken and there had been almost no blood. The murder had been committed four or five nights ago. Hoad had been noticed by a farmer, cruising upriver about four miles below the castle, at around six in the evening, which was the last time anyone but the murderer had seen him alive. At that time, the stone shot had been in place; by nine next morning it had disappeared. The official view seemed to be that Hoad had probably continued on his way to the castle, tied up near there for the night, and been killed somewhere close by. The wire that had been used to make the stone fast to him might well have been aboard the boat, though that was speculation. The murderer, having disposed of the body, had then brought the boat downstream where the water was deeper and scuttled it, presumably in the hope that when both Hoad and Snipe were reported missing it would be supposed that he had put out to sea and met with some accident there.

The only indication of motive—and this came as a surprise—was that something like twenty pounds in notes was missing from Hoad's wallet. The case might therefore be a comparatively simple one of robbery with lethal violence, unplanned and fortuitous. There was no other known reason why anyone should have wanted to kill Hoad. As far as could be gathered, he had been a conscientious worker, a kind husband and father, a man with many friends and no enemies. At the same time, Cobley admitted, there was no present explanation of how a casual murderer could have got into the castle, and the police were still looking into this. If the murder hadn't been casual, but premeditated, then it was possible that the theft of the castle key four years earlier might have something to do with it.

It wasn't a very satisfying statement, but it gave us a certain amount of copy. We drove quickly back to the pub and Lawson phoned half a column off the cuff. Then he joined me in the lounge. I'd been thinking quite a bit about what Cobley had told us, and the more I thought about it the more snags I could see.

I said, "What do you think about this casual-murder idea?"

He grinned. "Not much. And I'd lay long odds that Cobley doesn't either."

"He made quite a point of it."

"Oh, he wants it published, all right—but that doesn't mean he believes it. He may be trying to lull the real murderer. You could hardly have anything less casual than the way that body and boat were disposed of. I'd say it was a carefully planned job."

I nodded. So far we were seeing eye to eye. "All right," I said, "let's suppose the murderer had a personal motive. Let's suppose the whole thing was premeditated. Where does that get us? It seems unlikely to me that someone stole the castle key four years ago with the intention of bumping Hoad off on the premises four years later. And if it wasn't stolen for that reason, why was it stolen?"

Lawson said, "How do we know a key was stolen? Figgis says it was, but we've only got his word for it."

Oddly enough, I'd never thought of that. After a moment I said, "Well, can't it be checked? He must have reported it at the time."

"He didn't, old boy. I asked him this morning. He said he had another key so it didn't seem worth making a fuss about."

"Well, that could be true, I suppose," I said.

"It could—and it could be untrue. In our game, you can't be too suspicious."

I said, "Do you mean you suspect Figgis of the murder?"

"Between you and me and the gatepost, I'd say it was a possibility. He had a key, he could have slipped out of his house at night, knowing that Hoad's boat was already moored near the castle, he could have done the job. And as far as we know, no one else could. He'd realize that too. So what would he do? Invent a stolen-key story to provide an alternative."

I suddenly remembered my talk with Mrs. Figgis. I said, "But his wife told me about the key."

"She may be in it too."

I gaped. "I'm glad *my* reputation isn't in your hands," I said.

He eyed me quizzically. "Don't be too sure it isn't, old boy."

"Well," I said, "you're the boss. What do you suggest we do?"

He shrugged. "Check up on Figgis, I guess. We might walk up to Rose Cottage for a start and see if we can find anyone who heard him sneaking out of his house on the night of the murder."

Next door to Rose Cottage there was another thatched house, Lavender Cottage. An old countryman was leaning over the front gate, smoking his pipe. A large mongrel dog sat at his feet. As we approached, the dog sprang up and began to bark. There was a kennel near the back door.

I said, "Good evening!" and stopped. "Does she bark like that at everyone?"

"Most everyone," he said. "No harm in her, though."

"Would she bark if she heard a neighbor prowling about in the night?"

He gave me an odd look. "She would that."

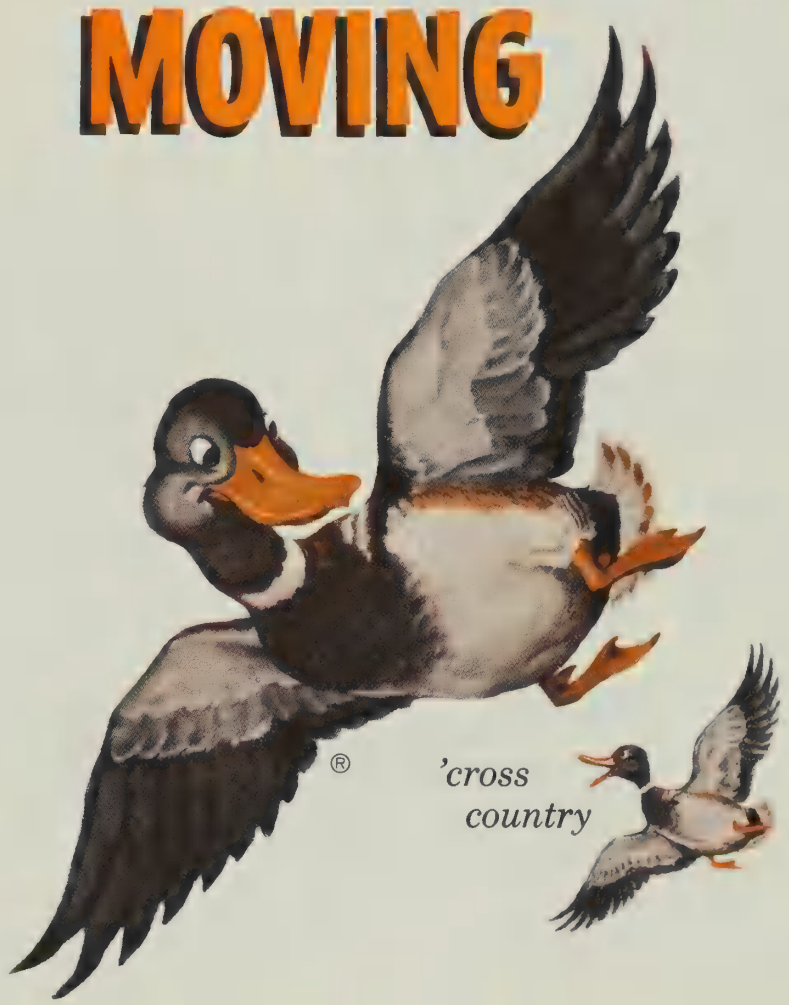
"Did she bark the night that man was murdered at the castle?"

The man took his pipe out of his mouth. "No," he said. "Why should she?"

"I just wondered." I took Lawson's arm and steered him back down the hill.

By next morning, Lawson's interest had switched to something quite different. Several papers, including the Record, carried an agency photograph of Hoad's widow, taken as she was about to start her long journey home from Inveraray. Even though her face in the picture was set and expressionless, it was

for DEPENDABLE MOVING



® 'cross country

CALL YOUR ALLIED MOVER

... he's the No.1 Specialist

Ask your Allied Mover for a copy of "Before You Move." See the yellow pages of your phone book, or write Allied Van Lines, Inc., Broadview, Illinois.



ALLIED VAN LINES • WORLD'S LARGEST LONG-DISTANCE MOVERS

clear that the neighbor's description of her as "pretty" was an understatement. She was, in fact, an extremely striking brunette, and she had an excellent figure. Lawson was most impressed.

We called at Cobley's headquarters to see if there were any new developments, but there weren't. Then we drove to Brighton.

Lawson had a talk with the milkman who was delivering up Clifton Road. Lawson asked him if Mrs. Hoad had had anyone to help in the house, and the milkman said yes, she had a woman named Bray who came every morning. He didn't know where Mrs. Bray lived, except that it was on a council estate.

That was all Lawson needed. We whipped off to the town hall and Lawson went in alone. When he came out he had the addresses of two families named Bray. The first one we called at turned out to be the right one, and Mrs. Bray was at home. She was a woman of about forty, plump and pleasant but not outstandingly bright. We all agreed that it was a dreadful thing, and Lawson said the newspapers could often help in bringing a murderer to book, and asked if she knew of anyone that Mr. Hoad had been on bad terms with and she said she didn't. Lawson asked what Mrs. Hoad was like to work for and what the little boy was like and said he supposed when Mrs. Hoad went out she left the boy with Mrs. Bray. Mrs. Bray said yes, she did, sometimes for the whole day. Lawson asked if Mrs. Hoad had spent a whole day out lately and Mrs. Bray said she'd been up to London about a week ago. Lawson said, "Shopping, I suppose?" and Mrs. Bray said no, she'd gone up to have lunch with a friend. For the first time she began to look a bit uneasy. Then Lawson made a hypocritical little speech saying he naturally didn't want Mrs. Bray to give away any secrets, but at the same time the only way poor Mr. Hoad's murderer could be found was to check up on all the people who knew the family. Then Mrs. Bray said she'd heard Mrs. Hoad making the lunch date on the telephone, and it was someone called Stanley and, though she couldn't be sure what Stanley it was, there was a Mr. Fairfax whose name was Stanley who was a friend of the family and belonged to some boat club at Saltwater that Mr. Hoad belonged to. Lawson continued to ask about other people that Mrs. Hoad knew, but Stanley Fairfax was the only one who seemed to offer anything. In the end he thanked Mrs. Bray, and said she'd been a great help, and we left.

We had a quick lunch, and then drove over to the Saltwater Yacht Club. There were two or three members at work on their boats, but Lawson said they'd probably be stuffy about answering questions. After we'd looked round a bit he found a man named Sharpley who had a small boatyard alongside the club and did a lot of work for members and knew them all. Sharpley confirmed that Hoad had been a very pleasant man who had lots of friends. Lawson said he understood that one of his friends had been a Mr. Fairfax, and Sharpley said that was so and that Mr. Fairfax had accompanied the Hoads on their trips on many occasions in his own boat, Water Baby—though not very often lately. Lawson asked him what Fairfax was like, and Sharpley said he was a big, good-looking man of about thirty-five. By profession he was a stockbroker and pretty well-to-do.

We looked up Stanley Fairfax in the phone book and found his address. Around seven-fifteen we went to the address. It was a big block of luxury flats, and Fairfax lived on the fifth floor. We asked the porter if he'd come in, and the porter said he had. We went up and rang the bell and Fairfax opened the door. He was a strongly built, bluff-looking man, with a tanned face and very blue eyes.

Lawson said, "Mr. Fairfax?"

"Yes."

"We're from the Daily Record." Lawson gave our names. "It's about the death of Mr. Hoad. We wondered if you could spare us a few minutes."

Fairfax looked closely at each of us in turn, and glanced at his watch. "I suppose so," he said, "though it'll have to be a very few minutes—I'm expecting someone for dinner. Come in, will you?" He led the way into his sitting room.

"We understand you were a friend of Mr. Hoad's?" Lawson said.

"Yes, indeed. I've known him for years. Shocking business!"

Lawson said, "The thing is, sir, everyone tells us that Mr. Hoad had no enemies, and yet someone killed him. The Record thought it might be a good idea to visit everyone who had any contact with the family. Naturally we don't want to trouble Mrs. Hoad at such a time."

Fairfax nodded. "Well, I'd be only too glad to help, but there's nothing I can suggest. I'm utterly baffled."

"Didn't he have any trouble at all, with anyone?"

"If he did, I never heard of it."

Lawson appeared to hesitate. "There was one bit of information we got, sir ——" He broke off. "You'll understand that it's a little difficult to mention these things, particularly to a friend of the family—but we gathered Mrs. Hoad lunched with some man in London last week. There seems to be a bit of a mystery about it—we wondered if by any chance he could be connected with the case in some way, and if you could suggest who he was."

Fairfax stared at him. "Is this some sort of gag?"

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean."

"Do you really not know who the man was?"

"Indeed we don't."

"Well, that's one thing I can clear up for you," Fairfax said. "The man wasn't connected with the case in any way at all. Actually, Mrs. Hoad was lunching with me."

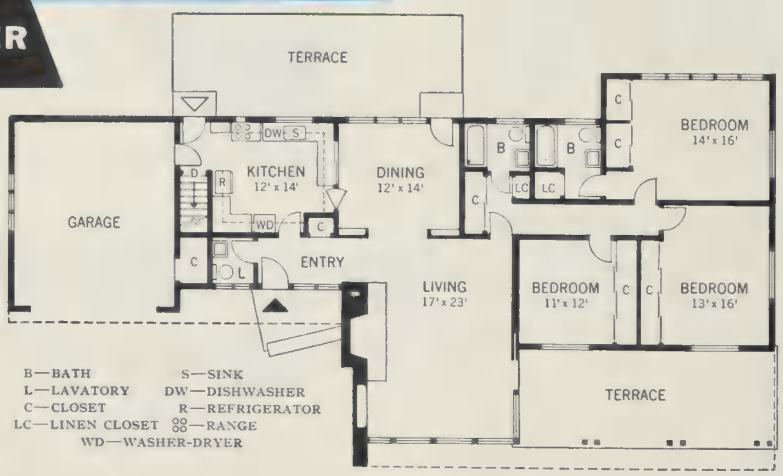
CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

ARCHITECTS: MCCOY AND BLAIR; PHOTOGRAPHER: RUDOLPH E. LEPPERT, JR.



House and Setting

PLANNED TOGETHER



Careful attention to detail lends distinction to this attractive one-floor home.

By CAROL L. CRANE

From its sunny foyer to its expansive rear terrace, this three-bedroom house is large in charm, comfort and convenience. To make the most of a lovely wooded lot, it opens large glass areas to the view in three directions. But see how the house and its setting, planned as one, secure privacy for the occupants.

Opaque windows in the entry admit softly diffused sunlight, yet protect indoor privacy. Floor-to-ceiling windows in the living room face the road, but are shielded from view by a projection of the fireplace wall beyond the building line. Carefully placed evergreens provide pretty year-round concealment for the sheltered front terrace.

Inside, the house combines openness in the living areas with seclusion for the sleeping wing. Living and dining rooms make one large, inviting space for entertaining—and parties can overflow out-of-doors to front and rear terraces. The generously proportioned kitchen uses every spare inch for cabinet space; notice the cupboards over dining-room and entry doors, so handy for seldom-used items. Kitchen is strategically located to save meal-serving footsteps, whether for formal dining, living-room snacks or backyard barbecues.

The sleeping wing is amply supplied with storage space. There's a linen closet for each bathroom, and wall-to-wall closets in each of the bedrooms, placed to free a maximum of floor area for easy furniture arranging. And notice the big, big utility closet at the entrance to the bedroom hall.

Exterior walls of vertical cypress siding are stain-finished for easy maintenance in a warm gray-brown; built-up roof and painted trim are both a sparkling white. Rough stone chimney wall in shades of gray, tan and brown, and crushed bluestone driveway, complete an attractive scheme.

Estimates for building this house range from $19,800 to $27,800, depending upon regional variations in cost of labor and materials. Sorry, no plans available.

New idea! VINYL in a floor wax

and the beauty of it is — *it's childproof**



***Never before such a high gloss!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax with *vinyl* in it, gives you higher gloss than you've ever known. On *any* kind of floor—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile or finished wood! Throughout the house!

***No wax easier to apply!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax polishes itself. No buffing. No rubbing. It spreads evenly —without streaks—quickly sets to a tough, beautiful, *vinyl* gloss!

***Wet spills won't harm gloss!**

Splashes and spills—so common with children—won't hurt the tough vinyl surface —or shine. Simply wipe them up. *New* Simoniz Floor Wax is water-repellent.

***Never before such protection!**

The miracle of vinyl—and only Simoniz has it—gives you the toughest floor surface. The kids won't scuff it, or harm the gloss with their roughhousing. No doubt about it—it's *childproof!*

***No finish so easy to maintain!**

Simoniz Floor Wax with vinyl has a gloss that lasts and lasts. You can even damp mop your floors freely without dulling the shine. Without spoiling the wax finish.

***Good news about re-waxing!**

Here's the *one* floor wax you can remove *evenly* before re-waxing. Simply use your regular household detergent and warm water. The beauty increases with re-waxing. You'll be amazed, once you try it.



Simoniz® Floor Wax

For all floors—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile and finished wood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

"Really?" said Lawson. He contrived to look quite confused. "I *see*—I'm afraid that never occurred to us. . . . It looks as though we've been wasting our time, then. Yours, too, I'm afraid." He picked up his hat—but his expression invited further information.

Fairfax said, in a faintly ironical tone, "If you're interested, it was Mr. Hoad's birthday the next day and Mrs. Hoad wanted to buy him something for his boat. She asked me to help her choose it."

At that moment there was a ring at the door. Fairfax said, "Excuse me," and went out into the passage and opened the door.

Someone said, "Hullo, darling, am I late?" and a pretty blond girl appeared.

Fairfax said, "I've just been talking to the press, Lena. About poor old John." He introduced us. "Mr. Lawson, Mr. Curtis—my fiancée, gentlemen. I'm sorry I can't help you further."

Soon even the theories began to fizzle out. By the end of the fourth day, the story was beginning to look very frayed. We were suddenly told that the police had completed their inquiries in and around the castle and that Inspector Cobley was returning to his permanent HQ in the county town. That didn't mean, it was emphasized, that the case was being shelved—all it meant was that there was nothing more to be done around Lodden.

Several reporters drifted away that evening. Figgis returned to London and it was stated that the reopening of the castle would be postponed for a month to allow morbid public interest to die down. Lawson gathered together our last few scraps of information and phoned them to Blair, and Blair said we were both to return to the office in the morning. Personally, I felt quite ready to go. Mollie, I gathered, was staying on for a day or two, but only because she now had even more "days off" owing to her. I suggested that, now that the work was done, we should drive into Brighton and have dinner and perhaps dance, but she said she was tired. She didn't look tired. She never looked tired.

I sat up rather late that night, drinking bitter and talking shop with Lawson. By now he'd completely accepted me, and we got along fine together. It was nearly midnight when we went up to bed. Even then I wasn't in a hurry to turn in. I sat in the window seat of my room, finishing my pipe, and gazing down at the quiet street.

The church clock struck twelve. As the last note died away I caught a sound from below which, at that time of night, was most unusual. It sounded like the front door of the pub being opened. I looked out, and saw a shadowy figure slip into the street and walk quickly away. It was Mollie!

I hesitated, but only for a second. It was possible that she was simply in need of fresh air, but it seemed most unlikely. I remembered Lawson's advice—"Keep your eye on Mollie!" I crept downstairs and let myself out. I could still hear the light tap of her heels on the road. She was going up the hill toward the castle. I closed the door softly behind me and set off after her.

The night was very dark. Lodden's two street lamps were already out; not a light glimmered in any of the cottages. I could see nothing of Mollie at all. I assumed that she must be making straight for the castle, and went cautiously forward in what I hoped was the right direction.

It was eerie out there in the lonely darkness. Until now I'd taken a pretty impersonal view of the castle murder—I hadn't known or met any of the people directly affected, and to me it had been just a story, a mystery to be solved. Tonight I felt less detached. The battlements of the silent castle, which I could just make out now as a vague shape against the sky, had a brooding, sinister air. The thought that a savage killer had been at work here so recently was unpleasant. Whatever it was that Mollie was up to, she had plenty of nerve. For a while I stood still and listened. Then a twig cracked sharply, away to the right. Mollie was down by the river. She seemed to be working her way round the foot of the castle hill. What on earth could she hope to discover in the dark?

Suddenly I felt my flesh creep. A slow, stealthy tread came from *behind* me. The back of my head tingled. If only I could *see* something!

I stood very still, listening. I could hear nothing now. I took ten paces downhill, and stopped once more. Again for a second I caught the sound of that cautious, menacing step—then, silence!

I took another step—and almost missed my footing. I crouched down and felt the ground with my hands and it fell away sharply. After a moment I touched water. It was too shallow for the river—it must be the tributary. I drew back, listening. The movement behind me was louder. I could hear breathing, agitated breathing. The shape of a man rose above me. I made a dive for him.

There was a fearful yell, a moment of wild struggle, and then he went plunging down the bank into the stream. It was Lawson!

Judging by the gasping and splashing, he was in a pretty panic. I called out in a fierce whisper, "It's me—Curtis! Come out, you clot!" There was a second's silence, and then he came clambering up the bank toward me, breathing hard. I stretched out a hand and helped him. He was soaked from head to foot.

"Heavens!" he said. "You gave me an awful fright!"

"You gave me one too. What on earth are you doing here?"

"Same as you, I suppose. I saw Mollie slip out and thought I'd better follow. I didn't realize you'd seen her too. What's she up to?"

"I haven't a clue. I don't even know where she is now."

He shivered. "Well, I'd better get back to the pub—I can't stick around in this state. What are you going to do?"

"I'll stay for a bit, now I'm here."

It had been a ridiculous episode, but at least it had broken the tension. Mollie must have heard us, so there was no point in keeping quiet any more.

I turned up the slope toward the castle. Near the top I stopped to listen again. As I did so, a voice almost at my feet said, "Is that you, Hugh?" I hadn't found Mollie—Mollie had found me.

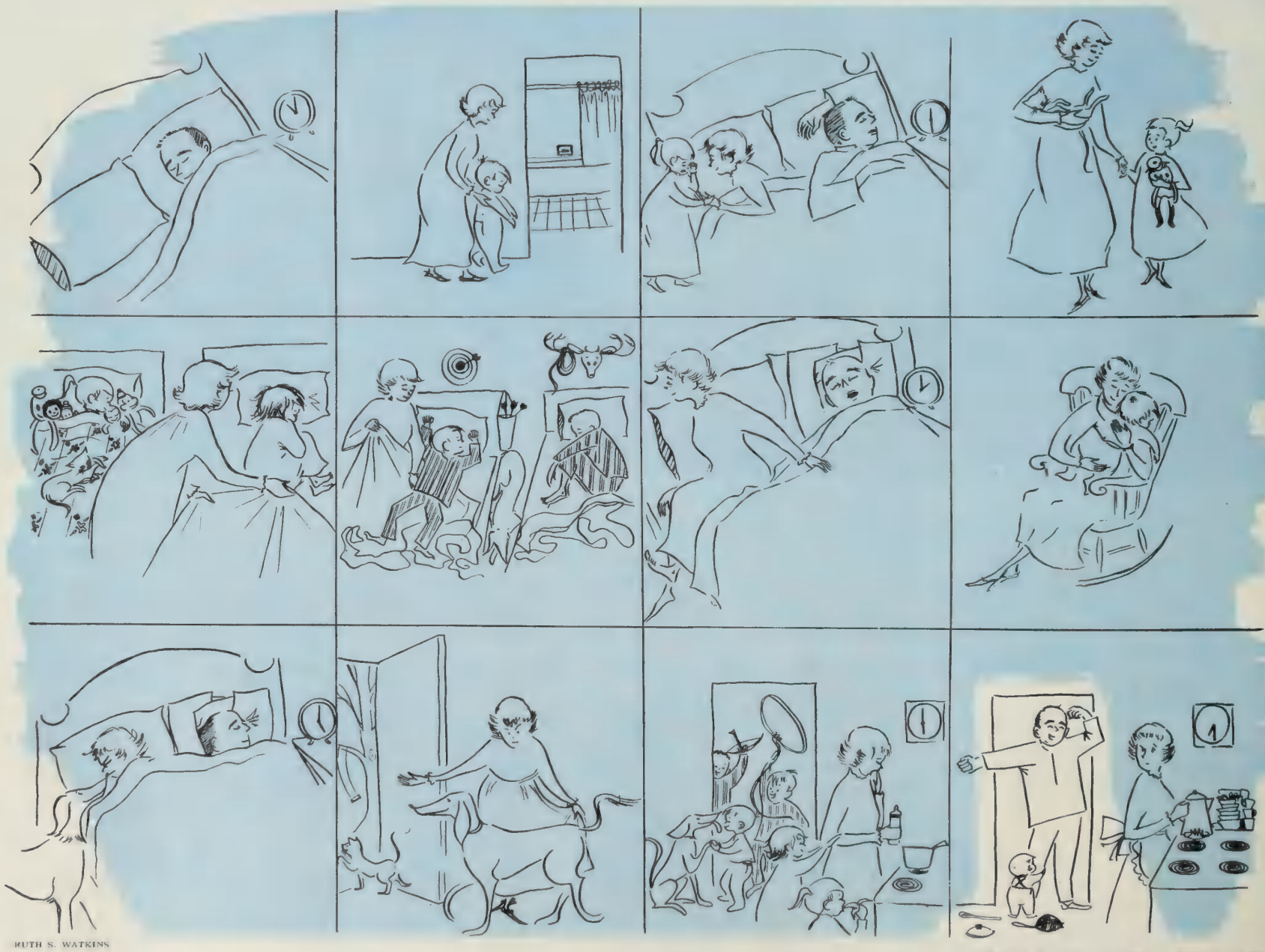
I said "Yes" and dropped down beside her on the grass.

She said, "What's the idea of following me?"

"Magnetic attraction," I told her.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

BE SURE TO BRING THE CHILDREN



RUTH S. WATKINS

"Great sleeping weather, eh, sweetie?"



Kroehler dealers everywhere invite you to **live elegantly** on a modest budget!

THE PERSONALITY® GROUP as shown in bouclé metallic texture can be yours at these low prices: Open-end sofa, each **$129.75.** Quarter circle, **$129.50.** Twin-sectional sofa, each **$119.75.** Lounge chair, **$89.50.** Also available, not shown: Sofa, **$165.00.** Armless chair, **$79.50.** Sleep-or-Lounge, **$279.50.** Foam rubber cushions at extra cost. Prices slightly higher in some areas and vary with fabric selected.

SEE THE EXCITING NEW PERSONALITY® LIVING ROOM GROUP

The moment this fresh new furniture becomes part of your living room, your home comes alive with inviting new comfort and charm . . . and with styling that makes every glance a compliment to your own good taste. Best of all, you *live elegantly* on a modest budget!

PLUS® Built + for the years ahead! You choose wisely when you choose living room furniture by Kroehler because it's Plus-Built . . . extra rugged in nine important ways . . . built to stand up beautifully under the extra wear and tear of this age of TV and active family home life.

WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

KROEHLER

(pronounced "KRAY-ler")

PLUS-BUILT® LIVING ROOM FURNITURE

PERMANIZED® DINING ROOM AND BEDROOM FURNITURE

General Offices: Naperville, Illinois

In Canada: Stratford, Ontario



MOTHER, STOP HURTING YOUR CHILD
with old-fashioned, harsh antiseptics!



NEW JOHNSON & JOHNSON FIRST AID CREAM
fights infection; speeds healing—without stinging!

No other antiseptic—liquid or cream—is so effective, yet so safe for cuts, burns, abrasions:

✓ won't sting—won't irritate tissues ✓ speeds healing
✓ fights infection ✓ penetrates deeper, protects longer
✓ relieves pain quickly ✓ greaseless, stainless



Keep a tube handy in your home, car, office or workshop.

Johnson & Johnson

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

"Was that Lawson down there?"

"Yes. He's gone back to take a mustard bath." I told her what had happened.

"You are a couple of idiots."

"We had no choice. It's a rigid instruction at the Record—'Keep your eye on Mollie.' What *are* you doing here, anyway?"

"Following a hunch."

"So I imagined. May I know what? I mean, if it comes off I'm bound to be in on it now, aren't I?"

"Well, it's quite simple. My idea is that Hoad may have been killed because he saw something he shouldn't have."

"At the castle?"

"Probably. Someone might have been doing something there in secret."

"Well, it's an interesting thought," I said, "and you may be right. But that still doesn't explain what you're doing here. The murderer's hardly likely to show up again."

"He might, if his work was interrupted."

"Wouldn't he have finished it before he left?"

"He wouldn't have had much time," Mollie said. "Getting rid of the body and scuttling the boat must have taken hours. . . . Anyway, if he'd thought he could finish it he'd hardly have gone to all that trouble to cover up what had happened. He'd simply have finished it and cleared off. At least, I should think so. I'd say he knew he had to come back."

"Even if you're right, what makes you think he might turn up tonight?"

"It's the first night he could do it safely. The police have gone—the coast's clear."

"That's a point. . . . So how long do you plan to stay here?"

"Oh, an hour or two."

"I thought you said you were tired!"

She laughed softly.

"Well," I said, "what do you want me to do? Leave you to it?"

"I don't insist—not if you don't make a noise. Nobody's likely to come if we chatter."

"I won't make a sound," I said.

My eyes had got used to the darkness by now. I could make out the loom of the castle quite clearly. We were under a low bank about fifty yards from the moat. It was a good strategic spot. It was also a pleasant one. The air was balmy and full of summer scents. I lay back and relaxed. Mollie seemed pretty relaxed too. She was very close to me, and she didn't have to be.

As the minutes passed, my thoughts moved farther and farther from the castle and concentrated more and more on Mollie. I moved my head a little, and tried to see her face. I could hear her quick breathing, I could just make out her features. She didn't move and I kissed her mouth. I'd been wanting to do that ever since I'd set eyes on her. She still didn't move, not at first. She just let me kiss her, as though it was an interesting experiment. Then, suddenly, her arms went round me and she kissed me back with warmth and fervor.

"You take a long time to get to the starting point, Mr. Curtis," she said softly, "but there's nothing wrong with your acceleration. I think we'd better call it a night!"

It was then that the silence was broken by a peculiar grating sound. I think we'd both forgotten that we were supposed to be keeping watch, but now we were alert in a second. Someone had turned a key in the lock of the castle door!

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 60 & 61

Vogue Design No. 9236.	One-piece dress; 12 to 42 (32 to 44). 75c.
Vogue Design No. S-4813.	One-piece dress and scarf; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). $1.00.
Vogue Design No. 9259.	One-piece dress and scarf; 10 to 16 (31 to 36) and 9 to 15 (30½ to 35). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9256.	Two-piece dress and scarf; 10 to 16 (31 to 36) and 9 to 15 (30½ to 35). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9254.	One-piece dress; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9253.	One-piece dress; 10 to 20 (31 to 40). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9255.	"Easy to Make" one-piece dress and cummerbund; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 75c.



The thought did cross my mind that perhaps he most sensible thing would be to go and ing up the police—but then I'd been a re-orter for only a week. Mollie didn't hesitate. "Come on," she said in a fierce whisper. "Let's find out what's happening."

We advanced on tiptoe to the door, which was shut. We stood tensely under the great portcullis, listening. Perhaps, I thought, we'd been mistaken about the grating noise. I grasped the iron ring that formed the handle, nd began to turn it, very slowly and care-ully. Even so, it squeaked a bit. When it was ully turned, I pushed against the door—and t moved. We hadn't been mistaken.

The entrance passage with the "murder oles" over it was impenetrably dark. I lipped through the door and Mollie followed. Somewhere a night bird hooted. In the dis-ance the church clock struck two.

The courtyard seemed to be empty, but the ncertainty was spine-chilling. The man with he key might be skulking in one of the al-oves, one of the hollow towers, anywhere. Broken masonry lay across our path like a nine field. I stood there so long that Mollie rew impatient. "Get on!" she whispered. She was either less scared than I was or less imag-native.

I managed to avoid the obstructions, but Mollie stumbled over something and for a moment we stood motionless, scarcely daring o breathe, listening. Then, somewhere ahead of us, high up, the silence was broken. There were three or four dull, heavy blows, as though someone was knocking in a tent peg with a wooden mallet. The sounds seemed to be coming from the square tower.

"Who said there were no noises in the night?" Mol-ie murmured in my ear.

We had reached the base of the tower. The wooden door at the foot of the spiral staircase was closed. I eased t open gently. The sounds from above were more muffled inside, but I could still hear them. I began to climb the spiral, telling myself that as long as the noise went on I wasn't likely to meet anyone on the stairs.

I stopped at the first-floor room and peered in, but it was empty. Mollie was press-ng at my heels, and I continued to climb. As I rounded the last curve, I saw that the heavy wooden door giving on to the flat roof was standing open, and through it I caught the glimmer of a light. I sank down on the last step, pressing myself against the wall so that Mollie could squeeze in beside me. Then, cau-tiously, we looked out.

There was an electric hand lamp on the roof, placed so that its light was focused on a section of the parapet. In the beam, a man was working. By now I'd almost convinced myself that it would be Figgis—but this man was much bigger than Figgis. His face was turned away from us. He had a heavy hammer in his right hand, its head covered with a cloth to deaden sound. In his left, he held something that looked like a chisel. He was breaking out the cement that the workmen had put into the parapet. A few feet to the right of him there was already a gaping hole, which he seemed to have abandoned. On the roof beside the lamp there was a soft traveling bag and a coil of thick wire. This, beyond doubt, was Hoad's murderer.

We were only a few feet from the man, and now I daren't even whisper to Mollie. Once more discretion suggested a quiet retreat for reinforcements. But Mollie might not want to go, and I couldn't leave her.

We watched him for what seemed an hour, though in fact it couldn't have been much more than twenty minutes. His blows on the chisel were strong and well directed. Obvi-ously, whatever he had begun, he meant to finish that night. Suddenly his chisel went through into a cavity and he gave a little grunt of satisfaction. He pulled away several large lumps of cement, and put his hand in the hole and then his arm, and for a while he groped around inside. Then he picked up the coil of wire and cut a length off it with some pliers, and bent one end into the shape of a hook. He pushed the wire into the hole and began to fish around with it.

Several times he drew the wire out and bent the end into a different shape and started over again. Either he couldn't hook the fish, or he couldn't land it, or there wasn't any fish there. He was certainly having extreme difficulty. Then a satisfied "Ah!" escaped him, and he withdrew the wire very slowly, very carefully, as though he had a trembler mine on the end of it. What, in fact, he had was something that looked like a leather purse with a string that pulled tight at the neck. He dropped the wire and opened the neck of the purse and took out some small object which he held in his palm before the lamp. It flashed and sparkled, throwing out blue lights. After a moment he put it back and stuffed the purse into his pocket and began to collect his tools. He was going to leave!

I put my mouth against Mollie's ear and whispered "*Back!*" She began to wriggle her body down, but we were tightly jammed on the narrow stairway. "Hurry!" I urged. The man had zipped his bag shut and picked up the lamp. He was walking toward me. In a second he'd see me. There was only one thing to do. I struggled clear of Mollie and burst out of the doorway.

He was on to me like a panther, before I could even get upright. I caught one glimpse of a lean and ruthless face, and then I hit the parapet. He came after me at once, and I grabbed wildly at a foot, which was all I could see of him. He fell with a crash and I grappled with him in the shadows. He was a powerful man, and there wasn't a nasty trick he didn't know. He caught me an agonizing blow with his elbow, and I fell back, writhing. He might have finished me then, but Mollie suddenly joined in, using the bag of tools like a two-handed ax, and though her blows weren't heavy they distracted him and gave me the respite I needed. I staggered to my feet and went at him, punching with all my strength. He crashed back against the parapet and fell with a clang on the iron slats. I rushed in to settle him, too recklessly, and he lashed out with his foot and caught me sharply in the side. As I fell back his hand went to his pocket—and a moment later I was looking into the barrel of a gun.

"Back against the wall!" he said, breathing hard. "You too, girl!"

He was holding the gun like a man who was used to guns. I stepped back against the wall. Mollie joined me.

The man got slowly to his feet. One of his shoes had got caught by the heel between the slats and had come off. I could see his face quite clearly—intelligent, good-looking, sardonic, his eyes and mouth utterly without pity. I thought he would make a most efficient executioner.

He took half a step forward, gave a little gasp and stopped. Still covering us, he began to rub his right foot, the one that had lost its shoe. Finally he hobbled round to the wooden door, using the parapet as a crutch, and pushed the door shut.

"Well, now," he said, "who *are* you?" He had an educated, almost a suave voice.

I told him who I was. I told him who Mollie was. It was the oddest introduction I'd ever made.

He nodded. "My name is Smith," he said. He was a man with a sense of humor! He asked if we were staying at the Castle Arms, and I said we were. He seemed to be debating what to do.

At last he said, "Well, this is awkward. I've sprained an ankle. That's going to hamper my plans. I'll have to rest up here for a day or two. Which means, of course, that I shall need your help—in a number of ways."

Neither of us said anything. "We'll arrange things like this," he went on. "You, Mr. Curtis, will be allowed to leave. You will get food, water and blankets and tomorrow night you will come back here with them. Miss Bourne will stay—as hostage. If you give me away, if you attempt to bring anyone back with you, if

One can be more moved by a puppy of one's own than by anybody else's lion.
ZONA GALE



You get a CLEANER WASH with CLOROX®...
whiter...brighter...
sanitary, too!
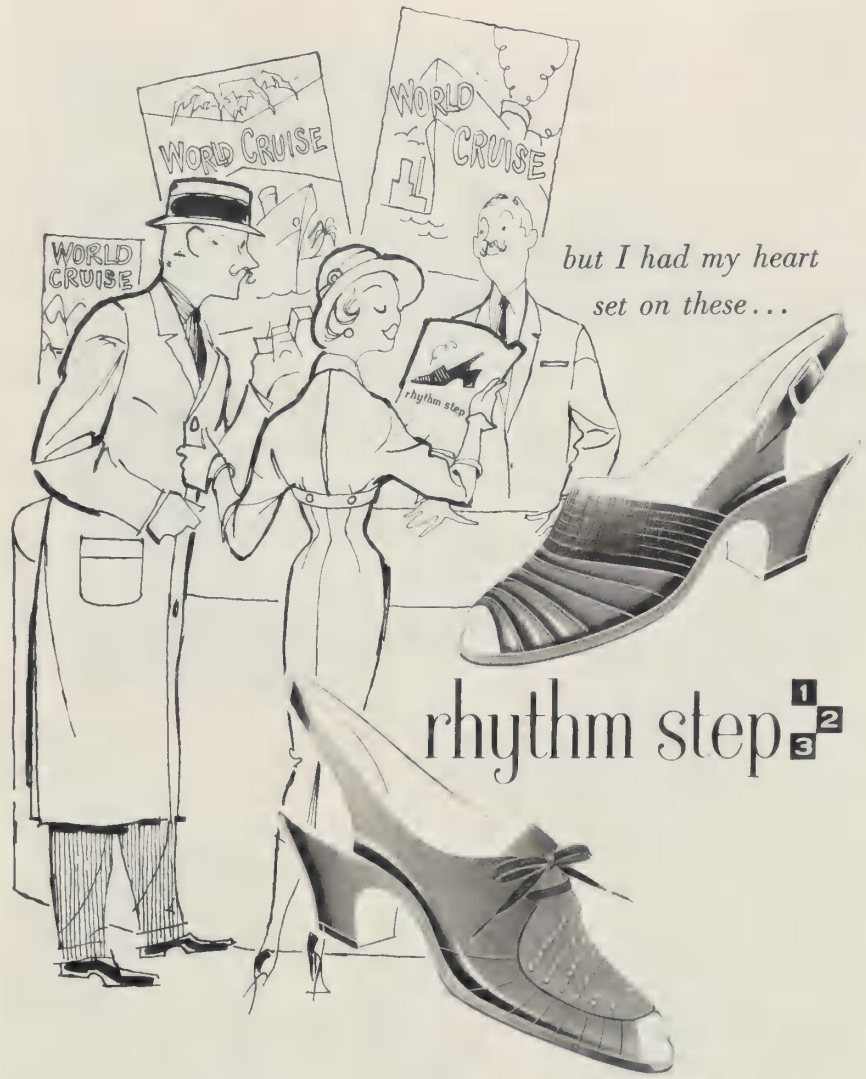
GOOD ADVICE to a bride-to-be ... or any housewife: Give your treasured linens and other fine fabrics a long lease on loveliness with Clorox care right from the *start!* Clorox *gently* removes dinginess, stains and odors from white and color-fast cottons and linens...and from white 100% nylon, rayon, and *Dacron, Orlon* and *Dynel*, too. Remember, when you launder with Clorox you provide added *health protection* for your family because Clorox disinfects!

Every time you use CLOROX *you protect family health!*



Another hint for homemakers: Always keep Clorox handy in your bathroom and kitchen, as well as in your laundry. See the label directions for many ways Clorox can help you every day, all through the house!





JOHNSON, STEPHENS & SHINKLE SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

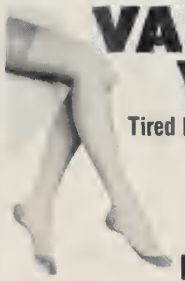
Alert Women!
MORE MONEY EASIER
with Peerless
PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS



Profits come Big and Fast! Show friends popular priced series; from 40 for $1.50 to 25 for $3.95. A line that sells on sight! Increase profits with complete line Box Assortments, Wrappings and Gifts.

Profit up to $1.35 per Box

Write for sample kit and 2 Box Assortments on approval.
PEERLESS GREETINGS, Dept. H 316 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.



VARICOSE VEINS
Tired Legs, Leg Cramps Relieved
Dr Scholl's
Super-Sheer
ELASTIC STOCKINGS

Nylon, full-footed, full-fashioned. So sheer, they look just like regular nylons—yet give comfortable, uniform support. No overhose needed. In French Nude, White, Black. At Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shops, Drug, Dept., Surgical Supply Stores. For free booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. E2, Chicago 10, Ill.

STOP PAIN INSTANTLY
COMBAT INFECTION-PROMOTE HEALING
WITH SOOTHING
Campho-Phenique
(PRONOUNCED CAM-FO-FIN-EEK)
USE IT FOR FEVER BLISTERS
COLD SORES, GUM BOILS

Not only do fever blisters heal faster, but the same thing happens when Campho-Phenique is used on cold sores, gum boils. Wonderfully soothing too, for minor burns, poison ivy, itching of insect bites. And Campho-Phenique is a highly effective, pain-relieving antiseptic for minor cuts and scratches from paring knives, can openers, tin cans, etc. Used on pimples, Campho-Phenique helps prevent their spread and re-infection.



the police come here—she will die . . . in agony."

"You must be mad," Mollie said.

"Not mad, Miss Bourne—just desperate. As you undoubtedly realize, I killed Hoad. If I'm caught, I shall have to pay for that. If I kill you, too, I shall have to pay the same penalty. Why should I hesitate?"

Offhand, I couldn't think of a reason.

"At the same time," he said, "if you cooperate with me for a day or two, you have nothing to fear. When I can move about again I shall leave here and let you free. Before you can put anyone on my trail, I shall be out of reach. Our interests are identical—we all want to get away safely, and there's no reason why we shouldn't. Mr. Curtis, what do you say?"

"The police may come anyway," I said. "The caretaker may come. Anyone may come. The odds are hopelessly against you."

Mollie said, "They may come and look for me. They're bound to start searching if I don't go back to the hotel."

"That's something we must take care of, Miss Bourne. Write a note to the manager—I'm sure you have paper and a pencil with you. Make it sound as though it was written early tomorrow morning—as though you'd suddenly decided to go off for a day or two but were leaving most of your things and wanted your room kept. Mr. Curtis will see that it's delivered."

"If it was written in the morning," Mollie said, "my bed would have been slept in. And it won't have been."

"Ah!" Smith considered that for a moment. "Is your room locked?"

"No."

"Then Mr. Curtis can attend to the bed when he goes back tonight."

"My car's parked at the hotel—I'd never go away for two or three days without that."

"Then Mr. Curtis must look after the car too. After all, it's your own lives that are at stake." The gun jerked. "Please—the note!"

Mollie looked at me—and took a pad from her bag and wrote.

When she'd finished, Smith said, "Give your car ignition key to Mr. Curtis."

She gave it to me.

"Now put the pad in your bag and throw the bag across to me. Gently!"

She tossed it at his feet. He put the gun on top of the parapet and opened the bag. I sprang toward him. But before I was halfway there he'd whipped up the gun.

"You have a strange idea of co-operation, Mr. Curtis," he said quietly. "Get back to the wall. I'll deal with you in a moment."

Beaten, I rejoined Mollie. She said, "Don't try it, Hugh—it's too risky."

Smith read the note, put it back in the bag, and threw the bag back to Mollie. "Give the note to Mr. Curtis."

I put it in my pocket.

There was a little silence. Then Smith said, "Mr. Curtis, you need a lesson. Stand away from Miss Bourne!"

I moved along the parapet. Then he began to hobble painfully round the roof toward us. He looked more like an executioner than ever. As he drew nearer, I braced myself for a blow.

But it didn't come. Instead, he stepped close to Mollie and pressed the gun into her stomach. "I'm going to hit Miss Bourne," he said. "If you make a move, Mr. Curtis, I shall shoot her."

He struck her hard across the face with his left hand. Involuntarily I started forward, but Mollie's warning cry and the wicked little gun checked me.

"You can't argue with a gun, you know," Smith said softly. "You can't be chivalrous in face of a gun. You could try, of course, but it would go off before you could do any good."

Mollie looked terribly pale. She said, "You'd better go, Hugh. We've no choice."

"But I can't leave you with him."

"You must. It's the only way."

I turned savagely to Smith. "All right," I said. "But if Miss Bourne comes to any harm, I swear I'll get you."

"A nice speech," he said. "I'll bear it in mind." He produced a big key from his pocket. "The key to the castle," he said. "The *spare* key! Lock up behind you when you leave—we don't want anyone wandering in. . . . Now let me see. . . . Bandage for my ankle. And bring us something nice to eat. You probably know Miss Bourne's tastes. Some wine wouldn't come amiss—and glasses, of course. Come as soon as you can after dark—I'm sure Miss Bourne will get very hungry and thirsty. And don't try any tricks. Good night, Mr. Curtis."

I moved toward the door and opened it. "All right, Mollie?"

She nodded. She had herself well under control. "All right, Hugh. This is going to make quite a story in the end."

I turned and descended the steps.

I crossed the courtyard in a kind of daze. I locked the castle door behind me mechanically. I walked down the field path in revolt against the facts. The whole affair was too gangsterish, too utterly melodramatic to be credible.

There was only one consolation—and I didn't know how long it would remain one. If I hadn't followed Mollie to the castle, if she'd stumbled alone upon the man, he'd almost certainly have killed her out of hand.

I was still pretty dazed when I reached the hotel. I slipped into the lobby and stole silently upstairs. My room came first, then Lawson's, then Mollie's. I opened Mollie's door and went in and closed it behind me. I loosened the pillows, and made a dent in one of them with my fist, and mussed up the bedclothes. I damped one of the towels and threw it carelessly over the towel rail. I moistened the soap. I put a little tooth paste in one of the tumblers and swilled it around with some water. Then I gathered up a few things that Mollie would certainly have taken with her—her nylon nightie from the bed, a thin silk dressing gown from the wardrobe, her hairbrush and toothbrush and a few other toilet things from the shelf above the basin and from the dressing table. I stuffed the nightie and the smaller things into my pockets, and the dressing gown inside my jacket, and crept out.

Little minds are wounded too much by little things; great minds see all, and are not even hurt.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

Lawson's door opened, sending a flood of light into the corridor. For a moment he gazed at me as though he couldn't believe his eyes. Then his pale face split in a fatuous grin.

"Oh, naughty, naughty!" he said under his breath, and tut-tutted.

"What are you snooping about for?" I burst out in an angry whisper.

"Sorry, old boy, I'm a light sleeper. Don't worry, I'll keep mum. You lucky chap!" He gave an awful leer. "Anything happen out there by the castle?"

"Not a thing!"

He grinned again. "O.K., see you in the morning," he said, and went back into his room.

I went into my own room and stuffed Mollie's things into the bottom of my suitcase. It was half past three. Any thought of sleep was out of the question. I drank a pint of water and bathed my bruised face. Then I sank down on the window seat and tried to get things straight in my mind.

The natural thing was to enlist help—but I didn't see how I could. I tried to imagine what the police would do if I did bring them into it, how they would set about coping—and I couldn't think of anything that wouldn't put Mollie in mortal danger. There was no way in which they could safely tackle Smith in his tower stronghold. There was no way I could take him by surprise. I mentally canvassed the wildest possibilities, from tear gas to lowering someone from a helicopter, but there was always one insuperable snag. Smith would be able to shoot Mollie before any attack could be pressed home.

If, on the other hand, I kept quiet and carried out instructions, Mollie and I ought to be safe enough for the time being. Smith had the whip hand—I couldn't give him away. But he was stuck in the castle for several days and he

couldn't just order me to bring supplies for all the time he was likely to be there, and then dispose of us. For one thing, he didn't know how long he was going to be there. For another, if I disappeared without trace there'd be no one to cover up for me at the hotel. And he certainly wouldn't want any more mysteries in Lodden until he was out of reach.

But when I considered the position from his point of view, I couldn't believe that he'd let us go in the end. We knew far too much. We knew that he was probably a jewel thief, and in a pretty big way of business. We could describe him in detail. His description would be circulated everywhere, on the Continent as well as in England, and the chances were high that he'd be picked up. But if he could leave the castle without anyone's knowing anything about him or his visit, he'd be safe. So why should he hesitate? He'd do to us what he'd done to Hoad. We should end up in the well or the moat.

The burden of responsibility sat squarely on me; I'd have to be prepared to take desperate risks, even fantastic risks. Nothing, however bizarre, could be ruled out.

I thought of trying to get hold of a gun myself and taking a pot at him when he opened the door to the roof. I'd used a revolver a bit in the army. Still, I'd never been much of a shot and Smith handled his gun with the speed of a cowboy in a Western.

I thought of trying to get hold of a rifle, and picking him off from the shelter of the hazel bushes beside the moat. The trouble was that if I failed to get him with my first shot I shouldn't have another chance—and he'd almost certainly regard the attempt as a declaration of war, which could well be the end of Mollie.

Perhaps I could draw him out of the tower by some ruse—create some diversion, maneuver him into a position of disadvantage? That was fine in theory, but specifically I couldn't think how.

Meanwhile, a minor problem was what I was going to do about Lawson and the office. I'd have to think up some good reason why I couldn't go back—something that wouldn't rouse any suspicion or start any inquiry. The last thing I wanted was that Lawson should get suspicious. Illness! That was the thing. I'd have to say I wasn't well. No one ever argued about that.

By now it was full daylight, and I concentrated on the immediate tasks. I had to move Mollie's car before the hotel servants were up. I also had to leave her message somewhere. I crept downstairs to the lounge. The window of the reception desk was closed, but a heavy inkwell had been left on the ledge outside and I put the note underneath it and went out into the street. It was a beautiful morning again—the sort of morning that made you feel you wanted to live forever. I walked round to the car park, squeezed myself into Mollie's car and drove quietly away. In Worley I settled down for a long wait. At ten minutes past eight a man arrived to open the garage. I asked him if I could leave my car there for a few days and he said, "Certainly, sir!" and gave me a ticket.

The bus back to Lodden got me to the pub just before nine. Mollie's message had gone from the reception desk. I nodded a "Good morning!" to the manager's wife and went into the dining room. I felt extremely hungry, but I didn't dare order much of a breakfast—if I was going to malinger, it wouldn't do to let Lawson catch me wolfing bacon and eggs. I asked for coffee and a roll, and thought of Mollie sitting up there in the tower all day without food or water.

Lawson came in. He said, "Oh, what a beautiful morning!" and sat down opposite me. He picked up the menu and gave me a sly glance. Then his jaw dropped.

"What have you been doing to your face?"

I'd forgotten he hadn't seen my bruises in daylight. I said, "My wardrobe door was open and I walked into it in the dark. I'm surprised you didn't hear me."

He grinned. "Sure it wasn't Mollie trying to save her honor?"

"It was not," I said shortly.

"Well, you certainly don't look so good. How do you feel?"

"Lousy," I said. "Very tired."

"What do you expect, old boy? By the way, what *was* Mollie up to at the castle?"

"I don't think she was up to anything. She just said she couldn't sleep."

"That's a likely story! Where did you run into her?"

"Outside the pub, as a matter of fact," I told him. "I caught her up at the door on my way back."

"Nice timing. Is she around yet?"

"She was—but she went off early. Said something about going to stay with friends for a day or two."

"You mean she's checked out?"

"No, I gather she's left some of her things. She said she just couldn't be bothered to pack."

He didn't pursue the subject. Around ten-thirty, he said that we might as well be getting on our way. I was just going to tell him I didn't feel up to it when there was a call from the office, and he took it. He talked for a minute or two, and then called out that Blair wanted me and handed the receiver over.

Blair said briskly, "Oh, Curtis, I'd like you to get back here as quickly as you can."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Blair, but I'm afraid I'm not well."

"Not well? Why, what's the matter?"

"Bit of fever. I think I've caught a chill. I honestly don't feel fit."

"Well, it's very inconvenient," he said in a testy voice. "We're extremely shorthanded."

"I'm sorry," I said again.

He grunted. "If you're ill, you're ill, I suppose. Anyway, see how you get on. Give me a call this afternoon."

"Very well," I said, and rang off. That hurdle seemed to have been taken all right.

Lawson was just putting his bag into his car. He obviously thought I was shirking work, and took a poor view. "Well, I'll be seeing you," he said. He got into his car, and a moment later he was driving away. I took a deep

People use CHI-NET® Plates

in all kinds of places

for all kinds of meals



CHI-NET®

the paper plate everybody likes

Outdoors and indoors . . . for picnics and parties . . . for quick meals and snacks . . . for breakfast, lunch and dinner, CHI-NET molded paper plates are always right for modern, easy living.

CHI-NET paper plates are molded to shape . . . they stay rigid even when piled high with food. And they have such a wonderful smooth, white finish you are proud to use them.

Look for CHI-NET paper plates at leading food or variety stores. Available in three popular round sizes for breakfast, lunch or snacks, compartment round dinner size and Square Meal Trays, especially popular for TV dinners. Look for the CHI-NET oval on the package.

KEYES FIBRE COMPANY
WATERVILLE, MAINE



Be Wise-Buy KEYES MOLDED PRODUCTS

breath, and began to consider the next problem.

I drove to Brighton, parked the Riley and started on my rounds. I bought a two-gallon can for water, some gray blankets, an elasticized bandage, two plastic tumblers and a collection of cutlery. I didn't suppose they'd need knives and forks, but it seemed the most promising way of getting potentially dangerous weapons into the castle. One of the knives, in particular, was short and strong and very sharp. As I stood at the counter of a provision store, watching cooked ham being sliced, the fantastic unreality of the whole business came over me again. But I didn't see what else I could do.

I glanced around the shelves—and my eyes came to rest on a small round tin.

Pepper!

It was an old idea, of course, as old as the hills—but that seemed all the more reason why it might work. It was certainly the best idea I'd had yet. I said I'd have it.

What I needed now was some little gadget that would direct a jet of it straight at him. But how and where would I hide it?

I thought about it for some time, sitting in the car, and presently I went back to the shops. I found just what I wanted on a cosmetic counter, a small pink atomizer of some soft, collapsible material, with a black plastic spray tip set at a slight angle. I could scarcely wait to try it.

In the car, I opened the tin and poured a little pepper into the container. Then I opened my jacket and put the nozzle through the top buttonhole from the inside and buttoned up. I got out and walked about a bit and the thing seemed to be held quite firmly by the nozzle, which was pointing slightly upward and away from me. I gave the top of my jacket a smart tap, and a fine spray of pepper shot out for more than a foot. Some of it drifted back on me, and I was seized with a paroxysm of sneezing and for a moment or two my eyes streamed. It seemed to work very well! If only I could direct the spray into Smith's face, I hadn't a doubt that he'd be temporarily incapacitated. A mere second off guard would be enough for me to get his gun.

I drove back to the Castle Arms, filled the water can from the hose pipe in the car park, and left the stores locked up in the car in a soft bag. It was nearly four and I decided I must try to get a little sleep. It wouldn't help anyone if I reached the castle in an exhausted state. I went up to my room and stretched out on the bed. The next thing I knew, it was six o'clock, and a maid was tapping on my door and saying there was a telephone call for me. It was Hatcher, and he was in his nastiest mood.

"I thought you were supposed to be ill!" he said.

"I am."

"We tried to get you after lunch and they said you'd gone out."

"I wanted some fresh air," I said.

"Well, there's plenty in Norfolk—you'd better come back."

"I'm really not fit," I said.

"Have you seen a doctor?"

"Well, no."

"Then see one."

"It's just an indisposition," I said. "I'll be all right in a day or two."

He blew his top then. "We run a newspaper here, not a convalescent home. See a doctor right away and let me know what he says. That's an order!" He hung up.

If I continued to stall, they'd probably send someone down to find out what I was playing at. They might even send Lawson back, which was the last thing I wanted.

I went into the lounge and composed a letter of resignation. There might be repercussions later, but I felt much happier when the letter was posted.

The rest of the evening dragged. I went to my room and waited there in a state of tension. I couldn't leave the hotel until the manager had locked up and gone to bed, because otherwise I should be locked out. From my window seat, I watched the lights go out one by one. When all seemed quiet, I crept downstairs and silently let myself out. I'd already taken the precaution of parking the car up the hill and I walked quickly to it. I took the blankets under one arm, and the water can and provisions in the other, and set off up the field path. I had to walk very slowly and carefully, because the pepper spray was in position and I didn't want to set it off with a sudden jerk.

The night was dark, but I was getting to know the place better now and I had little difficulty in finding my way to the castle door. I let myself in with Smith's key. Apparently the lock worked from the outside but not from the inside. That cleared up a point which had puzzled me—why Smith had left the door open behind him on the night when Hoad had walked in on him.

I crossed the courtyard to the tower door, pulled it open and called up softly, but got no reply. I lugged the bag up the spiral staircase. The top door was closed. I couldn't see a thing. I made sure the atomizer was in position, and banged on the door. There was a moment's silence. Then Smith called out, "Is that you, Mr. Curtis?"

"Yes," I said.

The door opened about six inches. A pale gleam of light came through from the roof. I couldn't see Mollie.

Smith said, "Put your hands through the door, and keep them there."

I obeyed. The door slowly opened. The first thing I saw was the gun, well out of reach. The next thing was Smith. He wasn't taking any chances. I hadn't overestimated him.

"Step in," he said. "Hands above your head. Now stand still." He hobbled up close. I could see that he still wasn't putting much weight on his foot. He thrust the gun against my belly and slapped my pockets expertly. Out of the corner of my eye I could just see the nozzle of the sprayer—though only because I knew it was there. It was pointing straight at his face, and I knew it would work if only I

Hold this page about arm's length from your face. Keeping your eyes on the blue dot between the rain and the corn, bring the page slowly to your nose. Hold it there a few seconds...presto! The cornfield gets rain Try this with the Morton's and corn, too



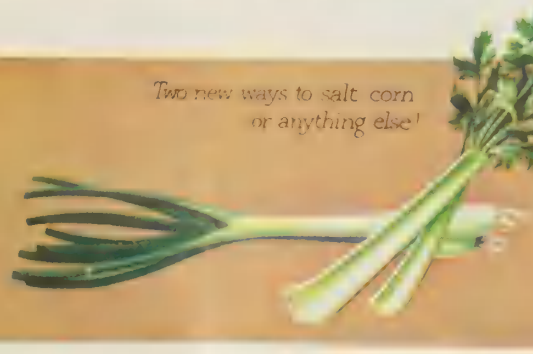
Corn in the field needs rain...
Corn on your table needs Morton's...



iodized or plain



They just naturally go together!



Two new ways to salt corn or anything else!



Morton Miniatures, 1½ inches high, packed six to the tray.

Morton Salters, 3⅞ inches in size, sold in cartons of three, plain or iodized





When it rains it pours

uld get at it. He thumped my breast pocket
id must have been within an inch or two
triggering it off—but he missed it. "All
ght," he said, and stepped back. I lowered
y hands, sweating with disappointment.

Mollie was sitting propped up in an angle
the parapet, her thin summer coat folded
nder her as a cushion. I said, "Hullo, Mollie!
re you all right?"

"More or less," she said. She sounded as
ough she was having difficulty with her
ice too—but with her it wasn't excitement.
guessed it was just plain misery. "I could do
ith a drink—I'm absolutely parched."

"I'll get it," Smith said. He backed to the
or, and brought in the bag and the water
n. He opened the bag as carefully as though
had been full of grenades. He took the
ings out one at a time, and scrutinized each
turn. When he came to the daggerlike knife
gave me a sardonic glance, and tossed it
er the parapet. He inspected the bandage
id seemed to approve of it.

"Well, that seems all right," he said.
ou've been busy, Mr. Curtis." He un-
rewed the top of the water can, smelled the
ntents, and filled the two tumblers. He took
ne over to Mollie, and himself drained the
her at a draught. He
filled them, and they
th drank again. He
shed the door shut
w and set to work to
rve up a loaf. The gun
as on the concrete
side him, but I wasn't
mpted. I was still
ping for a chance to
e the pepper.

Mollie hadn't moved.
ne light was dim and
still couldn't see her
ce properly. I said,
Has he behaved him-
lf?"

"So far," she said.
"Have you been up
re all the time?"

"Only since dusk. We
ent most of the day in
e courtyard. I'm al-
wed to exercise."

"Are you going to
ep up here?"

"I gather so. Mr.
nith has fixed up a
dget so that I can't cut his throat during
e night."

I saw then that one of her feet was secured
wire to the slats. There were two separate
res, and two separate loops. The whole
ing was cunningly arranged so that she
uldn't get free unaided. The ends of the
res were both out of her reach.

I said, "Look here, Smith, you can't leave
r like this!"

Even as I said it, it struck me that indig-
tion was pretty foolish in the circumstances.
was like complaining of discomfort on the
y to the gas chamber.

Smith was quite unperturbed. He was divid-
g ham and tongue and tomatoes into two
aps with meticulous care. He said, "The
res aren't tight. Obviously I can't leave her
e at night. Even if she didn't cut my throat,
e might get desperate and I wouldn't like her
hurt herself!" He picked up his gun, and
lf the food. "Stand away, will you, while I
ing this over?"

told Mollie about Lawson and the bed-
om incident, because I thought it might
eer her up a bit, and it did. I also told her
ere I'd put her car, and about my office
ging up, and about the letter of resignation
I sent Blair.

Smith didn't mind Mollie and me talking.
tually, it wasn't easy to talk, because I had
lf my mind on how I could get near enough
him to use the pepper.

As I gazed around at the uniquely im-
obable scene, I had to tell myself all over
ain that this wasn't just a nightmare. In one
rner, Mollie—the haughty, sophisticated
ollie—tethered by a foot like some animal.
another corner, Smith, a callous and appar-
tly quite unworried murderer, enjoying his
od and behaving as politely as a host at a
party. And there was I, with a woman's powder spray sticking out of my buttonhole, and homicide in my heart. All in the sinister, shadow-casting half-light of that now-failing electric lamp. It seemed incredibly macabre.

At last Smith stirred. "Well, that was good," he said. "Tomorrow, Mr. Curtis, perhaps you can do even better. We mustn't spare the expense."

"No," I said. "You've got twenty pounds to spend, haven't you?"

He smiled good-humoredly. "I shall need that on my travels."

"How *is* the ankle?" I asked.

"Coming along. Another two days, and you'll be celebrating my departure. . . . And now, Mr. Curtis, I think you'd better be getting back. Miss Bourne and I have had quite a tiring day."

"It looks as though you need a new lamp battery," I said.

"Yes, I was going to mention that. Please don't forget it. And I'd like some cigarettes; I'm running out."

I said, "Is there anything you'd like, Mollie?"

"You might change my library book."

"I'll bring some papers, anyway." I stood looking at her. I didn't want to leave her. I didn't want to leave either of them. I wanted to have a crack at Smith. But he was at the other side of the roof and I couldn't think of any excuse to get near him.

"Well, good night, Mr. Curtis," he said.

I didn't move.

"I said 'Good night, Mr. Curtis.'"

I'd suddenly had a very simple idea. I just stood there.

He got up and came hobbling over to me. "Are you deaf?" he said, and for the first time that night his voice had a nasty edge. "Get going!" I felt the gun in my ribs.

His face was about a foot away. I wondered if he'd have time to press the trigger before the pepper got him. I had to take a chance. I said, "I'm sorry, Smith—I've got a frightful pain in my chest." I clapped my hand on my jacket and the pepper shot out sideways.

Smith jerked back, his finger steady on the trigger. It would have been comic if there hadn't been so much at stake. As it was, it was just a ghastly fiasco.

He waited till I'd stopped sneezing. Then he made me move to a new place, and came up close again and unbuttoned my jacket and took away the sprayer.

"An ingenious idea, Mr. Curtis," he said, "but you really shouldn't have done it, you know. I did warn you. It seems you need another lesson. Stand back!"

He began to hobble toward Mollie. She looked distraught with fear. "Don't!" she breathed. "Oh, please don't!"

I couldn't bear it. Not again. I said, "Smith, if you touch her I swear you'll have to kill me. And that'll be the end of you too." I took a step toward him, and another. "So help me, I mean it."

He stopped, and gazed at me for a long moment.

"I believe you do," he said. "The breaking point, eh? Well, in that case you'll have to take your own punishment."

He came up to me and stuck the gun hard in my stomach and gave me a savage punch with his knuckles. He knew just where to hit so that it hurt most—and he kept on hitting, very calmly, very scientifically, and every blow brought its own peculiar agony. I slumped against the wall vaguely aware of gasps and cries from Mollie. I couldn't take any more. Then the blows suddenly ceased, and I swam slowly back to consciousness through a haze of pain.

AUGUST SONG

By BARBARA SHOOK

In fields where lambs and lions sleep,
Watch for claws upon the sheep;
Above the child asleep in bed
An eagle circles overhead;
Over the rooftop spirits pass
Slender as a blade of grass;
Sickening for lack of shade
Roses bloom, burst the glade.
In summer when the tiger runs,
Shelter the frail from too hot suns.



So easy! 50% more jam ...and fresher flavor

because you boil only 1 minute with SURE-JELL or CERTO



Recipe: perfect homemade peach jam. Peel, pit and crush *3 lbs.* fully ripe peaches. Mix 4 cups prepared fruit in very large saucepan with *1 box Sure-Jell.* (Or use liquid *Certo*—recipe on bottle.) Stir over high heat until mixture comes to hard boil.



Stir in 5 cups sugar at once. Bring to full rolling boil. Boil hard for *1 minute only*, stirring constantly. This short boiling time means less juice boils away—so you get up to 50% higher yield, and the flavor comes through fresher—with *Sure-Jell* or *Certo!*



Remove from heat, then alternately stir and skim off foam for 5 minutes. Ladle into glasses. Paraffin at once. Yield: 9 medium glasses, for mere pennies a glass! And you're *sure* of perfect results with either powdered *Sure-Jell* or liquid *Certo!*

Your choice!

SURE-JELL

powdered natural fruit pectin

or **CERTO**

liquid natural fruit pectin



Pectin causes jelling. Amounts of pectin in fruits vary.

But *no guessing* with recipes you get with *Sure-Jell* or *Certo.*

Products of General Foods

"Well, I think that will do for now," I heard Smith saying. "After all, if I incapacitate you entirely I shan't get those cigarettes. Good night, Mr. Curtis."

I stumbled out through the door.

The only consolation I took away from the castle that night was that I'd stood up to Smith over Mollie, and I knew now that I could prevent him from hurting her. But I was still no nearer getting that gun away from him—and I was one day nearer the moment of his departure, the final reckoning.

The real problem was the tower. If Smith had been spending his nights in the courtyard, or even in the first-floor room, there might have been some possibility of creeping in quietly and catching him off guard. But the tower was a safe fortress. It wasn't even as though the door giving access to the roof was a light affair, that I could fling open and rush through.

The only one way of approaching that roof without announcing my arrival was from the outside of the castle. But how could it be done? A sixty-foot ladder floated across the moat and mounted on some improvised raft . . . but how could I get a sixty-foot ladder to the castle without attracting dangerous attention in the village? And the walls were too smooth to scale without a ladder . . . or were they? I hadn't seen them close to—I'd only seen them across the moat. I had a pair of binoculars in the car, and I decided to do a bit of reconnoitering.

Directly after breakfast I collected the glasses from the car and walked up to the gate. The gate itself was out of sight of the tower and fifty yards to the left was a small copse I could reach without showing myself. At the far end I should be visible from the tower, but the distance was short enough to risk a quick dash. Beyond the gap, the fringe of hazel bushes beside the moat would give me cover. Once I'd reached them, I could work my way round unobserved until I was opposite the tower.

I climbed quickly to the copse and went through it and dropped down into the dip. I kept the glasses on the tower for a full ten minutes, scrutinized all the loopholes—and made a bolt for it. I was across in seconds.

I began to move slowly round the moat, always keeping the bushes between me and the tower. I'd gone only a few yards when I came across what looked like an old pontoon in the water. It was a shallow box, about five feet square, moored against the bank. It was roughly made and pretty rotten, but it still floated. I pulled it in cautiously. It would get me over to the wall if I ever wanted to go.

I crept on through the hazel bushes until I was directly opposite the front face of the tower. I sat down on the bank, and through a gap in the leaves I set to work to study the wall in earnest. The glasses were powerful, and I could see every crevice. At close quarters the ancient stone was pocked with irregularities. With a growing sense of excitement I followed them up from the water, noting possible finger holds and toe holds, and they took me right to the top. But there my imaginary climb struck an insuperable obstacle—the overhang. The five stone corbels which carried the parapet on that side sloped sharply outward. There were spaces between the corbels, shaped like small arches, into which I might climb. But above them was the protruding parapet itself.

However, my hopes had been aroused. The tower, jutting out into the moat some fifteen feet from the main wall, had three approachable faces and I worked my way back through the hazels to have a look at one of the sides. I saw at once that the architecture was different. There were only four corbels instead of five. Where the fifth should have been, a section of the tower wall rose straight above the main battlements. If I could climb up near the angle there'd be nothing to prevent my reaching the top.

I turned my glasses on the wall near the angle—and my spirits sank. There were one or two footholds, but nothing like enough to provide a way up. I switched the glasses back to the side of the square tower and inspected the surface near the angle where it joined the front face. That looked more hopeful. But here, again, I should be stopped by the overhang.

Then I had another idea. The iron slats that had been put in to guard the gap must run along the top of the arches between the corbels. If I could reach them, and get a firm handhold, I could probably swing my way over each corbel until I came to the point where the overhang stopped. In fact, I felt pretty certain that I could. Whether I could do it silently was another matter. But I knew that I had to make the attempt.

It would have to be done, of course, in daylight. That meant running risks over and above those of the climb itself, for the job might take an hour or more and I'd be pretty conspicuous clinging to the wall—from above, if anyone happened to look down, and from the fields around, if anyone chanced to be passing. But those risks could be reduced by starting early. Crack of dawn was the time, when there'd be no one about and—with luck—Smith would still be dozing.

I crept back through the bushes, whipped across the gap and dropped down to the gate.

I collected the Riley from the pub and drove quickly to London. I had a little flat in Chancery Lane and I went there. I got out my climbing boots, and an old wind cheater that I always used on climbs. I also found two flat bits of wood that would do for paddles.

I lunched well away from Fleet Street, and in the afternoon I drove back to the Castle Arms. I asked if there had been any messages for me, but there hadn't. It looked as though my letter to Blair had done the trick as far as the office was concerned.

I decided that I'd have to skip my visit to the castle that night. Smith wasn't likely to do anything drastic just because I'd failed to turn up once. He'd be annoyed not to get his cigarettes and the new battery, but at least there was plenty of food and water at the tower for one more day. And if I was going to be in good condition for that climb, I needed sleep—a long night's sleep.

I turned in soon after dinner and slept soundly until three, the waking hour I'd mentally appointed. I put on my boots and laced them up tightly, stuck my trouser bottoms into my socks, zipped up the wind cheater, and crept downstairs. It was still quite dark. I let

They call us the weaker sex. But men are the weaker sex. They know it and we do too.
LADY ASTOR

myself out and walked slowly up the hill. The air was soft, the morning was fine, and there was almost no wind. Climbing conditions should be perfect.

I reached the pontoon, and sat down to wait for daylight. Slowly the old gray pile emerged from the shadows. It had never seemed more serene and beautiful. I watched the paling sky. The first faint trace of blue was beginning to show. This was the moment.

I stepped into the pontoon and pushed off from the bank. In two or three minutes I had reached the wall.

The first few feet were easy. There were good toe holds in broken stone and a deep crevice to get my fingers into, and almost at once I was able to pull myself up to the first loophole. I stood there comfortably and examined the wall above my head. The going looked pretty good about halfway up the tower. I continued to climb, slowly and steadily. There were plenty of handholds, but good toe holds were rarer. I owed most of them, I imagined, to some ancient bombardment, that had chipped out lumps of solid stone.

The middle loophole gave access to the first-floor room of the tower. I peered in cautiously. But it was all right—the room was empty. I got a foot in the loophole and rested again. There was a pitch ahead that I didn't at all like the look of. One essential toe hold was no more than a rough granite edge where a sliver of stone had weathered and sliced off. I got a foot firmly in place, and heaved myself up.

In a second I was hanging by my hands. I couldn't look down. I could find no place for my toes anywhere. I looked along to the right, and there were a couple of fairish toe holds about eight feet away. The only way to reach them was by a hand traverse along the crack between the courses, and I started to work my way slowly along it. My arms were beginning to feel the strain badly.

Still I felt reasonably confident. Compared with the four hundred feet of the Eagle's Nest Arete, the almost vertical, well-nigh ledgeless buttress in the lakes that I'd climbed for fun at Easter, this was child's play. The only thing was, there hadn't been a man with a gun at the top of the Eagle's Nest.

Inch by inch and foot by foot I worked my way upward. I was only a foot or two now from the bottom of the parapet. I climbed a little farther and looked up. My fingers were only a few inches from the iron slats. I squeezed between two of the corbels and made a final effort and gripped one of the slats. I had a bit of a shock as I put my weight on it because it was much springier than I'd expected and sagged a bit in the middle. But it was all right—I'd made it!

Swinging on one hand like a monkey from a branch, I managed to reach the next bit of slat. I took a firm hold and drew myself round the face of the stone. I looked up again—and froze.

Smith was slumped against the parapet asleep or dozing, immediately over my head. I pulled myself up as high as I could and saw that his right hand was in his trouser pocket. So was his gun! I could just see the butt.

This was my opportunity. If I could get it away without disturbing him, and reach the roof before he woke, our worries would be over. I drew myself up as high as possible with my left hand and inserted my right between the slats. I felt like a man defusing an unexploded mine. One touch on that wrist could set everything off. I got two fingers on the butt and tried, very gently, to draw out the gun. There was resistance; the corner of the pocket was holding it. I tried again, but it wouldn't come.

By now the pull on my left arm was almost unendurable. I grasped the slat with my right hand and let go with my left—and somewhere along the roof there was a sharp, metallic twang. In an instant, Smith was awake. He glanced down—and saw me. At first he looked incredulous. Then an evil grin spread over his face.

"Well," he said, "if it isn't Mr. Curtis! Another cat burglar, eh? And a very accomplished one too. I'm almost inclined to offer you a partnership."

I said, "I can't hang on forever, Smith. What happens now?"

He swung the gun playfully. "How about a rap or two on the knuckles, Mr. Curtis?" He brought the butt down on the back of my left hand, not hard, but very painfully. I had to loosen my grip.

"If you do that again," I said, "I shall fall."

"So I imagine. Perhaps a swim will cool your ardor for these adventures."

I said, "Can I come up?"

"How would you get out of the castle door?"

I'd forgotten the door. It was locked, of course, and the key wouldn't unlock it from the inside.

I began to move back past the corbel on the left.

"Perhaps," he said, following me along, "now that you'll be less busy you'll find time to bring those cigarettes tonight. I get in a very bad temper when I can't smoke. And we're almost out of water."

"I'll be along," I said.

I found the first loophole with my foot, and rested. I wasn't at all looking forward to the climb down. Not that a descent is actually worse than an ascent, but all the hope and excitement had gone out of the day. I was a broken army in retreat. I forced myself to concentrate again on the job. Once, when I looked up, I caught sight of Mollie's face, rigid with horror. I didn't look again.

I spent most of that day frantically trying to devise some new plan. I could scarcely think any more. I found myself going over and over the same ground, in a state of mind that at times wasn't far short of panic. I reached only one decision. If by the next day the situation still looked quite hopeless, I would go to the police and tell them everything.

I went into Brighton and got the battery, and a batch of newspapers and magazines for Mollie, the cigarettes and a bottle of wine to sweeten Smith, and another water can and a little food. After that I returned to Lodden and settled down at the pub for another ghastly wait.

When I finally reached the castle just after midnight, the routine was the same as on the first occasion. I knocked at the top door and

Instantly!

Make Full Strength Iced Tea with COLD WATER!



New!

NESTEA®
Instant Tea

(Equal parts of Tea and carbohydrates)

INSTANT—EASY TO MAKE! Just a turn of the cold water faucet, and enjoy full strength iced tea, instantly. No tea bag mess! No water to boil!

REFRESHING, FULL STRENGTH FLAVOR. Nestea bursts with delicious pure tea flavor. Same *fresh, full strength everytime.* Always clear — never cloudy! Enjoy iced Nestea!



Copyright 1957 The Nestlé Company, Inc.

was cautiously admitted with my hands up, and very efficiently searched. Smith was putting more pressure on his ankle tonight, no doubt because it was firmly bandaged. The final showdown couldn't be far away.

Mollie was sitting on one of the blankets with her back to the parapet. She was still wired to the slats.

I said, "Do you have to keep her fastened up like this even when you're not asleep?"

"Only when you're here," Smith said. "She's been free since dusk. . . . As a matter of fact, Miss Bourne and I are getting along very well. She has a much more realistic approach to the situation than you have."

I bent over her. "How do you feel, Mollie?"

"All right," she said. Her voice was subdued; she sounded beaten.

I said, "I'm sorry I didn't manage to pull off that climb this morning."

"It was idiotic to try," she burst out. "You must be crazy." Her face wore an expression of furious anger.

I was completely taken aback. I said, "Well, I had to do something."

"Why? If you're trying to impress me with your bravery, I can tell you you're not succeeding. Don't you realize how dangerous it was?"

I shrugged. "I got down all right."

"As it happens, I wasn't thinking of you—if you want to break your neck that's your affair. But you might have got us both killed. Why don't you stop fooling about and just wait?"

"You see what I mean?" Smith said. "Miss Bourne has sense."

I ignored him. "Wait for what?" I said grimly.

"Mr. Smith says he's almost ready to leave, and as far as I'm concerned, he can. I know what he's done, and I know it means he's going to get away with murder, but it's not our job to stop him—we're not the police. I'm certainly not prepared to sacrifice myself to do it. I want to live, do you understand?" Her face shone white and scared in the lamplight, her voice was touched with hysteria. "So for God's sake stop behaving like an overgrown Boy Scout."

I could scarcely believe my ears. It seemed incredible that Mollie could be so naïve as to think Smith would leave us behind alive. If the strain had got her down, I couldn't justly blame her. I certainly didn't want to say anything to make things worse—she'd learn the brutal truth soon enough.

All the same, I couldn't help feeling let down. I'd have to count her out in anything else I attempted—and in the long run it probably wouldn't make any difference.

I said, in a bitter tone, "Well, you needn't worry—I'm hardly in a position to try anything else." I turned to Smith. "Just give me your instructions. What do you want me to do?"

He gave a sardonic grin. "Nothing that will tax you at all, Mr. Curtis. Your work's nearly over. . . . Tell me, where's your car?"

"Down by the gate."

"Does it run well?"

"Very well."

"How much petrol is there in the tank?"

I remembered that I'd meant to fill up that afternoon, and hadn't. "About a gallon, I should think."

"H'm! That's not going to be much help. All right—now sometime during the day get the tank filled. Check the oil and water and as soon as darkness falls, bring the car back and park it where it is now, the ignition key left in, the doors unlocked. Then come up here. That's all."

"I gather you're going to take my car," I said.

"I'm going to borrow it—just for a few hours. I shall leave it quite intact—and no doubt the police will return it to you eventually."

"I see. . . . And what are your plans for us?"

"Well, now, as far as you're concerned, Mr. Curtis, I shall leave you locked up here in the castle. You'll have a little food and water, so you'll be quite all right. As for Miss Bourne, I shall have to ask her to go along with me as a hostage, my guaranty against any monkey business at the car. It would be so easy, otherwise, for you to organize a police ambush down there by the gate, wouldn't it? This way, you won't dare to organize anything—because in the last resort, you will know that I should kill her."

I said, "When will you let her go?"

"As soon as I'm safely away from here. You needn't worry, I shall treat her well. She'll be found and then you'll be liberated too. I think you'll agree that my arrangements are extremely considerate."

"Is that all?" I said.

"That's all. You can go now."

I glanced at Mollie. She didn't look angry any more. She just looked very troubled. She said, "Hugh, I don't know what you must be thinking of me ——" Her voice broke. "I couldn't help it—I just couldn't bear the thought of any more violence. It's been such a nightmare." She began to cry.

"Easy, there!" Smith called out sharply. "We don't want the neighborhood roused."

She tried to check her weeping, but now that she'd begun she couldn't stop. "I'm so . . . *tired*," she sobbed. "This beastly wire's cutting my foot."

Smith grunted and got up. "I can soon fix that for you. . . . Just stand back a minute, Mr. Curtis. Right back!"

I stood back. There was no chance of getting the gun. I felt very low, and terribly inadequate. Then, suddenly, all hell broke out. Mollie yelled "Hugh!" I swung round in astonishment. She'd got Smith by the hair with both hands. I dived across the roof. As I reached them they rolled over together. For a moment I couldn't distinguish anything. There was a whirl of flailing arms and legs. The lamp was turned away—I couldn't see where to hit, what to hold. Then there was a blow, and a cry, and I felt the hard barrel of the gun against me. "Breathe and you're dead!" Smith said.

The whole incident hadn't taken more than ten seconds. Mollie was lying back against the parapet, holding her face. Smith was sucking



HERB SEASONING . . . Tasty! For soups, stews, fish, tomatoes, vegetables, macaroni, stuffing.

BARBECUE SPICE . . . For hamburgers, chops, steaks, spareribs, goulash, stews.

CINNAMON SUGAR . . . Delicious on toast, waffles, baked apples, hot cereals, custard, apple sauce.

MEAT TENDERIZER . . . Permits you to use the less costly cuts by tenderizing and enhancing flavor and texture.

Now McCormick is first to bring you a complete line of these special seasonings

PEPPER, COARSE GRIND . . . The flavorful kind you get from a pepper mill. 'Specially good on barbecued meats, in oyster stew, chowders, soups.

Packed in decorative glass shakers . . . a gay array for more flavorful meals indoors and out.

Follow the trend to more flavorful meals with the McCORMICK complete line of special seasonings . . . made by America's foremost spice house. These "just right" blends of spices and herbs give zest and flavor to everyday meals. make special meals delectable. A wonderful aid to the outdoor chef in your family. Add these delightful seasonings to your flavor shelf today!

McCORMICK
ONE FAMOUS EMBLEM—TWO GREAT BRANDS
McCORMICK and Schilling

ITALIAN SEASONING . . . For the preparation of sauces, meat loaf, pot roast, stews, fish, macaroni, spaghetti, ravioli, poultry, in the spicy Italian manner.

SEASON-ALL . . . An exciting new mixture of spices that adds a zesty flavor. Keep it on your dining room table as you do pepper and salt; for steaks, chops, in cooking vegetables, salads, soups, eggs, poultry, fish, hamburgers.

McCORMICK . . . The House of Flavor

his left hand, which was covered with blood. "You little hellcat!" he said.

I kept very still. "Careful, Smith!" I said. "No reprisals—not if you want me to live. Not if you need my car."

He stepped back, still sucking his hand. "You'd better go, Mr. Curtis."

"Go on, Hugh," Mollie said. She had got over the blow—she didn't appear to be seriously damaged. "He won't hurt me now."

I said, "Sorry, Mollie!"

"You needn't be. It was a long shot—like climbing the wall. It might have worked."

She gave me a gallant little wave, and I walked slowly to the steps.

I called myself every name under the sun. I'd been unforgivably dim not to see through that act that Mollie had been putting on. Now there was nothing to prevent Smith's going ahead with his escape plans—his real plans. He'd wait for me to bring the car that evening, he'd shoot us both, and he'd disappear.

I closed the castle door behind me and thrust the key savagely into the lock. When I tried to turn it, it wouldn't turn. I couldn't move the key in any direction. The door was still unlocked, and I couldn't lock it.

I stood back and considered the situation, and the more I thought about it the less I liked it. The day that would soon be dawning was a Saturday—the first Saturday since the news of the murder had got out. It was possible that sight-seers would come to the castle. Someone might go in. And then everything would blow up. I'd better go back and tell Smith. He wouldn't want the castle left open either.

Then a new thought struck me. If only I could let him know what had happened without going back to the tower—if only I could make him come down and join me in the passage——

I made my way quickly to the inner end where slopes of broken masonry led to a flat surface above the passage. I was in full view of the tower, but I groped around and almost at once found the murder holes. There were nine of them, and between them they commanded most of the passage.

After a moment I climbed down over the masonry and left the castle. I crossed the causeway and knelt down on the grass at the side of the moat. The bank there had been strengthened with lumps of stone, and some of them were loose. The first I dislodged was too big, but the second felt just right. It must have weighed twenty pounds. I lugged it from its bed and carried it back through the passage. I left it there beside the hole—it fitted nicely—and climbed down again and went out through the door. I walked round the moat till I was opposite the square tower. The place couldn't have been more deserted. I cupped my hands toward the tower and gave a loud hail.

I was just beginning to think I'd have to shout again when Smith's voice came clearly over the water. "Yes? What is it?"

"The lock's jammed," I called. "I've locked the door, but I can't get the key out."

He reacted to that, all right. He had to. If the door had really been locked, and the door jammed, he'd have been a prisoner.

There was a short silence. Then he called, "All right—I'll come down. But watch your step!"

I turned and raced back. I'd scarcely got into position on the passage roof when I saw a glimmer of light at the bottom of the tower steps, and Smith emerged, limping. He had the hand lamp in his left hand, the gun in his right. I raised the stone and lowered it into the hole and concentrated on gauging his speed as he moved under the arch. My heart was pounding so fiercely I could scarcely breathe. Through the hole, I could see the advancing light getting brighter.

I heard him call out, "Are you there, Mr. Curtis?" For a few seconds there was silence. Now he'd *know* that I was up to something, because the door wasn't locked as I'd said it was. He must have found the jammed key; I heard him fiddling with it. The beam grew stronger. I caught a glimpse of the swinging lamp, and I let the stone go.

There was a cry, a crash—and the light went out.

I listened. I thought I caught a faint sound, but I couldn't identify it. Suddenly I realized that my best course was to make for the tower. Once I was up there with Mollie, and we had that thick door between us and the gun, Smith would be helpless. I lowered myself back into the courtyard. Dawn was near, but for the moment the night seemed darker than ever and I groped my way forward with outstretched hands. Presently I felt grass under my feet and knew I was all right. I reached the door and dragged it open and slipped inside. *I'd made it!*

I raced up the stone spiral. The top door was open. I rushed out onto the roof and heaved the door shut behind me. "Mollie!" I cried exultantly.

A voice from the parapet said, "Stay right where you are, Mr. Curtis! I can see you against the sky."

The utter unexpectedness of it made it the worst blow yet. He must have sized the situation up the instant the stone had fallen, and nipped back to the tower while I was still wondering if he was dead.

He said, "Keep quite still, Mr. Curtis. I don't want any movement until daylight."

I didn't want any movement either. I'd half expected him to come over and beat me up, and it was a relief that he wasn't going to. I looked across at Mollie's corner. Now that there was no lamp, I couldn't see her at all. I said, "Are you wired up, Mollie?"

"Yes. He did it before he went down. What happened?"

I told her.

Smith said, with mock indignation, "He might have killed me!" He sounded very pleased with himself.

Mollie said, "Better luck next time!"

After that we were quiet for a bit. The sky in the east grew lighter. The blackness above slowly paled to gray. I could just see Smith now, lying back against the parapet with his gun at the ready. And Mollie, too, blanketed like a squaw, very still, very watchful.

I said, "What about the door? Anyone could come in now."

He fingered the gun almost lovingly. "It'll be too bad if anyone does. Still, we don't want unnecessary trouble, do we? Perhaps you'd better get the stone shot, Mr. Curtis."

Smith came with me. He didn't lower his gun even after I'd lifted the shot, though he could safely have done so. I staggered to the passage with it and dropped it a foot or two from the door with a sigh of relief.

Smith grinned. "I carried it farther than that!" he said. "Well, push it against the door."

I looked at him in surprise. "Aren't I going to leave?"

He shook his head. "You're altogether too inventive. I prefer to keep you under my eye as long as possible."

Mollie looked surprised to see me back. Presently she asked if she could go and stretch her legs and he said she could, but she wasn't to go outside the castle. He limped across and released her from the wire. He seemed to be quite confident he could trust her, as long as he held me as a hostage.

The sun was up now, and the warmth was comforting. I sat and watched Smith gently massaging his ankle.

It felt strange being a prisoner on the roof, with Mollie free down below. I said, "I'm not sure you haven't been a bit too trusting, Smith."

"Nonsense! She knows very well what'll happen to you if she tries anything. She wouldn't want her boy friend shot."

"I'm not her boy friend, unfortunately. I only met her three days ago. She doesn't care a bit about me."

"I didn't get that impression."

I knew he didn't believe anything I said, but he walked to the other side of the roof and looked over cautiously. After a moment he walked back again. If I'd achieved nothing else, I'd got him worried. Very soon, I thought, he'd take me down into the courtyard with him to make sure. That was the most I'd hoped for. If he had two of us on his mind, in the open, I might still have a chance to get the gun.

Then the whole thing fizzled. There was a step on the spiral staircase. Smith called out sharply, "Who's that?" and Mollie said, "It's me—who do you think?" and came out onto the roof.

Smith gave me a wide grin. "I *thought* I was a better judge of character than that, Mr. Curtis." He didn't bother to tell her what had happened. "Well, now, perhaps Miss Bourne would get us something to eat."

When the food was ready, he ate hungrily. Mollie said she only wanted a drink of water. I thought I'd better make a show of eating, but the food almost choked me. I never had believed that hearty-meal-before-execution stuff, and now I knew it wasn't true.

After breakfast, Smith went through the bag of supplies and flung over into the moat everything that I could conceivably use as a weapon. His own hammer and chisel followed the knives and forks and tin opener. By the time he'd finished there was nothing on the roof but two soft bags and a little food, the water can, and a couple of plastic tumblers.

Then he wired Mollie up again. As he refixed the wires to the slats, I heard the twang that had given me away when I'd scaled the wall. I realized now what had made the noise. Each set of slats was bolted down to two of the stone corbels, but the ends were free, so that the last four or five feet were merely *supported* by the next corbel. As I'd noticed when I'd put my weight on them from underneath, they were very springy, and when they were released after pressure at any point, they twanged. But for that, I thought ruefully, we probably wouldn't be there now.

As soon as Mollie was well secured, Smith came and sat down beside me—but at a safe distance. He had a clear view through the slats right across to the path that led up from the gate. It was a highly strategic spot. By leaning over, I could just share the view. But I still couldn't reach Smith. His hand, with the gun, was outstretched along the slats almost carelessly, or so it seemed, but it was too far away to be any good to me.

We were obviously in for a long wait now. Until Smith made some fresh move, there was nothing I could do. Mollie tried a new tactic—needling him. He just looked at her appreciatively and grinned. She asked him what his little bag of jewels was worth and he said, "Enough to keep me in luxury for the rest of my life," but that was all. She gave up and switched to me, and we discussed what sort of space the story was likely to get in our papers when we were in the clear again, and she said being with Smith for three days had been the worst experience of her life but that in the end it would probably turn out to have been almost worth it. We made a few cracks, a sort of proud defiance, boosting each other's morale. Then the talk faded out.

It was just before eleven when Smith, suddenly very alert, announced that two people were walking up the path toward the castle door. I leaned over and caught sight of them just before they went out of view—a man and a girl with their arms round each other. Smith got up and crossed to the other side of the roof, crouching down, so that he could see over the courtyard to the entrance passage without any risk of being seen himself. I made a tentative move, just to see how great his preoccupation was, but he whipped round in a second and I didn't try it again.

I'd been right about the Saturday sightseers, but the stone shot would frustrate any but a most determined effort to get in.

Then I heard voices. Several voices. Distant, at first, but getting louder and closer every second. Smith jerked the gun threateningly, and peered through the slats. I leaned over and looked too. A couple of youths appeared on the path, riding bicycles. Behind them were two girls, also riding. And then, up the slope, so many cyclists came surging that I lost count. There were thirty of them, at least—a whole club. And they were all making for the castle door.

Smith scrambled to his feet and went over to the ramparts again so that he could watch the entrance passage, his finger tight on the trigger of his gun. He was beginning to look like a man with an itch to shoot. These young people didn't give a fig for notice boards—or stone shots behind locked doors that moved at a push. They were coming in! Their cockney voices were suddenly much louder. They were in high, larking spirits.

Smith's face had turned a dirty, mottled color. An incursion on this scale was something that even he hadn't allowed for.

I said, "This is it, Smith. You've lost, I'm afraid."

"Don't move!" he said. "Don't move an inch!" His expression was vicious. "If I lose, you lose. But don't worry—I'm not finished yet." He tapped his gun meaningly.

"You can't shoot all of them!" Mollie exclaimed in a tone of horror. "Why start something you can't finish? You haven't a chance."

"We shall see."

I sat still listening. I could hear individual voices quite plainly now. Someone shouted across the courtyard, "These castles look like they just been put 'ere, don't they?" A girl said, shrilly, "Get on, you. I want to see too." There was more laughter. The tidal wave was sweeping on. They seemed to be down by the well now. One of them called out, "Prob'ly the bride's barf or somefin'." Another said, "Coo, look what's up 'ere!"

They'd reached the tower. They were certain to come up. I could see no end to it now but a massacre. First us, and then as many of them as there were bullets for.

Suddenly Smith stepped across to Mollie and released her from the wire and jerked her to her feet.

"Down the steps!" he said. He turned on me. "You stay here. You know what happens to the girl if you try anything."

He stuck the gun in his pocket, but he was still holding it. The barrel was pointing at Mollie as they went down the steps.

I heard the youths and girls come piling up the stairs. Someone was whistling the theme tune from La Ronde. A voice said, "Ever see The Thirty-Nine Steps, Alf?"

Then I heard Smith. "What do you people think you're doing?" he demanded in a tone of authority. "Get out, all of you. The castle doesn't open till next month. Can't you read?"

So that was it!

There was a moment's silence—then an outbreak of indignant "Coo"s and a few catcalls. Some bold youth said, "'Oo are you, mister, anyway?"

"I'm the caretaker. Now push off, all of you, or I'll call the police."

There was murmuring at that, and more derisive jeers.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

NOT SO SURE

By MARGARET SECRIST

Her braids pinned high upon her head,
Margaret clomped downstairs
in her mother's spike-heeled shoes.
She dragged her mother's long skirt
down the front-porch steps,
and went to call on a lady
who said, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Jones."
The lady served her sweet milk-tea
in a little doll's pink cup,
and frosted graham crackers
on a little doll's pink plate.
Margaret was sure that day
that she was quite grown up,
but now that she truly is,
she is not sure at all.

The Picture of Health for August



by MAXINE DAVIS

The height of summer! Asters, lilies, gaudy dahlias make a brilliant backdrop for terrace dinners of Maryland fried chicken, corn roasted in its husk, and peaches and cream.

These pleasures once cost me a high price. The bill used to come after I'd packed away my easy cottons and shoe-rned myself into the extravagant grey flannel suit d black crepe sheath I'd planned to wear for *years!* fter a look at my expanded silhouette I'd hear the mily groan, "Mom has to diet again."

No more, thank goodness! After talking with my ctor, I now routinely use the NEW KESSAMIN PLAN d KESSAMIN #14 tablets. These contain essential tritional vitamins and iron as well as a neutral ad-tive. They help keep me perfectly happy—and rmal size—with only one ear of corn and a smaller ce of peach pie. And if my husband fattens I use e KESSAMIN way to help him lose the unhealthy cess promptly. It's the best aid to weight control e've ever found.

August is bounteous but it does have drawbacks! eat and humidity are hard to take. Everything I do, om golf to just a little mending, makes me drip like leaky faucet. When I cool off and dry I could be even ore uncomfortable than before.

The reason—I've learned that certain bacteria hich tend to grow prolifically in perspiration are the urce of the unpleasant smell that bothers one.

But now, I've solved this problem. I've found the ew YODORA, the deodorant containing an antibiotic hat paralyzes those germs and keeps underarms ainty.

YODORA's a light cream, lightly fragrant, and sooth-ng and healing to an irritated surface. It's a joy be-ause it lasts from this morning till tomorrow.

Uncle Joe isn't his jovial self this visit. His store eeth wobble. He's low; doesn't tell his improbable ales or shake with laughter from his chins to his shins.

We know just what he needs: ORA-FIX, that remark-bly efficient adherent, to hold his dentures firmly in lace; and ORA denture powder to clean them in 20 inutes and keep his breath fresh as a baby's. Now, ith ORA-FIX and ORA to make him comfortable, Jncle Joe butters a fat ear of corn and booms, "Once tiger . . ."

When he's with us Uncle Joe always insists on hav-ng projects—the sort of things he can't do in his achelor apartment in New York.

He picks lima beans and bravely ignores the arthri-is in his hands. In spite of his rheumatic back he noves fieldstones and makes a pretty path from the garage to the rose beds. And afterwards of course he's ull of complaints.

Consequently, as soon as he's through I bring out our jar of SURIN and have warm moist towels ready or him. "Put these where you ache and when the rea's warm I'll smooth the SURIN on," I tell him. 'It's not a cure for your arthritis; there isn't any. But SURIN is warming, soothing, relaxing—and it helps elieve that distress.

"Now you'll be able to enjoy the fruit punch we'll have waiting for you."

KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGUS ON CONTACT*



Back comes that cool, clean comfort!

Octofen Liquid by McKesson proved effective by a group of skin specialists ...in well-known New York hospital!

ATHLETE'S FOOT can become so serious—you need hospital care. In clinical tests by a team of leading dermatologists, people so afflicted with Athlete's Foot, were treated with Octofen Liquid. Results were remarkable—progress rapid—and 90% of the patients were clinically relieved in a surprisingly short time.

The reason Octofen Liquid is so effective is very simple. Doctors know that it is a fungus which causes Athlete's Foot. So why attack it with ineffective cure-alls? The direct way to get rid of Athlete's Foot is with a fungicide —something that kills fungus.

Years of specialized research at McKesson Laboratories produced Octofen Liquid to do this special job of killing Athlete's Foot fungi. As it seeps into the cracked places, it searches out the Athlete's Foot fungi — kills them on contact—in minutes! In many cases, two or three applications may be all you need.

So today—when the warm, humid summer weather encourages the Athlete's Foot fungi to bother you—get Octofen Liquid and soothing Octofen Powder at your druggist's. He will agree with your wise decision to be ready to stop infection early. Your druggist can also explain why Octofen works better—why it is the only Athlete's Foot remedy approved by the National Foot Health Council of leading chiropodists and podiatrists. Like all fine McKesson products, Octofen is *made better—so it's better for you.*

*Laboratory tests have proved that Octofen kills Athlete's Foot fungus on contact!



Octofen

BETTER...by McKESSON



OCTOFEN POWDER
helps prevent Athlete's Foot. Dust it onto washed and dried toes—into shoes and hose, every day.

© 1957 McKesson & Robbins

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

"Go on," Smith said, "before I collect a bob off each of you." That worked better than the threat. There was a bit of grumbling. Then, slowly, the tide began to recede. In a moment or two they were all back in the courtyard. There were a few more insults, hurled from safety. There was more laughter. There was a cheeky cacophony of bicycle bells as they collected their machines. Then the noise gradually subsided. They were going. Smith had pulled it off.

I moved to the ramparts and watched them leave the courtyard. They weren't in any hurry. Some of them had begun fooling about on the edge of the moat outside. Smith didn't wait for their final departure. As the last one went out through the door he emerged from the tower with Mollie in front of him and the gun still in his pocket and crossed the courtyard to replace the stoneshot against the door. In a few moments he'd be back on the roof—and we'd all be as we were again.

I couldn't let that happen. I scanned the roof. How right he'd been to throw everything into the moat! I needed something . . . one of the slats, perhaps? Maybe I could break off one of the unattached ends.

I darted to my corner and heaved up a slat with all my strength. It bent like a bow—but it wouldn't snap. It was no good—they were coming back. I could hear them on the staircase.

I forced the slat back and down until it was bent double and almost flat again—but it still wouldn't break.

Then, suddenly, I had a different idea. I held the slat down with my right hand and drew the blanket over the bend in it and sat down with my right elbow pressing hard on the free end. I'd just settled myself when Mollie's head appeared in the doorway.

Smith stuck his head round the edge of the door, cautiously, and saw me. He grinned. "So I hadn't a chance, eh?"

I said, "You're a murdering swine, Smith, but I have to hand it to you. That was quite a performance you gave."

"I thought it was pretty good myself," he said.

He made Mollie sit down, and he wired her up again. While he was occupied I shifted my position slightly and pulled the blanket a little higher. It looked all right from where I was. If only he'd hurry! My elbow was beginning to ache horribly.

He finished with Mollie and resumed his seat beside me. "There they go," he said, as the rear guard of the cyclists disappeared over the hill. "Well, they'll never have a closer shave than that!"

I grunted. I was sweating all over now. I could hold on for another couple of minutes, and that was all. I could feel the end of the slat biting into the flesh of my forearm. The fingers of my right hand were beginning to grow numb. I moved a fraction of an inch, trying to ease the pressure, but the slat merely bit deeper. I tried not to think about it, about the pain. I began to count, slowly. One . . . two . . . three . . .

Then Smith moved. The hand with the gun came down over the slats beside him. The barrel of the gun was over the corbel where the slat had been. I jerked my elbow away.

There was a rending of cloth, a loud smack as the slat hit the corbel, and a yell of agony from Smith. The gun went off and flew into the air. It landed on the concrete in front of Smith. I dived for it, just as he shot out a foot and kicked it out of my way. It went spinning across the roof toward Mollie. She picked it up neatly and threw it over the parapet into the moat.

I was at the door before Smith could reach it, blocking his way. For a tense moment we all looked at one another. Smith's face was like putty. Blood was oozing from the crushed fingers of his right hand. My own right arm was still numbed and useless. My coat was almost ripped from my back. I slipped it off and dropped it at my feet.

"Well, Mr. Smith," I said softly, "this looks like the last round, doesn't it? Let's see what you can do without your gun."

I approached him slowly, watching him all the time. I feinted with my right—what there was of it!—and hit out hard with my left. The blow landed, but not heavily. He grunted and, head down, came at me like a bull. He couldn't use his right, either, but with what he had he could lay me cold if I wasn't careful. My right arm was coming back to life now, and I used it. We weren't fighting for fun. I rocked him with a blow to the face and an uppercut to the chin and when I saw he was groggy I went in and battered him, hitting with all my strength. He didn't fall—he slowly sagged to his knees. I dragged him up and gave him one more for good measure—and that was the end of the fight.

My knuckles were flayed, but that was about all the damage I'd suffered. I rested for a moment while I got my breath back. Then I stepped across and slipped Mollie's foot out of the wire. "Nice bit of fielding!" I said.

She was pale, but amazingly composed. "I'd better get the police," she said.

"Yes, as fast as you like. I'll be all right—I don't think he'll give any more trouble, now."

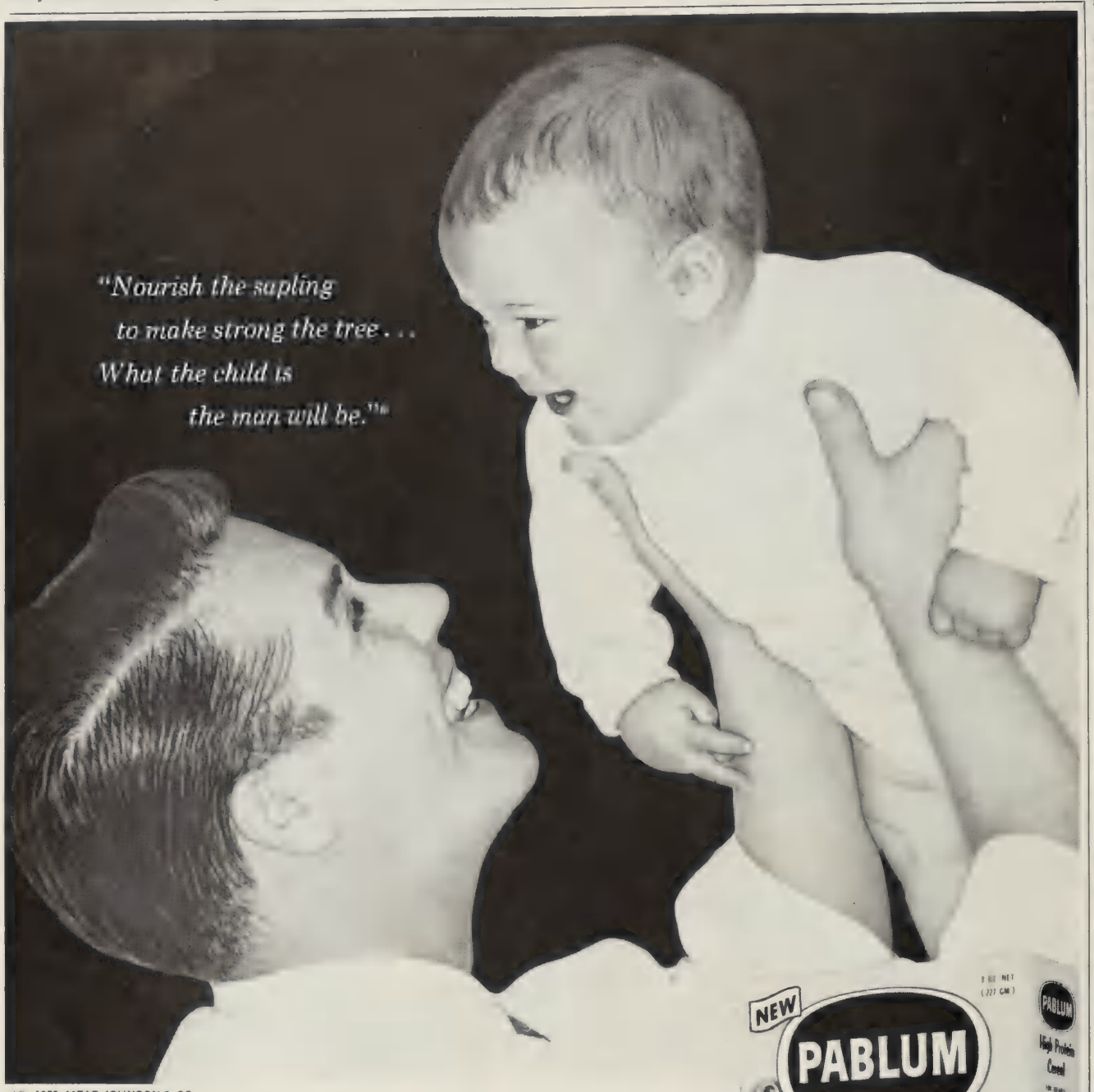
Before she could leave, Smith called out "Wait!" and struggled to his feet, leaning against the parapet. He'd made quite a recovery, but I couldn't see him renewing the attack—and I was right. What was on his mind was something quite different.

He said, "Don't be hasty, Curtis—this is the chance of a lifetime for you. Surely you're not going to pass it up?"

"What do you mean?"

He tapped his pocket. "These stones are worth fifty thousand pounds. You can have them—in return for the use of your car. You and Miss Bourne can share them. You'll be quite safe—they've been lost sight of for four years, they're not hot any more. No one will ever know. If you let me go, I swear I'll never tell anyone that you had them. If they catch me, I'll say I threw them in the moat. Fifty thousand pounds, Curtis! Think of it!"

I looked at him sadly. It was the only speech he'd made since our first meeting that wasn't in



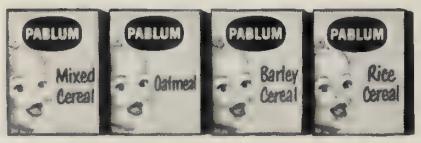
*©—1930, MEAD JOHNSON & CO.

NEW Pablum–35% protein, builds health for tomorrow!

Your baby grows as much his first year as he will during his next three years added together! And sturdy growth takes lots of protein. That's why we developed this new cereal that gives baby a protein *bonus!* It contains *35% protein,* the highest amount experts recommend for a baby cereal.

Of course, like all Pablum Cereals, this new High Protein Cereal tastes wonderfully smooth. And Baby will love the delicate flavor. Because Baby enjoys it so, it's easy for you to help *your* baby build health for tomorrow with new High Protein Cereal. For variety, serve all five Pablum Cereals.





Your baby deserves the best... PABLUM BRAND® Pablum Products

DIVISION OF MEAD JOHNSON & COMPANY, EVANSVILLE, IND., MANUFACTURERS OF NUTRITIONAL AND PHARMACEUTICAL PRODUCTS

haracter. But then, of course, he'd never been n these straits before.

I said, "Carry on, Mollie. Let's get this ver."

I stepped aside to let her pass. Smith's expression was desperate. He pulled himself up n his toes as though bracing himself for a ast effort. I thought he was going to take another crack at me after all. But he didn't. He ook a flying leap onto the parapet, stood here for a second, raised his arms above his ead—and dived.

We both rushed to the edge. It was an incredible dive for a man in his state—a remarkble dive for anyone fully clothed. He went ertically into the moat with hardly more plash than I'd have made from ten feet. He ad such momentum that I expected him to ome up near the bank. I was all set to rush for he car and intercept him. But he didn't come p near the bank. He didn't come up at all.

That afternoon the police put a dinghy on he moat and recovered his body with a couple f grapnels. They had quite a job because he'd one head first into the mud. It couldn't have een a nice death.

Once they had the body, as well as our tory, it didn't take them long to identify im. The Yard knew all about him. His name, turned out, was Walter Rance. Up till a few ears back, he'd been notorious as a gifted cat urglar and jewel thief. Lawson, who came acing down to Lodden that evening, goggling nd almost speechless over our adventure, told s when articulate words finally came to him at he'd have known the man anywhere from he photographs he'd seen.

The jewels, mostly diamonds and rubies, beonged to the Earl of Carisdown. They'd been tolen from his home on the south coast four ears earlier on the night of his daughter's wenty-first birthday party. Rance had been rrested in London about a month later, but n another charge. He'd been suspected of the arisdown coup, but a woman had given him n alibi which the police couldn't break, and they hadn't been able to prove anything. He'd been jailed for four years on account of the job they knew about.

The Carisdown affair had never been cleared up. There had been a suspicious incident near Lodden the day after the raid, when a police car on special patrol had chased a car that had refused to stop. It had skidded and crashed on Lodden hill, overturning and bursting into flames. Two men had been trapped underneath it, and when the fire had died their remains had defied identification. So had everything else in the car. The engine number had been scored out; the registration plates had turned out to be false. The two men were clearly crooks, but there had been nothing definite to connect them with the jewel robbery.

When Hoad had been found murdered, and attention had turned to the missing key, no one had thought of associating the theft of the key with the car crash. If the police, on the day of the crash, had happened to notice a third man in the escaping car, the link might have been established—but they hadn't. Now it seemed more than likely that all these incidents were connected.

With Rance dead, the truth of what had occurred could only be a matter for conjecture, but the police reconstruction ran something like this: Rance had led the Carisdown raid, with two associates. For some reason that would never be cleared up, the three men hadn't left the district immediately after the burglary, but had spent the night there. Next day they'd set off for London. Rance had been in the back seat, and at the first glimpse of the police car he'd ducked down. When the car had crashed, Rance had been flung clear. He'd been carrying the jewels in his pocket. Knowing that the police were close behind him, he'd looked around for some safe place to hide the loot. He'd spotted the castle and crossed the fields and gone in through the open door while Figgis was hurrying to the scene of the crash. Up in the tower, he'd found a deep crevice in the ancient parapet and stuffed the leather purse in. It had gone in farther than he'd intended, dropping down out of his reach. On the way out he'd removed the door key, in case he'd need more time for recovering the jewels than an authorized visit would give him. Presumably he'd intended to come back for them as soon as the heat was off, but the jail sentence had spoiled his plans. And that was about all there was to it.

NEXT MONTH

"You understand what it is all about? You will have to be—er—made over; a new hairdo, different clothes." He smiled sourly. "I don't suppose you will care for the clothes. We will give you an entirely new identity card, life history, passport and papers."

Thus Miss Jones—which was not really her name—began her assignment as an espionage agent. But she should not have fallen in love—especially with the spy she was ordered to uncover.

THE UNFORGETTABLE MISS JONES

By DOROTHY BLACK

condensed novel
complete in the September JOURNAL

It was an incredibly exciting evening—one of those occasions that stay in the mind forever. To be free again, with Mollie looking as fresh and lovely as though her ordeal had never happened, with the office wires crackling congratulations and even old Hatcher saying he'd like to buy me a beer, with other and far more able reporters waiting for crumbs from the rich man's table—all was wonderfully exhilarating. Not that I had much time to bask at first, because the story had to be written and phoned and there was a lot of it to write. I was hard at it for more than two hours, and when I'd finally put the story over I went in search of Mollie. I asked the porter if he'd seen her and he said she'd gone out for a stroll more than an hour ago. She'd obviously got through her story much faster than I had. I still envied her her skill and craftsmanship.

It seemed unlikely she'd have gone back to the castle after all the unpleasant things that had happened there, but I walked up through the fields, just to make sure. I spotted her almost at once, down by the river, and quickly joined her. She was lying on the bank, lazily twiddling a bit of grass in her fingers and gazing down at the water. She gave me a warm smile when she saw me, and patted the grass beside her invitingly. It was the first time I'd seen her without a mob around her since we'd gone for the police.

She said, "Did you get your piece off all right?"

I nodded.

"How are the hands?" She inspected my knuckles, and made a wry face. "It was quite a fight, wasn't it? You were most impressive. . . . In fact, Hugh, you were rather marvelous all through."

I gave a modest shrug. "You weren't exactly inactive yourself."

"We were very lucky."

"We certainly were. What a story! How much did you send?"

"About half a column," she said.

I stared at her. "Half a column! You can't mean it. Why, I must have sent three columns."

"Fine! It was worth it. I hope you really put yourself across this time."

"I certainly did, but . . . Mollie, what's the idea?"

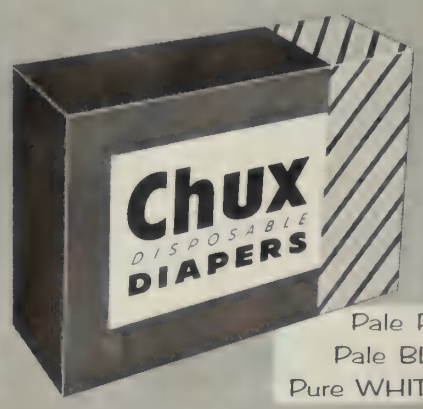
"It's your story," she said. "You earned it ten times over. I decided to leave it to you." She smiled. "I wanted to say 'Thank you' in some way and that seemed a good way. The greatest sacrifice a woman like me could make!" END



NEW
Chux®
DISPOSABLE
DIAPERS

Softer to wear,
yet never tear!

- Waterproof panty built right in!
- Medicated to prevent diaper rash!
- Absorbent as cloth diapers!
- Protective underpad—for nursery or sickroom!



Pale PINK...
Pale BLUE,
Pure WHITE, too

MADE BY A Johnson & Johnson COMPANY

CHIX BABY PRODUCTS DIV., Chicopee Mills, 47 Worth St., New York City



You bake it better with the "flower" of the wheat . . .

Gold Medal makes a "Flower" of a Cooky



CARAMEL REFRIGERATOR COOKIES
Another Gold Medal "Flower"
by Betty Crocker

Rich, crispy, and "double-quick" *easy* with dependable Gold Medal Flour. It helps you bake everything better, because it's the "flower" of the wheat.

1/2 cup soft shortening (part butter) **1 3/4 cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour**
1 cup brown sugar (packed) **1 egg** **1/2 tsp. vanilla** **1/4 tsp. salt** **1/2 tsp. soda**

Mix well shortening, sugar, egg and vanilla. Sift together and stir in flour, salt and soda. Form into roll 2½" across. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill until firm. *Heat oven to 400°* (mod. hot). Slice ⅛" thick. Bake *8 to 10 min.* on ungreased baking sheet. *Makes 5 doz.*

For variations, follow recipe above except make changes indicated

Rainbow Rings – Shape in 2 rolls, 1½" across. Roll in tiny colored candies. Turn baked cookies upside down to show colored ring. Top with tinted frosting.

Chocolate Mint Circles – Add 1½ sq. unsweetened chocolate (1½ oz.) melted, with the shortening. Form into roll 2" across. Cut centers out of half the slices with thimble. Put cooled circles together with tinted peppermint icing. Makes 3 doz. Bake centers in threes to form Clover Leaves.

Ribbon Bars – Divide dough in halves. To one add ½ sq. unsweetened chocolate (½ oz.) melted. Form each half into 2 strips, 2" wide and ¼" thick. Pile strips, alternating colors. Press together.

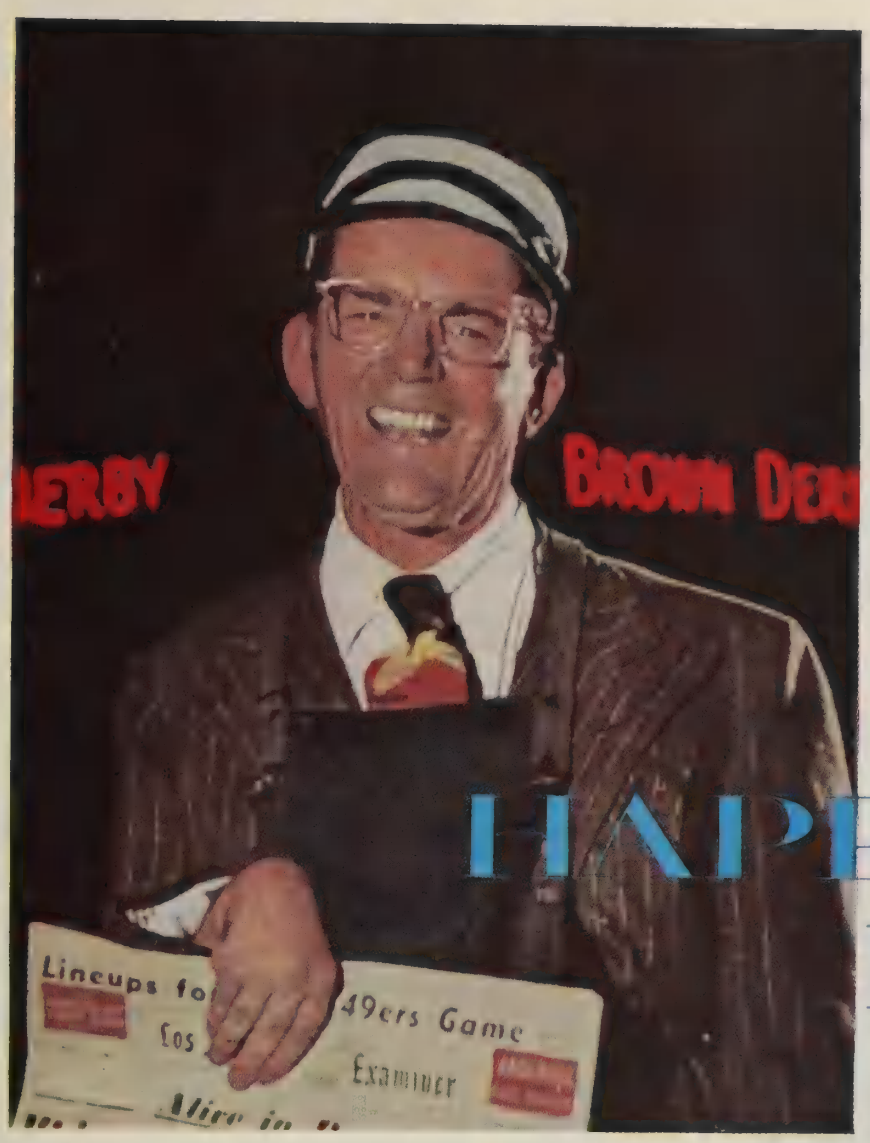


Gold MEDAL

Bake it Better WITH Gold Medal

THE *"Kitchen-tested"* FLOUR

General Mills



HOW AMERICA LIVES

THE HAPPY MAN

On a corner in Beverly Hills you will meet a man crippled in body, but so strong in love the whole town loves him back.

By HELEN ITRIA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM READ WOODFIELD

This is the story of the happiest man on Wilshire Boulevard. He has everything he wants: love, success and good friends—famous friends.

He can be found any night except Saturday between the hours of six-thirty and two on or near the corner of Rodeo and Wilshire, in the heart of Beverly Hills, California. He is fifty years old and sells newspapers for a living. He feeds his soul, however, on laughter and good fellowship. He is a spastic.

His name is a long one—Melvin Offie Travioli—but his three hundred customer-friends call him Mel. Never Melvin the Spastic. They don't think of him that way. They don't see him that way.

Unless you know him, this is hard to understand. Because Mel is a startling sight at first glance.

Say you're a newcomer to the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, and you want a late edition plus a breath of fresh air. You'll probably buy your paper from Mel. If he sees you coming, he will walk toward you, dragging his right foot. You'll have to pull out your paper from a canvas apron strapped around his waist. He can't do it for you. His left hand waves helplessly in the air. His right hand turns up with crooked fingers bent like claws, pressing one extra paper to his twisted body for display purposes.

If you have the right change, you drop it into a leather pouch around his neck. If you have a bill, you slip it into his left coat pocket and make your own change from the "bib."

He won't watch what you're doing. He's too busy studying your face, making up his mind about you. His eyes are sharp and alert, but spectacles fogged over with mist and headlighted by the street lamp give him the appearance of an inquisitive gnome.

He is searching for a key to your mood. Your character? Don't worry. When he says, "God made only good people; the bad ones I don't know," he means it. He'll find something good in you—even when you can't yourself.

When your transaction is finished, Mel will slowly raise his right hand to his cap and work his mouth until he manages to croak, "Good night, sir, and thank you."

Come back six months later and he will remember you.

You will usually find him surrounded by customer-friends. "That's why I like the night shift," he says. "People are relaxed then and like to clown around. They don't just buy a paper and run."

You may have to walk a little to find him. He sometimes wanders over to Frascati's restaurant a block away, or across the street to the Brown Derby for extra papers, or into the all-night drugstore on the corner. Maybe he's talking to Margaret Whiting and her mother under the hotel canopy, or grinning at Burns and Allen, or chuckling over George Jessel's muttering, "You got too good a thing here, kid. One o' these nights I'm gonna take over your corner, see?"

Douglas Morrow, who wrote The Stratton Story for the screen, often chides him, "You're a lousy businessman, Mel. How do you expect to sell your papers if you don't stay in one place?"

Mel replies with good humor, "I gotta keep moving to keep warm," ignoring the fact that his right foot is curled over a special three-inch cork-and-foam-rubber innersole and throbs painfully if he gains as much as four pounds.

He doesn't call these people to him or shout, "Papers, get your late papers!" He lets them seek him out—and they do. "I go to work with the thought that I'm going to see somebody I like," he says. "If I asked them to buy a paper they'd immediately think, 'Shucks, he doesn't want to see me, he just wants to sell a paper.' I want them to know that I like them and am happy to be with them."

As a "public servant," he considers it his duty to cheer up the many miserable, dispirited or dully bored folks burdened with stock-market problems. Monotony is the biggest enemy of his moneyed friends, and he wages constant battle against it;

A spastic at birth, Mel Travioli has an adoring wife, three children, hundreds of customer-friends.



They are good Mormons

The Traviolis' Electric Shopper is a regular Sunday sight at Santa Monica church. They tithe—put aside 10 per cent of Mel's earnings a day—a donation of $3 to $10 a week. In "spare time" Lea cleans and cooks for fellow members who are sick and "less lucky than me."

he learns their pet peeves, their favorite teams, their handicapping prowess, and keeps up running gags with them. He wears a different-colored, outlandish tie each night, switches rooters' caps by season, even grew a mustache once to give them something to talk about. Some of his customers enjoy their only casual conversation or chuckle of the day when they step out for their paper.

Even out-of-towners quickly succumb to his humor. For example, there is a dignified theater owner from India who always hunts up Mel whenever he is in town, just to hear him croak, "Hello, Sahib!"

When someone brings him a serious problem, however, all joking stops. One night a man told Mel despondently, "I'm going to blow my brains out. I'm finished. I just lost a million bucks on the stock market."

Mel frowned. "Did you ever buy a life with that money?" he asked sharply.

"No."

"Well, do you believe in God or is money your God?" he persisted.

No answer.

"As long as you believe in God you can repent. But if you take your life you can't come back to be forgiven." He added dryly, "It's too late to get your money back too!"

The man just glowered and left, but the following night showed up to shake Mel's hand.

"Mel does more good than anyone I know," Anthony Michael Padden, former manager of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, often stated. "Just meeting him is a lot cheaper than paying for a doctor's prescription, and twice as effective.

"He's part of the operation and stature of Wilshire Boulevard," he added. Five years ago, Mel was gone for three days, and Padden was driven frantic answering calls from people wanting to know where he was. Finally, out of self-defense he checked the newspaper to learn that Mel had been chased off his corner by a new route man. "We got that straightened out in a hurry," said Padden. "He'll be with us the rest of his life if he wants." When the hotel was sold last April, Mel's friends worried about his future. But in one week, Mrs. Evelyn Sharp, the new president of Beverly-Wilshire, Inc., recognized this man's courage and intelligence. Enthusiastically she concurs—Mel's job is secure.

News vendors—even popular news vendors—never get rich. Mel could supplement his nickel-a-paper income by "making book," but will not "because the customer never gets an even break." Nor will he ask for charity; if he hasn't the cash, he does without.

He used to shake his head at Douglas Morrow, who drives a convertible with the top down in all kinds of weather. To Mel, who had to spend three hours a day on buses to cover the miles between his low-rent district and Beverly Hills—with drivers chafing openly at the delay—a car was not a plaything. It was an impossible dream.

"Doug," he said one drizzly night, "I always thought you writers were smart fellows, but I've decided you're not so smart or you'd have sense to stay in out of the rain."

However, four years ago Mel had to retract his words. He saved up enough for the down payment on a bright red Autoette, a three-wheeled conveyance which ran on four electric batteries and achieved the breath-taking speed of sixteen miles per hour.

The night it was delivered, Mel drove up to the hotel, spotted Morrow and shouted, "See? I got a *real* convertible. I don't have a top to put up!"

He didn't sell many papers that night. All his friends—actors, producers, business executives—gathered round and insisted on demonstration rides in his "gocart."

Mel has not always enjoyed such popularity. As a youngster in San Bruno, California, he soon learned that he was considered a freak, a monster, by the neighborhood children. He was an object to be ridiculed, because the others had to prove to themselves they weren't afraid of him. They tagged him and ran like the wind. They tripped him and knocked him down. They made faces and taunted him with funny noises. What shriveled him most was the name "Corky," derived from the cumbersome cork-lined shoe on his right foot.

He could have turned into a whimpering, frightened individual, a future helpless ward of the state. But his mother converted his affliction into a proving ground for character. One afternoon Mel hobbled into the house, sobbing over being knocked down the ninth time that week. Gently his mother pried loose his grip of her skirt. Firmly she said, "Go back outside."

He stared at her disbelievingly.

"Go back outside," she repeated, "and don't come in until you've licked that boy."

"But I don't want to fight. I don't even know how!"

His mother said, "You can learn in a hurry. If you fight now you won't have to later on." She explained that the other children didn't mean to be unkind, they just didn't understand. It was up to Mel to make them like him—and he had to like them first. "You can't like your playmates," she said, "until you get over your fear of them and prove to them you're not so different after all."

Reluctantly, Mel returned to hostile territory in the street. He stood terrified as three children rushed him. He fell down. He stayed there a minute, then laboriously picked himself up as his mother had taught him to do. He stood his ground against another attack, then suddenly started flailing his arms wildly around in the air. One uncontrolled fist caught a boy on the chin and he dropped to the ground. The others paused uncertainly, and in that moment Mel felt a rush of sympathy for his victim. Gently he said, "I didn't hit you because I don't like you. I hit you because you hurt me."

The boy felt his jaw and grinned sheepishly. "Sure, Corky," he said. And the young world of Melvin Travioli began to change.

But with the new fun, life also held responsibilities. He began selling papers for a half-cent-a-copy profit at the age of eight. He hopped a streetcar and rode all the way to the South San Francisco packing plants, where he had no competition, catching his customers as they spilled out for home—trying to pay for himself.

Melvin's father was a strapping, six-foot steelworker by trade, who settled for anything he could get, by necessity. It was hard for him to reconcile Mel's "weakness" with his own great strength, and doctor bills were a wearisome load that grew into a mountain of frustration. Even normally, children cost money. And Mel wasn't "normal."

He could have been. But in 1907 doctors treated births more casually than they do today. The story is not a pretty one. His mother was very slight, weighing only ninety-five pounds while pregnant, and Melvin was a fifteen-pound baby, born butt first, with his heels behind his ears. The doctor made a quick decision, gave up on the baby and concentrated on saving the mother. He forced the child out with forceps and literally tossed him aside for dead. A nurse noticed faint signs of life and the doctor then reshaped the infant's mutilated head with his hands.

Mel was three years old before he could stand alone. As the pressed-together nerves in his head became stronger, their vibration caused his fingers, right arm and upper torso to shake uncontrollably. He describes it today graphically and without emotion as the messages from the brain getting mixed up or scrambled in a crossed network of nerves. "I was like an electric dynamo with a short circuit; I had no co-ordination." But he spoke clearly and his words were fluent.

Thirteen years passed before he entered grade school, but he made up for lost time. By listening and giving his answers orally, he crammed almost eight grades into four years. Afternoons, he sold papers at Tanforan race track.

In his seventeenth year, Mel went to the Sunshine School for Handicapped Children in San Francisco,

upported by the Rotary Club. He remained there ust four months, long enough for the club mem-ers to single him out for his intelligence and desire o learn. Upon questioning, they discovered that he ad one ambition. He wanted to be a criminologist. But he could never achieve his goal in his present hysical condition. Perhaps an operation would elp.

Before Mel could receive his grammar-school iploma, he was sent to a hospital in Northern Cali-ornia. His emotions teetered between hope and ear. He chattered incessantly in his excitement. For the operation was successful, the Rotary Club romised to send him to Stanford on scholarship. f not —— He closed his mind to doubt.

It was too late to separate his nerves. But they ould deaden the nerves controlling his overly ac-ive right side, by alcoholizing the corresponding ortical center.

Melvin underwent two operations. When he woke the second time, he could not wait for the erdict. He rang for the nurse.

The moment she entered, his lips parted.

"R-r-rrrr!" he ground out, like a motor starting p on a cold morning. The nurse jumped and edged way.

He tried again, throat straining, mouth contorted, ut the words wouldn't come. "R-r-r-rrrrrrrrr!" he epeated frantically.

"Well, what is it?" demanded the nurse.

All he could manage was the same unintelligible, rinding sound. His forehead was wet with panic. His pleading eyes were enormous.

She glared at him, snapped, "I'm too busy to play ames!" and trotted away mumbling, "Boy, do hese kids get spoiled in a hurry!"

Melvin stared for long minutes at the closed door. He knew before the doctor came that he had lost omplete control of his voice. What did it matter ow? The operation was a success, they had dead-ned the proper nerves in his head. But they had lso, by accident, paralyzed the nerves leading to is vocal cords. He listened to explanations; they eant but one thing. Now he could neither write nor peak. College was out.

Back at home, Mel watched his mother try to run boardinghouse and care for a baby sister and rother fifteen and sixteen years younger than he. He did a lot of thinking and made his decision. He as not completely helpless. He knew how to sell apers. That would be his career, and he would be-in immediately.

He came to Los Angeles in 1927, where he started the bottom, working the "off spots" downtown, aking 70 cents to 90 cents a day off thirty-five or orty papers. During lulls, he read books over and ver, forming the words, fighting for some sem-lance of speech.

After "eating all the dirt spots," he worked his ay to the Beverly Theater in Beverly Hills, where made $2 or $3 a night for five years. In September, 933, he moved to the Brown Derby.

He turns a deaf ear on any criticism of Beverly ills citizens. "When I first came here," he says kwardly in his gravelly voice, "I couldn't speak anyone could understand me. I could say 'yes' nd 'no' and 'thank you,' but that was all. It took me teen years to relearn how to fashion sound into ords. But the people here gave me a chance to ake a physical living. That's all I ever asked."

Mel was no paragon of virtue. His outlet was quor. As one Beverly Hills detective says, "Mel ed to drink like a fish; he had whisky bottles dden in the bushes all around the restaurant where he could sneak a slug. Sometimes he'd get so drunk he couldn't stand up. Can't say I blamed him, stuck in cheap hotels, always worried about getting some-one to help him, folks stealing from him, and bus drivers giving him a bad time. But he's never cried about it."

Cry? He's more apt to laugh at himself. He de-lights in telling how he lost all his money on his one visit to the races. "I had six winners, including two long shots, but only on paper. My money went for liquor and I got so groggy I forgot to bet. I never went again. It was a waste of time for a jerk like me!"

Sometimes Mel's friends get carried away by his easy humor, then suffer embarrassment over going too far. He quickly covers up for them. One night, though usually scrupulously neat, he showed up for work unshaven.

"Boy, are you disreputable tonight!" shouted George O'Brien, turning scarlet immediately with the thought that Mel probably couldn't shave him-self.

Mel smiled gently. "I have a man who comes in to shave me every day, but today he's sick."

"Boy," kidded O'Brien uneasily, "pretty fancy!"

Mel's eyes lit up with an appreciative twinkle. "I used to go to a barber," he said, "but I shook so much I made the barber nervous. He was more scared than I was!" And O'Brien relaxed.

Mel had turned tragedy into a joke. For the great-est fear stalking him night and day was the fear that he could find no one to take care of his physical needs.

He was forced to hire anyone willing to take the job, no matter how shifty-eyed or unsavory. More than once he would awaken to find his helper gone—and with him, his money.

In 1933, when his mother died after divorcing his father five years earlier, Mel took over the care of his eleven-year-old sister Judy and ten-year-old brother Frank. He placed them in a Los Angeles boardinghouse, saw they were properly fed and clothed and sent to school. He found hospital care for Frank, who had been born three months pre-maturely and was crippled from the knees down.

To both Judy and Frank, Mel was their "mother and father and Santa Claus rolled into one." He took them to the circus and the movies and tried to make their Christmases fun.

Mel's heart ached for Frank and Judy, who were not, in his mind, so fortunate as he. They had not known their mother more than ten years, while he had had her advice and example for the first twenty-six years of his life. How could they form a charac-ter of their own without her love and wisdom for guidance?

Frank often talked bitterly of his own handicap. "I'll never have a decent job or be anybody," he muttered.

Mel replied, "What you *do* is not what you *are*. What you are is your soul. What you want to be, you will be." When Frank stared blankly, Mel ex-plained further: "Either you believe in God or you don't. This determines what you want to be and what you become."

Today Frank works at Goodwill Industries and is married. Judy, a beautiful young woman, lives in Arcata (in Northern California) with her husband Frank McGuire and two husky children.

Mel always found a way to bring happiness to others. But he had to content himself with casual friends, jokes, and pride in staying off relief. When Judy became a mother, he shared in her joy, know-ing this was the closest he would ever come to parenthood.

DICK MILLER



Mel revels in family life

When Mel comes home, Marrlee, Barney and Mike light up with joy. He plays with them, loves to show them how to look up words in dictionary, disciplines them when they need it.



Celebrities stop for a word with Mel

It is a nightly ritual for stars like Kim Novak to buy a paper, ex-change a quip with Mel. His fine, tapering fingers are so bent he is completely helpless to pick up a paper or lift a fresh stack into his apron rack. The Beverly-Wilshire doorman does this for him.

He had not noticed a shy, dark-haired girl who bought a paper from him occasionally for her Beverly Hills employers. And she was too concerned with the twelve rooms she had to clean and the clothes she must wash to pay attention to anyone—certainly not a spastic who would only emphasize her own problems to herself. Mel did not miss her when she disappeared from the area.

Elena Paulina Cherneff was five years older when they met again in 1944. Married, with one small son and another on the way, she lived at the same inexpensive, downtown Los Angeles residential hotel as Mel. And she was more frightened than ever. Her handsome husband, tired of family responsibilities, had run away. She heard rumors of another woman. She even heard he had divorced her secretly in San Francisco.

Bewildered as she was, Lea had learned one thing: appearances are like shopping bags, crammed with either fresh nourishing foods or loaves of day-old bread. You can tell only by looking inside. When she saw Mel now she not only felt a rush of pity, but received a lift from his high spirits. And she forgot her own cares in wanting to help him.

Mel returned her friendship gratefully. If what he felt was more than friendship, he hid it by telling her funny stories. Alone in his room, he composed romantic poetry which no one saw.

With Lea's second son born and still no word of her husband, she went to San Francisco. After two months she finally learned that her husband had been killed in an automobile accident. She also knew definitely that her sympathy for Mel had grown into love. She didn't question it; she only hoped he felt the same way.

Two months can be forever. Mel met Lea at the bus station, took one look at her after the long absence and blurted out a verse from one of his poems:

"Powdered Sugar, you're so sweet, dear,
That there's no one sweeter than you.
Don't ever, ever leave me again, dear,
'Cause you make me oh, so blue!"

Aghast, he turned several shades of pink and averted his eyes. But when seconds dragged into minutes, the silence grew unbearable. He had to know her reaction, much as he dreaded it. He stole a glance at her face, and his heart sank. She was crying.

He reminded himself heavily that he had no right. And he hated himself for being such a clumsy fool. Now he had embarrassed her and ruined their friendship. He opened his mouth, but before he could apologize she pulled him to her and kissed him. "Mel," she whispered, "I love you—so much!"

He was so shocked he could only stammer a proposal.

On October 13, 1945, Melvin Travioli became both a husband and father at once, in a hotel chapel opposite the Hall of Records. They were married by a minister named Strolling Tom.

On October 13, 1945, he also stopped drinking for good.

There was great joy for Mel among his customer friends. But Lea was regarded by her family as something of a martyr. "Martyr?" she scoffed weeks later. "That's silly. I love him. We'll never be rich, but I've got all I want. What Mel has done, taking the kids to his heart and doing for them—you don't know what that means to me." She added simply, "When he gets home he hugs and kisses me and says nice things. No one ever loved me like that before."

Mel was bursting with happiness. He told everyone of his great good fortune. And he could not see enough of the two boys, Barney and Mike. There wasn't much he could buy them—he made only $5 a night—but he spent long, patient hours filing down orange crates, fashioning them into toys. He could not grasp a knife, but he *could* prop a box between his knees, press his wrists against a file, and push back and forth.

Everyone figured he had hit his zenith. When, a year later, Lea presented him with a baby girl, Mel's friends were thunderstruck. And in their curiosity they hammered him with questions. Even the best-informed hesitated, but had to ask, "Is—is she all right?" until Mel grew belligerent.

"You're damn right she's normal!" he roared. "She's got everything in the right place and she's—she's"—tears filled his eyes and his voice softened—"she's beautiful!"

Then he handed out cigars to everyone who passed his corner.

He was correct. Marrlee, as she was named, was a perfect child. There was no reason why she should not be.

He now had three children, all of whom he considered his own, and all in the space of a year.

Having a family brought new responsibilities, however. His main problem was the same one, intensified, that had hounded him since he was seventeen—finding a place to live. They first packed themselves into a converted chicken coop partitioned into the semblance of rooms, with a cement floor. They had no running water and had to bargain for baths with the people next door. The $50 rent took almost half of Mel's monthly earnings.

They were evicted to make way for the Hollywood Freeway.

Their next abode cost $40 and had indoor plumbing, but tilted when they walked from one end to the other. There was a small yard, though, where the children could play, and Lea made ruffled curtains and kept it neat. They stayed on.

Mel had switched his corner to the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel side of the boulevard shortly after his marriage. His customers followed him across the street, congregating in the drugstore for extended bull sessions. During slow periods, Mel allowed himself to relax at the counter with a cup of coffee which he sipped through a special glass tube.

Early in March of 1953, he sat down without his usual cheerful greeting to the counter boy and stared glumly while cream and sugar were poured for him. A crony walked up, pulled out a paper for himself from Mel's apron and said, "What's new?"

Mel started to shrug, "Nothing much," then announced instead, "We're being evicted in thirty days."

His friend dropped his paper and stared. "Why?"

"They're tearing down the place to build a warehouse." A slow grin spread over Mel's drawn features. "It'll probably be raining when we're out in the street, but we don't have much to get wet!"

His listener choked in the middle of a laugh. He thought of Mel's family and his struggle to make a living, and asked, "Aren't you frightened?"

"Sure," Mel admitted, "but what's the good of that?" He paused reflectively. "You know, when I was a kid, we had some chickens. One kept pecking away, trying to make a hole under the fence so she could escape. Well, one day someone knocked the fence down on the other side of the coop. That hen could have walked out so easy, but instead she just kept working at the same spot as usual. She was still pecking away after the fence was fixed." His eyes were twinkling now. "That chicken was too darned stupid to get herself out of trouble. But we're humans, with brains to work out our problems. At least"—he grinned—"I hope I'm smarter than a chicken!"

Melvin had little sleep after that, tracking down leads that disintegrated into demands for high rent, children not allowed. After fourteen days of disappointment, his philosophy threatened to crumble. Four people depended upon him for shelter that he was unable to provide. Even his ideas were saturated.

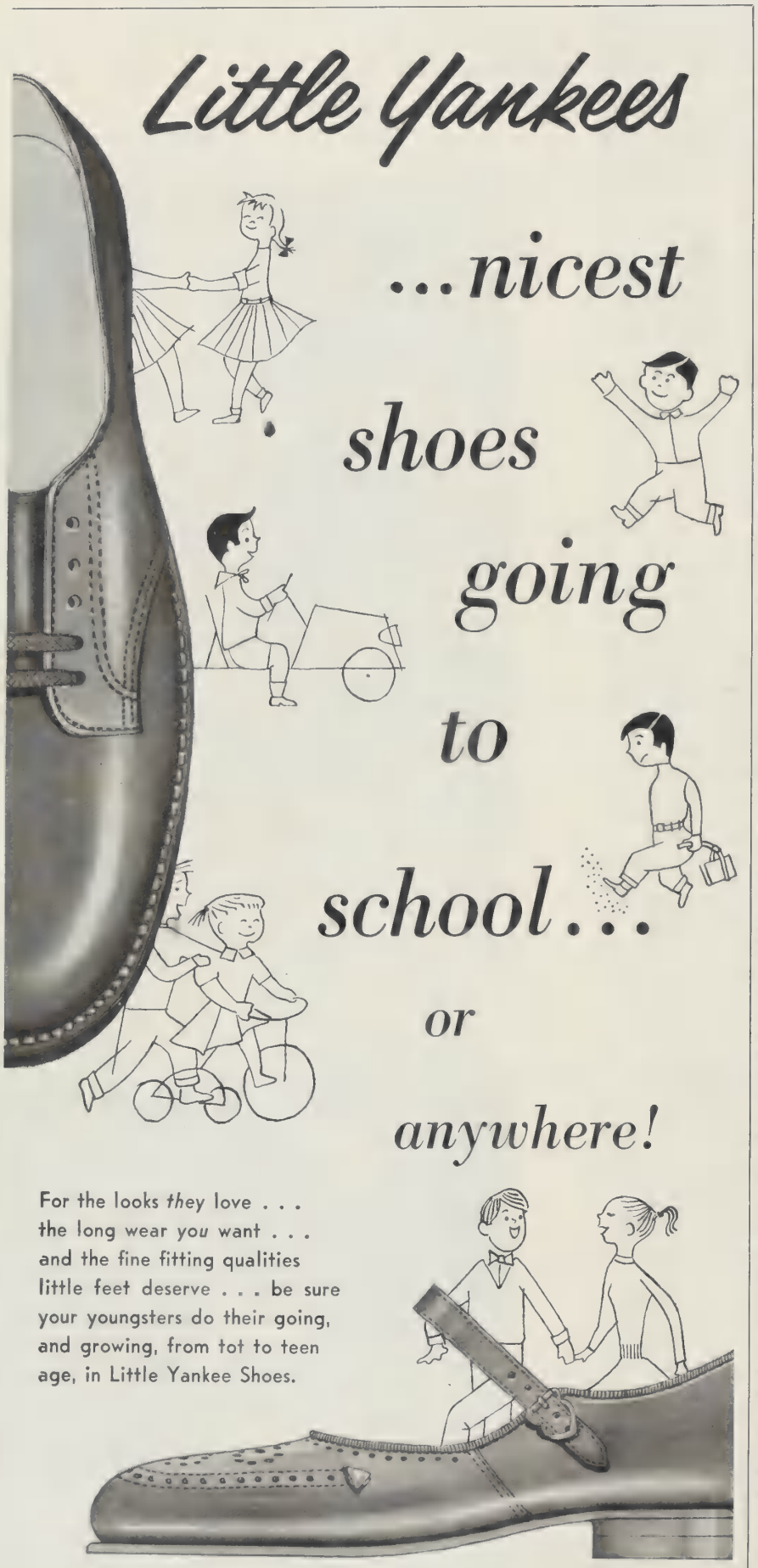
Concern for his family reduced him to panic. When a chance to buy a five-room home presented itself, he was beyond caution. The total price of $12,000 was disregarded. He could only grasp the low down payment—$250. This was an unbelievable stroke of luck! He hurried home to spill the news to Lea, and total up his assets. There the final shreds of his composure fell away. No matter how many ways he counted, the answer remained the same. All he could scrape together was $100—$150 short of security.

That night another regular customer, a stockbroker, found Mel crying. When he heard the story he exploded, "I don't care if you do find a hundred and fifty dollars somewhere, don't you dare buy that house. It's robbery!" He glared at Mel and his anger turned to rage—at himself, at landlords, at the world in general. "We'll put you into an

FIRST-BORN

By BEULAH FENDERSON SMITH

Petals of fingers
Softly unfold;
Warm and entwined,
Our hands belong.
Though helpless now,
With need to cling,
The years will make
The smaller strong.
When I am old,
May this hand hold
To mine, for my
Last journeying.



apartment before we let you get cheated in a fishy deal like that. Now, damn it, stop worrying. . . . Oh, I'm so mad at you for not letting people know a few things!"

The broker stomped off and headed for the nearest telephone. In five days of phoning and buttonholing Mel's friends, he collected $700. A department-store owner from Louisville, Kentucky—also a regular customer of Mel's and confined to a wheel chair—joined in. Combined efforts totaled $1700, with contributions averaging $10. Mel had many friends, from prop men to top producers.

Naturally, Mel knew what was happening, but said nothing. As he told one person, "I never accepted charity before, but when you have three children and a wonderful woman counting on you, pride can be the most selfish thing on earth."

His benefactors next contacted a real-estate man in Venice, a suburb of Los Angeles, near the ocean. The realtor came up with a two-bedroom house, almost finished, in a new tract of homes. Selling price was $10,500, but he brought it down to $9250 by lopping off the broker's fee.

Then they hit a snag. Mel's present landlord refused to wait two more weeks until the new home was completed. "The hell with them," he said. "This place is being torn down in four days and out they go."

"Fine," he was told. "We'll get an injunction against you that will tie you up for at least three months. We'll haul you into court, and you can imagine how foolish you'll look to everyone in the whole county!"

The landlord hurriedly changed his mind.

On April 20th, Melvin loaded his family into the Autoette and set out for their new home. Once there, they stared at the neat, pale green stucco cottage, still sparkling with fresh paint. They gazed down the wide, uncluttered street. They could not speak; only their eyes told of their emotion.

Mel's altruistic friends not only solved his housing problem; they kept his pride intact. They paid $1000 down on the house, plus landscaping, plus the first four payments to cover amortization and interest. But the balance is Mel's responsibility, and he proudly pays $71.92 each month toward the day when he will own it outright. And that year, for the first time in his life, he paid a property tax of $114.76 (since grown to $142.50).

He had to override enthusiastic landscaping suggestions of exotic plants and flower beds. "Please keep it simple and easy to care for," he requested earnestly. "Lea works too hard as it is taking care of me and the kids." So a small lawn was planted, plus two trees—one avocado and one apricot.

However, it's Mel who is drawn by the lure of the outdoors, and it's Lea who does the worrying. The neighbors were startled at first to see Mel lumber about the front yard, laboriously pushing a rake over the lawn, making ditches for rose bushes, or fixing posts for other flowers. And they were convulsed when Lea called out, "Muscle man! Cut that out right now!" Now it's all part of the familiar scene.

"He thinks he's strong as an ox," Lea grumbled one day after bringing his gardening to a halt. "He even built a doghouse for our pet Wimpy. He's always filing away at something in the garage."

"Aw, Lea!" protested Mel. Then he reminded her of the twenty-four-hour-a-day job she has.

Lea's working day is a continuous spot check. The following is a bare outline of her regular routine:

4:00 A.M. Mel returns from work. Lea gets up to fix him a sandwich and Ovaltine.

4:30 A.M. Lea undresses Mel and helps him to bed.

6:45 A.M. She arises to prepare breakfast for Barney (13), Mike (12) and Marrlee (10), packs three lunches and takes them to school.

9:00 A.M. Lea does daily shopping.

11:30 A.M. Lea wakes up Mel, bathes him, shaves him, dresses him and fixes his breakfast. She cuts up his food, which he eats with specially shaped utensils that he twisted so he could grasp them securely. "Before that," he says, "I ate like a dog or cat."

HOW THE TRAVIOLIS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Annual income for the last three years:
$3141 in 1954; $2508 in 1955; $2039 in 1956.

MONTHLY EXPENDITURES

Food, all household goods (shop daily because of small refrigerator, so miss out on quantity bargains)	$120.00	Clothing for Lea and children	13.00
Milk (pick up 6 half gallons from creamery every other day to save delivery charge)	33.30	Medicine (children get free attention at UCLA; Mel from his doctor. But "pain pills" for Mel's back, bought every other day at discount, are $1.25 a bottle)	18.75
House payments	71.92	Barber for boys, Mel and Marrlee	3.75
Property tax	11.88	Shampoo and set every other week for Lea (Mel's idea: "The budget can stand a dollar twice a month for your morale.")	2.00
Life insurance (policies on children amounting to $1250; $1000 on Lea; $500 on Mel—all he can get)	15.34	Entertainment (includes one movie a month for the family)	2.10
Gas, electricity and water	11.30	Larks for Marrlee; Boy Scouts for Mike and Barney	1.20
Telephone	8.00	Car repairs (average $200 a year, include replacement of 8 batteries @ $31 each every 18 months)	17.00
Clothing for Mel—gifts from customers, except for apron to hold papers which would cost $15 to buy; Lea makes them every 6 months)	.51	Church tithe	17.00
Shoe repair for Mel (he should have one pair of special shoes—cost $100—each year, but can't afford them. Gets old ones fixed and hopes they'll hold up)	.88	Total	$349.69
Shoe repair for boys	1.76		

It is impossible for the Traviolis to live on Mel's income. Since the Beverly Hilton Hotel was built he gets less transient business. His income has also declined because he has been ill more often, and he loses time from work whenever Lea is laid up and unable to attend to his needs.

The Traviolis' budget is exceptionally tight, for they live in a high-cost area. Los Angeles, according to a report in Changing Times, the Kiplinger Magazine, ranks third highest in cost of living among the 20 large U. S. cities specially surveyed by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Typical family expenditures there run to $376.50 per month, as against the Traviolis' record of $349.69, achieved despite Mel's special needs.

Church folks try to help out with food. The Traviolis also receive occasional gifts, and this past year when they were behind in payments and about to lose their house, a benefactor saved them at the last minute.



no more tears



from "soap in the eyes"

Won't burn or irritate eyes!

So gentle, pure and safe . . . this special formula won't hurt even the most sensitive eyes. Lathers so quickly, even in hard water. And rinses out easily!

Leaves hair silky-soft!

Johnson's not only gets hair clean . . . it leaves hair extra-soft, shining . . . easier to comb and manage. No wonder all the family like it. 29¢, 59¢ and 98¢.



Johnson & Johnson

3:00 P.M. Mel has dinner.

5:15 P.M. Lea gets Mel ready for work, sees him off, then worries until he phones from the drugstore. ("I never tell him I worry, but he drives that car like a demon scared out of hell!")

6:30 P.M. The children have their dinner.

8:00 P.M. An extended scramble trying to get three lively youngsters to bed. She is then free to watch television (her only form of entertainment), clean house, sew on a new canvas apron for Mel, mend clothes, and catnap.

In her "spare time" Lea also cleans house and cooks meals for fellow church members who are ill and "less lucky than me."

Someone once commented, "Boy, is Mel lucky to have a slave like you!"

Lea replied quietly, repressing her normally quick temper, "What I do for Mel seems like nothing. It's a habit, like smoking—and it's appreciated. I know he needs me, and I need him." She added thoughtfully, "I often think I need him more than he needs me. I don't know what I'd do without him."

Mel does not work Saturday, the big night. He could sell an extra hundred papers if he could handle them, but the Sunday bulldog editions are too heavy for him to carry, and are dumped at the corner in two parts. It would be impossible for him to insert the news sections, with his hands so crippled. "It works out fine," he says. "We can be together and Lea gets out this way."

After dinner the children clamber into the electric car and the family takes a long ride. If the night is warm, Mel heads for the beach, scooting down the boardwalk gaily sounding his horn at the gaping pedestrians. Other nights, they "explore" the southwest end of town.

Sometimes they shop together in the afternoon, but shopping brings humiliation. Salespeople address all their remarks to Lea, even when Mel has done the initial talking. "They act as if he isn't quite bright!" Lea fumes. "And they stare at me as if I've lost my mind. Well, let them. It's their ignorance, and someday perhaps they'll understand. I don't mind for myself, but I sure do for Mel."

Mel says nothing; he's used to it. He simply clings to the thought that three young faces will brighten instantly at the sight of him. They are his coat of armor. "When you love enough you can take anything," he says.

At home he joins in their games whenever possible, even playing baseball. He holds the bat under his arm and jerks his body to bring it around.

Always at the back of his mind lurks the apprehension that one day they will look upon him with cool, calculating eyes and think, "This man is not like other fathers we know." He wonders if they will be ashamed of him, resentful, or even repulsed. They have reached the age of comparison with unwavering affection. Big as they are, they still must be warded off; otherwise all three would be in his lap at the same time.

He had a shaky moment when Mike asked, "Dad, why are your hands different from mine?"

After a brief hesitation, Mel replied, "God made me that way. Everyone has some problem. This is my problem."

Mike nodded and apparently dismissed the thought from his mind.

A month later, his teacher sent him home with a note requesting to see his parents. Lea and Mel found her worried and a trifle embarrassed.

"I'm concerned about Mike," she began slowly. "He was really very bright at first, but the past few weeks—well ——" She flushed and faltered. How do you tell such parents that they have a backward child? Drawing a deep breath, she rushed on: "He talks funny, and doesn't seem co-ordinated at all. The other students are beginning to ridicule him."

The Traviolis were perplexed; this wasn't the Mike they knew. Finally Mel asked, "How does he talk funny? Does he lisp or what?"

"No, it's more a struggle for words, like you ——" She broke off, thoroughly mortified.

"Does he walk like me too?" Mel persisted.

The teacher nodded reluctantly.

Crazy kid, Mel mused to himself and laughed suddenly. "He'll be all right tomorrow, I promise you."

That afternoon Mel asked Mike, "Why do you imitate me?"

Mike reddened. "Well, gosh, dad, I just want to be like you, that's all!"

Mel's heart swelled, but he masked his pride. "You can only be yourself," he said. "Be glad you're strong—you'll need that strength to meet the problems *you'll* have someday."

"But ——"

"That's an order!" He patted the boy's head quickly and disappeared for an hour. How, he wondered, would Mike and Barney react when they learned that he was not their real father?

He knew Mike would respect his order. From the days when he looked after his brother and sister, Mel had learned that affection must be tempered with discipline if children were to develop into secure, responsible citizens. Lea often wonders how he can accomplish so much with so few words.

His daughter Marrlee perhaps taxes his patience more than the boys. Brown-haired, lively and radiantly affectionate, she inherited Mel's curiosity, high spirits and impish humor. The harshest punishment will not hold her down for long. Recently Mel commanded her to stand in a corner. After ten minutes he "released" her, secretly expecting defiance. Instead, Marrlee rushed to him, threw her arms around him and cried, "I love you, daddy!"

"I don't know what I'm going to do with her," he sighs. "She's too smart for me!"

He is more than a disciplinarian. He helps the boys with their Boy Scout lessons, teaches Marrlee her prayers, corrects their table manners. Though he must say, "Follow my advice and not my example," his instruction penetrates. He even showed Mike how to type since he spotted writing talent in the youth. Mel types himself, using sometimes a knuckle, sometimes a thumb, when getting out his monthly bills to credit customers.

In concerning himself with the children, he forgets himself completely. Two summers ago he noticed a giggly air of conspiracy about him, but attributed it to "kids' games." It did not occur to him that his approaching birthday might be under discussion. When he entered the house at 4:00 A.M. on July 8th, he was only thinking how tired he was. Suddenly he blinked and his weariness vanished as three small figures in rumpled pajamas burst into the room singing, "Happy birthday to you!" Lea followed them with a birthday cake. She was beaming. "Don't bawl them out," she said quickly. "They took naps today so I'd promise to wake them before you got home."

"Sit down, daddy," said Marrlee. "We're having a swing-shift party for you!"

Mel hardly touched his cake. He could only stare at the three young revelers who smiled back at him drowsily and fought a losing battle against falling asleep. . . .

The Traviolis are now established as Venice citizens. Children from all over the neighborhood congregate in their back yard, and adults have fallen into the sugar-borrowing habit.

Mel dreams of the day when he and Lea might travel somewhere. They had no honeymoon. In fact, Mel has not had a vacation in twenty-seven years. But that day is far off. Their needs are more immediate. When he gets the house paid off, he must add another bedroom for Marrlee.

And there are always current expenses—such as the time the four batteries in his electric car lost their pep. Three nights in a row there was not enough juice left to make it home. Once he had to push it two miles, unable to find a gas station open.

Since everything would fall apart if Mel could not get to work, they took a hard look at the family bank balance and tightened their belts some more. There wasn't much left to tighten. Though he now averages $10 a night, he works only 200 to 250 nights a year; the remaining time is lost in illness. Still, Lea figured out new economy measures so that Mel could trade in his Autoette for an Electric Shopper, to provide room for his family. Mel chose an orange one, for better visibility. "I was going to paint the other one anyway," he said. "I figured my customers were pretty bored with the color by now."

It is this attitude which causes customers to return, even when it means inconvenience to them. Some have been buying Mel's papers

NEXT MONTH

"I have found myself," says Ann Palmer. After a girlhood in foster homes, and a teen-age marriage which foundered after she had 4 children, she met Bob Palmer and started a second family.

SECOND MARRIAGE
By NEAL G. STUART

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the September JOURNAL

Noreen

that's the beauty of it

Today, millions of women welcome the extra softness and sheen that comes from a Noreen hair rinse . . . the gleaming highlights and increase in the depth of natural color.

But Noreen can do so much more for those whose hair is more of a problem than a source of pride. If your hair is drab, faded or streaked with unwanted gray, a Noreen temporary color rinse will bring back its natural beauty by augmenting the natural hair color, blend in graying or faded streaks and give your hair a healthy youthful look.

And you can apply Noreen yourself at home next time you shampoo. It's safe, simple and temporary...washes out each time you shampoo. Try Noreen soon . . . make your choice from fourteen glamorizing shades and be proud of your hair's new beauty.

Write for literature and FREE sample offer: Noreen, Inc. 450 Lincoln Street, Denver 3, Colorado. Dept. 13.



Noreen

COLOR HAIR RINSE

at cosmetic counters everywhere also professionally applied in beauty salons



for twenty years, others for twenty-five. They have moved away from Beverly Hills—out to the San Fernando Valley, or as far west as Pacific Palisades, thirteen miles away. Yet they still drive in regularly for their evening news and nightly chuckle.

Some living closer by walk for exercise. Douglas Morrow, who writes his screen plays late at night, often breaks up his time with a brisk stroll.

The other night he quit working at 1:30 and sauntered out wearing old slacks and a moth-eaten sweater. He left his wallet and identification cards at home. In well-patrolled Beverly Hills, a person walking alone at night is a prime target for cops on the lookout for vagrants. When a police car drew up alongside Morrow, he knew his appearance was against him.

"Where are you going, sir?" the officer asked politely.

"Just walking." He held his breath. If he was asked for identification papers, he was sunk.

"At this hour?"

"I'm going to the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel."

"What are you walking down there for?"

"To get the papers," Morrow replied.

The cop's suspicions grew. "All that way for the papers?" he asked, his voice loaded with insinuation.

Morrow gazed at him steadily and said, "You don't think I'd get them from anyone but Mel, do you?"

The policeman's face broke into a broad smile. "Well, why didn't you say so in the first place!" he said and drove off.

Morrow expressed the feelings of all who know Mel when he said later, "I might have been a tramp for all the police knew—but knowing Mel made me a citizen of Beverly Hills!"

PEACHES IN THE BANK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

arose, because our husbands were talking about nothing else, and that was when Lou-Ella told us she had met him, to our complete astonishment.

"You mean," exclaimed Dolly Tolliver, "he was to your place at sunup?"

"He was," answered Lou-Ella. "I guess it must be true, all right, he started life as a farm boy."

"The Needle says his nickname is Handsome Ransom," said Alloina Batesby. "Is he really that good-looking?"

Lou-Ella nodded.

"From the way you tell it, though," said Rita Denninger, our Pineywood librarian and postmistress, "it seems to me you were a bit short with him, if you don't mind my saying so."

"I was, and I'm ashamed of it," agreed Lou-Ella. "I thought he was a Bible salesman. We have five Bibles in the house already. But partly it was because of his voice, girls."

"What's the matter with his voice?" we wanted to know.

"It sounds like that deep horn on the diesel locomotive that goes through after midnight," replied Lou-Ella. "Mournful and lonely, out there all by itself with the dark fields and fences flashing by, but saying 'Come on, come on, come along with me.'"

"Why, Lou-Ella," cried Alloina, "that's downright poetic, I do declare it is."

Mr. Ransom had a suite at the Pickett Hotel in Tecumseh, our county seat. The men who went down said there were wires all around it, connected to long-distance telephones, and automatic typewriters tapping out messages from Seattle and Minneapolis and Chicago, and a contrivance like a magic lantern that threw figures on a screen showing what the stocks and bonds were doing in Wall Street. What Mr. Ransom himself did, the men said, was bring the right people together—or, you might say, shout them together. He was a great shouter. "We need an engineer to design the plant," somebody would say, and John Cartwright Ransom would pick up a telephone, ask for St. Louis, and roar, "Harry, can you be here tomorrow?" Somebody else would say a chief chemist was needed, and Mr. Ransom would grab another phone, ask for another city, and say, "Dan, borrow Ted's plane and sit in on this, will you?" Every new expert that arrived—the Pickett was soon full of them, all three floors—brought new problems. Then Mr. Ransom knocked down the problems sping-spang-spinger, like a squirrel hunter at a carnival shooting gallery.

But every afternoon promptly on the dot of five he jumped into his big car that had arrived from Texas with a driver—pure white, the car was, with his signature on the doors in gold script—and drove out to Lou-Ella's tottery old white house, with the paint off its pillars and the gallery sagging, and ate his supper with Lou-Ella and her three young ones. He turned every day into a birthday for those children. He gave the little girl, Amy, a collection of dolls from every nation of the globe, and the younger boy, Champion, enough toy automobiles to open a garage. And he tried to give the older boy, Eddie, an engraved shotgun until Lou-Ella vowed she'd shut off the black-eyed peas if he abetted a twelve-year-old to blow his head off.

Mr. Ransom pleaded with Lou-Ella to let him make a moving picture of her driving the tractor and pruning her trees. He wanted to show it over his television stations. Lou-Ella said the very thought made her blush. "Then at least," said Mr. Ransom, "let me interview you. I have one station right nearby." (Tennessee was his idea of right nearby!) But Lou-Ella was too shy to do that either, saying she was afraid she would make a fool of herself.

They sat on the gallery steps after supper, whilst the kids played with their new toys or settled their tummies—as Yankee children, poor lambs, never can—floating up and down on the joggling board set between two stumps. The evenings were so clear you might have thought they were sifted through silk, the silk lifted gently afterward so that all the air below remained without speck or mote. As they talked Lou-Ella could count the knots in the boards of the mule barn: silvery old boards weathered away until they looked like the hide of an elderly elephant. The moss on the roof shingles was a brighter green than at midday, sponging up yellow light slantwise from the sunset. From the tip of a holly tree a cardinal bird spied a worm and dropped to it, flurrying out his wings at the last second; he came down like a spilt bottle of red ink, finishing off with a splash.

"My dear lady," said John Cartwright Ransom, "I'm afraid you don't see how important this is. What if, someday, this great land of ours is attacked? How will we be able to fight back, with the hardness and toughness we'll need, if we're spoilt by too much easy living?"

"Now, John," said Lou-Ella, smiling a little because the man simply could not open his mouth without delivering an oration. She sat there on the steps, fresh and cool, in a white cotton dress worn as thin as handkerchief linen. Nothing is softer than old worn cotton. "Now, John, I know there are folks that must have everything new they see in the ads, the newest model twice a year. It's silly and vain, but there have been silly, vain people since the world began. But as for their being spoilt, that's something else again. None of my neighbors are spoilt; they work hard for their living, a lot of them at things they don't like to do."

"How about all these lazy females that sit around with curlers in their hair while their washing machines do their laundry for them?" He snorted. "Pretty soft! Pretty soft!"

"Black old Aunt Toofie boils my laundry out back, in a caldron over chunks of pitch pine," answered Lou-Ella. "She stands there all day long poking the clothes with a stick. If that has value or virtue, I don't see it. I'll take an automatic washer any day of the week, and so will Aunt Toofie. . . . John, you're a bright man and you're a good man, but tell me—how much money do you have?"

"I don't know. And that's the gospel truth," replied Mr. Ransom. "I know I'm in the ninety-per-cent bracket, which means I just work for Uncle Sam. What's my money got to do with it?"

"Do you have ten million dollars?"

"I suppose I have, more or less."

"Well then, I'll tell you," said Lou-Ella, in that dry way she has. "When a man with ten million dollars goes around telling other folks what a fine healthy thing it is to be poor, I think he sounds a bit foolish."

It had been a long, long while since anybody had told Mr. John Cartwright Ransom he was foolish. He fell in love with Lou-Ella right then and there, so we girls think.

A woman knows. Lou-Ella saw the change in his face, heard the change in his voice the next evening at the supper table. That night, after Mr. Ransom drove away in his white ambulance that lacked only the red lights and the siren, she went into the children's bedroom and had a serious talk with them.

"Children, I want you all to listen to me," she said. "I'll have no more snatching up the phone and saying you want to talk to Washington, D.C. I'll have no more mimicking nor making fun of Mr. Ransom in any form or fashion, do you hear?"

"Why not, mamma?" asked Amy.

"Because Mr. Ransom is in love with me."

"What difference does that make?" asked Eddie.

"I'll tell you," explained Lou-Ella. "I've taught you to be gentle with animals and crippled people, haven't I, and children that aren't as well-bred as you? Well, a person in love has to be treated gently, too, because he's opened his heart. When the heart is open we're easily hurt."

"Why is Mr. Ransom in love with you, mamma?" asked Amy. "You're old."

"I know," replied Lou-Ella with a nod. "I'm thirty-three, and to you that's as old as Aunt Toofie. But to Mr. Ransom I'm young and beautiful, baby daughter. When a person opens his heart, you see, a strange thing happens. Whatever he loves becomes beautiful in his eyes."

When you walk up Lou-Ella's brick path from the road, you pass between two chinaberry trees. The perfume is the fragrance of all the orange blossoms worn by all the brides of all the years, plus all the lemon blossoms in California and all the lime blossoms in Florida. The next night, when the children were asleep, Mr. Ransom took Lou-Ella by the hand and led her down the walk to the chinaberries.

It was a clear blue night, with mist creeping under the peach trees right down on the ground, as if it were on its hands and knees looking for something it had lost. Across the lawn, under a holly, a rabbit sat with his ears flattened, hoping they'd go away so he could sneak into the Colonel Bibb lettuce, never dreaming they could see him plainly in the lamplight from the house that turned his round eye into a little gold lamp in itself. Over the kitchen chimney, with its sweet pine smoke that no Southerner can ever be away from for very long, the stars and planets were out marching on parade: Orion with blinks of light flashing from his silver armor and his sword swinging down his thigh, and the Big Bear shuffling after him, and the Seven Little Sisters showing off the faint tiny jewels that were the best their sweethearts could buy for them in the way of engagement rings—all that perfect geometry up there, in sparkles of tinted fire, to tell us that the leastmost whisper spoken on the leastmost planet is important as any vast flaring sun.

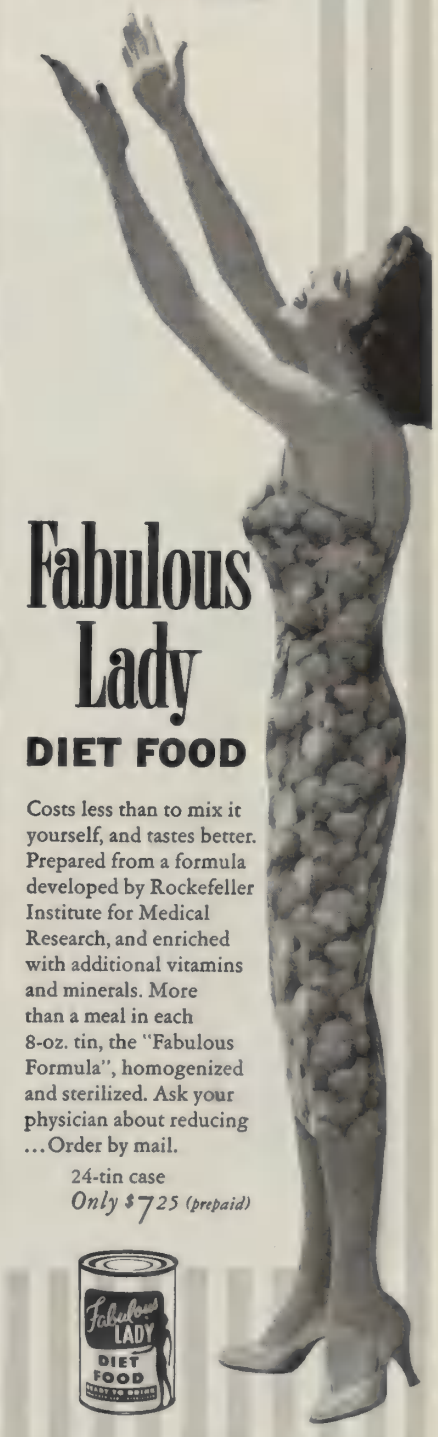
"Lou-Ella, dear," said John Cartwright Ransom, "I'm anything but a blameless man, but one thing I can say to you in complete truth—I can tell you, on my honor, never in my life have I told a woman I loved her."

"That's a sad thing to hear, John," replied Lou-Ella.

"It is," agreed Mr. Ransom, "but now I'm glad of it, because I can say it the first time to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

NOW!
THE fabulous formula
READY TO DRINK!



Fabulous Lady
DIET FOOD

Costs less than to mix it yourself, and tastes better. Prepared from a formula developed by Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, and enriched with additional vitamins and minerals. More than a meal in each 8-oz. tin, the "Fabulous Formula", homogenized and sterilized. Ask your physician about reducing ...Order by mail.

24-tin case
Only $7.25 (prepaid)

FABULOUS PRODUCTS, INC.
593 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California

Please send me ( ) cases of Fabulous Lady Diet Food at $7.25 each, including shipping costs. Check or money order is enclosed.
(No cash please.)

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Californians note: please do not order by mail. You will find Fabulous Lady at your favorite grocery or supermarket.

the Fabulous Lady can be you

So much at ease...



. . . **the new Kotex napkin** with Wondersoft covering gives you such gentle softness. There's no rubbing or chafing. And what a reassuring kind of softness . . . for Kotex gives you instant absorbency, without fail. Moreover, this napkin fits perfectly.

To complete your comfort you'll want the new Kotex belt. It's made of woven, non-twist elastic and it has a special self-locking clasp that won't "dig in" like metal.

No wonder more women choose Kotex than all other brands.



Note to Mothers: Over a hundred thousand girls begin to menstruate before they are 11. Save your 10-year-old from needless worry—tell her now. Free booklet "You're a Young Lady Now" gives the facts she needs to know. Write Miss Jones, Kimberly-Clark Corp., Neenah, Wisconsin.



KOTEX and WONDERSOFT are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

you. I love you deeply, Lou-Ella. My heart, my fortune, my future are yours to command. I hope with all my soul you'll marry me."

Lou-Ella cried a little. "John," she said, "you're buying a penny licorice whip with a fifty-dollar bill. do you know that?"

"I don't think I am," said Ransom. "I don't make many mistakes."

"You're absolutely sure," asked Lou-Ella, "if I marry you it'll make you happy, truly happy?"

"As sure as a man can be sure," Ransom told her.

"I don't suppose it's a great thing to make one other human being happy. But it's no small thing either," said Lou-Ella. "If I can do it, I want to. I'll marry you, John. And I'll be the best wife to you that I know how to be."

She put her two hands, with adhesive tape around her knuckles where she'd banged them on the tractor, on his shoulders and kissed him first on his eyelids, then on his cheeks, then on his handsome mouth. She had to be the one to do it, for with all his shouting, and all his good looks, John Cartwright Ransom was too shy to touch her.

The very next day, the peach plantation had a hired manager. Lou-Ella and the young ones, only packing a few old-fashioned straw suitcases, flew off in the plane that had staterooms in it like an ocean liner. Lou-Ella never did deliver the paper she was preparing for our Ladies' Literary and Cultural Club on Longfellow, the Bard of the Snows.

Just that fast, it happened. Eleven days, all told. From rags to riches, as they say.

Exactly one year later, to the month, Miss Ethel Bowdoing traveled north on the cars from Pineywood to the big flower show in New York City at the Grand Central Palace. Much I imagine is where the mayor of the Yankee metropolis makes his residence. Miss Ethel is honorary past president of our garden club. The Bowdoings came originally from Virginia, and Miss Ethel has the fine thin Virginia nose and those clear gray eyes closely set together; now she's in her seventies she looks enough like George Washington to be his twin sister.

At the flower show Miss Ethel's camellias won the blue ribbon, as they always do, and this time garnered two red ribbons and a white as well. She was happy as a bear in blackberry patch as she toted her ribbons back to her hotel, and she was happier still when, just inside the door, she spied Lou-Ella, in a long mink coat with a little cap of violets on her head.

"Miss Ethel!" cried Lou-Ella, every bit as excited, hugging her so hard she lifted her off the floor. Miss Ethel is so teensy she could ride a cricket sidesaddle. "Miss Ethel, sit down with me this very instant and give me all the news! Where can we go? Here—come into the restaurant and have a cup of tea."

The hotel restaurant, according to Miss Ethel, was called The Poison Room, although she must be mistaken about that. All the Bowdoings are fuddy when it comes to names. Lou-Ella ordered a pot of tea and some pastries that were little boxes made of chocolate cups on four sides, filled with delicious mocha paste.

"The news from Pineywood," said Miss Ethel, "is that Alloina Batesby tried to bleach her hair and it came out cabbage-colored. But you're the one with news, Lou-Ella. We had your postal cards from Europe, but that's all we know of you and your doings. Where are you living, dear, and how are the children?"

"The house is in Dallas," answered Lou-Ella, speaking of it as if it were one of the empty, dead palaces she had seen on her honeymoon voyage abroad. "Amy and Champion are in school there. I try to be with them when I can—John likes me to travel with him. Eddie is at a private school in Connecticut, learning to say *cahn't* for *cain't*."

"Didn't you just love Europe?"

"I did. It's beautiful," said Lou-Ella. "They grow good peaches too. In Italy and France they prune the trees into vines and train them on stone walls."

"I declare, you'll ruin those handmade French gloves, dear," protested Miss Ethel, "if you don't take them off. Is it the latest style in New York to eat pastries with your gloves on?"

"I can't take them off."

Miss Ethel feared she meant she had burnt her hands, perhaps scarred them. "Oh, Lou-Ella!" she cried.

"Honey," asked Lou-Ella, "have you ever seen a six-carat diamond?"

"Never in all my born days, no!" Miss Ethel said.

"Well, shield your eyes," said Lou-Ella, and drew the embroidered white glove from her left hand.

Miss Ethel told us, when she got home, the sight of that diamond was like having a lawn sprinkler turned full in your face.

"John wanted me to have this for a wedding gift. It wasn't ready in time, so he gave me an itsy-bitsy two-carat thing to tide me over. Now you see why I wear gloves," said Lou-Ella bitterly. "I don't want anybody thinking I buy my jewelry at the dime store. But I don't want anybody to get the impression, either, that I think this sunburnt old carcass of mine is so special it has to be decked out with a hundred thousand dollars. . . . Oh, Miss Ethel, Miss Ethel—in Dallas I try to find pitch pine to burn in the fireplace, but it just doesn't smell the same."

Never, in all her years of hard work, had any of us heard Lou-Ella breathe so much as a word of complaint. When Miss Ethel returned to Pineywood and told us what Lou-Ella had said to her across the tea table with the tears misting her eyes, we knew her words had been wrung against her will from the very depths of her heart. We were stricken with sorrow, for we loved our Lou and it was clear that she was unhappy. . . . There, he it said, is something to think about. All you hear these days is money, money, money, and the more you earn the less it's worth. Everyone is sure that a million dollars would bring him joy. It never seems to enter anybody's head that it might bring just the opposite.

What would Lou-Ella do, we asked ourselves? What *could* she do? The Pineywood Needle had published pictures of John Cartwright Ransom's castle in Dallas, a copy of a huge Mexican hacienda. If Lou-Ella did not like her castle, if she did not like to leave the children there whilst she traveled, if she was not satisfied with Eddie's private school, we still did not see how she could afford to end the marriage. She had the children's future to think of. She had Mr. Ransom himself to think of, for that matter. She was not the kind to ask him for a divorce, because she would regard that as unfair, and if for any reason he asked her for one she would never accept alimony from him. Knowing her, we felt sure she would sacrifice herself and stay on. It made you laugh to think of those millions and speak of sacrifice, but it made you miserable at the same time.

The summer drew toward its end. One morning Alloina Batesby's phone rang two longs and two shorts. It was Rita Denninger on the party line. "Alloina," exclaimed Rita, "I just took some corn to the mill in the pickup. Guess who was at the Temple place when I poled by!"

"Who?" asked Alloina. "President Eisenhower?"

"Lou-Ella! Standing on the gallery in that sprigged wrap-around she bought at Feinberg's for two-ninety-eight. She hoo-hooed me in."

"What's so strange about that?" asked Alloina. "A body can come home for a visit, can't she?"

"This is no visit. The manager is gone, and Lou-Ella has little Amy with her," said Rita. "She's left Handsome Ransom, that's what. And no alimony, you can be good and certain, if she's back to wearing that two-ninety-eight wrap-around."

"Are you asking me, Rita Denninger," said Alloina, "or are you telling me? You're the one who's just come from Lou-Ella. What does she say?"

"You know how closemouthed she can be," Rita said. "She just says she's going to spray her peaches."

"*Cha*," said Alloina. "We'll have to wait and see what comes next, I guess."

What came next was John Cartwright Ransom himself flying in from Spokane, or maybe it was Seattle, in the four-motored plane with the staterooms. There was no taxi at the Tecumseh airport, and he was in a whopping hurry, so he telephoned to an auto dealer in town—Fred Woodley, I was—and had cast for a new pink-and-white convertible and drove himself out to the Temple place as fast he picked up two tickets for speeding on the way.

Lou-Ella was working on the tractor. She had on her dungarees.

"How can you do this to me?" John Cartwright Ransom asked her, not roaring, but in a voice that sounded the way the bass note on the melodeon in church does when it gets stuck. "I had to scoop up half a dozen vice presidents and bring them with me. They're busy fellows, Lou-Ella; they can't wait on me while I run around the countryside chasing after my wife."

"I left you a note, dear," said Lou-Ella.

"'Dear John, I am sorry but I have to go home.' Some note!"

"Well," said Lou-Ella, "I'm not talky and that was the simple truth of it. I got to worrying about the trees."

Mr. Ransom switched off his big white hat then and ran his hand through his curls and sat down hard on the gallery steps. "Peach trees," he said.

"You forget I lived with these trees a lot longer than I've lived with you, John," said Lou-Ella. "I know them so well I have names for them. There's even one named for you."

"There is? No kidding." Mr. Ransom laughed. "I never knew that. Which tree is it?" he asked.

"A tall skinny one that bushed out too much at the top. Whenever there's a breeze it bows right and left as if it's making a speech," answered Lou-Ella.

Mr. Ransom chuckled. "I do must have some that had there what you thought I talked too much," he said.

Lou-Ella sat beside him on the steps and leaned forward, her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands. "Pardon me if I smell of gasoline," she said. "I think you're talking too much right now. Be still. Listen."

Bewildered, John Cartwright Ransom listened.

"What do you hear?" asked Lou-Ella.

"Nothing."

"It sounds awfully good to me, nothing," said Lou-Ella. "Take a breath. Tell me what you smell."

"Pines. The sun is cooking the oil out of the needles. I smell the gasoline on you too."

"Look. Look straight ahead of you. I mean. What do you see?"

"A country road an inch deep in dust. The road superintendent ought to gravel it."

"Don't you think it looks soft and fluffy, like flour?"

"Well, yes, it does," agreed Mr. Ransom, looking again. He rubbed that handsome chin of his. "I'd kind of like to pull off my boots and wade in it. I would for a fact. There's nothing like soft dust squishing in between your toes. Except wet clay mud. What is better. Dust is pretty good, though."

"At last I'm getting through to you, man," said Lou-Ella. "Go do it."

He turned to her in surprise. "Go do what?"

"Wade."

Mr. Ransom was shocked. "Lou-Ella Ransom. I'd make a pretty spectacle of myself!"

"What do you care whether you make a spectacle of yourself or not? There's nobody here to see you," said Lou-Ella.

"At my age? In my position? Lou-Ella, I can't."

"You see," said Lou-Ella, spreading her hands, "you say you're just a red-neck cotton farmer, just a hardscrabble farm boy from Culpeper County, but the fact of the matter is you're scared of a little dust."

"We'll see about that," said Ransom. He snatched off his boots and his cashmere socks and stamped at and down the road barefoot, sheepish at first and then grinning. "All right," he said. "I did it. Now it's be sensible. Put on a dress and get rid of those no-line tennis shoes, and we'll go meet the vice presidents. If you're going to worry your pretty head being over sixty acres of fuzzy peach trees we'll fullhouse 'em flat, that's what we'll do. I mark you away from here so you wouldn't have to struggle with peaches."

"I thought struggle was good for the soul," said Lou-Ella. "Thrift, self-reliance, hard work, simplicity, the values and virtues of our pioneer ancestors."

"Lou-Ella," said John Cartwright Ransom, "you are trying my patience."

"It appears to me," said Lou-Ella, not turning a hair, "that the values and virtues of our pioneer ancestors are all right for people you don't love, but for those you love, you want life to be as easy and sweet as it can be, with six-carat diamonds to wear on Sundays and two-carat ones to wear in the bathtub."

When he heard that, Mr. Ransom sat for a long while listening to the telephone wires along the road say *mwingue, mwingue*.

"Lou-Ella," he said at last. "I see why I married you. Because you're me. Only you're the real thing, the genuine article." He took her hand. The lacquer the manicurists had put on was already scratched, and two nails were broken. "My darling," he said, "the night I asked you to marry me I told you I loved you, but I didn't ask you if you loved me, because I knew you didn't. I refused to put you in a position where you might feel you had to give me a false answer if you ——"

"I love you now," said Lou-Ella. "Not only that, but I admire you. I'm not trying to whittle you down to my size, John. You'll never be a small man. And if I have to go on living in airplanes and hotels I will, if I can come here just once in a while."

"But your true heart would never be in it," said John Cartwright Ransom. "I'm a fellow who has sixty acres of peaches for a rival." He slapped his thighs with his hands. "There's only one thing to do, as I see it. The peaches can't come to me, so I'll just have to move in with the peaches."

"I can't ask you to give up your business," said Lou-Ella.

"I won't. I'll run an office out the mule barn. You can rent your dilapidated shack under the pecan tree."

"I'll buy a tent to cover it at night," said Lou-Ella, arising to flood the highways. "Let me change into a dress and drive into town with you. Amy's somewhere around, but we have to send telegrams to Champion and Eddie and call our boys to come home."

FOR I HAVE KNOWN YOUR LOVE

By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

I am gentler now, who once
demanded
All of life enwoven in one mesh.
For I have known your love in
fragile hours.
Felt your eyes upon my willing
flesh.

And you to bend and soften
prisoned me
Within your arms. I have
known it clear,
As final shadows sank the
pillowed room,
None of life was life but what
was here.

Now, wakened, gentler now for
having loved,
I mark how subtle is the
senses' leaving,
When spun into a moment's
miracle, and used
Tenderly to solve the fact of
being.



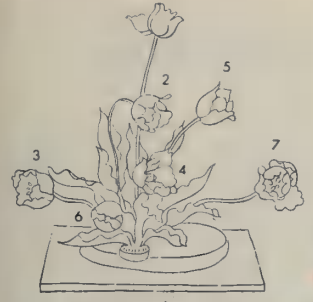
COSTUME BY SYLVAN RICH

I dreamed I had Tea for Two in my maidenform bra

Maidenform is just my cup of tea . . . such a marvelous pick-me-up! Chansonette's unique spoke-stitched cups give me the lift of a lifetime. And Chansonette* Tri-Line* adds *three-point miracle straps* for extra comfort, extra accent, extra cling! Treat yourself today to one of these *beautiful* bras! A, B, and C cups. Chansonette—from 2.00. Chansonette Tri-Line—2.50.

© MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL



For a brilliant effect—red and yellow tulips. Here they stand in needled holder in a white bowl filled with clear water. Tallest goes in first, followed by others in order of their numbering, with stems curled, leaves furled for grace.



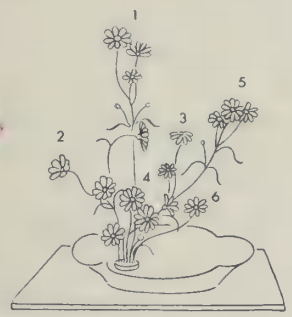
In these flower arrangements the beauty of pure line dominates. Only a few flowers need be used, combined with leaves or fern. The only essential tools are needled holders for each container. Diagrams show order in which flowers are inserted to build the arrangements.





Stalks of iris stand like three islands in a shallow earthen bowl. Three small holders are used, as shown in diagram. Water covers them. With no low leafage, pebbles can be used to cover the holders.



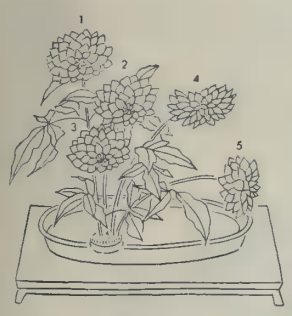


Many-colored cosmos—a delightfully fresh arrangement for a blue scalloped bowl. Needled holder allows you to place them on slants as shown here, with a cluster of fullness low and center.



Low and full mums go in a cool white bowl, and leaves plump out the arrangement. Small flowers could be single mums. An inch of water in bowl, always fresh and replenished, lengthens flower life.





A plan for your prize dahlias—gracious and dramatic. Only five are needed for this grouping. Placed on various levels, as shown, each bloom stands out distinctly. Curves soften arrangement.







Red, pink and white carnations amid fern are fragrant in a foyer, an indoor or outdoor room. Both fern and flower stems can be curved by gentle pressure in palms of hands before being placed in holder.



TRY THIS TEST--PASTE IS BEST

FIRST . . . sprinkle stained copper with any ordinary copper cleaning powder. See how powder spills and spots—how hard you scour no matter how much you use.

THEN . . . spread on creamy TWINKLE! See how easily, how fast stains disappear—and how evenly TWINKLE shines copper bright as new.

TWINKLE *is tops for stainless steel, too! At grocery stores everywhere.*

NEW! Twinkle COPPER CLEANER

CLEANS BRIGHTER!
CLEANS FASTER!
GOES FARTHER!
AND, THERE'S NO WASTE WITH PASTE!

Twinkle COPPER CLEANER FOR COPPER POTS PANS

Made by the makers of Drāno and Windex

Welsh Winkie "Hitch - Hiker"

When There Is More Than One Tot To Take Along

STROLLER–WALKER–SLEEPER
- AUTO SEAT
- BOOSTER CHAIR
- STROLLER FOR TWO!

Sold Separately

Wonderful new folding feature, the latest in folding mechanism. Exclusive spring seat—such smooth riding for baby.

Baby Grows Into—Not Out Of The Winkie

WELSH CO., St. Louis • World's Only Maker of "Boodle-Buggies"

As much fun as blowing out candles



. . . **that's JACK and JILL Magazine!** When you order a subscription for your favorite birthday boy or girl, you're giving 12 colorful issues of reading fun that lasts a full year! JACK and JILL is packed with games, puzzles, stories, Tiny Tales, cutouts and lots more. It's so easy to order, too! Just fill out and mail this coupon. A gay card will announce your gift—and we'll bill you later.

Prices (U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada)
1 year $3.50 2 or more 1-year gifts from the same donor—$3 each.

Unconditional Guaranty. The Publisher agrees, upon request direct from subscribers to its Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

JACK and JILL Dept. 7308, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

My Name _____
Street or R.D. _____
Town _____ Zone ____ State _____
____ Bill me. ____ Payment enclosed.

Please send a JACK and JILL gift subscription to:

Name _____
Street or R.D. _____
Town _____ Zone ____ State _____
____ Birthday ____ Just a gift
Sign my gift card _____

You may write today's date on this coupon or paper.

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

CHICKEN, GOLDEN CRISP AND TENDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

standing over the hot range—no sputtering! Once ready for the oven, it cooks by itself. Its aroma and golden beauty on emergence create such eating anticipation that we advise you to double the recipe so that all can have a choice of cuts and second servings.

IMPERIAL CHICKEN

Remove the crust from a loaf of unsliced bread. Grate the bread into fine crumbs, using the coarse side of the grater. You should have enough to make 2 cups or so of crumbs. Spread them out on a flat pan or tray to dry overnight. When ready to cook, mix the crumbs with ¾ cup grated Parmesan or Romano cheese, ¼ cup chopped parsley, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 2 teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Chicken needs plenty of pepper, so don't settle for just a dash. Have a frying chicken or young capon cut up into serving pieces. Then dip each piece into melted butter (you'll need about ¼ pound in all), then into the crumb mixture. Be sure each piece is well coated. Arrange the pieces so they don't overlap in an open, shallow roasting pan. Dot with 2 tablespoons more butter. Bake 1 hour or until fork-tender in a moderate oven, 350° F. It will take a little longer for the capon. Do not turn chicken. Though 6 people can each have a piece from 1 chicken or capon, a hungry crowd will require a second chicken.

"*First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.*" The all-year wait for fresh corn is over. It's everywhere this month and in abundance. In the country areas it is being picked by moonlight so it can be rushed to the market stalls in early morning—still with the dew upon it. Pull back a husk. If the kernels are plump and slightly damp it's moonlight corn, all right, and ready for the pot. Serve it on the cob with plenty of butter or, for a delicious, simple change, this way:

SUMMER PEAS AND CORN

Cook 1½ cups peas in a little salted boiling water until about half done. Then add 1½–2 cups fresh corn cut off the cob—however much you have from several ears. Simmer about 5 minutes. Add 1½ cups cream and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer in the cream a few minutes more. Garnish with crisp, sautéed bacon cubes or crumbled bacon strips.

From the garden: Shredded cabbage, scallions and raw white turnips fresh out of the garden combine to make a welcome salad change.

GARDEN SLAW

Shred 4 cups youthful green cabbage and crisp it with ice cubes for about 2 hours. Drain thoroughly and dry with a towel, or shake in a wire lettuce basket. Add 4 scallions or green onions, chopped fine, 1 white turnip, shredded, and 1 teaspoon celery seed (the misleadingly named seed that comes from a plant of the parsley family rather than celery). Pour ¼ cup vinegar over all. Toss, taste and season with 2 tablespoons sugar and enough salt and pepper to give it that just-right taste. When the flavor suits, you add a few tomatoes cut into quarters, and rings cut from 1 or 2 green peppers. Give it another toss and it's ready for the table.

Extras that count: Crunchy salt-bread sticks studded with caraway seeds seem just right to go along with this meal. And to drink—hot or iced coffee. Have whatever pleases you most, but have it hot before icing.

Beautiful to the eye, compelling to the taste is our summertime dessert: cooling pink peppermint ice cream in a shell of light, snowy angel cake accented with shaved chocolate.

PEPPERMINT ICE-CREAM CAKE

Bake your favorite angel cake, or use a prepared mix and bake in a 10" angel-food-cake pan. Cool. For the peppermint ice cream: Scald two 14½-ounce cans plus ⅔ cup evaporated milk (undiluted). Add ½ pound crushed striped peppermint sticks or striped peppermint wheels. They come in glass jars and can be bought in candy stores. They are the real old-fashioned kind. To crush the candy, put it in a clean dish towel and pound it with a mallet or hammer. Let the candy stand in the hot milk until fairly well dissolved. Add 4 cups heavy cream, unwhipped. Stir well and pour into two refrigerator trays. Freeze until almost firm. Scrape into a chilled bowl and beat the ice cream, using an electric or rotary beater. The mixture should be kept quite thick. Return to the freezing trays and freeze again until almost firm. You may need an extra tray as it increases in volume with beating. Turn into a chilled bowl and beat once again. This might seem like a bother, but your ice cream will have a smoother texture if you follow through. Freeze until firm this time. Remove the cake from the pan. Cut down into the cake 1" from the outer edge, leaving a substantial wall of cake 1" thick and 1" as a base at the bottom. Fill in the tube hole at the bottom with some of the cake that has been removed. (The cake removed may be cut into squares and served with fruit for another meal.) Spoon the ice cream into the shell, heaping it up on top. Garnish with shaved chocolate and, if you like, whipped cream. One more nice thing about this dessert: if you have a freezer, it freezes beautifully. Wrap in aluminum foil, freeze and bring out a little before serving so it won't be too hard to slice.

And so to your after-lunch siesta or after-dinner starlight walk—replete, replenished and refreshed. END



"Isn't he a little young to be suffering from insomnia?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

nd-jelly sandwiches, cheese and crackers, offee heavily sweetened with sugar and evap-rated milk. After lunch, more snacks to pass he dreary afternoons away: bowls of cream oup; more calorie-packed sandwiches. Din-er, always a filling and economical casserole ish, was followed with evening "titbits": astry or pudding or candy bars, or whatever as left of the evening meal.

Benumbed with fat and misery, I lost inter-st in everything. I deteriorated into the most areless of housekeepers. I used my father-in-aw as an excuse to avoid friends and decline ocial invitations. It wasn't until I was thread-are that I would bother to slip out of the ouse to pick up a $3 cotton house dress in ome neighborhood store. When I *did* catch a limpse of myself in a mirror—or when I ccidentally ran into a friend who tried to elp me—I would shrug my shoulders and ay, "What difference does it make?"

Poor Steff, with no one to come home to ut an irritable father and a complaining ife. Gradually, and understandably enough, e looked for interests outside his home. itiful, lonely interests. After work, Steff egan going to a neighborhood machine shop here, for 50 cents, he was allowed to tinker way his time all evening long. When he idn't have the 50 cents to spare, he whiled way his evenings at the corner newsstand elping the newsboys stack their papers. What life for a bridegroom! After my diet, Steff old me there were many times when he bit-erly regretted marrying me.

In less than three years, I managed to ac-umulate more than 100 pounds of excess eight. Occasionally, during that time, I made rief attempts to reduce, but I never found a iet I could stick to and when I looked at my ulging self and my bleak surroundings I be-ame too discouraged to try.

My father-in-law's illness lasted for six ears. He died in 1952. Once again I was free o go out into the business world, but it asn't easy for me to find a job. Aside from y unattractive appearance, my skills had ecome rusty after six years of "confinement." finally settled for part-time work as a typist. ettled? I was lucky to get anything!

Oddly enough, it was *another* heartbreaking xperience that forced me into my successful educing regimen. One morning, in February f 1954, I decided to have a permanent wave. ust making the appointment at the beauty arlor cheered me immeasurably. It was the rst forward step toward improving my ap-earance that I had taken in a long, long me. When the moment came for the operator o remove the permanent rollers and get me eady for a shampoo, I was as excited as a hild.

Then came the blow. As each roller came ff, a section of hair came with it. With the emoval of the last roller, the beauty oper-tor and I stared into the mirror. I was almost ald! I have never known exactly what caused y hair to fall out as it did. It could have been arsh chemicals, wrongly used; or the fact hat my health and the condition of my hair ere not good (I was anemic *despite* my 241 ounds); or a combination of both. In order or me to leave the shop, the operator had to uy a scarf which I tied around my head to ide my plight.

thought I would die. That night Steff, artled at the sight of me and at his wit's end ver the tragedies befalling us, blurted out, Cut your throat or live—but don't kill your-lf by inches!" He was right. I had hit rock ottom, and it was time for me to go com-letely to pieces—or to recover. I chose to cover. There was nothing to do about my air except wait for it to grow out. But I *could* o something about my monstrous size.

For dinner that night I had two hard-boiled ggs, salad and black coffee. The next morn-g I astonished my doctor by announcing I as going to stick to a diet until I had lost very last ounce of my excess weight. And ick to my diet I did, without a single lapse. here were times, in the beginning, when it ould outrage me to see other people digging into hearty helpings and rich desserts, but that lasted for only the first few weeks of my diet. It took me just ten months to scale down from a size 46 "superslob"—as the teen-age daughter of a friend once called me—to my present size 12 proportions.

I call my diet the "No-Will-Power Diet" because I worked it out, with the approval of my doctor, to be excuse-proof for me. For instance, to appease my craving for something rich and sweet I purposely included in my diet a cup of coffee with two level teaspoons of sugar and one tablespoon of light cream.

In common with many fatties, I never have had an early-morning appetite. But by *mid*-morning, I am usually hungry enough to eat the side of a house. So I planned my first *solid* food for somewhere between ten and eleven each morning, letting my fruit or juice and coffee sustain me until then. On working days, I took a hard-boiled egg to the office. On weekends at home my midmorning egg might be poached, soft-boiled, or scrambled in a double boiler. The egg (75 calories) turned out to be a most satisfactory substitute for such things as a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich (450 calories) and candy bar (350 calories) which I'd been in the habit of stuffing into myself at that time.

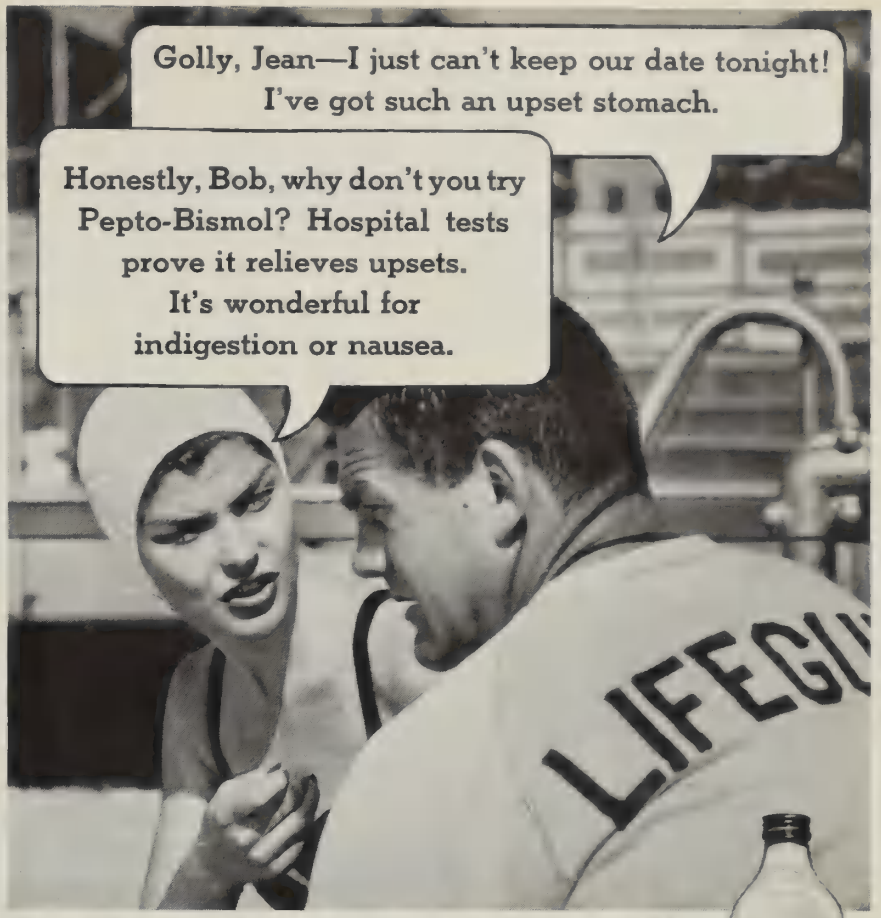
At lunchtime I almost invariably settled down to a salad. On working days I brought the salad from home in a plastic container and kept it appetizingly cold and crisp by stowing it in the cabinet of the water cooler near my desk. I had two reasons for selecting salad luncheons. First, you can pack an awful lot of salad into comparatively few calories. In addition, I was determined to guard against irregularity.

The principal reason I found it possible to hold down my diet's calorie count to under 1000 a day had to do with my choice of protein foods for the evening meal. I knew that my outsize appetite would never be satisfied with one itty-bitty lamb chop, or with a single three-ounce portion of chopped steak either. Not even if the meat was flanked by a large helping of string beans and another of sliced tomatoes.

It was among shellfish and variety meats that I found what I was looking for. In common with most other Americans, I had scant liking for either, except when they were all caloried up with rich sauces; but when I noted on my calorie chart that six medium-sized shrimp, without dressing, contained only 60 calories and that a large six-ounce portion of broiled sweetbreads contained a mere 175, I made up my mind that I'd learn to appreciate these heretofore neglected foods, as well as others in the same relatively low-calorie bracket.

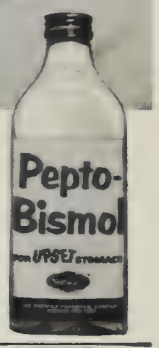
And learn to appreciate them I did, particularly after I hit upon a few simple culinary tricks that transformed them into subtly flavored, appetizingly fragrant "specialties of the house." In fact, I learned to appreciate them so much that even now, more than two years after I succeeded in reaching my desired weight of 125, I still serve them several times a week. (This may explain why I no longer find it necessary to count calories in order to maintain that 125-pound weight level.)

When it came to desserts, I used fruit, mostly, either fresh or water-packed, and fruit juices in the form of gelatins and whips (made with a liquid noncaloric sweetener). I did this not only because I happen to be very fond of fruit of all kinds, but also because I wanted to include in my diet as many vitamins and minerals as possible. Had I been somewhat younger, the emphasis on proteins, vitamins and minerals might not have seemed so important to me. However, I'd seen all too many women in my age group try to get along on too rigidly restricted diets, and I hadn't liked what I'd seen. Almost invariably they'd appeared drawn and haggard, nervous and irritable, with far too little energy (except of the futile, fidgety kind) and far too great a tendency to feel sorry for themselves. Therefore I made absolutely certain (with my doctor's help) that my diet would be nutritionally



Pepto-Bismol works where soda and alkalizers fail!

For upset stomach, indigestion, nausea, or diarrhea—Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes with a gentle coating action. It works both in the stomach *and* the intestinal tract—where soda and alkalizers never help. For children or adults, this wonderful *pink* liquid helps control simple diarrhea without constipating.



TAKE HOSPITAL TESTED PEPTO-BISMOL®...AND FEEL GOOD AGAIN!

WHY NOT EARN MORE?

You can easily earn extra money by selling magazine subscriptions in your free time. Thousands of our representatives made their start by asking for our generous commission offer. No obligation. Address ■ postal today!

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
■■ Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna

CORNS



Removed by Mosco, also Calluses. Quick, easy, economical. Just rub on. Jars, 35¢, 60¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

MOSCO ★CORN★ REMOVER

FREE

MONEY-SAVING STYLE CATALOG



NATIONAL BELLAS HESS
FALL & WINTER CATALOG
Bargains Galore for You and Your Family

See hundreds of smart fall fashions in glowing colors. Designed ■■ New York and Hollywood, style capitals of the world. Select from an exciting array of dresses, coats, shoes and accessories . . . fine home items . . . all first quality and offered to you at the *lowest prices anywhere!*

Shop by mail, and join the millions who save by buying regularly from the bright colorful National Bellas Hess Catalogs. Your choice of three convenient ways to buy: CASH, C.O.D. or CREDIT. Everything in our catalog is absolutely guaranteed—your money back if you are not delighted. *Our 69th year.*

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS

SAVE MONEY, SAVE TIME—ACT NOW!

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS
256-88 Bellas Hess Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me, free, the new National Bellas Hess Money-Saving Catalog.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____

adequate. In addition, I did something else that I consider extremely helpful. I created for myself a program of spare-time activity that kept me so happily busy that it left me no time to think of my rapidly flattening tummy and of what, left to my own aimless devices, I'd probably cram into it.

With a group of like-minded friends, I helped to form a club whose 200-odd members devote themselves to promoting the welfare and humane treatment of cats and kittens. As secretary-treasurer of this organization, I had—and still have—so much mimeographing, bookkeeping, letter writing, meeting attendance to occupy me that I, who recently made a habit of eating virtually every hour on the hour, now frequently find myself having to *make* time for regular meals! And what's more, I thrive on it. It seems to me that to reduce successfully, and to stay successfully reduced, a woman needs to keep busy at something, something that interests her vitally.

As my excess pounds began to melt, I went about renewing old acquaintances, making dates with friends Steff and I hadn't seen for years. Steff, of course, is gloriously pleased for me, and for what the diet has meant to our lives. Sometimes we "remember when." But we don't look back very often. We're really too busy keeping up with the present—and planning happily for our future!

Mallory Baele's Reducing Diet—two weeks' menus with recipes for some of her favorite diet dishes.

FIRST WEEK

Monday

Breakfast	Calories
½ grapefruit	100
1 cup coffee with 1 tbsp. light cream	30
2 tsp. sugar	40
	170
Mid-A.M.	
1 hard-cooked egg	75
Lunch	
Shrimp salad (½ cup shrimp, fresh or frozen, celery, mixed greens, lemon juice and yoghurt dressing)	135
Tea, no sugar	0
1 large orange	100
	235
Mid-P.M.	
1 rye wafer	25
½-oz. slice American cheese	50
	75
Dinner	
Sizzling platter (6 oz. sweetbreads, precooked and broiled with 1 slice lean bacon and 1 whole tomato sprinkled with 1 tsp. grated Italian-style cheese, few grains garlic salt)	275
Coleslaw (½ cup) with yoghurt-and-celery-seed dressing	25
Coffee whip (½ cup coffee jelly made with noncaloric sweetener, plus stiffly beaten egg white	35
	335
Bedtime	
1 medium apple	75
Total calories for day 965	

Tuesday

Breakfast	Calories
Tomato juice (8 oz.)	60
Coffee (1 tbsp. light cream and 2 tsp. sugar)	70
	130
Mid-A.M.	
1 hard-cooked egg	75
Lunch	
Chef's salad (1-oz. slice American cheese, shredded; 1 slice luncheon sausage, shredded; mixed greens; chili-sauce-lemon-juice dressing)	200
1 medium apple	75
Tea, lemon	0
	275
Mid-P.M.	
1 large orange	100
Dinner	
Shrimp boiled en brochette (10 shrimp lightly oiled and seasoned to taste)	125
Steamed shredded cabbage (8 oz.)	25
Sliced tomato, with yoghurt-and-celery-seed dressing	35
½ baked grapefruit, 1 tsp. honey	125
	310
Bedtime	
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	85
Total calories for day 975	

Wednesday

Breakfast	Calories
1 large orange	100
Coffee (1 tbsp. light cream and 2 tsp. sugar)	70
	170
Mid-A.M.	
1 hard-cooked egg	75
Lunch	
Chicken salad (½ cup chicken; celery; mixed greens; ½ cup pineapple, fresh or water-packed; pineapple-juice-and-yoghurt dressing (1 tbsp.)	200
2 rye wafers	50
Tea, lemon	0
	250
Mid-P.M.	
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	85
Dinner	
Braised sweetbreads (6 oz. braised in canned bouillon with ½ cup canned mushroom caps)	185
String beans (¾ cup)	45
Tomato-green-pepper slaw (1 cup) with yoghurt-celery-seed dressing (1 tbsp.)	35
½ medium apple	40
Bleu cheese (½ wedge)	50
	355
Bedtime	
Beef bouillon (1 cup)	20
Soda cracker (1)	25
	45
Total calories for day 980	

Thursday

Breakfast	Calories
½ grapefruit	100
Coffee (1 tbsp. light cream and 2 tsp. sugar)	70
	170
Mid-A.M.	
1 hard-cooked egg	75
Lunch	
Cottage cheese (½ cup) with tomato, celery, green pepper, onion, chopped, seasoned to taste and served on lettuce leaves	130
1 rye wafer	25
Apricots (3, water-packed)	50
Tea, lemon	0
	205
Mid-P.M.	
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	85
Dinner	
Large (6 oz.) serving chicken (lightly oiled and seasoned with orégano, then browned under broiler)	225
String beans (½ cup) with crumbled bacon (½ slice, crisp)	45
Mixed green salad, mock Russian dressing (chili sauce and lemon juice)	40
Fresh pineapple (1 slice)	50
	360
Bedtime	
Rye wafer (1)	25
Beef bouillon (1 cup)	20
	45
Total calories for day 940	

Friday

Breakfast	Calories
3 water-packed apricots with 2 tbsp. juice	50
Coffee (1 tbsp. light cream and 2 tsp. sugar)	70
	120
Mid-A.M.	
1 hard-cooked egg	75
Lunch	
Yoghurt (5 oz.) with wheat germ (2 tbsp.)	120
Rye wafers (2)	50
Fresh or water-packed blueberries (½ cup)	50
	220
Mid-P.M.	
1 medium apple	75
Dinner	
Large portion broiled flounder (8 oz.)	200
Steamed spinach (1 cup)	25
Finger salad (carrot sticks, celery curls, pepper rings, etc.)	25
½ grapefruit	100
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	85
	435
Bedtime	
Glass tomato juice, heated and seasoned if desired (8 oz.)	60
Total calories for day 985	

Saturday

Breakfast	Calories
Blueberries (½ cup) with ¼ cup nonfat milk	70
Coffee (1 tbsp. light cream and 2 tsp. sugar)	70
	140
Mid-A.M.	
1 hard-cooked egg	75
Lunch	
Chef's salad (as on Tuesday)	200
2 rye wafers	50
1 large orange	100
Tea	0
	350
Mid-P.M.	
1 cup bouillon	20
Dinner	
Broiled lamb's liver (3 oz.) with 1 slice lean bacon and broiled onion rings (raw onions brushed with salad oil and seasoned to taste, ¼ cup)	235
Spinach (1 cup)	25
Sliced tomato with yoghurt-and-celery-seed dressing	35
Tea, lemon	0
	295
Bedtime	
1 medium apple	75
Total calories for day 955	

Sunday

Brunch	Calories
Chilled cantaloupe (½) or tomato juice (6 oz.)	50
3 strips broiled bacon, lean and well done	100
1 egg scrambled in 1 tsp. bacon drippings	100
1 bran muffin	100
1 small pat butter	25
Coffee (1 tbsp. light cream and 2 tsp. sugar)	70
	445
Mid-P.M.	
1 medium apple	75
Bleu cheese (¾ oz.)	75
	150
Dinner	
Quick kidney stew (medium serving: 2 sliced lamb kidneys, braised in canned bouillon with chopped green pepper, grated onion, sliced mushrooms and 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Takes about 15 minutes!)	150
Steamed rice (½ cup)	100
Carrot, raisin and celery slaw (½ cup)	50
Orange-juice gelatin (prepared with unflavored gelatin and noncaloric sweetener)	50
Tea, lemon	0
	350
Total calories for day 945	

SECOND WEEK

Monday

Breakfast	Calories
Breakfasts throughout diet were varied slightly as in first week. Take your pick, and count on maximum of 170 calories. . . (approx.)	170
Mid-A.M.	
1 hard-cooked egg	75
Lunch	
*Lime-pineapple-yoghurt mold on crisp greens (large serving)	105
Rye wafers (2)	50
*Cinnamon tea	0
	155
Mid-P.M.	
Banana (1 medium)	100
Dinner	
*Veal cutlet Neapolitan	205
Steamed zucchini (1 cup)	15
Grapefruit-and-water-cress salad, 1 tsp. French dressing	110
Bleu cheese (½ oz.), 1 soda cracker	75
	405
Bedtime	
*Fruit-flavored milk (8 oz.)	95
Total calories for day 1000	

Tuesday

Breakfast	Calories
	170
Mid-A.M.	
1 hard-cooked egg	75
Lunch	
Chicken bouillon, hot or jellied (1 cup)	45
Cheese-stuffed egg salad (blend 1 tbsp. Cheddar cheese, 1 tbsp. nonfat milk with egg yolk. Return to egg whites, serve with chili-sauce-lemon-juice dressing on mixed greens)	195
Rye wafers (2)	50
Tea, lemon	0
	290
Mid-P.M.	
1 medium apple	75
Dinner	
*Chicken chop suey	200
*Asparagus salad, pimiento dressing	45
*Peach Freeze	65
Coffee, black	0
	310

*Recipe on page 129

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

Teen-agers! Look sensational! Real medicated help for troubled skin...

SCRUB SET

1. CLEAN! *Medicated Scrub Soap goes deep to rout out clogging grime, hardened oil and make-up. Special oatmeal ingredient stimulates surface circulation, helps rid skin of deep-seated impurities.*

2. CLEAR! *Medicated Refining Lotion keeps troublesome skin bacteria in check.*

3. MEDICATE! *Medicated Blemish Cream promotes healing of blemishes all night long.*

IMPORTANT: *Use your Scrub Set faithfully, every day, following each step exactly as . . . for a clearer, sensationally more attractive complexion.* $2.85. *In Canada, too.*



For beauty the modern way Dorothy Gray



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



8 ounces $1.00

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

It is important to use a shampoo made for your own individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Select the Breck Shampoo for your own particular type of hair. A mild, gentle Breck Shampoo may be used as often as desired without causing dryness to the hair. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, lustrous and beautiful.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.

Copyright 1957 by John H. Breck Inc.

JOHN H BRECK INC · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES · OTTAWA CANADA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

Bedtime	Calories
*Savory tomato juice (8 oz.), hot or cold	60
Total calories for day 980	

Wednesday

Breakfast	170
Mid-A.M.	
1 hard-cooked egg	75
Lunch	
Tomato stuffed with crab-meat salad on greens (½ cup fresh or frozen crab meat, mixed with 1 tbsp. chopped celery, 1 tbsp. chopped green pepper, lemon-juice-yoghurt dressing—1 tbsp.	155
Rye wafers (2)	50
*Spiced black coffee	0
	205
Mid-P.M.	
Fresh pear	50
Bleu cheese (½ oz.), 2 soda crackers	100
	150
Dinner	
*Baked brains Milanese	130
Stewed tomatoes (½ cup)	25
Chicory salad, 1 tsp. French dressing	45
*Lemon snow	15
	215
Bedtime	
*Vanilla milk (8 oz.)	85
Graham crackers (2)	80
	165
Total calories for day 980	

Thursday

Breakfast	170
Mid-A.M.	
1 hard-cooked egg	75
Lunch	
Hawaiian chef's salad: chicken (1 slice) and lean ham (1 slice) shredded into strips and mixed with pineapple cubes (¼ cup, water-packed) and mixed greens, yoghurt-lemon-juice dressing	275
Soda crackers (2)	50
*Spiced coffee	0
	325
Mid-P.M.	
Bran-muffin half "buttered" with cottage cheese (1 tbsp.)	70
Tea, lemon	0
	70
Dinner	
Lamb's liver with crisp bacon (1 slice)	185
Braised celery	25
Water-cress-and-endive salad (1 tsp. French dressing)	45
Strawberry gelatin with whipped cream (dietetic)	20
	275
Bedtime	
Berries (½ cup) with nonfat milk (¼ cup)	65
Total calories for day 980	

Friday

Breakfast	170
Mid-A.M.	
1 hard-cooked egg	75
Lunch	
Fresh fruit salad (¼ grapefruit, ½ orange, ¼ banana) with cottage cheese (3 tbsp.), pineapple-yoghurt dressing	205
Bran-muffin half with 1 small pat butter	75
*Cinnamon tea	0
	280
Mid-P.M.	
Fresh apricots (3 small)	60
Dinner	
*Savory fish roll-up	110
Shoestring beets (½ cup)	50
Mixed green salad, 1 tsp. French dressing	55
Pineapple-mint cup (½ cup water-packed)	65
	280
Bedtime	
Nonfat chocolate milk (8 oz. with 1 tbsp. dietetic cocoa)	105
Total calories for day 970	

Saturday

Breakfast	170
Mid-A.M.	
1 hard-cooked egg	75
Lunch	
*Tomato aspic with chicken salad (1 cup)	175
Rye wafers (2)	50
Tea, lemon	0
	225
Mid-P.M.	
Fresh plums (2 small)	50
Dinner	
Broiled veal cutlet	175
Zucchini baked with grated cheese	50
Mixed green salad, 1 tsp. French dressing	55
Cup custard (regular cup custard made with nonfat milk, noncaloric sweetener)	100
	380
Bedtime	
*Fruit-flavored milk (8 oz.)	95
Total calories for day 995	

Sunday

Brunch	
Fresh strawberries (½ cup) with light cream (2 tbsp.) and noncaloric sweetener	90
Shirred eggs with mushrooms	150
Toasted English-muffin half, 1 small pat butter, 1 tsp. orange marmalade	115
Coffee, black	0
	355
Mid-P.M.	
Fresh pear	50
Gruyère cheese (1 oz.)	125
Coffee, black	0
	175
Dinner	
Broiled minute steak (large)	200
Steamed chopped spinach (½ cup)	20
Beet salad (pickled with vinegar, cloves, onion rings, noncaloric sweetener)	65
*Scotch surprise (½ cup)	55
	340
Bedtime	
*Vanilla milk	85
Total calories or day 955	

*Recipe at right.

Mallory Baele's Diet Recipes

LIME-PINEAPPLE-YOGHURT MOLD

Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water and dissolve 1 envelope dietetic lime-flavored gelatin in hot water according to package directions. Combine, stir until thoroughly dissolved and blended, and allow to cool. Refrigerate cooled gelatin mixture until slightly thickened or until it is the consistency of heavy syrup. Next, blend in 1 cup yoghurt and a dash of salt. Stir together until yoghurt and gelatin are thoroughly blended. Return to refrigerator until mixture is almost, but not quite, firm. Then add 4-ounce can water-packed pineapple titbits and juice, and blend again thoroughly. Return to refrigerator and allow to set for several hours. Serve on crisp greens. Serves 4.

CINNAMON TEA

To 1 pint water add 1 cinnamon stick, 2 or 3 cloves, and a shaving of lemon peel. Bring to a low boil and allow to simmer for 5 minutes. Strain cinnamon, cloves and lemon peel from water, bringing water to brisk boil, then pour over tea bags or tea leaves and allow to steep to desired strength. Strain out tea bags or leaves and add noncaloric sweetener and lemon juice to taste. Serve it hot, or chill it and serve it in glasses. Makes two 8-ounce glasses.

VEAL CUTLET NEAPOLITAN

Coat the bottom of a small frying pan with 1 teaspoonful salad oil and add a clove of garlic. Heat until garlic sizzles, then add 1 thinly pounded veal cutlet (3 ounces, trimmed of fat), searing quickly on both sides. Remove the garlic clove and add 2 tablespoons tomato juice in which ½ beef-bouillon cube has been dissolved. Cover and steam over low heat until the cutlet is thoroughly cooked. Remove the cutlet from the pan and sprinkle with 1 teaspoon grated Italian cheese. Put cutlet under broiler until cheese is crusty golden brown. Serve with tomato-sauce gravy.

FRUIT-FLAVORED MILK

To an 8-ounce glass nonfat milk add noncaloric sweetener to taste, and 1 teaspoon strawberry flavoring *or* 2 teaspoons juice from canned water-packed raspberries.

CHICKEN CHOP SUEY

Combine 1 can mixed Chinese vegetables and 1 cup shredded boiled or steamed chicken in a saucepan and heat. When ready to remove from the heat, add a pinch of garlic powder, and prepared mustard, salt and pepper. Blend thoroughly. Makes 2 servings.

PIMIENTO DRESSING

Mix together 1 tablespoon yoghurt, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, a pinch of onion powder, pinch of salt and a few slivers of pimiento. Blend thoroughly and serve on single salad.

PEACH FREEZE

Use a fork to mash 2 peeled sliced fresh peaches *or* 4 water-packed peach halves until they are light and frothy. Add 4 teaspoons lemon juice, grated rind of ½ lemon, pinch of salt, noncaloric sweetener to taste, and ¾ cup buttermilk. Blend thoroughly. Pour into freezing tray and chill. Just before the mixture has had a chance to freeze solid, remove from refrigerator tray and beat until it is light and foamy. Pour mixture into freezing tray and freeze until firm. Serve in chilled sherbet glasses. Makes 4 helpings.

SAVORY TOMATO JUICE

Season an 8-ounce glass tomato juice to taste with a pinch of onion powder, hot pepper or Worcestershire sauce, and lemon juice. Serve it hot or cold.

SPICED COFFEE

To 1 cup cold water add 1 cinnamon stick, 2 or 3 cloves and a few slivers of lemon or orange peel. Bring to a boil and then strain over 1 teaspoon instant coffee. Stir until coffee is dissolved and add noncaloric sweetener to taste. Can be served iced or hot.

BAKED BRAINS MILANESE

(Calves' brains should be healthy pink in color with clear red veinings.) Allow ½ medium-sized pair per portion. To prepare: Rinse the calves' brains in clear cold water and drop them into boiling water seasoned with salt and 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice. Parboil for 5 minutes, then allow to cool for cleaning. To clean, remove outer membrane and any dark patches. Then rinse the calves' brains in clear cold water and lay on several thicknesses of paper toweling to drain. Preheat oven to 350° F. Lightly grease the bottom and sides of a shallow individual baking dish. Cut brains into bite-sized pieces and place them in the bottom of the baking dish, being careful not to cram the pieces of brain too closely together. Over the brains lay sliced canned mushrooms alternately with small pieces of green pepper and moisten with mushroom liquid. Sprinkle lightly with garlic powder and salt and dot generously with capers, adding a tablespoon of caper vinegar to the mushroom liquid in the pan. Place in oven and allow to bake for about 25 minutes. Serve immediately, with lemon wedges. An average 4-ounce serving contains approximately 130 calories.

LEMON SNOW

Beat 1 egg white, blending in a pinch of salt, noncaloric sweetener to taste, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and grated lemon rind during the beating process. Beat until very stiff and heap into chilled sherbet glasses. Top with maraschino cherry and chill thoroughly in refrigerator. Serves 2.

VANILLA MILK

To an 8-ounce glass nonfat milk add noncaloric sweetener to taste and ½ teaspoon vanilla extract, *or* ¼ teaspoon vanilla extract and ¼ teaspoon almond extract. Serve it hot or cold.

SAVORY FISH ROLL-UP

For a medium-size fish fillet, chop ¼ carrot, ¼ medium onion, ⅛ green pepper, ¼ tomato and a sprig of parsley. Mix and season with ¼ teaspoon salt, freshly ground black pepper and pinch of dried tarragon or dill. Spoon mixture on fillet, roll neatly and secure with toothpick. Grease bottom of a baking dish and place the roll-up in the dish with a little water or clam broth in the bottom. Bake in an oven preheated to 400° F. for about 45 minutes, or until fish and vegetables are cooked through and most of the liquid in the pan has evaporated. Use two serving spoons to lift out the roll-up to avoid breaking it or spilling the stuffing. One serving.

TOMATO ASPIC WITH CHICKEN SALAD

Soften 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Heat 1 cup tomato juice seasoned with 1 small bouillon cube, pinch of onion powder, pinch of mustard, dash of Worcestershire sauce, and add to softened gelatin. Cool and place in refrigerator until it is of a syrupy consistency. While the aspic is setting, chop green pepper and celery, enough to make 1 tablespoon each, moisten with 1 teaspoon lemon juice and mix with ½ cup chopped chicken. Add this mixture to aspic, stir well, and return to refrigerator until firm. Serve on mixed greens. Makes 2 generous portions.

SCOTCH SURPRISE

Prepare dietetic butterscotch pudding according to the directions on the package. Remove from heat, and while pudding is cooling blend ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ⅛ teaspoon cinnamon, ⅛ teaspoon cloves and ⅛ teaspoon allspice with ½ tablespoon strong coffee. Add these ingredients to pudding and mix thoroughly. Pour into sherbet glasses and chill until firm. Sprinkle lightly with lemon rind. Makes 2 servings. END



How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

Even in August, Barbara J. has an air about her that is

Exciting and New

By BET HART

With vacationing a happy memory and the return to work very much a reality, Barbara J. wants something to give her wardrobe, as well as herself, a whole new outlook. She looks for a costume to wear neatly and coolly on those still-summery days, and at the same time to have the look of a new season and exciting things to come. Her ever-present eye on fashion $'s is even keener now, for she knows she has several important investments approaching.

For a refurbished August look, Barbara invests (and very wisely so) a few fashion $'s to go a long way for right now *and* later on. Her choice: a slim black faille dress, $17.95—with even more for the money. The investment includes a detachable white dickey, matching cummerbund, and an added extra, a gold medallion and ribbon. Chosen especially for a cool and efficient return-to-the-city look, Barbara could wear the dress just as well at a Christmas party as at the end of an Indian-summer day!

EMMA GENE HALL



The practical side:

A midweek day, a highly polished look, Barbara's first appearance in her new dress. She wears it with the white dickey, gold pin and her narrow black belt, carries her beige clutch bag. The black bandeau? Her satin head clip from a year ago newly covered with velvet ribbon. The dress would also welcome color—almost any color—and Barbara refurbishes her brightest accessories for a neat contrast to sultry days.

The romantic side:

The dress is especially appealing for a Saturday-night theater date. Removing the dickey, she adds her own touch of lightness—a sheer, very sheer black overskirt tied to the front with a huge taffeta bow. (It would look equally well reversed.) The fabric: a filmy silk organza; the time in the making: 90 minutes; and the price: $3.75 for the three yards of fabric. Another evening with the same date (under the distinct impression it's a new dress), Barbara wears her white chiffon scarf folded ever so gently around the neckline . . . a huge oversize flower to accent the pretty neckline. This time, she wears the matching cummerbund to give the dress an even slimmer appearance.





MARIBETH

August Fashion $'s

Black faille dress, organza overskirt and black ribbon for headband . . $21.85

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

and the people who move through it. You never could tell, as the girl grew older, whom she would meet. Sometime through our big arched doorway a young man of affluence, charm, position—a young Jed—was sure to walk. Was sure to see Bets. To want her.

It was Sara's dream, I knew it with sharp surety. After all, it was my mother's dream too—and she made it come true.

So I aided and abetted. Primarily because it meant seeing more of Bets. It meant those lovely communicating times, when the flash and facets of her young mind drew my breath, no matter how calmly I went on with my knitting. And if Sara had her plans, I couldn't blame her. The simple truth Sara and I both had in common was the belief that nothing was too good for Bets.

Therefore, I found myself gripping the white phone beside my bed a little too tightly when Sara said that she was troubled this time, the first time really, about Bets.

She answered my questions with a sudden quick sob. My heart began to make a painful prickling beat in my chest. *If anything happened to Bets*, I thought. *If anything happened to Bets* ——

"Sara," I said loudly, "stop that caterwauling and tell me what's the matter."

She stopped with only the overtones of her tears touching her voice. "She's in love," she managed. "In love with the most horrible young man, and Mike and I can't do a thing with her. We've been trying for weeks—and she's stubborn and quiet—and tells me nothing."

"Then how do you know she's in love?" I asked.

"It's the way she looks," she said more slowly, as if she were thinking about it. "And last night I came downstairs and they were in the sunroom—kissing ——"

"Pooh. Kisses," I said brusquely.

"You know Bets," Sara replied simply. "You know her as well—even better than do."

I nodded, with no words in me. I knew Bets. She wouldn't want to be touched unless the hands, the lips, the arms were meaningful to her, permanent and serious. It's very bad to be touched closely by someone you don't love. I knew that. "Tell me about the young man," I commanded.

"He's big and gawky and he's going to the dramatic academy. He hasn't a dime and his hair is too long. Bets met him in a diner, of all places, the night she got a flat tire after the sorority meeting. He fixed it for her and came home with her for hot chocolate."

This was getting us nowhere. "What have you done about it?"

"We've blustered and beaten and asked questions and begged." The sob came back in Sara's throat. "It wouldn't be so bad, maybe—a passing thing, maybe—although the way she looks at us—as if we were a million miles away and cruel and stupid ——"

I waited for her to get control again.

"Except," she went on sturdily at last, "that young Collings has taken such an interest in her this past month ——"

Ah, the mother's dream, I thought.

Apparently the perfect young man had walked into our living room already. Young Collings was a friend of my older boy. There was nothing gawky and needing a haircut about young Collings. He was the crew-cut, plain-tie, born-to-his-place young man. I could see how Sara felt.

"What can I do?" I asked at last.

"We lay awake for hours last night, Mike and I. We talked and talked. You have so much influence with Bets, Frieda. If anybody can break this thing up, you can."

"So?"

"Well, you can," she said defensively. "We thought, Mike and I, that maybe—if you invited Bets away for the weekend? Maybe if you worked around to it slowly, and got her to talk—you could tell her how foolish, how wrong ——"

I considered this. I did not like it. But no matter how Sara worded it, no matter what antagonism I felt for her, she had a great and solid point here.

Bets was just eighteen. There was in her all the bright and wonderful things that lifted my heart. Should those things be nipped in the bud, frozen or starved or trampled, before they knew any sort of fruition?

It wasn't that I thought so much of young Collings. It was just that Bets needed the chance, the room around her, the comfort—yes, and the time, to find herself.

"All right," I said abruptly. "Tell her I called and want her to call me."

"We're so grateful, Frieda," Sara began to babble. "There's just nobody like you in the whole world ——"

It was rude, but I hung up. It just didn't seem quite loyal to Bets to go on about it so, until I had tried to get it from her own lips.

Bets called me at dinnertime that night. "You wanted me, Aunt Frieda?"

She sounded sweet and polite and I could see how it was going to be. Bets is smart as a whip.

"Yes, I did, dear," I said calmly. "I have tickets for the new play at the Hartford for Saturday night. Two tickets."

"Oh?"

"Yes," I went on. "And I thought it would be nice—sort of a special thing—if you drove me into the city on Saturday morning, and we spent the day looking around and shopping. Maybe going to the museum. Then dinner and the play—and all night at that fabulous new hotel."

I was talking too much. I should have stopped, but there didn't seem to be a place.

"Then—Sunday—I've wanted to go to the cathedral for years—and there's a really fine concert at the Bowl—and dinner at some nice place on the way home ——"

I stopped finally. That was enough bait to hook Bets into ecstasy a few months ago. I had no idea whether it was even vaguely alluring to her now.

"I'm sorry," she began, "but I don't think ——"

"Please, sweetie," I said, surprised at my intensity. "Your aunt isn't as young as she used to be—and with the boys away, and your Uncle Jed in Chicago for over two weeks

YOUNG DEMOCRAT

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

His dungarees list hard to port,
Freckles hide his nose,
Nearly half of him is ears,
Half, elbows and big toes.

The earth has stained his knees and mind,
His clothes let summer in,
There is a yawning holiday
In his easy grin.

But under the corn silk of his hair
And the dirt and tan,
Under his rents and carelessness
Is an American.

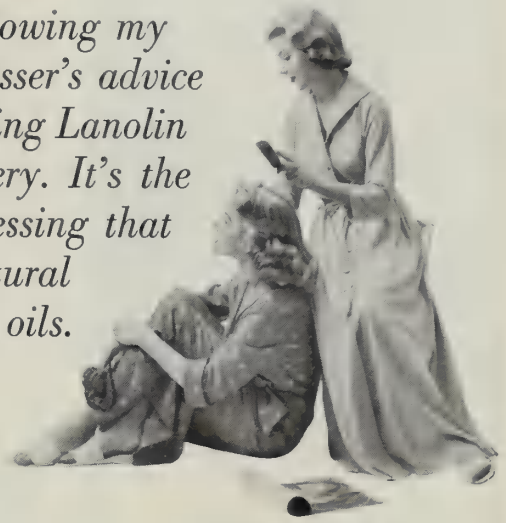
He is a sawed-off Jefferson
Playing at pioneers,
Wisening to weather and the wind
In his thoughtful ears.

And he will grow up to fine clothes
And Grecian porticoes
Once he has soaked democracy
Up through his bare toes.

ENDS DULL DRY "THIRSTY" HAIR

Q: How do you make your hair so lustrous and shining?

A: *By following my hairdresser's advice and using Lanolin Discovery. It's the greaseless hairdressing that replaces natural beauty oils.*





Q: What's the difference between Lanolin Discovery and other hairdressings?

A: *Ordinary hairdressings "coat" your hair —make it oily— Lanolin Discovery's misty fine spray is absorbed* into *every hair right down to your scalp.*

To enhance the natural color of your hair—to get a shimmery satiny sheen with deep fascinating highlights, just spray on LANOLIN DISCOVERY Hairdressing and brush a little. In just seconds, you get the same beautiful results as brushing your hair 100 strokes a day.

Helene Curtis Lanolin Discovery®

THE NEW **HAIRDRESSING** IN SPRAY FORM

$1.25 and $1.89
both plus tax



Used and recommended by leading beauticians. Available wherever cosmetics are sold



"How I use Murine to rest my eyes"

Mary Margaret McBride

Author, Lecturer and Radio Personality

"Just a couple of drops of Murine give my eyes a comforting 'break' ", says Mary Margaret McBride. "Murine is such a pleasant way to relieve that tired feeling caused by all the reading my eyes must do." Whenever *your* eyes feel tired after reading, sewing or figuring, try Murine. Just two drops soothe your eyes, gently . . . make them feel comfortable again. Now with new *unbreakable* dropper.

MURINE

*for your eyes**



now ——" I made a shamed little laugh. It wasn't entirely faked: I didn't like reminding her of our affection, of her obligation to me. "Well, Bets," I finished lamely, "I'm lonely."

"I'm sorry," she said. She sounded herself, and worried; the kind of girl who loved people.

"Unless you have some really big plans?" I ventured.

She was quiet for a moment. "No," she decided finally. "Nothing special. Nothing that couldn't wait until Monday. If you really need me."

"I really need you," I said quietly.

"All right," she said, with equal quietness. Like a promise. Like a woman knowing exactly what she is going to get into, not seeing how she will face it precisely, but marching ahead just the same.

"I'll pick you up," I said quickly. "Let's get an early start. Around eight, and avoid the worst traffic. Don't bother to bring many clothes. It's time you had a new party dress."

I didn't care for those words. Bets is too good for blatant bribery.

Thursday and Friday were not easy for me. I tried to figure out why. I had it pretty clear by the time I put my bag into the back of the car, swung down our long winding drive and onto the highway toward Bets'.

I had no desire to put it into words, but it lay in the back of my mind—the knowledge that since I had been as young as Bets I had worked very carefully on an edifice. It was high and pretty, with a lot of lacework, so that I could look out at the world from the tower I'd made myself. It was also, because of the very slowness and painfulness of its building, made of firm, tough material. It was a place that shut me in, a sort of emotional retreat.

What concerned me was a panic that perhaps I would have to tear through some of this protection, if I were to communicate fully with Bets, draw her out and do what I must to keep her from making a permanent mistake.

When I turned up the little street where Mike kept his family in comfort in a three-bedroom ranch house (which Sara deplored because of its similarity to the others around it) I saw a motorcycle before the house. When I stopped I looked toward the porch. Bets' bag was sitting there. Bets stood beside it. Next to her was a gawky young man with long hair and a black leather jacket.

Bets picked up her bag, the young man took it away from her. They walked stiffly, a good distance apart, and yet terribly, terribly together, down the path.

"Aunt Frieda," Bets said, still standing away from the young man physically, but somehow with him in spirit, "this is Mark Novack."

I watched her as she said it, then I switched my gaze quickly to this Novack boy.

I never saw such a stubborn chin. I never saw such a vital mouth. I have never, in all my years of living, seen such vulnerable eyes.

"How do you do, Mark," I said formally.

He nodded somberly. Strangely, it was a question asked, a plea made, an ultimatum threatened, all in the downbeat and uplift of a shaggy head.

He opened the car door. Bets slid in. She looked straight ahead, even when he tucked the bag in beside mine in the back seat.

"I'll see you Monday," he said. His voice was as dark and somber as his face.

Bets said, "Yes."

I gunned the motor and skidded away from the curb. From the corner of my eyes I was aware of a figure on the front porch. For once, I thought, Sara showed real tact, keeping in the background. And it couldn't have been easy.

"He'll be a very good actor, I think," I said five minutes later, after we were on the freeway.

"You know?" Bets asked quietly.

"Your mother told me." It was only fair to let her know that much, to verify her guess that much.

We rode in silence most of the way into the city. It was the way we walked sometimes, Bets and I. Up to now it had always meant that when the silence was broken we would have something of value to share with each other. I prayed it would be that way this time.

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

If a young girl hands herself too many bouquets, she may never walk up the aisle carrying the bride's.

Parents should work together as efficiently as two book ends.

One way to get a child to mind
Is to approach him from behind.

"No wonder a mother-in-law is frequently jealous of her son's wife," observes a reader. "She just gets him through all the 'phases' when another woman acquires him."

Some persons never draw the line until adding up what they've spent.

Ah, yes, it's incontrovertible:
Son shines best in a convertible.

That which, in a mother, is called firm discipline in a stepmother is frequently termed harsh.

"If, as they say, the first year of married life is the hardest," writes our black-haired daughter from Hawaii, "then we are destined for a glorious life together."

There's a time when a growing boy seems to have no more ambition than a blade of grass in a dry August.

Note to wives: If the account is joint, don't be too quick on the draw.

An adolescent always seems to know something about everything—except what he's been taught at home.

A friend writes, "Whenever I feel like running away from it all I'm always restrained by remembering the condition of my clothes closets and dresser drawers."

"Well, whether or not you stick to a diet, it always does furnish food for conversation."

Why is it that grandmothers-in-law never seem to be a problem!

Parent of adolescent children, showing pictures: "And here's one of my husband and me, taken a few years ago when we were much smarter."

Overheard: "I'm so depressed; maybe if I could figure out why, I'd be happy!"

Young parent: "Before I was a mother I thought you just had children and told them what to do. I didn't think they told you."

An important ingredient for a successful marriage: high fidelity.

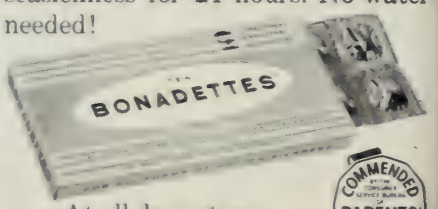
BONADETTES®



STOP CAR SICKNESS

nausea, dizziness, vomiting in cars, planes, trains, boats!

Just one dose of delicious, melt-in-your-mouth BONADETTES prevents carsickness, airsickness and seasickness for 24 hours. No water needed!



COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

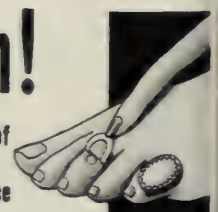
At all drug stores . . .
Get 24-hour relief with
TRAVEL-TESTED BONADETTES

TINY TV Salt and Pepper Set FREE ON 15-DAY OFFER



To Start You Earning up to $150 With MIDWEST Christmas Cards
Show friends our fast-selling Cards and Gift Novelties. You keep as much as 50c to $1.25 profit per item. No experience needed. Get samples *on approval* with **free** Personal Christmas Card Album and TINY TV. Write NOW.
Send No Money
MIDWEST CARD CO., 1113 Washington, Dept. 466-J, St. Louis 1, Mo.

Corns, Callouses Go Fast, Pain Gone, Forgotten!



All this now yours one of the quickest ways known to medical science

No waiting for action when you use soft, soothing, cushioning, protective Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on corns, callouses, bunions or sore toes. You get super-fast nerve-deep relief. And when used with the separate *Medications* included, corns or callouses lift right out! Zino-pads also stop corns or callouses *before* they can develop! New skin matching color, stay on in bath. Try them!



Super-Soft Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

FEET HURT, BURN?

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves foot discomfort caused by exertion. Very soothing and refreshing. Costs but a trifle. Try it!



Dr Scholl's FOOT BALM

The fabulous new hotel was really some-ng. Bets grinned at me when we were met, sed over, propelled silently to a top floor, ered into a room so modern that nothing ked like what it was, and shown the pink conv overlooking the swimming pool. I nned back. And there was ease in the azing room.

The shopping was fun. I ordered things for ristmas quite recklessly, although the sea-n was months away. I persuaded Bets to let buy her a red taffeta thing that pulled rich nts from her dark hair and eyes. We had ch and came back to the hotel to rest, and owered and put on the clothes we'd bought d went to the roof for dinner.

Everything was smooth and calm and cov-d. Our talk was of nothing and everything. ere lay underneath the knowledge that ne moment would come when the purpose the weekend would be brought into the en. I had no idea when. Neither, I'm sure, l Bets. But being together put a layer of ialness, of comfort over the day. We waited the proper time with no impatience and alarm.

Then we went to the play. The lights went wn. The stage stood out. The actors began move about. For a little while it was acting d illusion. Then it became reality.

There was so much youth up there on the ge. So much love pushed over the foot-nts. Such a problem in human suffering and man divinity and human sacrifice, that by end of the second act I was shivering as if ere cold. As if I had been cold for a long ne.

It was the same with Bets, who slid her hand o mine as the third act began. Bets, young d less controlled and more sensitive to pain, the tears slide down her cheeks in a slow peless sort of rhythm.

I have never felt so close to any human ng as I did to that eighteen-year-old girl h her hand in mine, there in the dark, tching her own situation capsuled into ee acts on a medium-sized stage.

There was real silence between us all the y back to the hotel and while we made dy for bed.

"Good night, dear," I said finally, switch-g off the light.

"Good night, Aunt Frieda," Bets answered. I heard her roll over, her back toward me, d I felt the stillness of her lying. I stayed on r back and looked up toward the ceiling I uld not see. This was the time, I told my-lf. Now, in the dark, sharing a room to-her, sharing the day and the play and the od. Now was the time to talk to the child oved.

I hunted for the words I had subconsciously en hunting for all day.

You have only one life, I tried silently. *Bets, n older than you and I know —— Darling, u think this is all the world now, but let me l you ——*

Nothing fitted on my tongue, against my s, in my heart.

Bets began to talk softly, sliding her words smoothly into the darkness that she had d her first sentence before I realized what s happening.

"You go along," she said dreamily, "being ung and having funny thoughts drift into d out of your mind. Some days you wake so happy you try to bring the sky down ar enough to touch. Or you reach for the n, to see if it will burn. Other times you en your eyes and the grayness of being ung is all through you like fog. Either way, hurts."

I closed my eyes against sudden pain.

"Aunt Frieda," she said, a little louder, ll mostly whisper, but direct now, "Mark oked at me, and fixed a tire, and drank ocolate in the breakfast room. We walked wn Main Street, and up into the hills. I de on the back of his crazy motorcycle clear the beach. We swam in the ocean and it s very cold."

She seemed to be waiting. I said thickly, es?"

"And he talked to me," she finished.

My mind jumped, a little frantically. This as something I had to stop. I wanted every lessed second of it, but I had to stop it, so that Bets would understand, and not make a mistake. Not mess up her whole life.

"Talked to you about what?" I found myself asking.

"About himself some, of course. The orphanage. The job he has nights so that he can go to the drama school. But more"—I could hear her swallow this time—"about how we—we have to reach for the sun. About how it should hurt to be alive. About how it is important for an actor—for anybody, everybody—to feel large and beyond himself and into the hearts of everybody else. Oh, I could never tell you. Never in years."

"Try," I whispered.

"All those things he gave me. He made himself part of me, before he ever touched me. And when he kissed me—we were already one person."

A terrible sound came out of my throat. Dry and harsh. She didn't seem to hear it; she laughed, low, indulgent.

"Maybe I was thrown off a little," she went on. "I know how it looks. The motorcycle. The—that ridiculous jacket. But Mark says you can't wear out a jacket like that! And a cycle gets him there when he can't afford a car."

"What," I managed, "what do they say about his acting? It's a very precarious ——"

"The day he kissed me he took me with him. He stood up there; no props—nothing but a kitchen chair and a funny little ragged-hair sort of girl ——" She stopped. "I sat way back. Quiet as a mouse, Aunt Frieda. There was just an overhead hanging bulb for light on the two of them. The teacher—all the rest—they sat on the rim of the light and leaned forward ——"

I lay there in my bed in the hotel room and lived it with her.

She sighed finally. "It was beautiful. Simple and pure and beautiful. Afterward we went to the diner where we met. Mark said, he said, 'Today I was good. For you. Because

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

THESE ADVERTISERS WILL BE GLAD TO SEND LITERATURE. WRITE THEM DIRECT, STATING YOUR SPECIFIC INTERESTS.
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 555 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

Business & Secretarial

katharine gibbs secretarial
BOSTON 16, 21 Marlborough St.
NEW YORK 17, 230 Park Ave.
MONTCLAIR, N.J., 33 Plymouth St.
PROVIDENCE 6, 155 Angell St.
Outstanding training. Three practical courses.
One-Year Secretarial
Liberal Arts-Secretarial (two years)
Special Course for College Women
Catalog: ADMISSIONS DEAN

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS
Famous SPEEDWRITING shorthand. 120 words per minute. No symbols; no machines. Uses ABC's. Easiest to learn, write, transcribe. Lowest cost. Over 350,000 graduates. Typing available. 34th Year. Write for FREE booklet to:
Speedwriting® Dept. 9908-7, 55 W. 42 St., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

Bryant College Earn your B.S. in 2 years! Executive Secretarial Course: majors in Admin., Legal, Acctg. or Med. Sec'l. Also 2-yr. degree in Bus. Adm.; 4-yr. degree in Bus. Teacher Tr.; 1-yr. Sec'l diploma. Coed. Traditional campus life. 24 bldgs. Dorms. Self-help. Veteran approved. Register Early! Catalog: Ruth West, Bryant College, Providence 6, R. I.

Retailing

Tobé-Coburn School for Fashion Careers
Prepare for a career in buying, advertising, fashion coordination, radio/TV. Field trips, cultural activities, store work with pay. One and Two Year Courses. Lifelong placement service. Begins September 4. Ask for catalog L.
851 Madison Avenue, New York 21, New York

Home Study Schools

Calvert School You can educate your child at home with famous Calvert School-At-Home Courses. Kindergarten—9th grade. Accredited. Easy-to-follow teaching manual; lessons, books, supplies. No experience needed. Guidance by Calvert teachers. Start any time. 52nd year. Catalog. Give age, school grade.
Calvert School, 858 E. Tuscany Rd., Baltimore 10, Md.

American School High School at Home. Many Finish in 2 Years. Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. Free Bulletin.
American School, Dept. HC3, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

Chicago School of Interior Decoration
Home study training. Approved and supervised. Fine starting point for career. No classes. No wasted time. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Send for free booklet.
Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 137C, Chicago 14

HIGH SCHOOL at HOME
You can still finish High School—at home, in your spare time. No interference with job, or social life. Win more pay, a better job, social recognition. Take only the subjects you need. Complete lesson and answer service. Personalized instruction. Low cost. Diploma to graduates.
I.C.S. is oldest and largest (257 courses). Write today for 3 free books: (1) 36-page "How to Succeed," (2) sample lesson (Math), (3) Career Catalogue—indicate course desired.
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, SCRANTON 9, PENNA. DEPT. 39112G

Vocational

Hotels Call for Trained Women

You can qualify at home, or through resident classes in Washington for well-paid position in hotels, motels, clubs, and apartment house projects. Thousands of Lewis graduates, both young and mature, "making good" everywhere. Get into this fast-growing field offering sound, substantial opportunities, fine living, luxurious surroundings. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Registration in Lewis National Placement Service FREE. Send today for FREE Book.
Course approved for ALL Veteran Training.
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL, Room CM-549, Washington 7, D. C. 41st SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Boys' Schools

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

★ Our ONE SUBJECT PLAN of study in Upper School (grades 9–12) has increased honor roll 50%. Develops concentration.
★ Fully accredited. ROTC highest rating. 17 modern buildings, 2 completely equipped gyms, pool. Splendid environment, excellent health record. Junior School (grades 4–8) has separate buildings, gym. Housemothers. 59th year. For ONE SUBJECT PLAN booklet and catalog write:
★ Dr. J.C.Wicker, Box 868, Fork Union, Va.
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Manlius
Founded 1869. For boys. Accredited. Grades 7–12. Complete college preparation. ROTC. Highest U.S. Army rating for over 50 years. 126-acre campus. Remedial reading. Sports. Band. Summer session. Tutorial assistance. Catalog.
Robert A. Weekes, The Manlius School, Manlius, N.Y.

Judson School in Arizona
A ranch school for boys 6 to 18, in healthful, warm, dry climate. Small classes. Accredited to all colleges. Riding & polo included in tuition. Tennis, swimming, pack trips, fishing, rodeos, riflery, music. 29th yr. For Catalog, write
H. J. Wick, D. M. Ashley, Dirs., Scottsdale, Arizona

PEEKSKILL MILITARY ACADEMY
124th year. Successful College preparation. High Achievement records in College and Life. Non profit. Small classes. Personal interest in each boy. Athletic teams for all, intramural & varsity. Expert coaching. Rifle & Swim Teams. Swimming pool, Band, Glee club, Camera club, etc. Grades 6-12. Summer session. *For illustrated catalog write:*
Headmaster, Box 408, Peekskill-on-Hudson 4, N.Y.

Rumsey Hall
Junior School for Boys. 80 miles from N.Y.C. Grades 1 thru 8. Small classes. Boys learn to study. Country environment. Well coached team sports. Fishing, Skiing, Skating. Riflery. Mention age & grade. For booklet address:
Mr. David J. Barr, Headmaster, Washington 6, Conn.

Cheshire Academy Junior School. Grades 6 to 8. Thorough grounding in subjects anticipating college preparatory study on same campus. Emphasis on fundamentals. Flexible program for each boy develops good habits of concentration. Separate classes, dormitories, activities. Remedial instruction. Arthur J. Sheriff, Headmaster, Cheshire, Connecticut

Croydon Hall
For boys, Grades 3 through 12. Sound college preparation. Small classes. Strong remedial education program. Individual guidance and testing. Team sports. Riding, tennis, golf. Field trips. 45 acres. 40 miles from N.Y.C. Summer Session.
Dr. John J. Carr, Pres., Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY
"At the Nation's Shrine" Prepare your boy to enter leading colleges and at the same time be trained for a commission in the Armed Services. Small classes, highest academic standards. Prep, School and Jr. College, fully accredited; ages 12-20. All sports. Arty., Cav., Infantry, Band. Senior Division ROTC. Catalog. Radnor Rd., Wayne, Pa.

New York Military Academy
Develops today's Youth for tomorrow's world by building mind, body, character, leadership. R.O.T.C. Graduates all colleges. Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery. Band scholarships. Grades 1–12. Catalog.
17 Academy Ave., Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

St. John's Military Academy Where boys become self-confident men. Accredited college preparation under the famous St. John's System. Grades 7–12. Inspired teaching. Small classes, individual attention. Reading Clinic. ROTC. Fireproof dorms. Sports. Summer Camp. Catalog.
Dir. of Admissions, Box 387, Delafield, Wisconsin

The Sewanee Military Academy
Division Univ. of the South. Fully accredited. Grades 8–12. Small classes. Individual attention. Boys Taught to Study. ROTC Highest Rating. All sports; gym, indoor pool. 10,000-acre mountain domain. Episcopal. 90th year. Catalog.
Col. Craig Alderman, Supt., Box L, Sewanee, Tennessee

Missouri Military Academy and Separate Junior School. 69th year. Grades 4–12. Fully accredited. Senior ROTC. Friendly and inspiring teachers. Small classes. Strong remedial reading and guidance program. All sports. Riding. Golf. 5 athletic fields. 226 acre campus. Catalog.
Col. C. R. Stribling, 187 Main Street, Mexico, Missouri

Fishburne Military School
Grades 9–12. Distinguished College Preparatory School. Fully accredited since 1897. Small classes. Friendly, home-like atmosphere. ROTC Highest Rating. Sports; gym, indoor pool. Constructive recreational, social programs. Catalog. Colonel E. P. Childs, Jr., Box E, Waynesboro, Virginia

Greenbrier Military School
145th yr. The School of Achievement. 7th & 8th grades & H.S. and P.G. Dept. ROTC. 2300 ft. elev. White Sulphur Springs' golf & swim pool. Modern gym & new Rifle range. Athletics. Band, Glee Club. Summer Camp. For Catalog write D. T. Moore, Box J-608, Lewisburg 6, W. Va.

Girls' School

Kemper Hall
Gives girls mental, spiritual, moral and physical training for gracious, successful living. College preparation; opportunities in Music, Dramatics and Fine Arts including Ceramics. Jr. School. 87th Yr. Under direction of Sisters of St. Mary (Episcopal). Write Box J, Kenosha, Wis.

Coeducational Schools

Cherry Lawn School
For academic distinction and personality development. Coed. Accredited. Grades 6–12. College preparatory. Small classes. Dramatics, music, art, riding.
Christina Staal, Ph. D., Dir., Box 27, Darien, Conn.

The Arnold School Trains boys and girls, 6–18, for self-reliant living. Work, study, play program. Stress on fundamentals. Thorough college preparation; also general, agricultural courses. Guidance. Family atmosphere. 165 acres. Operating farm. Sports, hobbies for all. 26th year. Write for catalog.
Nathan H. Arnold, E. Pembroke, Mass.

Special School

Trowbridge For unusual children. Vocational exploration. Psychologist. Brain injured accepted. Medical and psychiatric supervision. Home atmosphere and individual training. Summer Program. Reasonable rates. Pamphlet. John A. Moran, M.S.S.W., Dir., Box G, 2827 Forest Avenue, Kansas City 9, Missouri

Music School

Sherwood Music School Train for a successful music career. Two- and three-year certificate courses and four-year degree courses. Faculty of distinguished musicians. Member Nat. Assn. Schls. Mus. State accredited. Coed. Well-equipped building on lakefront. Dormitory for women. Founded 1895. Write for catalog. 1014 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.

Dramatic Arts

American Academy of Dramatic Arts 73rd Year. Thorough preparation for the Theatre, Radio and Television. In Senior Year public performances on B'way. 2 yr. day courses approved for Korean Veterans. Part-time evening courses. Saturday teen-age groups. Rm. 195, 245 West 52nd St., N.Y. 19.

Goodman Memorial Theatre School of Drama Art Institute of Chicago. Acting, Directing, Radio, Television, Scene and Costume Design. B.F.A. & M.F.A. Degrees. Acting Company 260 shows annually. Write:
Registrar, Dept. L, Goodman Memorial Theatre, Chicago 3

Fine & Applied Arts

New York School of Interior Design
Four Months' Practical Training Course starts October 2nd. Faculty of leading N. Y. decorators. Period and modern styles, color schemes, all fundamentals. Send for Catalog 7R. Home Study Course for those who cannot come to N.Y. Starts at once. Catalog 7C. 29 East 72nd St., N. Y. 21

Ray-Vogue Schools
Fashion Merchandising with Modeling. Dress Design. Fashion Illustration. Interior Decoration, Commercial Art. Photography. Coed. Attractive residence for girls. Enter Sept. 4; Oct. 7. Write Registrar, Room 706. Specify course
Ray-Vogue Schools, 750 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11

Art Institute of Pittsburgh
More jobs offered our graduates than we can fill. 18-month Diploma courses in Commercial Art; Fashion Art; Dress Design; Interior Design. Veteran approved. Co-ed. 35th Year. For King Size Factbook, write
Willis J. Shook, Director, 635 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

Medical Technology

Franklin School of Science & Arts
Nationally famous for excellence in training in Medical Technology—12 months; X-Ray Technology—6 months. Medical Secretary—12 months. Top paying positions waiting. Coed. Free Placements. Approved. Founded 1919. Send for Catalog A. 251 S. 22nd St., Phila. 3, Pa

College of Medical Technology
Medical & X-ray Technicians in demand, excellent pay. Free placement service. Intensive 9–12 mo. courses for medical offices, labs. State year H.S. grad. Two leading colleges. Catalog L. 1900 LaSalle Avenue, Minneapolis 4, Minn. 1004 Truxillo, Houston, Texas

Air Lines School

Grace Downs TRAINING BRINGS GOOD POSITIONS AND RAPID PROMOTIONS

Major airline executives rate Grace Downs School as the finest in the country. Here, young men and women learn during day and evening classes in a stratosphere cabin. Students simulate flying in the school's giant Link Trainer. Airline executives interview prospective employes right in school premises. In 1956, Grace Downs placed 99% of its graduates. FREE placement. State Licensed. Get book MC
GRACE DOWNS Air Career School
1055 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y. EN 9-1460
Supervised Dormitories in School Building



"She's so lucky...has 3 phones!"

Pat: Really! Where?

Peg: In the kitchen, den and bedroom.
She says she couldn't do without them—
they save her time and so many steps.

Pat: But what do they cost?

Peg: Just a little bit more each month than one
phone alone—and they're color phones, too.

Pat: Wonderful! Think I'll do that.

Peg: Do what?

Pat: Call the telephone business office about
convenient phones for our home.

Working together to bring people together
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

you were there. Because I love you. I've been good ever since I met you.'"

Suddenly she was out of the bed, her bare feet tearing into the thick rug. Suddenly she threw her young body next to mine and her face against mine and through the quickness of it, the amazement, I heard the muffled cry.

"I love him," she cried. "I love him and he loves me. Don't let them hurt it. Don't let them touch it. They'll listen to you. I love him."

My arms were tight and instinctive around her. In the light of what I had been that Saturday morning and the days and years and aeons that had gone before, it was a silly, mawkish, sentimental, embarrassing scene in the dark.

It didn't go on for very long, because I wouldn't allow it, nor would Bets. She dried her eyes, and I said:

"It will work out, Bets. All things work out one way or the other."

It was all I could say. All I knew to say.

The next day we went to the cathedral and I could almost feel Bets praying beside me. We went to the concert, and I could almost see her lift on the music.

We drove home slowly. We stopped for dinner, and neither of us ate much. When I let her off at her house it was full dark.

"Tell your mother I'll call her tomorrow," I said. I didn't look at her. I turned on the ignition.

"Aunt Frieda?" she asked hesitantly.

I looked at her then. "Bets," I said quietly, "I love you."

The winding drive up to the house seemed very long and lonely. The front door seemed big and cumbersome. The rooms stretched infinitely, empty even of servants. I paced through all of them.

I took my time. I looked at everything I owned and everything that Jed, generous Jed, had given me. Even my bank account, and the jewel case in the wall safe, which I opened for only special occasions.

I covered the ground floor and walked slowly, too heavily for my age, up the wide curving staircase. I examined the room where I had come as a bride. I touched all the mementos I left in the boys' rooms. I hesitated only a moment before I opened the door to the third story.

Those steps I climbed even more slowly. At the top of them I had to stand a moment to catch my breath and steady it. Then I walked directly, as if it were a path I had made by daily excursions, through a labyrinth of trunks and boxes to a small chest under the far window.

I pried open the lock with a nail I found on the floor. I opened the chest and reached past the fluffiness of my wedding dress, the stiffness of my wedding petticoats, the softness of the boys' first sweaters and bootees, to a small box on the bottom in the farthest corner.

It felt warm and familiar in my hands. I set it down and shut the chest, and walked with the box in my palms to the attic room.

I sat down on the bed and pulled the cord on the lamp above its head. The box turned to color suddenly. Splattered green, with little nubbins of white on it and an oval picture of Dutch girls in wooden shoes, framed in the center. The cardboard was frail to my touch. It seemed strange that the box felt like a relic, was yellowed like one, while I could still almost taste the tiny chocolates it had once contained.

I lifted the cover. Inside there were three letters and a note.

I didn't need to spread them out on the bed to know that. But I did spread them, neatly, in chronological order. Then I reached in again for the slim gold ring with the stand-u tiny opal. The thin little gold chain with th heart locket. And the small chipped vase.

The bed lamp circled them all, put them i an aura. Like the actors on the stage of th play. Like Mark Novack, with a kitchen cha and an overhead dangling bulb and a ra gedy girl.

Like the heart—the pure center—of m life.

I read the letters. The asking one. The wor dering one. The angry one. I read the not

I watched you be married today. I watched i It didn't kill me. But I wish it had. Howeve let's observe etiquette, as your mother alway says. Here is a wedding gift. A vase for one ros with all my good wishes. And Frieda—an darling ——

I threw myself on those lost treasures a Bets had thrown herself on my bed the nigh before. What happened to me started fro that circle, that core, and it ripped and to and sobbed. It went on for a very long tim

When stillness came at last, I put all th things in the box again Not even looking i the locket, sure tha the likeness, so sma there, would be ye lowed too. I did neatly.

I put the box into th small Franklin sto in the corner an started the fire. didn't look toward t blaze at all.

I went back and l down on the be turned out the lig and let the stillne crawl all through m Then I fell asleep.

The next mornin I awoke freshened an quite happy. I bathe downstairs in my ow room, and dresse carefully. Then picked up the phon and called my broth er's wife.

"Oh, Frieda," Sa called at once, "I've been so upset. I calle you after Bets went to bed last night and no body answered ——"

"I was . . . away," I said.

"Oh. Well—I have to know. Tell me—d she talk to you? Did you persuade her? Ol Frieda, we're so anxious ——"

I said, "Sara, I want you to know—you an Mike both—that I will do everything in m power—anything and everything ——"

"Bless you," she cried. "I knew you woul You've always helped us ——"

"To see that Bets and Mark Novack a married."

The gasp was very weak on the other en of the line.

"Married," I repeated, in my most reg most autocratic, most wealthy-relative ma ner. "Soon. Before anything touches the Before anything is spoiled." I hung up an walked away.

I walked away and away for hours. Th lightness was in me. It didn't leave, as I w afraid it might. It didn't leave, I understoo at last, because Bets *is* me.

And when Bets marries Mark, when th stand there together, and pledge themselve and then turn and walk up the aisle toward all, it will be happening to me.

At last, at last, I will in some strang undefined way be marrying the boy whom loved.

With that accomplished, I can walk safe and surely through the spacious rooms of m own home, the known paths of my own lif Perhaps I can even do more than that. Pe haps I can see—with eyes no longer impe turbable, with aloofness gone from me, an that which was hidden and my very own n longer inside me—that there is in my boy and in Jed, something I have never tried discover.

At the moment it seems well worth th trying. EN

HOW TO LEARN

Once upon a time a young man went to Socrates and asked him, "How can I gain knowledge?"

Socrates said, "Follow me."

The youth followed him to a body of water where Socrates waded in up to his waist. He turned, grasped the lad by arm and head and thrust his head under the water. When the youth was gasping desperately for air, Socrates dragged him to the shore.

"My boy," said he, "when your head was under water, what did you most desire?"

The youth replied, "Air."

Socrates said, "Go your way. When you want knowledge as much as you wanted air when you were under the water, you will get it."

Printed in U.S.

OME
BER
35c

JOURNAL

THE MAGAZINE
WOMEN
BELIEVE IN

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY



CHANEL



LANVIN

IVENCHY



RBAS of PATOU



SVEND



CHRISTIAN DIOR



PARIS FASHIONS

DIOR
CHANEL
GIVENCHY
SVEND
CASTILLO-LANVIN
PATOU

Ten pages of Paris accessories . . .
exclusive designs for Ladies' Home Journal . . .
and American fall fashions

IERICA'S 10 RICHEST WOMEN—WHO ARE THEY?

CONDENSED NOVEL **THE UNFORGETTABLE MISS JONES** BY DOROTHY BLACK

Ladies' Home Journal

CONTENTS

VOL. LXXIV NO. 9 SEPTEMBER, 1957

JOURNALITIES


LEONARD

Norah Lofts

"Writers usually die in garrets," NORAH LOFTS' mother told her when she was twelve and had just had her first story published. Fortunately, the warning did not deter her and she has since written a great many short stories and novels—possibly setting some sort of record with twenty-one books in nineteen years. *Scent of Cloves*, the four-part serial beginning on page 54, is her latest. The author counts among her blessings "the inestimable advantage of a country upbringing in Norfolk, England, and the tutelage of a father who was a great reader, a wit and raconteur." As a child, she occasionally produced her own magazine—manuscripts of her stories carefully stitched into cardboard covers, which she presented to her family. And she does not live in a garret. She lives in Bury St. Edmunds, England, in a house built on the wall of an ancient Benedictine library.



Laura Date Riley

In the midst of ferreting *America's Ten Richest Women* (page 60), LAURA DATE was overcome with a desire to change her name. She is now Laura Date Riley, which leads friends to pun that she is "dateless" and living the life of. "Maybe it was all that talk of yachts, homes, jewels that made me want my own hunting lodge, with bluebirds and whippoorwills outside my window, by a lake in North Carolina—or maybe it was just a guy named Bill." She was graduated from the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri, free-lanced and worked as a reporter and bureau manager for the United Press in Herrin, Illinois, and Ft. Wayne, Indiana, before joining the JOURNAL—"a part of my life for as long as I can remember, since I used to cut paper dolls from its fashion pages." Now the eleventh "richest" woman in America, she has a talented black cat that will sit up, shake hands and roll over on command, and a new husband who won't.



Sally Edwards

Only a few years ago SALLY EDWARDS, now twenty-seven, climbed down from the chinaberry tree in the back yard of her grandfather's house, where she says she spent her childhood, and began to write "in earnest" in the guesthouse of her parents' home in Spartanburg, South Carolina. While nesting in that chinaberry tree she did a lot of thinking she thinks may have shaped her life. "Later," she writes, "I investigated the local schools and college, then strayed to New York for a weekend and stayed five years. I wrote advertising copy and had a fine time, but my sense of loyalty to the Confederacy made my return to the South inevitable. I never wanted to do anything else but write—even though I hate to sit still while doing it. But when someone like 'Princess' turns up, I don't mind." You'll meet the Princess in *The Educated Heart*, page 58.

Condensed Novel Complete in This Issue

THE UNFORGETTABLE MISS JONES, *Dorothy Black* . 56

Stories

SCENT OF CLOVES (First part of four), *Norah Lofts* . 54
THE EDUCATED HEART, *Sally Edwards* . 58
SHE LOVES ME—SHE LOVES ME NOT, *Jane and Glen Sire* . 80

Special Features

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MAN'S HISTORY, *Dorothy Thompson* . 11
WHY I'M REWRITING MY BABY BOOK, *Benjamin Spock, M.D.* . 22
CHILDREN CROWD THIS SUNDAY SCHOOL . 43
MORE THAN "BABY-SITTING," *Margaret Hickey* . 43
AMERICA'S TEN RICHEST WOMEN—WHO ARE THEY?, *Laura Date Riley* . 60
FOLK ART IN AMERICA . 74
WHAT MAKES YOUR HEAD ACHE?, *Dr. Stewart Wolf and Dr. Harold G. Wolff* . 82
CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?, *Dorothy Cameron Disney* . 83
FIRST WEEK, FIRST GRADE, *Margaret Parton* . 122
HOW AMERICA LIVES: SECOND MARRIAGE, *Neal G. Stuart* . 157

General Features

OUR READERS WRITE US . 4
DIARY OF DOMESTICITY, *Gladys Taber* . 34
UNDER COVER, *Bernardine Kielty* . 40
THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE, *Harlan Miller* . 46
MAKING MARRIAGE WORK, *Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D.* . 51
FIFTY YEARS AGO ▪ JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN . 53
ASK ANY WOMAN, *Marcelene Cox* . 97
REFERENCE LIBRARY . 139
THIS IS A CAN'T-COUNT-ON, *Munro Leaf* . 178

Fashion and Beauty

MAGIC FORMULAS FROM PARIS, *Wilhela Cushman* . 62
THE JOURNAL'S FALL FASHION REPORT TO YOU, *Wilhela Cushman* . 66
THE JOURNAL'S ENDURING GEM OF A WARDROBE, *Nora O'Leary* . 70
"I'VE GAINED BACK 110 POUNDS!", *Dawn Crowell Norman* . 72
WHY DIETS FAIL . . . AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT! . 73
HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING, *Bet Hart* . 126

Food and Homemaking

WONDERFUL CHEESE DISHES . 84
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS: IN THE RAW . 86
1900 HOUSE—1957 KITCHEN, *Margaret Davidson* . 110
CONVERSATION PIECE, *Ruth Mills Teague* . 116
MRS. WIZARD, THAT'S YOU, *Liane Waite* . 172

Architecture, Gardening and Interior Decoration

A BIG FAMILY ROOM IN A BIG-FAMILY HOUSE, *Cynthia McAdoo Wheatland* . 78
WHAT DOES THE GARDENER DO IN FALL?, *The Gardener's Assistant* . 168
TOMORROW HOUSE WITH A YESTERDAY LOOK, *Carol L. Crane* . 184

Poems

Berenice Thorpe 95 ▪ *Elizabeth Barkins* 109 ▪ *Elizabeth McFarland* 124
Alice Boyd Stockdale 147 ▪ *Elizabeth Coatsworth* 154 ▪ *Philip Booth* 165
Thelma Ireland 182

Cover Design by Wilhela Cushman
Photograph by Meerson

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

At least 30 days before a change is to take effect please send your complete name, new address and a mailing label from a recent issue. If this is not possible, write us your old address and send it with the new one, including zone number. Address the Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide necessary postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Ladies' Home Journal, © 1957 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published on last Friday of month preceding date by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada—1 Yr., $3.50; 2 Yrs., $6; 3 Yrs., $8.50; 4 Yrs., $11. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $4. All other countries—1 Yr., $7. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company. Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Richard Ziesing, Jr., Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of Ladies' Home Journal. The Company also publishes The Saturday Evening Post, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

"Best drying story you ever heard"



DRY FASTER
Indoors or out

WASH EASIER
Stains disappear like magic

MORE ABSORBENT
Thirsty surgical weave works wonders

LONGER WEAR
Last entire diaper period—and more

Curity diapers are softer and smoother, even after countless launderings, when washed in quality cleansers like Ivory Snow or Ivory Flakes. Buy Curity—whites, pastels, gay prints and double-duty night diapers for sleep or travel—at infants shops and departments, everywhere.



Also Curity
DISPOSABLE DIAPERS
•
NIGHT DIAPERS
•
DIAPER LINERS
•
Mail the Coupon

THE KENDALL COMPANY
Kendall Mills Division, Walpole, Mass., Dept. J897

Enclosed is 25c (coins only) for full-size Curity Diaper and literature on Curity Nursery Products. (Only one diaper to a family.) Print clearly.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Good in Continental United States and Hawaii.



Add your favorite fruit!*

Light as a bubble!

It's fluffy-light

...so easy to digest—never, never heavy. No other pudding is so delightfully different.

It's nourishing

...with fresh eggs 'n milk, but not loaded with calories. Kids love it!

***It's so versatile**

...especially good with *fresh* fruits—featured at your grocer's now. New, quick recipe on box!



A fine product of General Foods

TODAY'S QUICK-AND-EASY

MINUTE TAPIOCA CREAM

OUR READERS WRITE US

Family Friend

HAMILTON WILLIAMS



Who will wind up with the ice-cream cone? (The corner store is the safest place to eat goodies.)



Bambi also enjoys a visitor's bread and jam. And she doesn't need an invitation to help herself!



A "salad" of fuchsias and morning-glories is a lovely luncheon and distracts Bambi from pudding.



Bambi is always on hand for a bedtime story—and especially if it concerns her famous ancestor.



All tuckered out, the little fawn dozes off on "her" hooked rug, carefully rumpled into shape.

Should Women be Drafted?

Los Angeles, California

The "miracle" that Dean Gildersleeve hopes for, that will "produce a supply of visiting angels," might be expected when housekeepers, cooks, laundresses and the rest are treated with dignity—and are not charged with responsibilities and sacrifices that rightfully belong to members of the family they serve. The basic cause of domestic and nursing shortage is, it seems to me, in the uncharitable hearts and undisciplined minds of those who cry "Help!"

HELEN W. WAITE

Brooklyn, New York

Drafting for civilian jobs is wasteful as well as cruel. Women who must drop their own jobs, postpone their own childbearing won't make good nurses or teachers—because these jobs need kindness, patience, enthusiasm, qualities not found under compulsion. I am not competent to say where the complete answer can be found, but surely part of it will come with more housing projects for the aged, more voluntary projects like the Friends', better pay and living conditions for workers abroad and for teachers and nurses here. These things cost money, but so do the examining, training, housing and feeding of draftees. When the time comes that we can handle our welfare needs in no other way, then America will be morally poor indeed—and I, for one, am not pessimistic enough about American skill and humanity to believe that time is here.

MRS. MYRRIL LEVY

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Speedier shine—more free time—with



New BRILLO soap pads



Polish off pots and pans fast—
have time for things you really **enjoy**

There's special soap with Jeweler's Polish in every pad!

Pans get twice the shine in half the time—because only New Brillo Soap Pads contain special soap with jeweler's polish! New, stronger, tighter-knit Brillo cleans faster. Whisks away scorch, grease and stains like lightning! Nothing shines aluminum like New Brillo Soap Pads. *Only Brillo guarantees results!* You get a new utensil free if New Brillo Soap Pads fail to clean!



Brillo Soap Pads (red box)
Soap-filled metal fiber pads
Brillo Cleanser (green box)
Metal fiber pads plus cake of soap

P.S. to husbands—
Brillo speeds up *your* clean-ups, too!



THRIFTIER! 5 and 12 pad boxes!
BRILLO "Big 12" box gives you 2 extra pads!

Brillo Mfg. Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

New Lexington, Ohio

Dean Gildersleeve, your article is one of the finest I have read in a long time, but you are not naïve enough to think your wonderful dream will ever come true, are you? Women have the vote now. They are sophisticated and glamorous; they are emancipated and progressive. Some of them felt sorry for each other when they couldn't vote, but evidently they don't feel sorry for each other any more. Surely you don't expect them to return to the ways of the poor benighted pioneers who helped each other out in all kinds of emergencies! Emerson said that whenever we gain we lose something; and when we gained the vote and the right to compete with men in all fields of endeavor, we lost our sense of usefulness to each other.

MRS. N. A. DAVIS

I Married at Forty

Dear Editors: What really scared me was the approach of my thirtieth birthday. As any girl in the same boat knows, there are few eligible males around. The choice has simmered down to: the bachelor who was scared to take on responsibilities when he was younger, and is even more scared now; the divorced man who, chances are, made a mess of his first marriage and would do no better with another; the widower with young children who wants a housekeeper more than a wife; and the older man with money. (At 30 or 35, you would never fill *his* requirements.)

So—how to get a man! Magazines and newspapers—columns and columns of advice—how to dress attractively, how to become an interesting talker (or listener), how to be a femme fatale! I read all and followed some of the advice. One could not help improving after such concerted effort on the part of so many experts! I grew—I matured. But my deepest longing was unsatisfied—to belong somewhere, to someone, to be married.

In New York you see droves of lonely, unattached women everywhere, at resorts, at dances, on the golf course, on cruises; and they all have that yearning, searching look. It's a dog-eat-dog affair, and I was beginning to feel that my chances of marrying were nonexistent. There were so many smarter, prettier, better-dressed, wealthier women.

Worst of all, my married friends were getting worried about having an unattached female around. One night one friend said, "You know we love you dearly, and you're always welcome here, but you should try to meet new people."

"Where can I go?" I asked. "To dance halls?"

"Is that worse," she wanted to know, "than going on year after year alone?"

I thought this over for several days, and then gritted my teeth and went to a "dance," hoping with all my heart that no one would pay any attention to me. And not a soul bothered me. But now I became dogged in my determination to do something practical. I began to attend lectures that ended with a social. I joined organizations and went to meetings regularly—sometimes with another girl but more often alone.

Much to my surprise, it was not difficult to meet people. I soon learned to recognize the opportunists and anglers (like the one who told me, as soon as we started to dance, that he was looking for a girl who would take him home with her). I had fun. I met nice men, some of whom I dated pretty regularly. The important thing was not to spend lonely weekends at home, to keep moving. Within two years I had five proposals—none acceptable. I found it true that any woman who is anxious to marry can find a man—but what kind of man?

Then I met Sam. He was "anxious to settle down"; he had money; and it was obvious I had made a great hit with him. He proposed marriage on our third date. But he had no attraction for me whatever. I told myself that I was probably being a fool; and even my sister tried to talk me into marrying him, assuring me that I would learn to like him—that "love" was not necessary at my age. This, she felt sure, was probably my last chance. But I gave Sam up.

Six months afterward, when I was feeling tired and ill, I allowed a friend to drag me to a dance. And it was just like "South Pacific"; across that crowded room I saw him—I couldn't help it because he was staring at me! He came over and introduced himself and in two months we were married. One little sentence sums him up. When my sister met him, she said to me, "It's just like a miracle—out of [illegible] million people, how did she ever meet someone like you?"

We have been married three years, and not once have I felt that there was anything silly or ridiculous about our love, even though it came so late in life for me. The man I married was a widower who had a very happy first marriage. Because of this, some warned me that I would never stop hearing the praises of his first wife; but this has not been true. I do my utmost to make him happy, and I don't try to compete for his love.

Our marriage has warmth, understanding and compassion. If I were young I would probably take my happiness for granted. But because I came so close to missing it, I am deeply grateful to God who gave me the strength to wait. There are many women who didn't, who got panicky and grabbed—just for the sake of being married—as I nearly did. It is to the still unmarried girls that I want to tell this story, to say to them, "Love is worth waiting for."

Name Withheld

SECOND NOTE TO OUR READERS

The response to our request for "Why I Love My Husband" and "Why I Love My Wife" letters has been so great that our mail bags were still full when this issue went to press. We are reading these wonderfully warm and often humorous letters as fast as we can, and will have a final report for you soon. ED.

Be a Foster Parent

New York

Dear Editors: This is Foster Parents Plan's twentieth year of giving food, clothing and love to needy youngsters overseas.

Among the 600,000 Americans who have financially "adopted" children are two men in a Michigan prison, six-year-olds in a California grade school, an 85-year-old Chicago grandfather, underprivileged children in a N.Y. City Welfare Center sheltered, fraternity men at an Ivy League college, the crew of a Navy destroyer, a major general, an Iowa bachelor and the mother of seven in Pennsylvania. All these Foster Parents have sent "their children" to France, Greece, Italy, Belgium, Spain, Korea, West Germany and now Viet Nam. For $15 each month, corresponded with them and exchanged photographs and gifts. The help is personal: a Midwestern advertising man gave his Foster Child a flock of sheep so he could become self-supporting; a California couple bought prosthetic limbs for their Foster Child who was crippled during the war.

We wish to salute all those who have not only rehabilitated thousands of children but also spread American goodwill to the far corners of the globe. We hope that during 1957 others will open their hearts to a needy child and become Foster Parents.

Sincerely,
LENORE SOR[illegible]
Associate Director
Foster Parents' Plan, I[nc.]

It Burns Me Up!

Lodi, Californ[ia]

Hardly a week goes by that I don't read something about locking medicines away out of the reach of small children. But medicine cabinets just are not made with locks, or even made so that a lock can be attached. The best mothers can do is to put the most dangerous things on the top shelf—and there's certainly a limit to what it will hold.

Why don't manufacturers of bathroom equipment make a medicine cabinet with an inner door that can lock over one section of the shelves? The rest could be left free for nondangerous items.

Hopefully yours,
MRS. CARL S. UNDERWOOD,

take a tip from nature . . .

GET A FRESH CONTAINER FOR YOUR MILK, TOO!

Just as the egg's natural goodness is sealed in by its protective shell, fresh milk is protected from vitamin and flavor destroying sunlight by the Pure-Pak carton. This carton is sterilized just seconds before being filled. Best of all, these convenient cartons are used only once, only for dairy products, only by you. Ask your milkman for this modern milk service today!

See the wonderful "NEW STORY OF MILK", a new full-color 16 mm sound motion picture narrated by Bob Considine, famous reporter, radio and TV star. Call your dairy to arrange a showing for your church, school or civic group; or write directly to Pure-Pak.





The modern Pure-Pak milk packaging method is a product of the Pure-Pak Div., Ex-Cell-O Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

20 MILLION TIMES A DAY, SOMEONE BREAKS THE SEAL OF A FRESH PURE-PAK CARTON

It sprinkles as you iron!

New General Electric SPRAY, Steam and Dry Iron

Now—for the first time—an iron that does your sprinkling for you—*as you iron!*

Just press a button on the handle and the new General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron sprays the fabric . . . with just the right amount of pleasantly warm water for perfect ironing.

Saves pre-dampening heavy cottons, linens and starched fabrics that no ordinary iron can ever properly moisten. You pre-dampen only your very largest pieces—such as tablecloths.

It's actually *three irons in one:* a spray, steam and a dry iron. Changes instantly from one to another. Turns out the loveliest, satin-smooth ironing you've ever seen.

And it's all so simple . . . so easy to use! See it now at your General Electric dealer's.

NEW SPRAY, STEAM & DRY **IRON**

$19.95* **Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price.*



Sprinkles as you iron. Saves pre-dampening heavy cottons, linens, starched fabrics. Erases stubborn wrinkles. Makes knife-like creases!



Just press the button. Sprays exactly the right amount of *pleasantly warm water* for perfect ironing. Not too much . . . not too little.





Steam or dry iron. Changes instantly from "steam" to "dry." Visualizer Fabric-Dial selects the right temperature for every fabric.



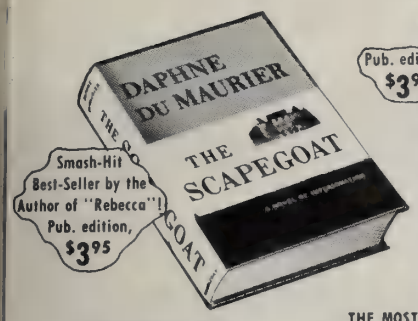
So light . . . so easy to use. Cord-Lift for right- or left-hand ironing. Extra-large soleplate covers more fabric in less strokes.

General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

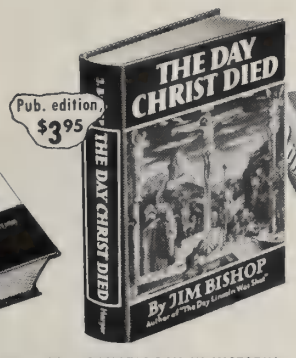
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

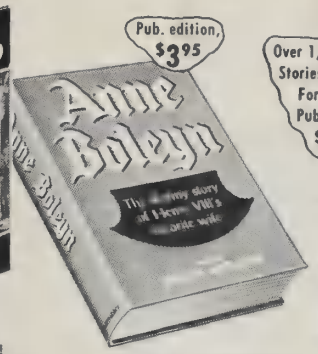
The Literary Guild's Amazing 30th Anniversary Offer!



HE EXCHANGED LIVES WITH A TOTAL STRANGER!
He woke up to find himself living another man's life—with a strange wife and mistress! Exciting new smash-hit best seller!



THE MOST DRAMATIC DAY IN HISTORY!
The powerful and inspiring drama of the most important hours in the history of the world—Christ's last day on earth! With astonishing realism and with deep reverence, the author describes in detail every incident that happened during those fateful hours, giving us new insight and understanding of the Gospels of Christ!



SHE MARRIED HENRY VIII
A brilliantly vivid novel about Henry's second wife — the real story of her love for him and for her daughter Elizabeth—and the moving courage with which she faced her final tragedy!



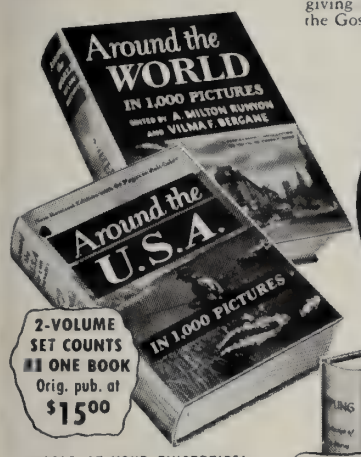
COMPLETE CHILDREN'S LIBRARY
A big, comprehensive collection of the world's finest stories and poems for children of all ages—from Mother Goose to latest classics! 250 pictures. 1024 pages.



THE BIBLE IN PICTURES
75 beloved, inspiring stories from the Old and New Testaments presented with great beauty and reverence. 80 big drawings, 8 color paintings, 193 photos.



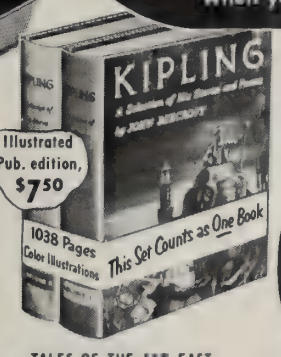
WORLD'S FINEST HOME DICTIONARY!
1957 De Luxe Edition. The only *all-new* quality comprehensive desk dictionary with handsome life-time binding, with many new words not found in other dictionaries. 2 volumes.



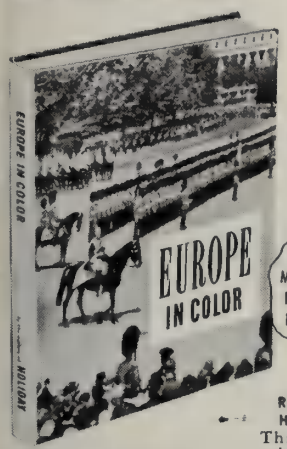
WORLD AT YOUR FINGERTIPS!
Trips to all 48 states (in a new, revised edition) *and* 10 thrilling "tours" around the world—all in 2,000 superb photographs, many in glorious full color!

Any 3 OF THESE FINE BOOKS yours for only $2.00

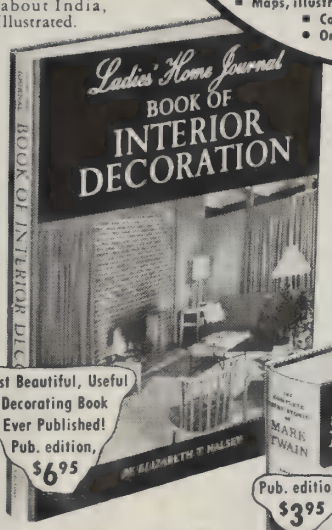
when you join the Literary Guild and agree to take as few as 4 selections during the coming twelve months



TALES OF THE FAR EAST
This great writer's finest stories, including *Kim*, the immortal *Jungle Book*, and the famous tales and poems about India, land of mystery! Illustrated.



FROM GLAMOROUS PARIS TO THE GOLDEN HORN!
Nearly 200 magnificent full-color photographs take you on a glorious pictorial tour of all Europe!



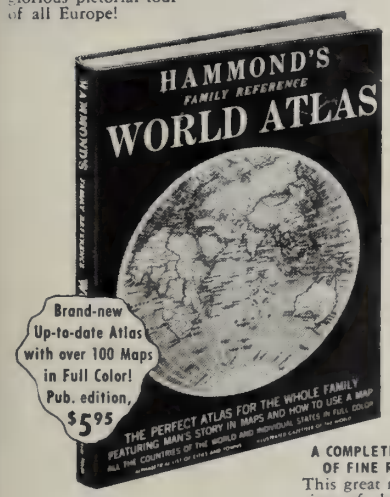
REDECORATE YOUR HOME FOR PENNIES
This big, beautiful volume will help you solve every decorating problem — from floor plans and color to table decorations! 237 pages, over 400 illustrations.



A TREASUREHOUSE OF HUMOR
Now — for the first time, here are *all sixty* of this famous humorist's delightful and beloved short stories collected for your pleasure in one beautiful volume!



DELICIOUS MEALS IN MINUTES!
A marvelously new and easy approach to cooking! More than 2,000 superb recipes, plus help in planning your meals and shopping for food. Hundreds of wonderful food pictures.



STORY OF MAN IN MAPS
The best, most complete new home Atlas, with full-color maps of every state and country, unique "Story of Man in Maps", latest census figures and gazetteer.



A COMPLETE LIBRARY OF FINE READING!
This great new collection of the world's greatest reading entertainment contains 6 complete novels, 5 parts of novels, and 28 great short stories! 2 volumes; 60 illustrations; 832 pages.

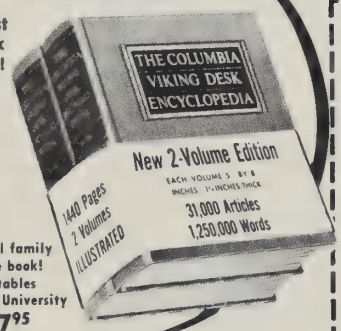


NEVER MAKE A SOCIAL ERROR
America's foremost authority now shows you how to be socially correct *always* — engagements, weddings, visiting and entertaining, correspondence, etc. 704 pages.

Plus "COLUMBIA-VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA"

FREE as your first Bonus Book in advance!

Guild members regularly receive a Bonus Book for each 4 selections they accept, but under this offer, you will receive this Encyclopedia as your first Bonus *in advance* — together with the other three books you select from this page.



- 2 handsome volumes
- Over 1,000 pages
- 31,000 articles
- Maps, illustrations
- The ideal family reference book!
- Charts, tables
- Compiled at Columbia University
- Orig. 1-vol. edition, $7.95

Yes, you actually receive *four* fine books — at once — for only $2.00 — during this amazing 30th Anniversary Offer! Read at right the advantages of membership in the Literary Guild — then choose the 3 books you want. SEND NO MONEY! Pay later — after your 7-day free trial examination! Mail the coupon NOW.

VALUE $19.80 to $44.95 IN PUBLISHERS' EDITIONS

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., Publishers
Dept. 9LHJ, Garden City, N. Y. IP-CV

I accept your offer and I understand that

YOU AGREE

1 . . . to send me at once the THREE books I have checked at the right.

2 . . . to allow me to examine these books 7 days free, after which I may return them if not satisfied; otherwise, you will bill me only $2.00 plus shipping charge for all three.

3 . . . to send me FREE each month your magazine "Wings".

4 . . . to offer me as many as 60 outstanding books during the coming year from which I may choose my selections.

5 . . . to bill me only $2.00 plus shipping (occasional extra-value books slightly higher) for each book I accept, regardless of the publishers' prices of $3.50, $3.75 or even $4.00. I will receive them as soon as they are published, and will pay for them only after receiving them.

6 . . . to send me a valuable Bonus Book FREE with every 4th selection I accept.

7 . . . to send me now — as my first Bonus in advance — the 2-volume "Columbia-Viking Desk Encyclopedia" — absolutely FREE.

In return,

I AGREE

1 . . . to advise you in advance on the form provided when I do not wish to receive a selection.

2 . . . to accept at least 4 Guild selections or alternates at $2.00 each, plus shipping, during the coming 12 months, after which I may cancel my membership at any time.

CHECK THE 3 BOOKS YOU WANT AND MAIL THIS COUPON

- ☐ Amy Vanderbilt's Etiquette (4)
- ☐ Anne Boleyn (215)
- ☐ Around World & Around U.S.A. in Pictures—Set (8)
- ☐ The Bible in Story and Pictures—Set (18)
- ☐ The Complete Short Stories of Mark Twain (28)
- ☐ The Day Christ Died (213)
- ☐ Encyclopedia of Cooking—Set (3)
- ☐ Europe in Color (10)
- ☐ The Family Treasury of Children's Stories—Set (51)
- ☐ Hammond's Family World Atlas (5)
- ☐ Kipling—Set (33)
- ☐ Ladies' Home Journal Decoration (7)
- ☐ The Scapegoat (205)
- ☐ Stories to Remember—Set (80)
- ☐ Thorndike-Barnhart Dictionary—Set (9)

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (Please Print)
Street and No.
City
Zone..... State.....

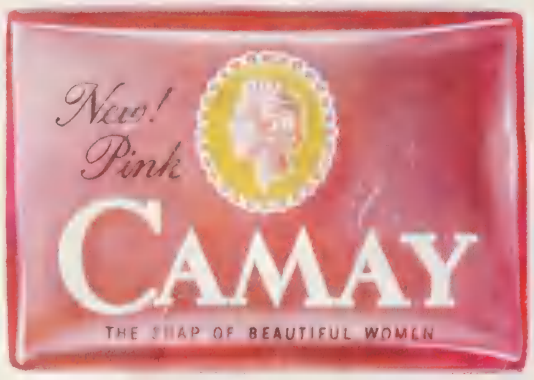
TO RESIDENTS OF CANADA: Selection Price, $2.20 plus shipping. Address LITERARY GUILD (CANADA), 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ontario. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada.

THIS OFFER GOOD ONLY DURING THE LITERARY GUILD'S 30th ANNIVERSARY

New and lavish



PINK CAMAY



Probably the most lavish soap
that ever pampered your skin
(yet costs no more than ordinary soaps)

Kept fresh and fragrant in Pink Pearl foil

© The Procter & Gamble Co.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
EDITORS

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MAN'S HISTORY

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Some weeks ago an editor of the Christian Science Monitor spent a day cruising on the USS Seawolf, the American Navy's second atom-powered submarine. The editor, Mr. Erwin Canham, got in on this first visit of civilians as a member of the board of directors of the National Chamber of Commerce, and chairman of its Committee on Commercial Uses of Atomic Energy. Most of the members of the party were officials of companies that have big stakes in atomic development, so it was really a demonstration of how atomic energy works as a source of fuel power.

I found Mr. Canham's description of the Seawolf fascinating indeed. The heart of the ship is, of course, the reactor room where, in a small space, enough power was being produced via an atomic firebox and adjacent fluid circulators to meet the domestic needs of a city of 32,000 people, the fuel being a little core of enriched uranium.

Heavy shielding protects the crew (and in this case passengers) from the deadly atomic radiation. The craft was quiet, "the smoothest you could expect to sail in," moving "without a tremor or vibration."

And, throughout, it is a luxury vessel. Quarters are spacious, food excellent, and in the mess hall TV, an electronic organ and a jukebox entertain the crew. It is air-conditioned, the living and working spaces have been designed by ingenious interior architects and painted in decorator colors. If one can conceive of preferring to travel under the sea instead of atop it under the sky, it might, by the description, be recommended for pleasure cruises.

In this extraordinary alliance between war and comfort there is a new and entirely modern incongruity. Never before has war been so deadly, and never has it promised to encompass so many nonbelligerents as in the age that opened with the dropping of the first A-bombs on two Japanese cities and the end of the last war. Even before the perfection of the A-bomb, "conventional" bombs of nonfissionable material reduced beautiful cities to wastelands and buried old and young alike in the rubble, leading Winston Churchill to remark dryly on the advent of the atomic bomb, "The existing means of destruction are sufficient for my taste."

The Seawolf and its only companion as yet are weapons of war, solely and exclusively. If or when the time should come, the ship will release the most destructive torpedoes ever known, also carrying atomic heads, to sink surface craft carrying perhaps nothing but food cargoes to blockaded and starving peoples, or to bombard coasts and harbors. And since we may assume that every major navy will have such submarines, the sea war will spread destruction (and pollution) in high-sea waters once considered inviolate, and free to all, in peace or war.

But modern man—at least modern Western man—must have his comforts, even luxuries, in war no less than peace. He is called upon to sacrifice, perhaps, his life, but not his hot breakfast, his bath, his rich meals and his entertainment. The armed forces maintain an enormous live entertainment industry putting on plays, comedy acts, musicals—a peripatetic Broadway. Every attempt is made to normalize life—or make it supernormal. For the fact is that thousands of American recruits never have been so well fed and well clothed as they are in the armed forces.

Even uniforms are designed not only for comfort and durability but as an example of what the well-dressed man and woman should wear. Those of Wacs and Waves come from the drawing boards of the most famous designers, and their materials are also first class. When, during World War II, I was briefly a war correspondent (and "simulated" officer), I acquired a suit, raincoat, shirts, and a pair of brown oxfords that will not, I think, ever wear out.

I suppose if or when the Seawolf's torpedoes are fired nobody will be watching Jack Benny or Bob Hope, or listening to a jukebox, though of the latter I am not sure. Is it not clear, however, that American civilization assumes that men must be compensated for serving in war far beyond the moral compensation of performing an essential national duty? Or is it important that their minds should be taken off war, lest they become disturbed by too many questions?

Russia does not so treat her soldiers. The instinct for political obedience has, apparently, been so successfully created that the desire to question why has all but perished—though only in Russian ranks was an entire army, that of General Vlasov, led to mutiny in World War II. But the Russian training concentrates on conditioning and accustoming men to every form of the most severe hardship: to wet, cold and even near-starvation; to living not only without comfort but without many of Russia's own primitive civilian necessities.

The American Army depends less on the toughness of men than on the terrific power of their weapons. Which would prove superior in a showdown would, I think, depend upon the type of war that was fought or that the war might develop into. Atomic weapons are obviously useless for civil wars, or for wars of "liberation." To liberate a people into kingdom come?

So far in Soviet and Communist history all expansion or captures of nations by force have occurred within the framework of international wars not started by the Soviets. According to Communist theory, all such wars are imperialist-capitalist and must be turned into civil wars at the appropriate moment. This is the history of Soviet capture of power in Russia and China.

Even Chiang Kai-shek, who still hopes for a last chance to invade mainland China, as revealed in his book published last June, rules out the use of nuclear weapons in such an adventure.

Therefore what form a future great war might take would determine the effectiveness of the weapons. And there is also this to consider: thermo-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

Executive Editor: Mary Bass *Special Projects Editor:* Laura Lou Brookman
Associate Editors: Hugh MacNair Kahler, Bernardine Kielty, Wilhela Cushman, William E. Fink, Richard Pratt, Louella G. Shouer, Mary Lea Page, Dawn Crowell Norman, Margaret Davidson, Nora O'Leary, Donald Stuart, Tina S. Fredericks, Helen Everitt, Peter Briggs, Anne Einselen, Margaret Parton, Cynthia McAdoo Wheatland
Contributing Editors: Gladys Taber, Gladys Denny Shultz. Margaret Hickey, Ruth Mills Teague, Barbara Benson
Assistant to the Editor: Nelle Keys Perry
Editorial Associates: John Werner, Ruth Mary Packard, Ruth Shapley Matthews, Alice Conkling, Joseph Di Pietro, Elizabeth Goetsch, Nancy Crawford Wood, Jean Todd Freeman, Eileen Sharpe, Betty Coe Spicer
Assistant Editors: Victoria Harris, Alice Kastberg, Virginia Price, Dorothy Anne Robinson, Albert Serwazi, June Schwartz, Carol Crane, Liane Waite, Joyce Posson, Neal Gilkyson Stuart, Ruth Imler, Elizabeth Hart
Editorial Assistants: Lee Stowell Cullen, Patricia Martin, Flora Casparian, Alberte Wright, Simone Smith, Hazel Owen, Corinna Wildman, Isabel Blythe, Helen Olchvary, Olivia Donovan, Abbot Mills, Sally Platt, Marley Marseilles





Finally! A home permanent
that never needs re-setting!

it's bliss!*

NEW CONDITIONING CREME WAVE IN A TUBE WITH APPLICATOR TIP!

Unwinds into soft, natural-looking curls right from the curlers! You just brush out and go out!

bliss! ***Smooths on from easy applicator-tip tube!***

Other waves may take a dozen messy steps, but not *bliss!* This fabulous new fragrant *creme* formula eliminates forever all dab, all drip, all bowls, all bother! Just wind and rinse, that's all you do . . . when dry, *brush out into glory*. It's *bliss!*

bliss! ***Breaks the oil barrier . . . curls from inside out!***

This wave contains never-before-used penetrants! It gets *past* the natural oil that resists deep curling, and curls the *heart*, not just the 'wall', of *each strand!* You get a soft, *natural*-looking hair-do the moment you brush out. *No more re-setting*—it's *bliss!*

bliss! ***Secretly conditions as it goes!***

Your hair is *cared* for—retains a healthy balance of oil and moisture, and even on damp days stays silken-soft and manageable! The only wave especially developed to let you *brush* out and *go* out—no more frizz, no more trying to get lasting curls from temporary hair sprays—day after day it's *bliss!*



Self-neutralizing! Recap the handy applicator-tip tube, save for next wave, extra end-curls, too!

$2.00 PLUS TAX

Only 3 short steps to a glamorous finish—
wind, rinse, brush out—it's **bliss!**

PHOTOGRAPH OF SUZY PARKER BY RICHARD AVEDON

©1957 LAMBERT-HUDNUT DIV. *TRADEMARK

GOT A HEADACHE?

Do what I do. For really fast, safe relief take Bufferin.®
Believe me, it acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain.
And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.



Bufferin's exclusive formula combines aspirin with two special antacid ingredients

ed Cross Shoes designed for and inspired by . . .

TODAY'S AMERICAN WOMAN



ILLUSTRATED: THE PATRICIAN



LA BOHEME

REMBRANDT

Fashion points to pretty bows and tapered toes

They're autumn's *true* loves, they're fashion's *two* loves . . . the gentle, tapered toe . . . the poised and pretty bow. And they're so sure to be *your* loves . . . for all the days and dates of autumn and winter. For these are *Red Cross* Shoes. Which means they feel as pretty as they look.

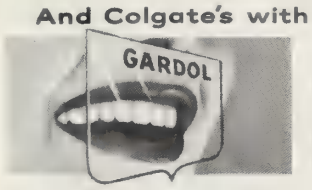
Largest selling brand of fine footwear in the world. Styles from 10^{95} *to* 13^{95}

THIS PRODUCT HAS NO CONNECTION WHATEVER WITH THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS • THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORPORATION, CINCINNATI 7, OHIO



Brush Your Teeth with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM... Brush Bad Breath Away!

And Colgate's with GARDOL Fights Decay All Day, Too!



Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people . . . with just one brushing!

Of all leading toothpastes,* only Colgate's contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing!

Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing.



*THE THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

dropped from planes or launched by guided missiles, favor the aggressor—the power that launches the first knockout blow. Hence the proper emphasis of the United States on the necessity of inspection controls against such an eventuality.

But in considering this whole problem we find a curious lack of synchronization between the mechanical, technological instruments of modern war and their purpose. It is almost as though men were adopting the insentient, insensate and disengaged nature of their instruments. The guided missile with the atomic warhead neither thinks, feels nor is concerned with the logic of purposes. Beyond the creation of the thing and its push-button launching, no human hand or endeavor is involved. And it is this which lends a peculiar horror to them. In Britain the appearance of guided missiles toward the end of World War II created a quite different reaction from that accompanying bombardments from humanly piloted planes. People said, "The pilot and bombardier in a plane are human beings. They are risking their own lives, and they may even be sorry if they miss a target and kill a lot of civilians, or destroy a lovely cathedral, or, confronting a concentration of fighters, they may simply fly off. But to be attacked by disembodied mindless devils is unendurable. You can never see them coming, they move so swiftly. Only after you've heard the explosion do you know whether you're alive or dead. If you don't hear it, it has hit where you are."

But these carried explosive power far, far below those being presently designed.

We do not like to think about another great war, because it boggles the mind. *These weapons will never be used*, we say to ourselves, *because their use would mean co-annihilation. The fact that three great powers have them means that none will dare use them.*

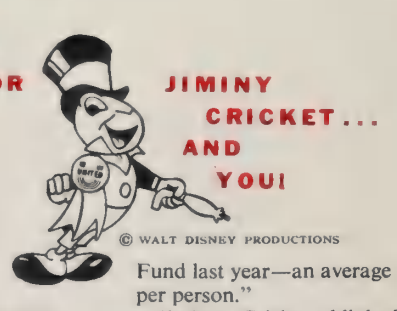
But this is completely illogical. Everything made in this world is made to be used, or its creation is totally preposterous. If we, the Russians and the British are spending tens of billions of dollars annually to perfect weapons that we won't use, we are taking leave of our senses. Only intention to use them justifies the three powers who have them in producing them at all, in testing them, and in training men to handle them. Clearly all the powers who have them are calculating on using them *under certain circumstances.*

So one is compelled to ask oneself: Under *what* circumstances do we intend to use them? And, are there *any* circumstances under which any power *can* use them without entailing consequences unprecedented in the history of warfare?

This is what we are compelled to think about. It involves a completely new probability—new in the whole experience of mankind.

All wars heretofore have affected only the already living. The generation that waged the war has paid its full price in death and human destruction. Battlefields have left corpses; hospitals have garnered in the maimed; bombardments have killed innocent children; blockades and destruction of crops have starved populations; and children have not been born to fathers killed before their begetting. There have, of course, been unfortunate biological consequences. Part of the healthiest stock of nations has been reduced and failed to reproduce itself. Nevertheless, the human race has always re-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18



© WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

Jiminy Cricket shoved a thumb under his lapel, pushing up a large, prominently displayed badge. "OFFICIAL CONSCIENCE," it read. The expression on his small face was hopeful.

The director leaned back in his chair. "Well," he said, "about needing a conscience, I'm not sure. You see ——" He paused. "The job is to surpass last year's record contributions to the United Fund."

"And the hours?"

"All you can give," the director said. "Last year, we had seventeen million volunteers."

Jiminy Cricket was impressed. "Well, as I often tell my friend Anon—Anony Mous, that is—'Conscience never sleeps.'"

The director smiled. "It's a big job to get our United Fund message to everyone in the country. Could you manage it?"

Jiminy Cricket pulled himself upright. "As Official Conscience I am no 'still small voice!' Furthermore," he went on blandly, "as I told my friend Willie—Willie Shakespeare, that is—'Conscience has several thousand tongues.'"

The director, too, sat straighter. "And millions of hearts!" he said positively (like a man with a good conscience). "Twenty-six million, three hundred thousand people contributed $379,100,000 to the United Fund last year—an average of $14.40 per person."

Jiminy Cricket blinked bright, approving eyes. "'Conscience has millions of hearts,'" he repeated. "That's very good. Who said that?"

"*I* said it," the director said firmly.

"Oh."

"And, because it is a *united* fund, the people who gave had to give only once. One donation to support the work of more than 25,000 agencies."

Jiminy Cricket nodded in agreement. "'All for one and one for all,' eh? A fine motto for a united effort. But I'm not sure you need me. It sounds as if Americans already *have* a conscience."

"Most of them do," the director said warmly. "But some still don't see the need."

"Ah!" said Jiminy. "And we want them all to see it?"

The director nodded.

Jiminy Cricket flourished his small umbrella briskly. "*All*," he said. "That's one hundred and seventy million Americans, isn't it?"

The director nodded again.

Jiminy Cricket looked thoughtful. "All," he said again. "That brings to mind a quotation I once gave my friend Willie. He got it a little wrong someway, I always thought. At least, wrong as it applies here. He should have written: 'Conscience does make *heroes* of us all.'"

SUPPORT THE UNITED WAY OF GIVING—

ONCE A YEAR FOR YEAR-ROUND COMMUNITY SERVICES

FREE



Max Factor's new hi-fi Lipstick

75¢ size

when you buy Max Factor's new hi-fi Fluid Make-up...

the new make-up discovery that makes you look naturally lovely in any light... day or night



Here is full Hi-Fi beauty for you! Hi-Fi Fluid Make-up is different from any make-up you've ever used. It transforms your complexion to its loveliest in seconds! And when you try it—you'll receive a generous size Hi-Fi Lipstick *absolutely free!*

There never was a make-up like Hi-Fi! From his make-up research for color TV, Max Factor created an entirely new range of true complexion tones . . . so natural, so radiant, that you always look your loveliest . . . in any light—day or night.



$2.50 value, only $1.75

And how you'll love your Hi-Fi Lipstick! It's Max Factor's new kind of lipstick—gives you everything you want, all in one lipstick: vibrant Hi-Fi color that glides on, stays on till you take it off. No blotting or waiting to set—yet it never dries your lips.

Today—buy a bottle of Max Factor's Hi-Fi Fluid Make-up. Your 75¢ size Hi-Fi Lipstick is *absolutely free*. And you pay only 1.75 for both . . . the price of Hi-Fi Make-up alone! But don't delay . . . this special offer is on sale for a limited time only.



Formfit Bras
also available in handy
pick-up packages

You're so much a part of the beautiful scene when your strategy begins with Formfit. For this is the bra creation that puts you confidently . . . beautifully into any fashion . . . any fashion picture with that "I know I'm beautiful" feeling. Start with Formfit . . . at fine stores everywhere.

Start this strategy with "Romance" Bra 566 in fresh White Cotton. Circle-stitched with "Nylo-Braid" for forever-after uplift. Sizes 32A to 38C. $2.00

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • CANADIAN PLANT, TORONTO

DRESS BY OLEG CASSINI HAT BY MR JOHN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

produced itself, as the statistics of population growth show.

But now, for the first time in the history of the human race, another great war, fought with the weapons that men of genius have devised out of fissionable material, threatens to take its toll of the *unborn*, of the not yet living, and not of one generation but of all future generations. The question is not only whether the race will reproduce itself, but what kind of race it will reproduce.

On this question there is no difference of opinion among the genetic scientists. The explosion of thermonuclear weapons releases radioactive particles into the air, the seas and the earth within a wide radius of the explosion. Radioactive substances are absorbed by bodily exposure, and by eating food that has also been exposed. Overexposure to radioactivity, in whatever form, brings about mutations in the genes that transmit characteristics. These forcible mutations are invariably bad. Children begotten by and born to overexposed parents are physically weak, with a reduced life expectancy, may be deformed physically and mentally, and these weaknesses and deformities are passed on to their progeny, whether there is further overexposure or not. An infinite chain reaction has been started. On this all geneticists are agreed.

This is the basis of all the discussion about fallout from thermonuclear tests. On the one hand, members of the Atomic Energy Commission and others say that the amount of radioactivity released by the tests adds only a negligible amount to the radioactivity present in Nature itself, and is so minimal as to produce no such mutations. They further assert that scientific advances are further purging away fallout. The weapons are "cleaner." The geneticists themselves support this view in a way because they are unwilling to commit themselves on what *degree* of increased exposure will bring about the dire results they describe. They can't—because they don't know. They could not know accurately without making tests on human beings under strict controls and then checking their offspring for several generations.

But nuclear fallout or radiation from weapon tests is quite another matter from fallout or radiation that would accompany a thermonuclear war. The tests are made one at a time, with intervening periods, under carefully controlled conditions, from far-distant islands, in unpopulated deserts, or in areas from which the scant population has been removed. In making the tests, every precaution of which science is cognizant is taken to prevent injury to anyone.

But, as we have said, these weapon tests, like the weapons themselves, are made for the sole purpose of waging war. And the object of war—and more than ever of modern war—is to do the greatest possible damage to the enemy. Were thermonuclear weapons employed in war, they would not be used

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

ARE YOU MOVING?

If you are moving to a new home, the best way to be sure that your subscription to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL *reaches you promptly is to send us the new address at least 30 days before you move, together with the old address label cut from your magazine.*

● Each year about 2,300,000 subscribers to Curtis magazines change their addresses and ask us to send the magazines to their new homes. We are happy to do this, but equally unhappy when delays occur. Sending us the label from your magazine will cut in half the time required to place the new address on our lists. Please send the old label and the new address *at least 30 days before you move.*



VARICOSE VEINS

Tired Legs, Leg Cramps Relieved By The NEW

Dr. Scholl's Super-Sheer

ELASTIC STOCKINGS

NYLON • FULL-FASHIONED • FULL-FOOTED

So sheer, they look just like regular nylons. No over-hose needed. Give comfortable, uniform support to varicose veins, tired, aching legs. Help prevent leg trouble during pregnancy. Colors: French Nude, White, Black. At Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops, Drug, Department, Surgical Supply Stores. For leaflet and booklet on Foot and Leg Care, write DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. E-2, Chicago 10, Illinois.

BOWLING BALL



YOU can easily earn one of these nationally advertised Mineralite Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand, within one week.

Send us six 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.00 each or eight 2-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $8.00 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance.

Offer good in continental U.S. only, until November 30, 1957. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
215 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

Now Many Wear
FALSE TEETH
With Little Worry

Eat, talk, laugh or sneeze without fear of insecure false teeth dropping, slipping or wobbling. FASTEETH holds plates firmer and more comfortably. This pleasant powder has no gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Doesn't cause nausea. It's alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.

TINY TV Salt and Pepper Set FREE ON 15-DAY OFFER



To Start You Earning up to $150 With MIDWEST Christmas Cards
Show friends our fast-selling Cards and Gift Novelties. You keep as much as 50¢ to $1.25 profit per item. No experience needed. Get samples *on approval* with free Personal Christmas Card Album and TINY TV. Write NOW.
No Money
MIDWEST CARD CO., 1113 Washington, Dept. 467-K, St. Louis 1, Mo.



A. Valera—B. Carmella—C. Mandy—D. Julia—E. Colleen—F. Belle

Vitality's slenderizing fit dramatizes your foot

Dramatizes indeed, for Vitality's narrow heels shape to *your* heels—
Vitality's sleek topline fit hugs *your* foot! The more perfectly a shoe is fitted to your foot, the more slenderizing the effect! Choose your favorite styles from a wealth of Vitality Shoes—that feature Vitality's wonderful fit and the new slender look. Most styles are available in colors and leathers other than those illustrated.

VITALITY SHOES

famous for fashion and fit

10^{95} to 13^{95}

Vitality Shoe Company, Division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis 3, Mo.

Vitality Wanderlust Shoes, from $8.95 • Styled for the young and young in heart



Suddenly DOVE makes soap old-fashioned!

Soap dries your skin, but new
DOVE creams your skin while you wash.
DOVE is one-quarter cleansing cream!

You *use* DOVE like soap—in your shower, tub, and washbasin. But DOVE is a brand-new formula. DOVE *creams* your skin while you wash!

DOVE is one-quarter *cleansing cream*. It leaves your skin deliciously soft and smooth—with none of that tight dry feeling you get from using soap.

You can *feel* the cream in DOVE. You can *smell* its creamy fragrance. DOVE is *good* for your skin.

Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees that DOVE is better for your face, your hands, *all* of you than any soap. If you don't agree, we'll give you back every penny you paid.



One-quarter of every bar of DOVE is rich *cleansing cream*. New DOVE makes the richest, creamiest lather you've ever seen—even in hard water! And DOVE never leaves a bathtub ring!



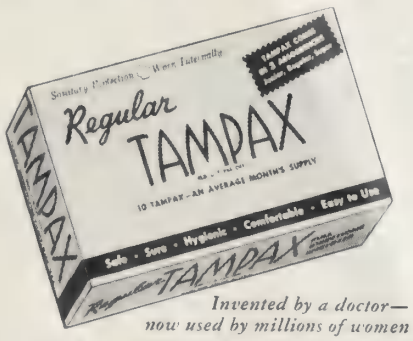
yours... that look of

CONFIDENCE

From the top of your Paris-inspired hat to the tip of your Italian-toed shoes—you're calm, poised, *sure* of yourself. Anybody looking at you would *know*—you're a woman of *convictions*—not just about the clothes you wear, but the things you *do*, the things you *believe* in doing.

No wonder you were the *first* among your friends to use Tampax. No wonder you won them over to Tampax! Simply and confidently you told them how Tampax® internal sanitary protection brings you such freedom and confidence on "those" days. For Tampax is invisible and unfelt when in place. It can't show or cause odor. Can't chafe or bind. Tampax frees you of messy disposal problems. Makes "light" of carrying problems. (A month's supply tucks away in your handbag!)

On sale wherever drug products are sold, in Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.

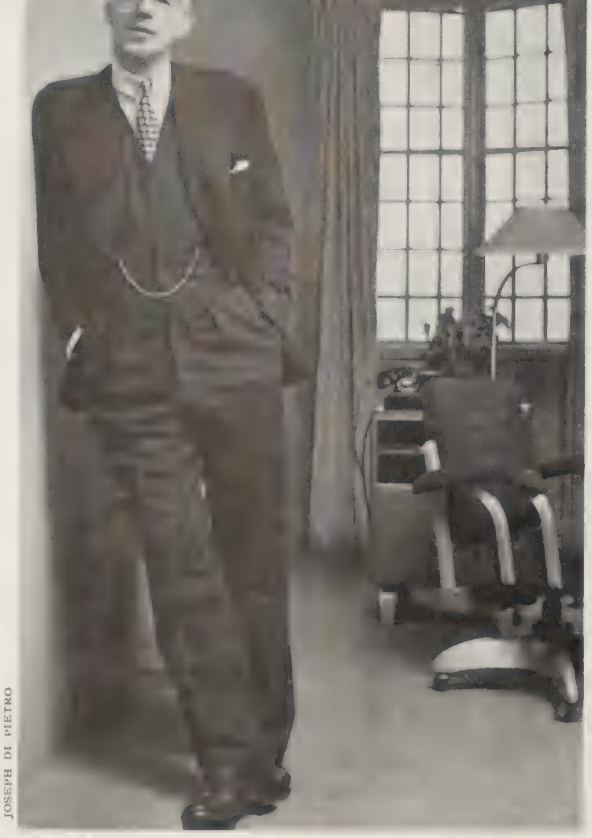
Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name_____
(Please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____



JOSEPH DI PIETRO

DR. SPOCK

WHY I'M REWRITING MY BABY BOOK

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

"I think that being a parent is hard work, that most parents do a fine job, that most children have a few unappealing characteristics or phases and that some children have a lot of them, and that practically all parents, including the very best, can't help being impatient or antagonistic toward their children at times."

I'm not sure that I would have had the courage to write Baby and Child Care in the first place if I had had any idea in 1943 how long it would take. I told the publishers I thought I could do it in six or eight months. Jane, my wife, half groaned, half grinned her total disbelief, but I refused to be discouraged. The only way I ever got things done was to be blindly optimistic in taking obligations and then to struggle to get them done, long after they were due.

People have often asked me how I happened to decide to write a book in the first place, as if they thought that that would be the hardest step to take. But to me that seemed no trouble at all. Another publisher had asked me—several years earlier—to write a child-care book and I had readily agreed to do it "someday," when I'd had more experience. I was already convinced then that a book should be written which would combine both the physical and psychological aspects of child care. It would make clear that the child himself wants to grow up—more than anything else in the world—and that the parents don't have to force him but need only to guide him. Furthermore, I felt the book should not scold parents or scare them but would simply talk with them in a friendly way. Having strong opinions and a teacherish inclination, it would never have occurred to me not to write a book if given the chance.

What actually jolted me into action was a call early in 1943 from Donald Geddes, an editor for a book publisher, who said they wanted to publish a paper-covered child-care book and they would be able to sell it by the hundreds of thousands if it was any good at all. That sounded like a worth-while number of parents to reach and I was ready to start.

During the depression years I had had a summer job at Honnedaga Lake in the Adirondacks, which gave us a delightful and very inexpensive vacation. In August of 1943 we arrived there with reams of typewriter paper, boxes of pencils and Jane's old portable typewriter. Instead of boating and fishing and playing bridge in our spare time, we would retire to an unused porch of the boathouse. There I would hold my head in my hands, trying to compose a sentence; and when it finally came out, Jane would take it directly onto the typewriter. That's how we got started. It didn't take us long to realize that it would be a slow, hard job.

Back in New York in September, we settled into a grim routine. Through the day I practiced pediatrics, and also carried out part-time jobs as school physician and as teaching consultant in the health department. I always planned to be through my house calls and home for supper at 7:30, but those were busy days for doctors not in the service and I usually didn't get home until 8:30. After supper the reluctance to get to work closed in like a fog. I would "just glance at the newspaper," sharpen pencils, look over the table of contents for a topic which seemed easy. By about 9:30 or 10 I'd have myself steeled to begin and Jane would sit down at the typewriter. I'd pace the floor for minutes at a time, without producing a sound. Then I'd start a sentence and stop in the middle. When I did finish a sentence I often asked Jane to *x* it out. It was painful work for me, but at least my mind had something to chew on. It was worse for Jane, who had to sit there for hours with her chin in her hands and her elbows on the desk, just waiting. What was most remarkable of all was that, though she had perfectly good opinions of her own about child care, she never made suggestions about how to say it until I asked for help.

We'd knock off work at 1 A.M. For a while we continued to see friends once a week. But when we realized how slowly the work was progressing, we gave up all evening distractions completely (except for New Year's Eve).

I had been turned down for a commission in 1942 because of flaws in my past medical history. But a couple of years later the services had got over all that fussiness and were taking any doctor who was still breathing. The Navy took me in April, 1944. Fortunately I was stationed in a naval hospital near New York for sixteen months. This meant I could get home for seven-o'clock supper and an early start on the evening's work. Though the manuscript was piling up, there was no end in sight. Each chapter I wrote suggested at least one new one that I hadn't thought of previously. Jane was not only typing the first draft. She was experimenting with various techniques for making formula, to see which one produced the least scum; boiling various waterproof materials for sheeting and pants, to see if there was one which would not disintegrate. She was constantly taxiing different pieces of the manuscript around New York: to a stenographer for copying, to a surgeon, to a schoolteacher, to the six pediatricians who generously checked the book.

After about a year and a half the manuscript seemed to be ready for rewriting. There were literally thousands of suggestions from the doctors and educators who had read it. I had discovered during the writing that I would become completely stalled if I tried to express my thoughts in a form suitable for final publication. For instance, when I was dealing with the problem of the occasional practical nurse who bullies the inexperienced mother, I found that I *had* to use insulting language. If I felt like trying to be humorous I had to let myself go or I couldn't progress to the next paragraph. But when it came time for rewriting I had no trouble cutting out the inappropriate remarks. I eliminated so much that was opinionated or angry or joking that I was surprised and pleased—after the book came out—to have people remark how personal and lighthearted it was in spots. I had thought I had boiled all the flavor out of it.

At one stage in the revising of the manuscript I found I had to go right through the book taking out the excessive repetitions of the word "get." I eliminated several thousand of them and yet there were still too many left.

After two years of work and after redoing the manuscript three times, I sent it to the publishers. I spent a half day dumping stacks of old manuscript down the incinerator of our apartment house, enjoying the roar of the flames and feeling like a new man. In August, 1945, I was handed a set of galley proofs from which to make an index, just as I was getting on a troop train which was to take our hospital unit to California, presumably to be shipped directly out into the Pacific. I was somewhat panicky about completing this job before setting sail, because I very much wanted to do the indexing myself. I was afraid that no

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

NEW! *Only child's home permanent with* SQUEEZE-COMB EASE...

gives curls that last a year!

Curls really take because comb-tip squeeze bottle saturates hair far more thoroughly than any other way.

Now, no need to take chances using Adult Permanents on your child's hard-to-curl hair. Lilt Party Curl really overcomes problems of curling young hair. And Party Curl is so much easier, faster for you to apply on a fidgeting child. "Squeeze-Bottle Ease" ends messy dip-dabs for you. Now just squeeze on lotion from comb tip on bottle. Hair is so thoroughly saturated, soft curls last even a year!

© 1957, Procter & Gamble Co.







Fragile ... handle with Johnson's

Skin so delicate, you stroke it in wonder...
and want to protect it with the purest, safest skin care there is...
soothe it with the powder that has a special Chafe-Guard Ingredient...
cleanse it with the gentlest oil in the world...
Johnson's.



MRS. RICHARD NEY, *Houston, says:*

"I wouldn't think of giving my children any other brand but St. Joseph Aspirin For Children"



Mothers trust the safe, gentle action of St. Joseph Aspirin For Children and children accept it readily because of its pure orange flavor. It's America's mother-and-child favorite, approved by more doctors than any other brand. Accurate dosage assured. Buy it.

World's Largest Selling Aspirin For Children



"...for adult needs, I always buy St. Joseph Aspirin"



200 Tablets 79c • 100 Tablets 49c • 12 Tablets 12c

CORNS also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Invisible. Jars, 35¢ and 60¢. At drug stores.

REMOVED BY MOSCO

Your money refunded if not satisfied. The Moss Company, Rochester, N.Y.

Clarinet Saxophone Flute Trumpet

Which Musical Instrument Should Your Child Play?

Get Dr. Sigmund Spaeth's Revealing New Booklet "YOUR CHILD IS MUSICAL"

In this booklet Dr. Spaeth, outstanding authority, discusses the lifelong rewards music can bring, and reveals the "personality" of various instruments to help you and your child make the right choice. Twelve pages, profusely illustrated.



For your Free copy, write

Selmer Elkhart, Indiana, Dept. M—91

DISCOURAGE

THUMB SUCKING NAIL BITING



THUM TRADE MARK

Just Paint on Fingertips 60c at your drug store

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

professional indexer would know just how to list topics so that mothers could find what they wanted. It took a week to cross the continent. The train was hot and dirty and noisy. The officers and men were in a mood to enjoy themselves as best they could, since they were expecting to say good-by to civilization for many months. While they drank and told stories and sang, I sat with my lap full of three-foot-long strips of galley proof, putting index words on cards. My worst distraction was a middle-aged officer in the opposite seat who went to sleep after each meal. Step by step his snoring would build up, from a gentle whistling and purring to, eventually, a horrible sound of strangulation. When he got to that stage I couldn't work and I couldn't stand listening to him. I'd wander through the train with my arms full of galleys and cards, looking for the least riotous place to settle down.

In California we were stationed in a huge embarkation camp set up in the middle of the race track at San Bruno, while the authorities were trying to decide what to do with a wartime Navy when the war was suddenly over. Some of our doctors were shipped out as replacements and the rest expected it any day.

Working on the index had brought to light all kinds of repetitions and minor inconsistencies in the text. (When you've been reading the same stuff for two years it *all* sounds repetitious.) Since the book except for the index was already at the printers', I was supposed to telephone the corrections to Jane each night. This proved difficult. After finishing my day's work in the clinic I hurried through supper and over to the telephone center to put in my call, along with a hundred other sailors. After an hour's wait the operator would report: "Because of busy circuits your call will be delayed about two and a half hours." I'd sprint the mile from the telephone center to the Bachelor Officers' Quarters, work frantically on the index for a couple of hours and then run back to the telephone center. Sometime in the following hour I'd be connected with Jane, who would have been waked up in New York about 2 A.M. After I was sure she was awake I'd begin to dictate two dozen fussy corrections: "Galley page ninety-seven, paragraph four, line five, delete the words 'A baby normally wants' and substitute 'A relaxed baby may want.'" Every few minutes the operator would interrupt to remind me that others were waiting for the line, and I'd plead urgent business. Having been brought up to think of a long-distance call as a great luxury, for rare emergencies, I felt guilty talking across the continent for half an hour, every night, for two weeks straight. I was amazed and relieved that the bill came to only $150.

When a man dies he clutches in his hands only that which he has given away in his lifetime. ROUSSEAU

Finally the correcting and the indexing were finished. I startled the man in the post office when I put five dollars' worth of airmail stamps on the package and sent it off. I telephoned Jane to ask one of my sisters to take care of the two boys for a couple of weeks in New York so that she could fly out to join me for a celebration, and my sister agreed. We rashly bought a jalopy, lived in a Quonset hut like an irresponsible childless couple and toured California on the weekends.

The book came out in both editions in the spring of 1946, a month after I was discharged from the Navy, and I waited apprehensively to hear how it would be accepted. I was delighted to begin getting letters of appreciation from parents, and I was tremendously relieved to find that doctors did not object to the strongly psychological emphasis in the advice, some of which ran counter to pediatric traditions of that period. In fact, the doctors were as gracious as the parents.

After the book was published I was able to make only small changes in the text every

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29



Today she's . . .

Rescued by a prince

Whether her hero arrives on a white charger . . . or in his father's car . . . Carter's knows the way to her dreams! These dainty Dresden print pajamas are smocked and ruffled with the young-lady air she loves. And they're no-iron ...machine-washable...like *all* Carter's soft cotton knit sleepwear and underwear. What a lovely gift for a young dreamer!



ABOVE: DRESDEN PRINT PAJAMA. Brushed knit. Blue, pink. 3-16 yrs. $4.00. **RIGHT: SKI PAJAMA.** Striped knit trim. Azure, pink, red, yellow. 3-16 yrs. $3.00. All are Carter-Set so won't shrink out of fit.

Carter's

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO., NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.



If you had cavities
the last time you saw your dentist,
here's good news for you

Are You A Fatalist About Cavities?

BY MARGUERITE HIGGINS
Noted Journalist and Pulitzer Prize Winner

How many times has it happened to you?

You sit down in the dentist's chair for a check-up. You feel that trouble is coming. And you're right.

After the dentist has looked over your teeth, you hear him say—

"Uh—uh, I'm afraid you've got a couple of brand-new cavities!"

And his drill swings into action.

"I guess I'm *fated* to have cavities," you say to yourself.

No, you're not. Not any more. You can stop some of those cavities from ever getting started. For today there's an exciting new way to prevent decay.

Today there's a new toothpaste that actually *strengthens* soft spots where cavities start. For both grownups and children, this toothpaste stops soft spots from turning into cavities.

The toothpaste is Crest with Fluoristan. If you had cavities the last time you saw your dentist, Crest is the toothpaste for you.

To get the proof, I talked to scientists who gave me facts and figures on Crest's amazing record of decay prevention.

In one test, grownups who brushed with Crest for one year had 42% fewer new cavities than those who brushed with standard toothpaste.

In another test, children had 35% fewer new cavities.

"These *are* impressive figures," I said. "But who ran the tests? And where were the results published?"

The scientists showed me detailed reports in official dental journals. There I read that the tests were conducted by dentists of national reputation.

The tests established a record of decay prevention for Crest never equaled by any other toothpaste.

Of course, no toothpaste can promise complete prevention of decay. But quite frequently regular brushing with Crest has meant *no new cavities* between dental checkups. This is the happy result that Norman Rockwell has dramatized on the opposite page.

Yes, I'm convinced you no longer need be a fatalist about cavities—either for yourself or for your family!

* * *

For an informative, attractively illustrated booklet of 30 pages, "How to Care for Your Teeth," send your name and address with 10¢ to: Director, Division of Dental Research, Procter & Gamble, Dept. A-1, P. O. Box 182, Cincinnati 1, Ohio.

Answers to your questions about CREST

What is Fluoristan?—*Mrs. Carl Falck, West Palm Beach, Fla.*

Fluoristan is a stannous fluoride formula especially developed for Crest. As you brush, Fluoristan strengthens teeth against decay. Fluoristan works for both grownups and children.

My teeth feel perfectly hard. Why do your television commercials say I've got soft spots in my teeth?—*Mrs. P. J. Carroll, New York City*

A "soft spot" is any part of the tooth surface where a cavity is likely to begin. Crest with Fluoristan strengthens soft spots and makes them more resistant to decay.

Does Crest do anything about mouth odor?—*Mrs. James J. Buckley, Jackson Heights, N. Y.*

Yes. Crest's ability to stop mouth odor is unsurpassed by any toothpaste. Crest's pleasant flavor refreshes your entire mouth.

How long did they test Crest?—*Mrs. John Walsh, Dedham, Mass.*

Over a 4-year period, about 5,700 adults and children took part in repeated tests on Crest. This is the greatest "in-use" testing program ever made on a toothpaste.

Please address your questions to: Director, Division of Dental Research, Procter & Gamble, Box 182, Cincinnati 1, Ohio.

A DENTAL HEALTH MESSAGE FROM PROCTER & GAMBLE, MAKERS OF CREST TOOTHPASTE



"Look, Mom—no cavities!"



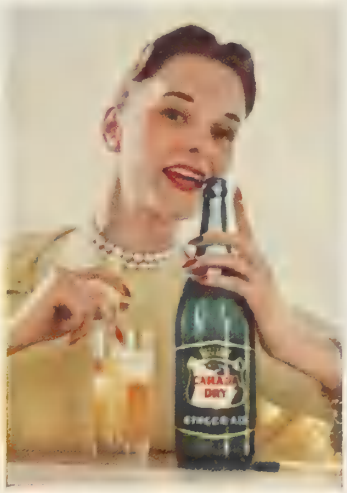
Crest Toothpaste stops soft spots from turning into cavities—means far less decay for grownups and children.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Fluoristan is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter.

©1957, The Procter & Gamble Co.

The day Jimmie went shopping... he got enough sparkling Canada Dry Ginger Ale and the 10 tempting flavors to last his family two whole days!



Sparkling Ginger Ale "Mom says it's light, dry, less filling!"



True Fruit Orange "Billie bet he could drink a gallon!"



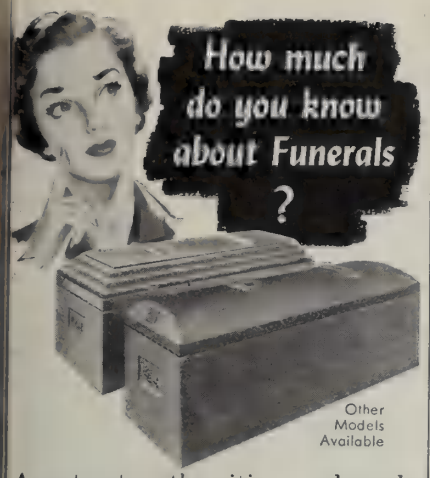
Old-Fashioned Root Beer "Sis loves hat rich, creamy flavor!"



Hi-Spot Lemon "Pop really goes for that lemony taste!"

CANADA DRY

A FLAVOR FOR EVERY TASTE



As a trustworthy citizen and good neighbor, your funeral director is professionally qualified to supply competent advice and counsel. For peace-of-mind protection you can rely on him when he recommends the WILBERT burial vault, made of thick, precast asphalt and reinforced concrete. Over 1¼ MILLION interments have been made in . . .

Wilbert BURIAL VAULTS

Write WILBERT, Box 147-J, Forest Park, Ill., for FREE booklet, "Facts Every Family Should Know . . ."

WILBERT—*the foremost name in burial vaults*

®Trade Mark Wilbert W. Haase Co.

NON-SLIP

CAT'S PAW

Rubber Heels • Soles

AT ALL FINE SHOE REPAIRERS

"GET $50-$100 AND MORE WITH MY EASY SUCCESS PLAN"
Says RUTH J. ELLIOTT

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED. Get extra money for yourself, your school, church or club. IT'S EASY! Just show Elliott Prize-Winners to friends & other folks. When they need CHRISTMAS & ALL OCCASION Greeting Cards (Tall or Regular), Imprinted Cards & Stationery, Gifts & Gift Wrappings, YOU send in their orders. That's all there is to it.

FAST SERVICE GUARANTEED

EARN TOP PROFITS plus BIG CASH BONUSES. Folks like you are getting $50, $100, $200 and more. Send your name & address today! I'll rush (ON APPROVAL) everything you need to get started making money at once. Thousands have succeeded, so can YOU! IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY!

ELLIOTT'S 25th ANNIVERSARY

FREE GIFT for promptness

ELLIOTT GREETING CARD CO.
424 RIDGE STREET • ELYRIA, OHIO

Ugly broken, split nails... BEFORE

made lovely in minutes WITH Jiffy Nails AFTER

—a new liquid preparation that hardens into long, glamorous finger nails. Now you can change broken, split, bitten nails into strong beautiful nails—stronger than your own nails.

Stops Nail Biting.

Will not break or crack. Stays on until your own nails grow out. Can be filed, trimmed and beautifully polished. Each nail is made in one minute. You can do any type work while wearing these nails. No preparation like it.

DELUXE KIT $1.50

If not available at your favorite store, send $1.65 to:

JIFFY NAILS Chicago 44, Ill.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

year or so. If I wanted to insert twenty-three words in one place I had to remove twenty-three words from the same page, so as not to disturb subsequent pages. It was like doing crossword puzzles. Several mothers, for instance, wrote to me that there was nothing in the book on the care of the circumcision wound. So I carefully inserted a few sentences in which I prescribed a gauze dressing "the size of an airmail stamp." No sooner had this got into the book than the Post Office Department greatly reduced the size of the airmail stamp and I had to reword it again.

By 1953 I was sufficiently dissatisfied with many parts of the book to want to begin a major revision. (As usual, I was sure it would take only a few months.) First I wanted advice from pediatricians, public-health nurses and parents. It took time to have notices inserted in professional journals and more time before I began getting responses. Eventually I received the benefit of staff discussions that were held in dozens of city health departments. Hundreds of letters from JOURNAL readers came as a result of an appeal in 1954. To get a better cross-sectional view of present-day practices, I sent a questionnaire, on formulas and introduction of solid foods, to all the pediatricians whose names began with *A*. I quizzed colleagues on their experiences in toilet training. In the end it took a year and a half to assemble these data, and nearly two

There are half a dozen words, all one-syllable ones, that are as valuable as diamonds. Use them frequently. They are: "Please," "Thank you," "I love you." Toss them into your daily doings.

From MARRIAGE MANNERS by Marjorie Woods & Helen Flynn, copyright © 1955, used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc.

years more to sort them out in my mind and do the writing. As previously, this had to be done at night, because of a full-time job.

This time I didn't torture Jane any more with dictation. She read on the couch or occasionally went to movies or concerts with friends. I sat on a high stool at a drafting table (better than a desk for backache), scribbling in large letters on smooth typewriter paper with a mechanical pencil. By midnight my table was always coated with crumbled eraser.

Many small changes in the text were made necessary by advances in medicine: for instance, the preventive measures now used for rheumatic fever and polio, and drugs for treating TB. Medical practices had changed in regard to such matters as better-tasting vitamin preparations, simplification of formulas, earlier introduction of meats. I largely revised breast feeding, bowel training, crying in infancy, and I wrote new chapters on pacifiers, grandmothers and twins (the last with the help of letters from JOURNAL readers).

But the principal reasons I wanted to do a real revision of the book were not connected with these topics I have just mentioned. When I wrote the first edition in the early '40's, the problems that turned up in child rearing seemed to me to be due mainly to inflexible infant-feeding schedules, rigid diet lists for young children generally, efforts to force weaning to the cup by a certain age, attempts (usually unsuccessful) to stop thumb sucking, arbitrary, forcible and often very early toilet training, the suppression of symptoms of jealousy of the new baby, the squelching of aggressiveness in young children, the pushing of children in school. It is quite clear to see that in the book I was trying to do my part to counteract these rigid tendencies, which ignored so largely the nature of childhood and the differences between individual children.

In the past ten or fifteen years there has been a widespread change in the philosophy of infant and child care. I think the greatest impetus was given by the introduction (first by Doctor McLendon and Mrs. Simsarian) of the flexible or "demand" feeding schedule,



the shoe that understands children...

the shoe that knows they were never meant for sitting still,
or keeping quiet, or being anything but their bright and busy selves
. . . *this* is the shoe that's known everywhere
for outstanding quality, fine and lasting fit . . .
the shoe that goes to school the country over,
wherever children do!

THE STRIDE RITE SHOE

Green Shoe Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass.



Mothers...
meet the Roy Rogers
"Testing Laboratory!"



Here are our seven lively children. They give their clothes and toys a real beating at the Double R Bar ranch. That's why every product bearing our name is "tested" first by our youngsters. When we are sure the items can stand up under the rugged wear and tear of ranch life, we know they'll give your family equal satisfaction. Only then are they marked with our brand.
This is our pledge to all parents.

Roy Rogers Dale Evans

YOU PAY NO PREMIUM for the Roy Rogers name, found on 50 different kinds of children's clothes, toys and school supplies. Featured at most leading department stores.



Roy Rogers-Frontiers Inc., 357 No. Canon Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

and by the writing of Dr. C. Anderson Aldrich, which reassured doctors that irregularity in amounts and timing would not upset babies' intestines. Rather suddenly, flexibility and permissiveness won out over strictness.

Nowadays the problems about which I am consulted by parents (and also by the interns and medical students whose cases I supervise) more often involve babies who get carried around all evening long because they object so strenuously to being put to bed, babies who are still waking for a couple of bottles each night at the age of a year, young children whose parents have been hesitant to suggest toilet training, older children who are disobedient and rude, adolescents whose parents are afraid to make definite rules. I don't mean that these problems are *very* prevalent today, and I realize that there were some undisciplined children back in rigid times. I'm also aware that many of us by the time we're growing older develop a tendency to view the younger generation with alarm, and I try to discount that in myself. But after making due allowances, I think it's fair to say that more parents today are getting into jams because of overpermissiveness than because of overstrictness, and this was one of the two main reasons I felt I had to try a revision. I still wanted to discuss child nature and child care in such a way that parents could understand and trust their children's inherent desires to grow up, but at the same time I wanted to try to make it clearer—to those who are uncertain—that parents have to provide the standards, the inspiration and the firm guidance.

More persons, on the whole, are humbugged by believing nothing, than by believing too much.

P. T. BARNUM

The other main reason for revision had to do with parents also. Though many readers had said complimentary things about the friendly tone of the book, two mothers (one of whom I talked with in Philadelphia five years ago, the other of whom wrote me from Texas) made very discerning comments which made me realize that friendliness to parents is not always enough. They said, in effect, "This book emphasizes so strongly the natural goodness of children that it throws the entire burden of successful rearing on the parents. This may not be noticeable to the mothers and fathers who have an unusual degree of inner security. But it can be constantly oppressive to those overconscientious parents who are too aware of their own imperfections, especially of their moments of antagonism toward their children. To them the book seems to imply (by its silence) that worthy parents never become impatient or angry, that they can be perfect if they try hard enough and that any sign of maladjustment on the child's part should be a reproach to them."

I am sure most of you know me well enough by now, through these talks, to know that I don't really believe any of these things. I think that being a parent is hard work, that most parents do a fine job, that most children have a few unappealing characteristics or phases and that some children have a lot of them, and that practically all parents, including the very best, can't help being impatient or antagonistic toward their children at times. Nevertheless, I realized that if the book made some parents uncomfortable, it must have been lopsided. So I've tried to balance it with a fuller presentation of the parents' point of view and with more visible understanding of their feelings. Whether this will make it a more satisfactory book to *most* parents or whether they will think it morbid, I have no idea.

As I read the new edition over for the twenty-fifth time before sending it off to the publisher I decided it was still too bossy in places, and it still had too many "gets" in it. But these faults will have to wait for another revision.

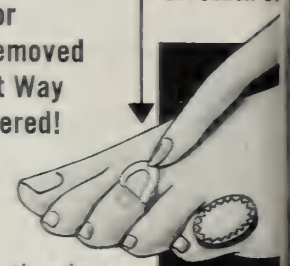
Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.

Corn, Callous, Bunion Pain Stopped

You Get Fast NERVE-DEEP Relief With Dr. Scholl's!

And Corns or Callouses Removed the Quickest Way Ever Discovered!

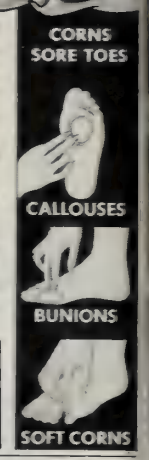
World's Largest Selling Foot Reliefs



No waiting for action when you use soft, soothing, cushioning, protective Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You get super-fast *nerve-deep* relief. Used at first sign of irritation, they stop corns or callouses *before* they can develop . . . ease new or tight shoes.

Zino-pads also remove corns and callouses one of the quickest ways known to medical science when used with the separate *Medications* included. New skin-matching color. Get a box today. At Drug, Shoe, Department, 5-10¢ Stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads



HOT, TENDER FEET?

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tired, tender, perspiring, odorous feet. Eases new or tight shoes. *Get a can today!*

Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER



What Do 3 Out of 4 Doctors Recommend to Relieve Pain?

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin Tablets to relieve pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Here's why Anacin® gives you better *total* effect in relieving pain than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

- **ACTS INSTANTLY:** Anacin goes to work *instantly*. Brings fast relief at *source* of your pain.
- **MORE EFFECTIVE:** Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of effective, medically proven ingredients.
- **SAFER:** Anacin simply *can not* upset your stomach.
- **LESSENS TENSION:** Anacin also reduces nervous tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin *today*.

Make $62.50 EASILY on Just 50 CHRISTMAS CARD Assortments



Best Spare-Time Plan *Anywhere!*

Yes, you make $1.25 on every Fine Arts box! You can't help but make extra money quicker with this fast-selling, big profit Christmas Assortment. You don't need experience. New ideas in Slim, Religious, other most popular Cards at 21 for $1 up, stationery, inexpensive Gifts you'll enjoy showing to friends. Over 200 amazing values.

GET SAMPLES NOW!

Up to 65c of each $1 is your cash profit. Samples start you earning at once. **Send no money.** Get gorgeous Personalized Christmas Card Album FREE. Bargain List, other Samples on approval. **$1.25 Gift FREE on 15-day Offer. Write now!**
Boulevard Art Publishers, Dept. 527-B
235 South Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois

FINE ARTS
Special Assortment
Ultra-fine quality cards, sold up to 35c each. You sell for 8c and make $1.25 on box of 25 for $1.95

KILL ROACHES
SILVERFISH
WATERBUGS
CRICKETS

Now! Keep your home free of these insects with this different insecticide. Bait in sanitary tube attracts insects. They eat it and die! Long-lasting—bait never loses killing power. Round-the-clock protection. Clean, easy to use; no mess, no odor. If your store has none send $1 for 9 Hives to DeSoto Chemical Co., Dept. 29, Arcadia, Florida.



GATOR ROACH HIVES

Money Back Guarantee!

FOR THEIR HAPPINESS...TODAY...AND ALL THEIR TOMORROWS



There's nothing like a piano...

and ACROSONIC

gives you more!

FINEST TONE...SMARTEST NEW STYLING...MORE LASTING VALUE!

Now you can insure the happiness of your youngsters...today...and for years to come. The Acrosonic Piano by Baldwin is the right instrument to help you attain your goal—to help your loved ones develop happily—to mature into a popular, poised and well-adjusted adult life.

And why do we say the Acrosonic gives you more? Because here, truly, is the finest spinet or console piano modern research and craftsmanship have created... responsive, full-toned, meticulously fashioned and built to give a lifetime of pleasure. Don't just take our word for it. Ask a music teacher or any professional musician about Acrosonic quality. And remember, the Acrosonic is made *only* by Baldwin, builders of the incomparable Baldwin Grand, choice of today's great artists.

Act now. Take advantage of the Acrosonic RED TAG SPECIALS now available at your nearby Baldwin Dealer. Visit him today, or write for complete information to The Baldwin Piano Company, Bldg. L-3, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

YOUR BALDWIN DEALER IS NOW FEATURING ACROSONIC RED TAG SPECIALS

ACT TODAY AND SAVE!

Baldwin

PIANOS • ORGANS

America's first family in music

SEE YOUR BALDWIN DEALER TODAY!

BUILDERS OF: BALDWIN, ACROSONIC AND HAMILTON PIANOS; BALDWIN AND ORGA-SONIC ORGANS



Romanticism returns . . . in new

'Ballad'

pattern in

COMMUNITY

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

Now at last . . . a new elegance in the modern manner of today's loveliest homes finds expression in truly fine silverware! Every detail of "Ballad,"* from the delicately perfect roses to the gently contoured handle, reflects the mastery of Community* silver craftsmanship. See "Ballad" flatware, and beautiful matching hollowware, today at your jeweler's or fine silverware department. When you do, prepare to lose your heart, for this is silverware in the great tradition. Created in the Design Studios of Oneida Silversmiths.



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

8 serving pieces free (a silver drawer full) when you buy 8 place settings for $88.



Handsome drawer chest, complete with 56 pieces of "Ballad," for the price of 8 place settings alone. Save $24, the entire cost of the 8 serving pieces shown below. (Chest in mahogany or blond finish.)

*TRADEMARKS OF ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y. ©1957, ONEIDA LTD.

Chest includes: *16 teaspoons • 8 place knives • 8 place forks • 8 place spoons • 8 salad forks • 1 sugar spoon 1 butter knife • 1 cold meat fork • 1 gravy ladle • 1 table spoon, pierced • 2 table spoons, regular • 1 pastry server*



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

This coffee tells you it's fresher

It greets you with a louder *whoosh* and the livelier aroma that forecasts fresher, fuller-flavored coffee in each satisfying cup. Why? Because Chase & Sanborn Coffee is the *only* leading brand that's *pressure* packed. And pressure packing preserves coffee freshness and flavor better than any vacuum can or bag.

Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand.

Chase & Sanborn

Fresher because it's pressure packed

Give yourself a FLAVOR BREAK

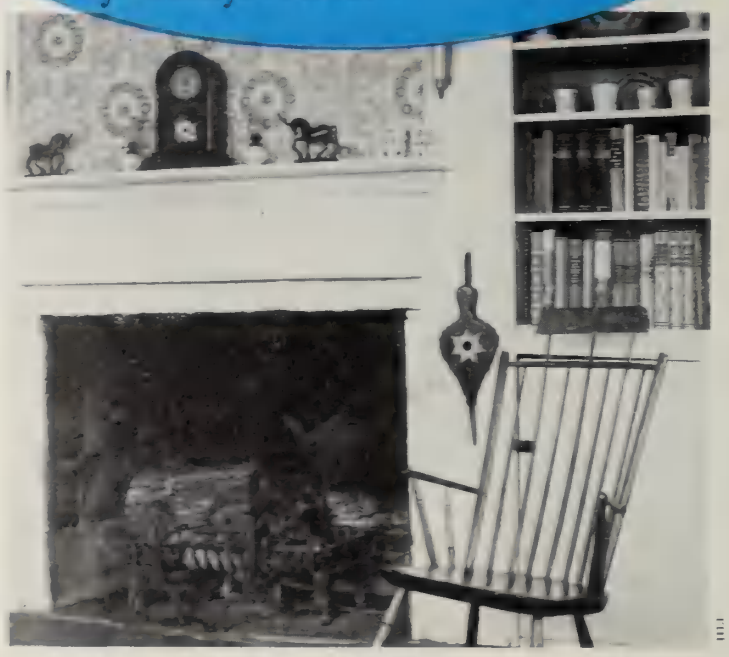
INSTANT CHASE & SANBORN—the full-bodied coffee



YES, THAT'S DONNA REED . . . SEE HER IN "BEYOND MOMBASA," COLUMBIA RELEASE

DIARY of DOMESTICITY

By Gladys Taber



When September hints of frost to come and the maples begin to color, we return gratefully to the familiar hearth.

Jill dug potatoes this morning. There is a trick to it, for it is easy to chop a nugget in two with an unwary stroke of the fork. The potatoes come rolling from the hill, pinkish and damp. Scrubbing them brings out the color and the skins seem to glow. We forget all about the battle of the potato bugs which has gone on all summer.

Cooked with a mint leaf in a very little boiling salted water, the new potatoes are fork-tender, delicious. They are not at all like the potatoes we buy in winter, tough, with wrinkled skins and a flat taste. Of course potatoes are supposed to ship well and keep well, but they lose their flavor almost as corn does.

A garden is a luxury. By the time you plow, plant, weed, fertilize and fight the bugs, you have spent, in time and money, incredible sums. But what is more rewarding than your own succulent vegetables and fruits, from the truly ripe glowing tomatoes to the golden nut-sweet corn?

Waiting for the black frost, we scurry out to bring in everything that would spoil. And I reflect what a pleasant vegetable is the parsnip, which will sit comfortably until the ground freezes. Carrots and cabbage, lettuce and chard can be left until later, but the tide of peppers and tomatoes and grapes overflows the kitchen. And the flowers must come in, the occasional rose, the brilliant zinnia, the last dark delphinium.

When we walk down the winding country road, I think "and straight was the path of gold for him," because the goldenrod is blazing along the split-rail fences and by gray stone walls. I learned from Edwin Way Teale's Autumn Across America that the English call it "farewell summer," and this is what it should be called. It truly is farewell to summer. If you gather the spikes just as they open and hang them upside down in a cool dark place until they dry, they make winter bouquets that brighten the dark days.

The joe-pye weed frosts the meadows with rosy violet. This is lovely in an old stoneware jug. The first swamp maples begin to turn color, and I always think them the banner of autumn.

The clarity of light persuades Jill to take pictures. Recently she acquired a gift of a camera that produces prints almost instantly and sallied forth to try it. She also took her old favorite, slung around her neck, and her color camera, slung from her shoulder. She naturally had to have her light meter around her neck. The flash gun, just in case, went in the camera bag, which is a big old case we used to take to dog shows.

After a few experiments with the new camera, she went back and got her stop watch, because you have to count sixty seconds and neither of us came out even counting. She decided to use me as a subject, because I would prop myself up while she tried to figure out the new gadget, but the dogs sped dizzily in front of her.

The shade on the lawn was spotty, so she had me move here, move there, look sideways, look front. I took on the silent glare with which I always greet a camera.

A fringe of racing cockers and Irish was around me. "Either get out or get in," said Jill fiercely to Jonquil. "I can't take just half a dog."

She snapped the picture finally, just as my eyes began to glaze. Then she consulted the book, set the stop watch. Suspense had mounted. "Now I pull the tab," she said.

She pulled, she wrenched, she bent backward and hauled. The tab broke half off. She rushed to the house and came out with a nail file, with which she hoped to catch the tab. Then she went back to get the pliers so I could pull the other end.

About once a year I have an intelligent surmise, and now I had mine for this year. "Maybe there's something to push?" I asked doubtfully.

There was. She pushed it. The remains of the tab and the picture flew out like a rocket. She mopped her face.

I was dimly to be seen, emerging from a sea of fog and with a dark lake around my feet. While we got our breath, Jill took some regular shots of Especially Me, Sister and Holly. And an easy color shot of a maple branch.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



Try the field-fresh flavor of Del Monte® plantation pineapple





Flavor like this takes a lot of growing, a lot of knowing—and we specialize in both on our own DEL MONTE pineapple plantations. Each plant is watched over by experts until it's perfectly sun-ripened, and the flavor is a delicate balance of tart and sweet. Then we harvest and can at peak speed! That's why—if you want *all* the natural field-fresh flavor of the finest pineapple—you'll buy DEL MONTE PINEAPPLE—the brand that always puts flavor first!

5 fine styles–tender SLICES, dainty TIDBITS, bite-size CHUNKS, handy CRUSHED, refreshing JUICE

DOES THE LION'S SHARE...



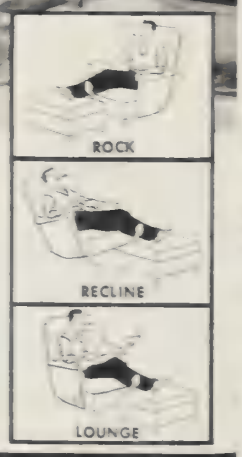
—the detergent specially designed to clean FLOORS, WALLS, WOODWORK

Soilax does the hard part . . . actually picks up and holds all the dirt from your floors! You never have to scrub . . . a light stroke wipes away even ground-in grit! No rinsing! Dust-absorbing Soilax removes every trace of sudsy scum or dulling film . . . surfaces dry bright! Ideal way to clean walls, woodwork too! Now in handy and economical 3 lb. packages

ECONOMICS LABORATORY, INC.

NOTHING BOTHERS THE MAN IN THE BERK-LOCK





Neither sweepers nor weepers will bother the man in the Berk-Lock . . . he's relaxing in America's favorite comfort chair! This 3-in-1 rocker-recliner-lounge (available with swivel, too) provides sublime comfort, fades away tensions, soothes tired bodies. The whole family will love it! Many styles available — at low, low prices.

THE BERKLINE CORPORATION, MORRISTOWN, TENNESSEE

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF PLATFORM ROCKERS

SITTING IS BELIEVING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

"It's all a matter of getting used to it," she said, heaving up the new camera and getting me back in focus. This time we either pulled too soon, or too late, and the picture was perfectly blank. But Jill had to go in the house and get a damp sponge because her hands were sticky from the developing fluid.

"Guess I need a trunk," she said.

In the end, she achieved a picture that came out, and came out in sixty seconds, all printed and amazingly good.

Flushed with triumph, we went back and sat down to rest. "It's merely a matter of understanding a new mechanism," Jill explained, and tried to close the camera. It would not close. So we read the book again, and pushed and shoved. Half an hour later, Jill lifted a small tab, and the camera snapped its jaws.

These modern miracles do take a bit of experience. I can remember learning to drive father's car. Since I forgot to fill the radiator (which had to be done every few miles), it went dry. When the motor began to steam and smoke, I decided the oil was the trouble and with the help of my beau removed the plug and drained out the oil. By the time this was completed, the motor started, because it had cooled off, and we drove happily home. It cost father a good deal to repair the car. What he said to me was very educational.

Now birds wheel in the sky at dusk, practicing for the long flight. The air is busy with wings. I always hope they will make their migration safely, but they seem so small to brave distance.

We do not get ready to migrate, yet we are as subject to the ebb and flow of the seasons

When you get to the end of your rope, tie a knot and hang on.

as the birds are. As the nights grow cool, and the days are filled with soft blue haze, there comes a change in our own rhythm. There is a quickening of the blood, a feeling of change. Possibly we instinctively react to the change in light, as well as the changing colors in the countryside.

We are full of projects, which I suspect is merely our spiritual migration toward the bitter days. The men come with the firewood, and as they do not stack it, stacking is a project. Kindling must be laid in the woodshed. The cellar window which was broken last winter really has to be replaced now the screen comes out.

When the line storm comes, it expresses something profound in us. Wind whips away the laziness of August, rain sluices the air. Branches fall. Windows rattle. Smoke backs down the chimney. The dogs get as close to the fire as possible, and Especially Me gets in my lap, for he does not like storms.

The soup kettle hangs in the big fireplace, and the air is savory with salt pork and onions. Yes, summer is over, and the end of anything is sad. Now the heart remembers roses, and forgets the Japanese beetles.

But the storm belongs in the scheme. And after it has gone, the air is sweeter than ripe purple grapes, the sky is colored infinity, and every grass blade is polished. I am changed too. Whatever anxieties or griefs that came with summer, as always they must come, are now beaten away by the wind and rain. My heart is suddenly light and young. I feel like climbing a mountain and speaking to the first star that shines in the deepening twilight.

No, I cannot lift wings and seek the air currents and undertake the perilous, exciting journeys the birds take. But this is a new world I stand in, fresh-minted and dazzling. I can put summer away, folded like a rose in the pages of memory, and step steadily toward winter because I, too, am a part of Nature, a small piece of the universe.

Tomorrow the world begins all over again. I feel as hopeful as Holly, who feels that she is now going to catch that rabbit. And as hopeful as the rabbit, who knows she never will!

END

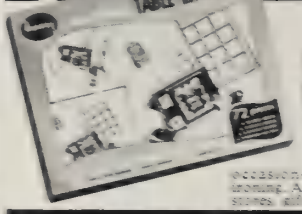
NORCROSS GREETING CARDS

They say the things you want to say (and say them in the nicest way)

FOR EVERY OCCASION

© NORCROSS INC.

More fun-less work when you entertain



18 SETTINGS (72 Pieces)*

Beautiful place mats, napkins, coasters. Add color for every occasion—and washing, ironing. At grocers, variety stores, gift shops

Hallowell DIVISION THE KVP COMPANY KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

Juicy Steak

seal in delicious, juicy flavor, brush both sides with



POMPEIAN Pure Virgin Imported OLIVE OIL 2 oz. to 1 gal.

A naturally unsaturated oil. It's better for you.

Free recipe book. Dept. L9 Pompeian, Balto. 24, Md.

KEYSTONE MUSHROOMS

For "picked this morning" flavor, serve . . .

KEYSTONE MUSHROOMS "it's the Quality Pack"

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

MORE CASH FOR YOU!

YES, you can have more cash in your pocket if you'll put your free time to work. Write a postal today for full details on our money-making plan. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
214 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

COMPARE

Stradivaro SEWING MACHINES FULLY AUTOMATIC ZIG-ZAG AND STRAIGHT SEWER



Also: President, Modern, etc.

for name of nearest dealer write MODERN SEWING MACHINE CORP. 302 Saratoga Ave B'klyn. 33, N. Y.

BIG NEW WHOLESALE CATALOG FREE!

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE CATALOG SEND POSTCARD

NOW! Save Up to 50% on Nationally Advertised Gifts

See this big, new FREE CATALOG to buy all kinds of gifts and merchandise for yourself, family, friends, neighbors. Terrific saving on big-name items. Also, make money spare time taking orders from others!

EVERGREEN STUDIOS

Dept. 37 Box 846 Chicago 42, Ill.

LIPS SORE?

Blistex

POCKET SIZE 39c

BEST FOR COLD SORES CHAPPED LIPS FEVER BLISTERS



...MAKES YOUR PUDDINGS

Create your own—in endless variety. Smooth, light Chocolate Pudding (vary with a dash of mint or spice). Candy-flavored Butterscotch. Nut Chocolate—richly chocolate—topped with a walnut half. Elegant Vanilla (alone or with orange or mocha extract)

...MAKES YOUR PIES

Take any pie shell (cracker-crumb shell—or, new, bake shell from a cookie mix). Line with sliced bananas (or any fruit you have). Crown with creamy My-T-Fine Pudding. It's a pie for a party!

...MAKES YOUR PASTRIES

For a small family—or buffet—make tart shells. Or bake cream puffs from a new quick mix. Fill with My-T-Fine Pudding. Vanilla, Chocolate, Butterscotch, Nut Chocolate—why not a choice of flavors?

MY-T-FINE
PUDDING AND PIE FILLING
5 Famous Flavors

MY-T-FINE MAKES YOUR BEST DESSERTS

P.S. Only My-T-Fine gives you added iron you need daily.

CHOCOLATE • NUT CHOCOLATE • VANILLA • BUTTERSCOTCH • LEMON • INSTANT AND REGULAR



What will Betty Crocker think of next!

New! Puddin' Cakes!

Make them with your favorite Betty Crocker Cake Mix

NEW! Double Chocolate Puddin' Cake!

YOUR SECRET: Pour Betty Crocker Chocolate Devils Food Cake Mix batter into ungreased oblong pan. Pour hot prepared chocolate pudding over batter. Bake 35 to 45 min. at 350° (325° for glass pan). Serve warm with thick cream. Rich, moist, wonderful!

NEW! Peach Spice Puddin' Cake!

YOUR SECRET: Prepare 1 package lemon pie filling (not instant) as directed on package and spread in oblong pan. Arrange no. 303 can sliced peaches, drained, over pudding. Add Betty Crocker Honey Spice Cake Mix batter. Bake about 50 minutes at 350°. Serve warm, cut in squares and turned upside down in dessert dishes.

"I guarantee a perfect* cake—

cake . . . after cake . . . after cake!"

Betty Crocker

* PERFECT! Yes, every mix we make for you is guaranteed to come out perfect or send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.

General Mills



NEW! Ginger Puddin' Cakes!

YOUR SECRET: Prepare Betty Crocker Gingerbread Mix according to package directions. Fill 10 custard cups two-thirds full. Tie on foil caps; steam 30 min. in 2″ water. Serve with hot canned or freshly made apple-sauce—spiced with raisins and cinnamon. Country-good!

NEW! Cherry Puddin' Cake!

YOUR SECRET: Use your favorite fresh-fruit filling or no. 2 can cherry pie filling. Bring to a boil with ¼ cup water, 1 tsp. lemon juice, ¼ tsp. cinnamon. Place in 1½-qt. baking dish and top with 1 cup Betty Crocker Yellow Cake Mix batter. Bake 35 to 40 minutes. Serve oven-warm. Heavenly! Bake rest of batter in 9″ sq. pan.



UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Here we see the start of our trip abroad."

Clean fresh air on a high plateau, hillsides terraced with gardens, and the white magnificence of the Himalayas above and beyond—that is Nepal.

Instead of reporting on many books this month, let me tell you about a journey—a journey to Nepal, to the other side of the world in more ways than geography, and far more entrancing than a visit to the moon. Here is a land and a people untouched for over three hundred years. Not a civilization from which the people have fled, like that of Angkor Vat; nor one that has been instantly destroyed, like Pompeii's. But an active, vital civilization still going strong, geared to the seventeenth-century tempo.

Nepal has always been apart from the rest of the world. She is an unconquered mountain kingdom lying between Tibet and India, a rectangle 500 miles long and 100 miles wide, with about 8,000,000 population. Her capital is Katmandu, a fabulous old city near the center of a high valley that is completely farmed, and has probably the most ideal climate in the world. The Himalayas protect her from Tibet on the north—the caravans carrying salt and wood and wool have to cross a 19,000-foot pass to reach Nepal. And she is cut off from India on the south by a vast impenetrable jungle of tigers, wild elephants, rhinos, dangerous snakes and the most devastating malaria in the world.

Moreover, up to 1950, foreigners were forbidden to enter. When Japan and China closed their doors to the West, back in the seventeenth century, and turned out the missionaries and the traders, Nepal did the same. The difference was that Nepal—until now—never relented. Before 1950 not a missionary had been admitted, and perhaps not more than a couple of hundred Westerners ever set foot on Nepalese territory. A trickle of explorers, scientists and mountain climbers got special permission from time to time, as their books in the library testify. But of these the Nepalese were innocently unaware.

It is this almost complete isolation of a whole people that makes Nepal the most fascinating spot in the world today.

The revolution which spun Nepal round into our own day and age was a reversal of history. This time it was a king who rebelled. For over a hundred years, although the country had a king, it was ruled by a powerful family of hereditary prime ministers who kept the king prisoner in his own palace. Now triumphant, the young king wants to be friendly.

A small plane now flies over the jungle, visitors are welcomed. Nepal is represented in the U. N., education is getting a start. But there is still no direct representation in any countries except India, Burma and England, and Nepal is not yet a member of the International Postal Service. Her one little stamp carries a letter to her border, no farther. Though vaccination has been introduced, you still see fresh offerings before the altar of the smallpox goddess.

And the people are unchanged. The men in their tight long trousers of white, like jodhpurs, white shirts tied in front, and soft caps worn a little to one side, are debonair. Hand in hand they walk unself-consciously, like figures in an old tapestry. The women are open-faced and ready to smile. They jingle their bracelets and wear sashes twelve yards long, wound round and round their middles. In these they carry everything from a hen to a bag of rice to a baby.

Only the thinnest of threads link that ancient civilization to our own, and one of them is cars. Yes, Nepal has automobiles—to travel the few roads that radiate for about fifteen miles from the capital. But the most up-to-date (that we saw) was a 1935 touring car.

The trick about having cars in Nepal is that each one has had to be carried in on the shoulders of men, for man is the only beast of burden in Nepal. First they constructed a frame of poles, put the car on it, removed wheels and bumpers, covered it, and then sixty men stooped down, lifted the frame and proceeded through the dense jungle and up the stiff steep pass to Katmandu!

As you jog along from the little airport to the city, the roadway is lined with people—men, women, children—bowed down under their loads; everybody always carries something. But they are not overburdened spiritually, and give you a wide smile if you smile at them. You pass pink brick farmhouses, wheat fields, rice paddies, and big-horned gray cattle that in the distant valleys are crossed with yaks.

Katmandu itself is a true medieval city. Its streets are narrow and twisted, with high wooden houses leaning over them. The bazaar is lined with tiny shops entirely open to the street, where the customer sits cross-legged, fingering a piece of cloth, and an old woman in a doorway smokes a big cumbersome wooden pipe.

The half million or so people tightly packed into Katmandu live without plumbing. The women carry water from the public fountains in their highly polished brass vessels. And sanitation is left to the dogs. All night long their howls sound through your sleep.

The Nepalese live intimately with their religion, which is a mixture of Buddhism and Hinduism. No ranking Nepalese can eat with an unbeliever. To mingle with Westerners is to be contaminated. When the first powerful Rana prime minister took it upon himself to cross the ocean to visit Queen Victoria, he and his family and all his retainers had to make a six-month pilgrimage to the holiest Hindu shrines for penance. On our own visit to Nepal we met a Brahman whose work throws him in with foreigners such as ourselves. But after each of these contacts, his wife and his mother-in-law refuse to let him enter his own house. He must take off his clothes, put on a loincloth, and eat alone on a board outside the door.

The Nepalese die young. That is medieval too. It is rare in the bazaar to see a face over forty. But they live happily because they know no other way to live. They are only 4 per cent literate. And they are still untroubled—at least 96 per cent of them—by the problems that wear us down.

They have the eternal satisfaction of people to whom religion is a living reality. And they have—above and behind all—their mighty mountains.

We saw the long gleaming range of the Himalayas in all its glory—sharp peaks rising 23,000, 26,000, 28,000 feet into the blue heavens, all the length of the horizon. We flew toward them in the cockpit of a small bucket plane—nothing below or around us—and ahead, Anapurna in her incredible magnificence. Every fold and crevice of the great massif shone dazzling white in the sun. And it seemed to us the nearest glimpse of paradise that man in his life can ever hope to get. It was godly, yet bound to the earth as men are—a paradise that seemed almost attainable.

END

EWING GALLOWAY



Mt. Everest, top of the Himalayas.



No "nylon gray" for these college girls—they use LA FRANCE.

Out of the blue . . . the whitest, brightest nylon ever!

WOMEN EVERYWHERE are discovering the wonders of La France. It's detergent, nylon brightener and bluing all in one handy box.

White nylons *stay* white and new-looking . . . when you wash them in New La France Bluing right from the start.

What's more, if other washing products have left older nylons gray-tinged . . . you can restore their fresh brightness and whiteness in just *five* La France washings. And La France won't turn fabric yellow like most bleaches will.

P. S. La France is perfect for all your family wash, too . . . no special bluing rinse needed. Another fine product of General Foods.



La France is detergent, nylon brightener and bluing all in one handy box.

Works 5 ways to help create the Texture of Youth

SATURA

Look for results in days!



1. *Special elements steal dewy moisture from the air to guard against drying by wind and weather.*
2. *Estrogenic hormones work beneath the surface to cushion against sallowness and lines of age.*
3. *Special formula humidifies directly to create petal smoothness.*
4. *Vitamin A guards staunchly against flaking typical of an older skin.*
5. *Emollients retard excessive evaporation to counteract aging lines.*

Tonight and every night, smooth on silken, pink Satura. Disappears instantly — starts working instantly. Use it regularly under make-up, too. Cream $3.50 and $5.00. Lotion $5.00.

In Canada,

For beauty the modern way

Dorothy Gray



DAVE DAVIES

Teen-agers' plea to be "a real part of our church" means welcome aid to busy teachers. Blessed by sunny climate, this "fastest-growing church in the fastest-growing community" holds classes outdoors year round.

CHILDREN CROWD THIS SUNDAY SCHOOL ...Van Nuys, California

More Than "Baby-Sitting"

By MARGARET HICKEY

Every Sunday morning in churches across the land the shuffling of pint-sized chairs into neat rows mingles with the chatter of young voices. A friendly hand is raised to signal silence, and everyone settles down to await the first chord of the opening hymn. Thus begins for several million American children the tradition known as Sunday school.

For long years some parents who brought or sent their youngsters thought of this hour as nothing more than a good "baby-sitting" service. Others hoped their children would learn basic religious tenets so that they themselves might be spared answering "difficult" questions. Other parents thought it was "the thing to do."

But today many individual churches, as well as their national denominations, have been taking a hard look at the Sunday school, its leadership, its curriculum and its participants. And they are unanimous on one point: that it must be only *part* of a wider religious experience for young people—an experience that includes the whole family. Now, through new programs, many parents realize that delivering their boys and girls to the Sunday-school door is not enough.

At Covenant Presbyterian Church in Los Angeles, California, for example, fathers and mothers register in Sunday school right along with their children. The adults talk with the class leader about the study program, about quarterly parents' meetings, sometimes held in church members' homes. St. John's Lutheran Church in Linthicum Heights, Maryland, reports that parents meet every month with teacher and pastor; many are conducting devotional services and Bible readings with their youngsters at home.

St. Matthews' Episcopal Church in Wilton, Connecticut, holds a special 9:30 family church service for parents and children. Afterward, youngsters go to Sunday-school class while 75 to 100 adults meet in small groups to think through together what their religion means to them and how to practice their principles effectively at home. A Family Resource Book is inspiring parents at Christ Church in Orville, Ohio, to take time to learn and have fun with their children. The book, containing suggested prayers, games and stories to read aloud, is prepared quarterly by the United Church of Christ. As one mother said, "For the first time I realized that it is *my* job, more than anybody else's, to teach faith to my children." END

Seasonal but unusually heavy rain had poured down all day Saturday and Saturday night, leaving many streets in the San Fernando Valley flooded. The rain had stopped by Sunday morning, but the leaden sky still threatened. A little before nine o'clock a car pulled into the parking area of the Church of the Chimes in suburban Van Nuys and four people got out—a man, a woman, a teen-age girl and a small boy.

"Well, we found the place," the man said cheerfully. "Our new neighbor's directions were easy to follow, even with the storm and those confusing California freeways we heard so many jokes about back home."

The Blaines—George, Mary, teen-age Kathy and nine-year-old Jack—are newcomers to Southern California, Ohioans transplanted to the fantastically booming Los Angeles area by George's job as an aircraft technician. For a moment they stood looking around uncertainly. They saw other parked cars nearby, but no people. Pretty Kathy looked suddenly discouraged.

Her mother patted her hand reassuringly. "Don't you worry," she said. "Yesterday, when I asked the lady next door about our nearest Congregational church, she said that the Church of the Chimes is 'the friendliest church in town.' She said that it has special programs for teen-agers and we should look for the program director, Miss Marjorie Likins."

As she spoke, Kathy's mother hoped she was right. This move to California represented real job advancement for her husband, George. Nine-year-old Jack had already made friends with every youngster on their block. But the move had been hard for teen-age Kathy. Kathy missed her friends back home, the familiar school and Sunday school she had attended ever since she could remember. So Mary Blaine hoped with all her heart that her new neighbor was right about the Church of the Chimes and its "friendly" teen-age program.

The Blaines walked past a stone-and-redwood chapel and a sprawling rectory with wide porches and terraces. Rounding that, they found themselves in a big, tree-shaded patio almost completely enclosed by buildings. Some of the buildings were new (wide-windowed classrooms and 450-seat Fellowship Hall where adult worship services are held until the vast new sanctuary can be translated from architect's drawings into reality) and some were old (a garage and a garden-tool shed remodeled to house other classes of the church school). In the center of the patio a fenced swimming pool looked just a little chilly under today's gray sky.

There were people in the patio, the Blaines saw, laughing and chatting and hurrying about in a pleasant sort of organized confusion. Two young men were building a fire in an outdoor fireplace and bringing out chairs and a big urn of coffee for the Sunday "*Kaffeeklatsch*" meeting of parents. Four boys were setting up folding tables and chairs on porches, terraces, sidewalks and driveways. (One of the boys was tall and sandy-haired and he reminded Kathy Blaine of the boy she'd gone to the Junior Prom with, back home.)

Two teen-age girls busily distributed signs on the tables as fast as they were set up—"Junior High, Ninth Grade"; "Sixth Grade"; "Fourth Grade," and others.

As the Blaines were to learn, not an inch of space can be wasted at the Church of the Chimes on Sunday mornings. All classrooms are crowded, as are the living room and the church offices in the rectory. The rectory dining room ("and sometimes the kitchen and breakfast nook!") is lined with cribs for the youngest churchgoers of all—the babies.

The church—called "the fastest-growing church in the fastest-growing community in the world"—started with a Sunday-school enrollment of 31, but attendance has risen so fast in its short seven-year history that it must now hold classes outdoors and divide its 1300 young students into 9:30 and 11:00 "shifts" each Sunday.

This unprecedented growth brought shortages. When the young church took over its present site—a large estate which seemed to the church's founder, youthful-looking Reverend Walter Staves, to be exactly right for the sort of church he had dreamed of since his own school days, "a campus church, open to youngsters all the time"—it appeared that they had all the space they could ever need. "Now we are close to outgrowing the site," Doctor Staves says. "All our building must be very carefully planned and we are already sponsoring 'baby' churches in some of the more distant parts of our big parish."

So many new students—"We average twelve to thirteen a week," says Marjorie Likins (whose actual title is the Reverend Miss Likins,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

"makes such a difference"



The new Wondersoft covering on Kotex napkins makes such a difference to your comfort. This gently woven covering won't rub, won't chafe, won't bunch. And you're so confident with Kotex, for you know this softer napkin provides absorbency that's both instant and complete.

For even greater comfort you'll want the new Kotex belt. It has a special, self-locking clasp that won't "dig in" like metal, yet never lets the napkin slip or slide.

No wonder more women choose Kotex than all other brands.

Memo to Mothers: Every year over 100,000 girls begin to menstruate before they are eleven. So it's not too soon to tell your daughter at ten. Our free booklet, "You're A Young Lady Now," helps give the facts she needs to know. Write Miss Jones, Kimberly-Clark Corp., Neenah, Wis.



KOTEX and WONDERSOFT are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

Minister of Christian Education) soon made it clear that the church school faced a shortage of trained teachers too. It was this teacher shortage that resulted in the Teen Aide program. "Actually it wasn't a planned program in the beginning," says brisk young Miss Likins. "We needed assistants to help carry the load of extracurricular work for our teachers so that they would have more time for classwork itself. For some months our teen-agers had been telling us, 'We want to be a real, working part of our church. What can we do?' We felt that they needed to be needed—we needed their help. The Teen Aide program came as naturally as breathing, one need simply answering another."

Selected for their reliability, warmth and the genuineness of their interest, the Teen Aide volunteers have indeed become "a real, working part" of their church. "I don't see how we'd get along without them now," praises one teacher, Mrs. Arthur Prater. "They all love working with children and they are just wonderful with them."

As the Blaines watch this morning (a little hesitant to interrupt) Marjorie Likins is directing all the organized confusion of an average Sunday morning at the Church of the Chimes. She is supervising placement of the folding tables and chairs, greeting early arrivals, checking to see whether the storm has made it impossible for any of her teachers to get here this morning (it has), surveying the sky for signs of more rain (she is relieved to see none), making sure the junior choir is getting into choir robes, finding electric heaters to take the unaccustomed chill off the classrooms before the children arrive.

The two Teen Aide girls finish placing identifying signs on the outdoor classroom tables and dash into Miss Likins' office to bring out file boxes of blue attendance cards to set up on a smaller table. "Register Here," a sign on this table requests all newcomers. (Cards marked "Blaine, John" and "Blaine, Katherine" will go into those file boxes this morning.) Then one Teen Aide—slim, blond and very pretty in a crisp cotton dress and white sweater—hurries over to ask, "What can we do now, Miss Likins?"

Marjorie Likins shifts an armload of papers and hands over a double handful of pencils from a bulging pocket of her tweed suit. "Thanks, Dede," she says gratefully. Seventeen-year-old Diane Roscoe is so consistently called "Dede" that even close friends have to think twice to remember her given name.) "Could you pass out these exam papers and see that all the classes have enough pencils? Oh—and because of the storm we're two teachers short for the nine-thirty classes. You and Pat can fill in with me supervising, can't you?" Eighteen-year-old Pat Snow is the second Teen Aide.

As do all Teen Aides, Dede and Pat love children, like nothing better than to "really teach" instead of just assisting, rarely get a chance unless an emergency like today's storm delays regular teachers. Dede snatches a quick glance at the sky. It looks a little brighter. "Can we get all our classes under cover if it rains again?"

"I don't know," Marjorie Likins says cheerfully. "We've never had to do it. It hasn't rained on a Sunday morning in five years."

As Dede hurries off on her errands, Miss Likins sees the Blaine family waiting nearby. She goes to meet them.

"Hello," she smiles. "It's nice to see you. I'm Marjorie Likins. This is your first Sunday with us, isn't it? Are you new to Van Nuys?"

This is no magically accurate guess, though many newcomers think it is. Miss Likins already knows a lot about the Blaines. They are almost a composite picture of the 10 to 12 new families who come to the Church of the Chimes every Sunday.

To Marjorie, these new people are "really fine. They are mostly quite young and have two, three or four children. They are working people with good jobs and promising futures but—right now—more enthusiasm than money. They've moved to Southern California from all forty-eight states and they all feel a little strange at first. They all face the same problem—building a new life in a new community. Even when they haven't been regular churchgoers back home, they seem to feel that here church gives this new life a sort of familiar rallying point, that it's a good way for them—and even more for their children—to get acquainted with their community. We're happy when these new people come to us."

Have the courage to face a difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you bargain for. KING STANISLAUS OF POLAND

George Blaine introduces himself and his family. Moments later Kathy and Jack are at the registration desk filling out their cards, George and Mary are on their way to meet some of the church members before the services begin. Sweet-faced Pat Snow takes nine-year-old Jack off to find the class he will attend. And, at Miss Likins' suggestion, Dede takes Kathy in tow.

"Do you like being a Teen Aide?" Kathy asks a bit shyly as she paces fleet-footed Dede on her pencil-and-paper-distributing chore, then waits while Dede locates a missing book for a teacher. By now, children of all ages are streaming in to Sunday school. Kathy watches little girls in stiffly petticoated Sunday dresses, little boys spoiling their Sunday shoeshines with quick, surreptitious forays into puddles along the driveway. (Puddles in Southern California are rare enough to be enticing.) Other Teen Aides help new students to register and find their classes. From the chapel comes the sound of thirty young voices raised in song as the Junior Department begins its worship service. The tall, sandy-haired boy Kathy had noticed earlier hurries past on his way toward Fellowship Hall. He is wearing a choir robe now, Kathy sees. Kathy used to sing in the choir back home. It's one of the things she misses.

Then Dede comes back to explain, "I love being a Teen Aide. Our whole bunch does. We like other church activities, too: choir, Chime Players (that's the drama group), discussion meetings, holiday dances and special programs, swimming—we use the pool a lot when the children's swim classes aren't in session."

Parents say that when Dede's "bunch" gathers around the pool on a sunny afternoon it isn't hard to see that churchwork like the Teen Aide program does indeed come "as naturally as breathing." Talk—even unself-conscious argument—turns as easily to spiritual and philosophical questions as it does to dates, hot rods, football or rock-and-roll vs. calypso. (Question: "Why do people fight? Is 'peace on earth' just words?" Answer that rates the most nods: "People fight because they don't know and understand each other well enough. If we had understanding we could have peace.") Two of the boys plan to enter the ministry, several girls have asked Miss Likins how to go about preparing for a career in religious education.

One current nationwide survey asking "Are teen-agers serious about religion?" found the answer to be "Yes" from 71 per cent of the boys interviewed and 67 per cent of the girls. But a few of them did feel that some churches were ignoring the needs of their teen-age parishioners, "being harsh and demanding rather than loving and forgiving." A number agreed with the eighteen-year-old Southern girl who said "more church programs should be organized for teens."

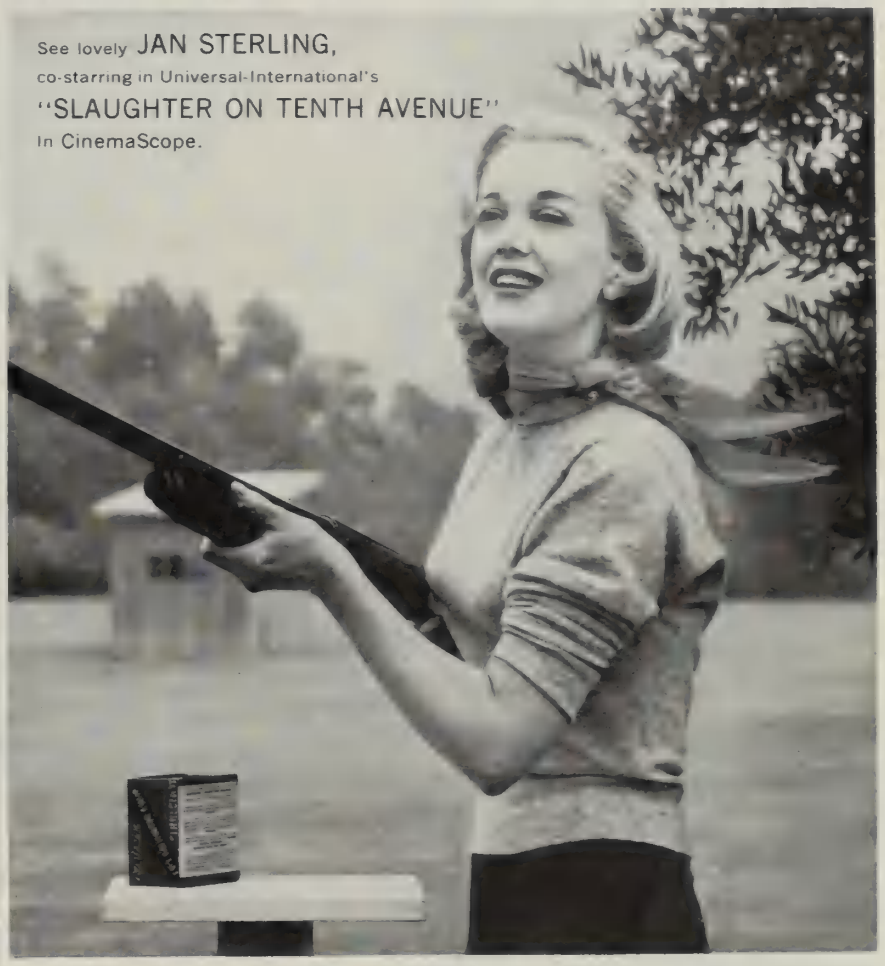
"It's a fine thing they've got going here," one enthusiastic father of a Church of the Chimes Teen Aide says. "A healthy approach to a problem that worries most of us who have kids these days—juvenile delinquency."

Dede takes Kathy for a peek into the nursery. "My first job as a Teen Aide was helping look after the babies," she says. However busy other chores keep her, Dede still manages a quick visit every Sunday morning and "nursery duty" remains a favorite

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

New Spray-Set
by the makers of
Lustre-Creme...

SETS HAIR TO STAY THE SOFTEST WAY!



SUPER-SOFT
LUSTRE-NET HAIR SPRAY

Loved by Hollywood Stars because it's non-drying... contains no lacquer... mists hair with Lanolin!



HOLLYWOOD FOUND IT FIRST—NOW IT CAN BE YOURS!

There are 2 types of Lustre-Net. Super-soft for loose, casual hair-do's. Regular for hard-to-manage hair. *5½ oz. can—a full ounce more!* Only $1.25 plus tax.

for the world's most precious heads!







EAGLEKNIT®

THE NAME BRAND IN KNITTED HEADWEAR

• Why not buy the finest knitted headwear for your children? Eagleknits are so attractively styled, the shapes are so becoming, the colors so right. "Knit to fit"—they give the cozy protection youngsters need! At stores everywhere.

EAGLE KNITTING MILLS, MILWAUKEE 4

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"I wish there was something we could do about your being middle-aged."

Our lunch-table's autocrat finds a new alibi for sharp-tongued men: If they needle mothers-in-law and other winsome examples of the lovely sex, it's only a twitch: they're so often targets for wives, kids and corny comics at home.

This is my hundredth page in this peerless magazine; it seems like nine years instead of only eight and a third. But I haven't become broader or more tolerant; I weigh the same, and I'm more convinced than ever that fifty-foot lots are too narrow.

Our goal of 100 outdoor meals this summer is in the bag. I've bought a newfangled electric lighter for charcoal. I plug it in and presto, in three or four minutes our grill is filled with glowing coals.

Evolution of the modern small boy:
1930: "My dad is richer than your dad!"
1940: "My dad can lick your dad!"
1950: "My dad knows more than your dad!"
1960: "My dad is dumber than your dad!"

Just a horseback judgment (one man's opinion): Nine out of ten of the girls seen publicly in short-shorts would look better in flaring, roomy skirts.

My Dream Girl has got us convinced (herself more than me) that the sweetbreads she prefers are far more elegant than the gizzards I like. Can I make her change her tune by becoming a sweetbread fan myself?

My favorite matron next door declines to go window-shopping with her husband, his pet form of outdoor exercise. "It's just a trick," she says; "anything I admire in a window he can scorch in a few well-chosen words."

I often nudge my Lady Love into rationalizing the medicine cabinet with one dire threat: If it isn't thinned out and tidied up by Sunday I'll empty the whole mess into a wastebasket.

Only in England does a man look smartly dressed if his clothes are too skimpy and tight; it's traditional, sleeves too short and curves overemphasized. In this rebellious colony of ours a man looks better in loose clothes.

My wife tends to be awed by authoritative saleswomen. I remind her that though a little sales resistance is a dangerous thing, a lot of it may help us save enough money to travel around the world someday.

If a woman's facial expression isn't the most important thing she wears, it's one of her three greatest charms. I think a woman in a house dress with a sweet, pleasant face undercuts a woman in mink with a petulant, racetrack look.

My proudest boast (they can carve it on my headstone) is that when I take my family (three, four or five of us) into a cafeteria to dine my check is usually the lowest.

At our town's snazziest country club the crowd that loiters in the locker room for a few drinks after a killer eighteen holes of golf thinks it's choicer than the crowd that changes clothes and goes home. (Luckily, each looks down on the other.)

"I have the answer at last!" proclaims Peter Comfort, hanging up on a tree his new iron house number. "In this jittery world it isn't safe for a boy to be really rude to anybody except his own father."

Since it's agreed that nine out of ten couples quarrel two or three times a week, why don't the home builders equip each residence with a small, comfortable doghouse?

My lawyer who vacationed in Washington says the upstarts some states elect to Congress are an insult to their sister states. "We ought to send 'em Bronx cheers on picture post cards," he says in disgust.

If we men devoted as much time and thought to our beauty and clothes as the women do (argues our lunch-club wit), there'd be either more love triangles or fewer.

Because of the massive prestige of Ivy League colleges and their grads' clothes, husbands' bosses seem more relaxed with employees who wear dark, conservative duds. (I think men in tan or green sports coats are actually just as reliable.)

Twice recently our daughter's Patrick needed stitches in his head: once he edged a radio off a table onto his cranium, once he uncoiled fast under an auto-license plate. Someday he'll be as cautious as his mom at three, twisting her neck to see where she was sitting down.

When we were newlyweds I had a silly idea: to buy two small houses on adjoining lots (not fifty-foot lots), one for our children, one for ourselves, an arcade between. How often I've regretted I didn't yield to the wisdom of this silly notion!

Has Emily Post ever reversed her outmoded decision? I mean her ruling that a wife can invite attractive extra males to a party, while a husband apparently dassn't invite decorative females? Don't be selfish, Emily.

Our neighbors are breathing easier: in a few days teachers once again take over part-time the task of spoiling their children, ignoring their bad manners. (And at salaries far lower than individual baby sitters'd total.)

I've altered my opinion since my first column, when I estimated three kisses a day (twice as many on Sundays) might keep a marriage happy. I up my figures to seven kisses plus ten smiles ■ day.

Friends invited twenty couples to a party around their new swimming pool. Some brought suits, nobody went swimming. Nobody got pushed in. "I wish I'd mortgaged the house and built this pool," said the host, "when our children were little."

My ever-hungry neighbor across the street agrees to quit raiding the icebox if his wife will O.K. a three-in-one range-refrigerator-sink in his bedroom. "So I can fix us some coffee each morning," he explains virtuously.

I marvel at the superhuman brains reflected in the supermarket designs, until I discover that I have to ask three or four execs to find out where they keep the sugar-free pop.

. . . When I discover our youngest has memorized the Edna Millay poem that hangs above my shaving mirror,
. . . And our daughter appears to have grown up without a trace of extravagance in her make-up,
. . . Or Junior continues studious even as an Air Force flier in Japan,
. . . And our young in-laws turn out as enchanting as our friends' sons- and daughters-in-law we've admired,
Then I lie on the chigger-infested grass and gaze up at the stars a long, long time, deeply thankful.

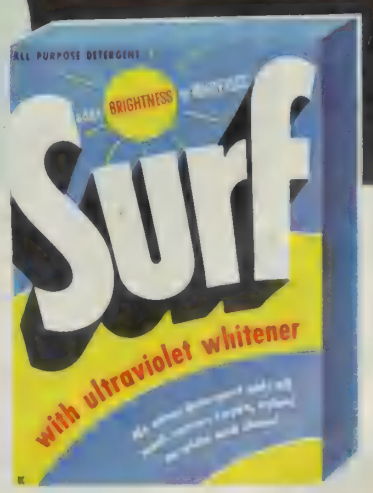
SURF ADDS BRIGHTNESS

(yes...even to perfect whiteness)



New Laundry Discovery!

A wash that's merely white is no longer the best you can do. Now all-purpose Surf has a special brightener that puts ultra-violet rays (like those in sunshine) to work for you. Surf actually adds brightness—even to perfect whiteness. Brightens colors, too. Try today's Surf and see. If you don't get the whitest, brightest wash ever, Lever Brothers will refund every penny.





Now! *Even humdrum hair can seethe with excitement!*

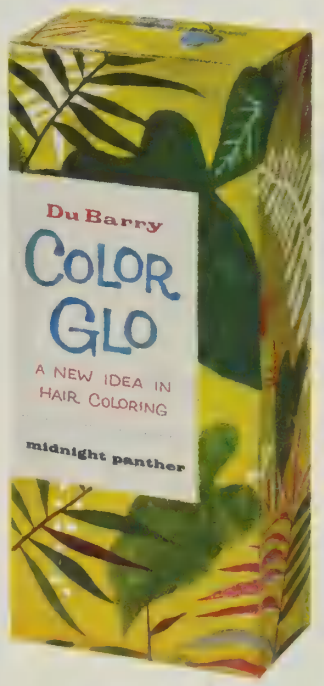
NEW DuBARRY COLOR GLO

- *Foams new living color right into your hair!*
- *Washes right out with your next shampoo!*
- *Looks so natural it's your own exciting secret!*

There's *never* been hair color like DuBarry Color Glo! Not a rinse—not a color shampoo—but a whole new way to color your hair. This fabulous foam gives a new *color-lift* to every shade of hair under the sun!

Foam in Color Glo after your next shampoo, and rinse. That's all! No mixing, no fixing, no fussing. It's fun, fast... and fool-proof! Color Glo *stays* on evenly... *conditions* while it's on ...shampoos out *completely*.

With Color Glo you can *accent* and *intensify* your own hair color ...or you can have a dramatic *new* color this very night! With Color Glo, blonde isn't bland... it's brilliant! Black isn't flat... it's fiery! Red isn't raging... it's radiant! And gray is never, never drab... it's pure shimmering silver! After your next shampoo, *foam* fabulous color into *your* hair with new DuBarry Color Glo!



Choose from these newest, truest-to-life colors...

Golden Leopard *puts golden gleam in blonde hair, a twinkle in brown hair.*

Midnight Panther *deepens black hair to sparkling jet. Gives brown velvety depth.*

Red Cheetah *lifts red hair to fiery brilliance. Gives brunettes a burnished glow.*

Brown Jaguar *adds richness and warmth... makes brown sparkle with highlights!*

Silver Mink *gives a fresh silver shimmer to faded white, gray or ash-blonde hair.*

DuBARRY COLOR GLO 1.50 PLUS TAX

New Palmolive Soap Gives New Life to Your Complexion!



JUST ONE BAR WILL PROVE IT! BECAUSE NEW PALMOLIVE BRINGS OUT BEAUTY WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!



New Lather!

Think of the softest, creamiest lather!
It's *yours* in New Palmolive. Rich, white lather that actually soothes as it cleanses... helps your *true* complexion beauty come through!



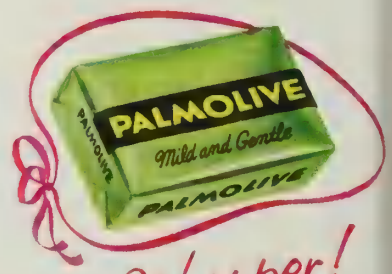
New Fragrance!

Think of the most fabulous French perfumes!
They were the inspiration for Palmolive's haunting new fragrance. So fresh, so clean, so heaven-scented!



New Color!

Think of the fresh green of spring!
That's the color of New Palmolive... all pretty and new for a prettier you!



New Wrapper!

Wrap them all up in gleaming emerald foil
—*and there* you have the exciting New Palmolive Soap ... the best news your complexion ever had!

There's never been a beauty soap like this before... **NOT EVEN PALMOLIVE!**

"We both admit we're unhappy together—we don't seem capable of real sharing."

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

WHAT DOES HE WANT?

"My husband is twenty-six, I'm twenty-three. We have no children. We've been married three years, but I still don't know what he wants from marriage, or from me. We don't think alike, and don't seem capable of real sharing.

"I enjoy my job, but he wouldn't like me to work except that he saves more money that way. We can't agree about going out or staying in, what television show to watch, what to do for recreation—even table manners and the way I dress. He says I'm vain, unappreciative, a poor housekeeper, too talkative. We both admit we're unhappy together, but feel we'd be even worse off apart.

"I'm more and more rebellious inside, but I'm too confused to know what to do. I suppose everything would be all right if I could give in to him more. But I don't think as he does, and feel that I would destroy my real self if I did."

Though many of this wife's complaints may appear trivial, continuing disagreements over even minor matters can destroy the couple's pleasure in day-to-day living, and can prevent or disrupt harmony between them. However, unless their differences are rooted in fundamental conflict, they can probably find ways to resolve them. (I have referred them to a competent counselor for help.)

But it is quite possible that what the husband really wants in a wife is a person his real wife never was, never can be and does not wish to be. Some men (more often than women) do have rather concrete and limited ideas of the role they want their wives to play. Unfortunately, they sometimes choose—and are accepted by—a girl not suited to the part.

Some men want a wife who is essentially a *Hausfrau*—highly domestic, conservative and rather self-effacing, more concerned with the duties and skills of keeping house than anything outside her home. A girl interested in combining marriage with a professional career would be miserable as the wife of such a man.

Another man may want a wife who will perform for him very much as his mother did—anticipate his needs, indulge his wishes, protect him from his mistakes. He may look to her for leadership, willingly allow her to manage the marriage, make most decisions and assume most of the responsibility. A dominant, mature and self-reliant woman could be happy in this role, but a timid, inexperienced girl who has always depended on others for guidance would be overwhelmed.

Then there are men who definitely prefer their wives to have careers. Such a man takes for granted satisfactory domestic arrangements, is not much interested beyond that; prefers urban surroundings and pastimes to a house in the suburbs, likes to discuss news of the day or business developments with his wife rather than home affairs. An extremely domestic, subservient girl would bore him, but he would resist domination or "mothering."

There is nothing wrong with any of these mental images of a wife's role, provided the girl who undertakes it has the aptitudes and inclination to fulfill it. The time for a couple to find out whether they want and expect the same things from marriage is before the marriage takes place.

But what about the woman already married who fears she and her husband are incompatible? The possibilities of mismating we have sketched are extreme examples. After all, the average man is not so inflexible that he wants only a *Hausfrau*, a mother substitute or a career woman. He does want a wife who is interested in her home but not obsessed by it, a partner who will share his responsibilities but not usurp them, a companion who loves and respects him and values their relationship more than any career, whether or not she pursues one.

These goals are not beyond the reach of any woman who loves her husband, assuming their marriage was based on something more than infatuation or expediency. She need not submerge her "real self," but she can emphasize and expand the areas of agreement between her and her husband.

Be adaptable—to his moods and needs, his faults and failures as well as his virtues and successes. Mutual acceptance is essential to harmony in any partnership.

Be trustworthy. A man wants to know that he can depend on his wife to perform whatever duties she has undertaken. A job does not excuse her from fulfilling responsibilities she has accepted.

Be sociable—a willing hostess, an appreciative guest, a good listener. He wants you to look your best in public, but does not want you to attract attention by spectacular appearance or unconventional behavior.

Be companionable. Doing things together that you both enjoy will not only bring you pleasure, but will strengthen the bonds between you. Start now to cultivate an interest in activities that appeal to him.

Be communicative. Be willing to talk, to listen, to laugh at his stories. He won't find time to talk things over if he has to listen to a recital of complaints.

The things that matter most to the couple next door may mean little to you. The vital principle in compatibility is that husband and wife agree, share, think and feel alike. Differences between you should become smaller with every year of marriage. They will, if you try.

REWARD—OR RETREAT?

Last week a friend came into my office for a seemingly casual chat. But there was something on his mind. "You know, I'll be retiring in three weeks, and I'm not ready for it. I've been so busy that inactivity frightens me. I suppose I'll make out, but I don't know what I'll do with myself." Like many men of sixty to seventy, he had failed to plan ahead.

In a sense, most wives "retire" in their late forties, several years before their husbands. When the children are grown and on their own, a woman's most demanding responsibilities are fulfilled. This empty-nest stage can be a period of great strain for her (and her husband) if she allows herself to become inactive, to dwell on memories of the past instead of plans for the future, to conclude that her days are meaningless and she herself of little use.

But "retirement" need not and should not mean stagnation and withdrawal. The woman who has thoughtfully anticipated the empty-nest stage can make her life as meaningful and rewarding as ever, though in different ways. She will find new opportunities for service to friends and community, for exercise of talents, for sheer enjoyment. And the better her adjustment now, the better equipped she will be to help her husband make the transition when his turn comes.

Long before actual retirement, husband and wife should be planning for it, preparing themselves to make full and productive use of the greatest measure of freedom they have known as adults. Here are some questions they will find answers to together:

How will we manage financially? Even with Social Security, insurance benefits and perhaps a pension, income will undoubtedly be reduced. But so will responsibilities. The important point is to adapt your manner of living to your present means and requirements, rather than clinging to an outmoded scheme of things. A big house, a second car, many things that seemed essential when the children were at home can be eliminated now without discomfort.

What will we do? Perhaps one or both will want part- or full-time employment. If so, start now to study various job requirements, to acquire or perfect marketable skills. But don't allow a job, present or future, to become your sole interest in life. Cultivate hobbies, pursue a course of study, explore community activities. The person with a wide range of skills, experience and acquaintance seldom need worry about passing the time.

Where will we live? Your answer need no longer be determined by employment or proximity to the children. Perhaps you will prefer familiar surroundings, but you now have the option of seeking a more agreeable climate, a more picturesque landscape or lower costs. But if you decide to move, it is wise to postpone permanent commitment, such as buying a home, until you have tried out the new locale on a temporary basis.

Oddly, few husbands prepare for retirement (except perhaps in financial terms) unless deliberately encouraged to do so. That is why the wife must take the lead. If she has lived constructively in the years since the children were grown, she has learned to appreciate the rewards of a different way of life. Her attitude has helped her husband look forward to retirement as a reward, not a deprivation.

DO YOU AGREE?

Do many girls marry before twenty?

In one third of all first marriages, the bride is either eighteen or nineteen years old.

ASK YOURSELF:

Are We Compatible?

The compatibility of any couple is best evaluated by the expression of feelings of each spouse toward the other. In taking this quiz, first answer the questions as they stand. Then change them so you can answer them a second time as though they applied to you. Be absolutely fair in judging both yourself and your husband.

Where You are Concerned
Does Your Husband Usually:

1. **Maintain control of his temper?**
2. **Go along with your decisions?**
3. **Behave assuredly and confidently?**
4. **Praise and commend rather than criticize?**
5. **Confide in you in most things?**
6. **Credit you for some of his success?**
7. **Compromise rather than argue strongly?**
8. **Laugh at funny things you tell him?**
9. **Talk over important matters before acting?**
10. **Get over anger quickly?**
11. **Act pleasantly and good-humoredly?**
12. **Not seem jealous or possessive?**
13. **Seem interested in your friends?**
14. **Treat you as an equal partner?**

Count up the "Yes" answers. If the total of your first set of answers is 11 or more (the average is 9), then you appear to be fulfilling your husband's wants. If the total of your second set of answers is 12 or more (the average is 10), then your husband would seem to be meeting your wants. Now add the two scores together. If the total is 24 or more, you two should have a very compatible marriage (the average couple gets 20 to 21). Should the total be 18 or less, there is some area of incompatibility in your marriage. The article above should help you find it—and correct it.



Unretouched photo of the hands of Mrs. Fran Miggins of New York City. Jergens Lotion was applied to the right hand only.

Reach for Jergens... and **stop** "Detergent Hands"

The answer to rough, red hands is right at your fingertips! Over 450 women proved it in a scientific test.* They soaked *both* hands in detergents 3 times a day. In several days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse and red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft and lovely. No other lotion similarly tested kept hands so soft, smooth. Jergens stops *all* chapping and dryness. It doesn't "glove" hands with sticky film... it *penetrates* to help replace natural moisture lost to summer sun and wind, indoor and outdoor chores. Only 15¢ to $1.

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists—for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know,
editors you like,
and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

The world's largest liner, the Lusitania, arrived in New York on her maiden voyage in September, 1907. Paris decreed new "tender" fashion colors, copied from Watteau canvases, of blue gray, gray violet and "tea green." Wisteria, ferns and ribbons trimmed the new drooping mushroom or scoop-shaped hats. The Merry Widow had its première in America and for a time the waltz swept into the background the fox trot, turkey trot, the grizzly bear and the bunny hug.

"At almost any railroad station of any small town or city you will see a bevy of young girls, showily dressed, with uncovered heads, often with bare arms and necks, whispering and giggling and engaged in flirtations," remarks Editor Bok disapprovingly in the September, 1907, **JOURNAL.**

In this issue a JOURNAL reporter tells of visiting 150 churches in New York, Brooklyn and Boston to see if they would welcome a stranger. Results: hardly a smile, friendly nod or glance from ministers or parishioners. Next month, the Midwest!

"The maid of all work has struck, and struck for good," remarks The Plain Country Woman. "I used to hire a good cook, who also did all laundry work and cleaning, for $2 a week. Now I could not hire such a cook for $10."

Asks a young girl, "I expect to enter college this autumn. Will I have any need for a sweater?"

"Fresh sprigs of sage spread on the pantry shelves will drive ants away."

"I must have a dressy evening gown, but am in deepest mourning and no lace or embroidery is allowed," states Desperate. Solution: "Choose a soft, pretty material and trim it with tucks."

"To lessen the heat in the kitchen, partly cook your dinner vegetables at breakfast. Then when you start the fire for dinner at noon, a short time finishes the cooking."

An Elementary Lesson in Fancy Sewing includes hemstitching, rolling, whipping, buttonholes and buttonhole loops.

"Can I wear a black straw hat with black ostrich plume and a bow of black velvet ribbon during mourning?" "No," decrees the JOURNAL'S *fashion editor. "Neither trimming is permissible."*



Anne Einselen, chief explorer of the Discovery Department, and half a day's prospects.

To show how amazingly productive authors are, we asked *Anne Einselen* if she'd pose for her picture with one day's pile of unsolicited manuscripts heaped on her Discovery Department desk. But it didn't work. We couldn't see Anne behind them. So we reduced it to a half day's deluge of roughly forty novels, novelettes, short stories, articles and smaller pieces which total to over 22,000 a year, all of them read eagerly by Anne and her staff, and responded to by Anne whenever a spark emerges. So it's possible that more aspiring authors have Anne to thank for encouragement and accomplishment than are indebted to any other editor anywhere. For instance, the lady in Texas to whom Anne wrote suggesting that if she revised her story the JOURNAL just might be interested. How was Anne to know the lady would leap into the next plane and appear at Anne's desk, pencil in hand! "This couldn't happen again in a million years—I hope," said Anne. "But we bought the story."

Footnote to the above: Unsolicited manuscripts received last year—21,822. Accepted—16.

Just five years ago we polled the people here on whom they considered the four most popular living persons in the world, and have now done so again. We were delighted by the constancy it demonstrated when it turned out that the same four names came out on top this time too: Churchill, Schweitzer, Eisenhower, Eleanor Roosevelt. . . . Bruce Gould put down five questions he would like to ask Sir Winston. 1—Do you mind dying? 2—What would you like to be remembered for? 3—What was your greatest failure? 4—Who was your greatest opponent? 5—Who was your greatest contemporary? Questions, we thought, as provocative as the great man's answers would be illuminating.

On a recent whirlwind trip to Paris in which she got world-famous couturières to design advance fall accessories for JOURNAL *readers (see pages 62 to 65), **Wilhela Cushman** spotted **Castillo of Lanvin's** engaging pink rose headdress and had **Meerson** photograph it for a cover. **Elizabeth Taylor** saw it, loved it, ordered it for herself. **Guillaume**, who has dressed the crowned heads of Europe and created coiffures for most of the beautiful women of the world, did this new short smooth bouffant swirl especially for the cover photograph. The black taffeta evening coat with the wonderful silhouette neckline was designed by Castillo.*

Like many teen-agers, ***Dorothy Lundquist*** thought sleeping a waste of time. Except that *she* examined this scientifically. First, she went altogether without sleep for 64 hours, then interspersed periods of sleeping 3 hours, 5 hours and 7 hours a night, with periods of normal sleeping. Each time, she tested her mental and physical alertness with various ingenious devices of her own contriving, arriving at the conclusion that to be at her best she needed 8½ hours a night. Naturally, this got out, and she became the hit of the annual meeting of the American Medical Association here, where she kept thousands of doctors a day awake describing her methods, and delighted ***Gladys Denny Shultz.*** "How's your alertness now?" asked Gladys. "Oh, dear!" said Dorothy. "I've been explaining about sleep so much to these doctors, I can hardly keep my eyes open."

Gladys Denny Shultz and sleep experimenter Lundquist.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABBOT MILLS



Neal Stuart, Jean Culp, Don Brennan and hot-off-the-press Journal.

Jean Culp **and** ***Neal Stuart*** **came stumbling into the office after having been taken by *Don Brennan* through our printing plant that covers 108 acres at Sharon Hill, outside Philadelphia. "Why, they print enough magazines a day to make eighteen stacks as high as the Empire State Building!" Jean gasped. "Just the JOURNAL alone takes forty-four hundred tons of paper a month, for which Don says we maintain our own forests." "And everything happens so fast," said Neal. "If you don't watch where you're going, you're liable to be picked up, printed, trimmed, bound, stamped and mailed on the same page as one of your own stories."**

Julia was going to a life she had never known. She would be mistress of a plantation in the Spice Islands— married to a man she had never seen.

Scent of Cloves

BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL

By NORAH LOFTS

When the dream reached its horrifying climax she began to scream, and woke herself and lay for a moment with the sound of her own voice and the screaming which had shrilled through the dream mingling in her ears. Then she was fully conscious, in her own bed, and the night all quiet about her. Just another dreadful dream.

She hoped she had not awakened the child in the next room, or poor old Maire, already so frightened, and Edward, who usually woke at her first whimper. She moved in search of the comforting solidity of his body and found his place beside her empty and cold. For a moment fear clamped down again. *No, only a dream; nothing has happened yet.*

There was the difference between this waking and all the other times when she had come out of dreams of terror to find herself safe and unthreatened. By this time tomorrow the dream might well be accomplished fact.

Only an archway, hung with a curtain, separated the two rooms, and now from the inner one came the sound of a voice.

"Lady, what is it? Have they come?"

One must not show fear before servants. "No. I was dreaming, Maire. Go back to sleep."

A mumbling grunt answered her, and then a faint glow of light that outlined the curtain and that presently pushed aside to show the old woman, fully dressed, the newly lit candle wobbling in her unsteady hand.

"The sleep has gone from me," Maire said. She shuffled forward, shielding the candle with one brown, wrinkled hand, reached the bed table and carefully transferred the flame to the other candle there. She set her candle beside the other and dropped on her knees by the bed, clutching the clothes with her hands.

"Lady, I could lead you and the little one to the caves at Cloonmagh and we should be safe there till the trouble is past."

"We are safe here," Lucy said steadily. "Where could we be safer than in a castle, with strong walls, and a moat, held by the best soldier in Ireland?"

"They took Drogheda," Maire said.

Copyright © 1957 by Norah Lofts

Lucy had said the same to Edward, and he had laughed. "And who held Drogheda? A mob of Irish, without loyalty or conviction, and a few politicians with tongues sharper than their swords."

"Drogheda was different," Lucy now said. "Here we are all of one mind, and under one command. Sir Edward will never let Cromwell take Arghama."

"Sir Edward is a bold gentleman . . . but, lady dear, in the night I was thinking. This Cromwell is going from Drogheda to Wexford, they say; he's not likely to leave this strong castle and a bold gentleman in it, standing behind his back. And him with a great army. Lady, in times of trouble it's safer to be in a secret place. And I'm thinking of the caves at Cloonmagh. In the ancient times when the men came in the long ships and burned and robbed and killed, the people in Cloonmagh took to the caves and were safe. And in the days of the pirates too. They say, 'Safe as the caves at Cloonmagh.' Sir Edward did me a wrong, taking up the bridge so sudden. . . . Lady dear"—her hands scrabbled for Lucy's through the bedclothes—"do you suppose, if you begged him, he'd let it down for just so long as I could run across? I'd be blessing you and praying for you all the rest of my days. Though you'd do well to come with me, you and Little Miss."

"I don't think anything would persuade Sir Edward to lower the bridge again," Lucy said, "and you wouldn't be safe outside, Maire. You might meet the soldiers."

"Not the way I would take. I know a safe, secret way. Lady dear, for the love of God, will you *ask* him?"

"I could ask," Lucy said unwillingly. "But I know I should waste my breath."

"Most times the master is anxious to pleasure you," Maire said, "and rightly, too, for a sweeter lady never lived." Suddenly, disconcertingly, she burst into tears.

"I can guess," Marie cried, clutching the roses to her breast. "It's our turn." But Julia looked as if she had received a mortal blow.

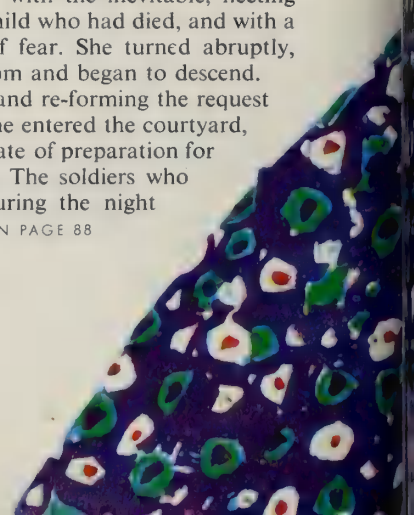
Following so hard upon the dream, this was unbearable. Lucy said, "Maire, be quiet. I will ask about the bridge in the morning if you will be quiet now. Be quiet and go away."

She lay awake after Maire had gone, thinking of many things, but chiefly of her own fears, her shameful lack of courage. She thought of all the stories she had heard of women who had acquitted themselves with astounding valor, holding castles and manor houses for weeks on end during the absence of their husbands. And she was so cowardly that she woke screaming from a dream, and thus precipitated a scene with old Maire and gave a promise the keeping of which, in anticipation alone, filled her with dread.

The window lightened at last, and down in the courtyard the first cock cried. She rose, moving quietly about the room, dressed and did her hair carefully. No sound came from the inner room, and when she was ready she pulled the curtain aside and went in. Maire was sound asleep and the baby was sleeping, too, snug in the heavy oak cradle which had already rocked four generations of Ashleys. Lucy stood looking down on her daughter with love, with the inevitable, fleeting regret for another child who had died, and with a fresh upspringing of fear. She turned abruptly, crossed her own room and began to descend.

She was forming and re-forming the request she must make as she entered the courtyard, where the castle's state of preparation for a siege was evident. The soldiers who had stood guard during the night

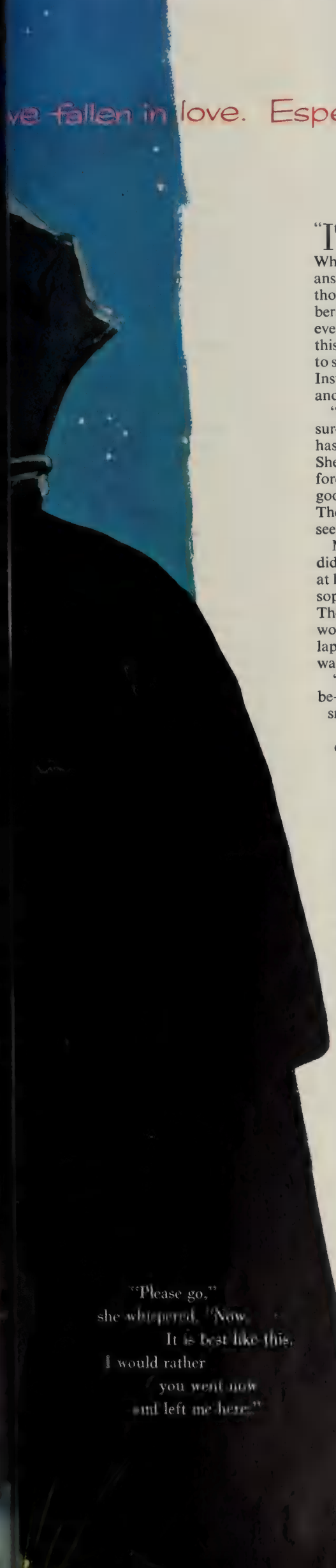
CONTINUED ON PAGE 88





Engaged in espionage, she should not

The Unforgettable Miss Jones



ve fallen in love. Especially with the spy she was ordered to uncover.

By DOROTHY BLACK

"It isn't a pleasant job," said Major Sandford. "It may well be dangerous." He thought her far too young. When they offered to send him a policewoman who had answered the call for volunteers, he had expected one of those square women the war had produced in such numbers. Women guaranteed to arouse no speculation whatever in the male mind. He disliked them heartily, but for this particular assignment he would much have preferred to see one of them sitting on the hard chair opposite him. Instead of the girl with pretty eyes and neat, sleek hair and long slim hands—who looked far too young.

"She is older than she appears. Twenty-one," they assured him from headquarters over the telephone. "She has done extremely well during her period of training. She had a few months at the Dramatic Art Academy before she came to us, which would no doubt stand her in good stead. Incidentally, she has no ties, no relatives." There had been a short pause. "Anyway, no one else seems to fancy the job—she was the sole volunteer."

Major Sandford hung up. He had to take her, but he did not like it one bit. He knew that what they told him at headquarters was true enough: her guileless air of unsophisticated innocence would be her greatest asset. There was a war on and in that year of grace young women were expendable. There she sat, her hands in her lap, quietly listening to his preposterous proposal. In no way shaken or surprised.

"You understand what it is all about? You will have to be—er—made over; a new hairdo, different clothes." He smiled sourly. "I don't suppose you will care for the clothes. We will give you an entirely new identity card, life history, passport and papers."

She said, "Lys Halliday will disappear and who is it will take her place?"

He consulted the dossier beside him. "Er—Laurel Jones is the name they have chosen."

The corners of her mouth twitched, but she said nothing.

"If you can get us the information we want—and it won't be easy—you will have done a wonderful job for your country. Someone is coming and going—someone is getting in and out and smuggling information verbally. We can't at the moment get any line on who it is. And at this particular moment, as you probably know, there is something it is most essential should not get abroad under any circumstances."

She nodded, looking down at her slim, folded hands, and again he thought, *It's wicked to send her into a show like this.* But there was nothing he could do about it, so he went on:

"Our guess is that certain women are getting hold of young soldiers, persuading them to talk, and passing the information on. We want to know to whom the information goes. Two women in particular are being watched—you will be given their names. We think there is someone behind them, the master hand pulling the strings. Find out who it is. We'll take over from there."

She had taken off her policewoman's cap, and put it on her knee. She fingered the silver badge thoughtfully as she listened. She should, thought Major Sandford angrily, have been going to dances, at her age. Making dates, having fun, not taking on this sort of thing at all. In his heart he cursed the war.

"All right," he finished, his voice brusque because he hated what he had to do. He scrawled a note and handed it to her. "Take this to Inspector Trenton's department. He will brief you. But first take a few days' leave. After that, as you know, until this assignment is over you must not communicate with anyone or visit any of your old haunts." He held out his hand. "Good luck to you, and God bless you."

He opened the door for her and watched her tall, slim figure move toward the lift. *It's wicked,* he thought. *She ought not to be allowed to go.*

Lys went out into the sunshine, feeling wonderful. It had been raining and little puddles glistened in the road like broken mirror. She was delighted that she had got the job. It was romantic and exciting compared with the rather dull routine jobs most women were doing—driving ambulances, cutting sandwiches, handing out cups of tea. This was imporant. She would be right in the front line—as the men were, doing something necessary and dangerous for her country.

She was just twenty-one. Nobody had ever kissed her. There had hardly been time.

They cut the sleek, bright, dark hair short and tinted it a terrible golden red. They tortured it into a collection of frizzed sausages.

"It will grow out when I'm through with all this, won't it?" she asked unhappily, some of the excitement and glamour fading.

"Don't worry—three months and it will be gone, but I don't see why you want it to. You look ever so nice," said the girl in the hairdresser's shop who was too young even for the call-up.

When Lys saw herself in the mirror she wanted to cry. She collected her new wardrobe, her false papers, faked identity card and new name.

"Practice using it until it becomes second nature. Write it out a hundred times," Inspector Trenton told her. He did not like having to do this. He had daughters of his own. *They've no right to send a kid like that out on such a job,* he thought angrily—but they had to do it. Preparations were afoot for the Normandy landing. Everything hung on these events' remaining secret and somewhere there was a leak. Information was getting across. They had to stop it.

So Policewoman-in-training Lys Halliday vanished and in her place appeared a brash young woman, badly made up, with an excruciating wardrobe of cheap clothes who called at the Golden Globe Employment Agency (Hotels and Domestic) in Soho.

There was nothing in the Golden Globe's office to encourage optimism or confidence in those looking for employment. The dirty windows were shrouded in rags of black cloth that at night made the blackout. An unkempt cat sat hopelessly among the empty milk bottles on the stairs. Miss Conn, the proprietress, had time-defying coal-black hair, dull sultana-colored eyes—and smelled vaguely spirituous, although it was only ten o'clock in the morning. She looked Lys up and down in such an experienced fashion that Lys felt certain her disguise wasn't good enough, that Laurel Jones had been seen through and discovered at the outset.

Miss Conn, however, had not seen through her. She opened an immense tome CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

© 1957 by Dorothy Black

The Princess was making her comeback.

And the crowd was waiting tensely—

ready to jeer her off the stage,

or cheer her to fame.



The Educated

The night Lester Brannon picked up his telephone and arranged a comeback date for Princess Matthews, the world of jazz turned upside down. The bulletin was released to the press the next morning. By midafternoon the public had been alerted and a nucleus black market for tickets set up in a delicatessen on Ninth Avenue. Sales managers in the fourteen record companies that had handled the Princess signed orders for re-pressings of every master cut. By five o'clock and the end of the business day, the machinery for publicity and television coverage had been set into motion and was working in the smooth crescendo fashion that Lester Brannon had made his trade-mark.

The Princess was big news. Presumably dead and buried, the name that had been a watchword for style was quickly resurrected. The news that she was singing at all would have caused stir enough, but the fact that Lester Brannon was presenting her in a solo concert at Olympia Hall stimulated an excitement that roared through the jazz world like a new hurricane.

Every ticket was sold, ranging in price from $1.80 low to $125 top, and every square foot of standing room carefully portioned out. Trade fever reached a pitch that reverberated from many corners. Professionals met after hours and traded stories about the legendary, regal-toned Princess; then considered her chances of a comeback with the accuracy of neurosurgeons.

For one thing, the Princess had had it. There were abundant rumors to explain the silence that obscured her career, but none was ever verified: she had disappeared into a nameless hospital, she was an alcoholic and a drug addict, she had had an argument with Lester Brannon about money, she had fallen victim to an obscure disease of the blood. Whatever the rumor, the Princess was box-office poison.

But there was also the fact that Lester Brannon was never wrong. Lester Brannon knew music and music makers. He knew what people wanted before they knew themselves, and managed to find both the art and the artists to nourish them.

So the odds bounced from Gimme Ghoul's on Lexington Avenue to the Virgin Vale in Sheridan Square. Two stage hands at Olympia Hall showed how even the odds were. Mike Shasta, who weighted the sandbags that held the curtain level, and Clancey Fallon, who weighted Mike, made a two-dollar bet. Clancey said the Princess wouldn't show up. Mike sai she'd not only show up, she'd rate a Dail News extra. Both men had cleaned up afte success and failure for thirty-five years.

The rehearsals were closed. The press neve figured out whether they took place in Smok Devereau's apartment on Sixty-Third Street o on Lester Brannon's Pennsylvania Dutch farn in Connecticut. Lester hired Smoke Devereau' combo to background the Princess becaus Smoke had written the arrangements tha brought her to full bloom.

Other than hiring Smoke, Lester kept hand off. He didn't supervise the combo seating, th flowers, the Princess' gown, the layout for th programs, the cocktail party for the critics. H didn't attend rehearsals. His private secretary accustomed to his forgetfulness, placed hi ticket in his hatband to make sure he'd re member it.

Saturday night Olympia Hall's main en trance was so jammed with limousines an autograph hounds, Lester walked underneath fire escape and in a side door. He exchanged joke with an usher he knew and slipped int his seat unobserved. He sat quietly, watchin the landscape of personalities with the eye o a connoisseur. He smelled the excitement: th yearning for blood in the front rows, the in difference in the mezzanine, the yearning fo release in the bop crowd in the first balcony The teen-agers had come to annihilate a styl that was rumored to be sweet and clean an cool, competing with the clutter and raw harassment of the music they currently pre ferred. And he remembered the last balcony the crow's-nest. Here in the quiet rows where programs didn't crackle was the final verdict. Here were the people who believed the note was there, and who expected Princess Matthews to find it.

As the house lights dimmed and the spotlight drew a bead on the center of the curtain. Lester nervously caressed the silver rabbit-foot on his watch chain. The curtain swished open and the audience noise suddenly stilled. Smoke Devereau's left hand snapped off the piano keys and gave the downbeat for the theme that was somehow more familiar because it had been forgotten. The spotlight danced to the wing and led the Princess on.

Her appearance, in a plain black street dress with a single strand of pearls around her neck, brought the audience up as one person and the applause began with the crack a strong rope gives when it breaks. The spotlight splashed

The Princess tossed her head skyward, and the sweet impossible blue note went spinning into the air.

over the raven-colored hair and high forehead, moved across the smooth copper skin, intensified the glow in the dark flashing eyes, and widened the round beauty of her mouth. The single, shining figure brought the applause to its full weight.

The serenity and confidence with which the Princess accepted the ovation wasn't a mask. She looked up to the last balcony and felt her fingers tingle. There was no difference between the gilt-encrusted dome harboring the dimmed chandelier and the wide soft summer sky she remembered as a child, just as there was no difference between the silent rows of shadows and the blurred faces of the mother, the uncle and the two brothers who had been the first audience. She moved back to stand in the curve of the piano and signaled Smoke to begin.

As he rippled into the vamp of the first number, she heard the end of the music in its beginning. She closed her eyes and waited for the one note and wondered if Lester Brannon was in his usual fourth-row aisle seat. She felt the pearls gleaming on her throat. Lester would notice the pearls.

The note appeared in the next chord. She tucked it in her ear and opened her eyes. She looked at the direct center of the crowd, then tossed her head skyward with the old magnificent freedom, and as the piano paused for the upbeat and the soft whir of the snare drums moved in to support it, her throat moved and the sweet blue impossible note went spinning into the air like the first rocket at a Fourth of July picnic. It soared, high and enchanted as a kite in sea wind. Just before it sailed beyond capture, she pulled it into the lyric with the clean, neat discipline that had made her famous.

The Princess felt the audience reach out and take it. She knew that now she could talk to them, but each person would hear the note differently. It would say something to Smoke, but Smoke remembered the silver years and how they sounded, and Smoke had known all along that the loss was in her heart and not in her voice. It would say something else to Lester Brannon, and now he was probably turning his head to the left and straining after it and losing it at the very moment when not knowing, not trying to know, would give his dream resonance. And the others, who had forgotten the silver years, would acclaim a new style and she would be headlined again and everything would be better than before.

The truth belonged only to her. They couldn't know how CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

Heart

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT C. HARRIS



HERT MORGAN

Mrs. C. S. Payson

As a girl she eked out her allowance picking blueberries. Later she shared in one of the largest estates ever filed for probate. She has four children and a handsome red-haired husband, and with her brother, U. S. Ambassador Jock Whitney, owns one of the world's most successful racing stables.



HERT MORGAN

Mrs. Horace Dodge, Sr.

When her late husband won his suit against Henry Ford he asked her, "What would you like for a present?" She decided, "Pearls." The next day she had the most magnificent rope of pearls in existence, once worn by Catherine of Russia.

Mrs. Frederick Guest

She just missed becoming first woman to fly the Atlantic. But life held compensations. She married a handsome Englishman with a fortune as large as her own and has found adventure in African jungles and discussing international problems with heads of state.



UNITED PRESS



WIDE WORLD

Mrs. Mary G. Roebling

She is one of the nation's few women bankers, president of the solid Trenton Trust Company—and loves beautiful clothes and jewels. She thinks it's time to elect a woman U.S. Vice President. Her late husband's family built the Brooklyn Bridge.

America's 10

Who are They?

They have fabulous jewels, exquisite clothes, custom-made cars . . . but a few have not found that most precious niche for a wealthy—or any—woman: a place "where she can feel needed and wanted."

By LAURA DATE RILEY

Who are America's ten richest women? They don't know, themselves. Nor do their lawyers know; nor can they, their lawyers or their investment counselors say down to the last dollar or even the last ten million, just how wealthy they are.

But their combined wealth could run the U. S. Departments of State, Justice, Labor, Interior and the Post Office for more than a year, pay for the Empire State Building dozens of times over, or buy every woman in the United States a new hat.

They own some of the world's most fabulous homes, and the greatest concentration of them is along a ten-mile stretch of North County Road outside Palm Beach, Florida, where they are so well disguised by artful landscaping and modest gatehouses that the uninformed motorist could drive by and never know they were there.

The ten richest women in America can buy just about anything they want. What *do* they buy? Clothes by Christian Dior and Balenciaga. Jewels worth tens of millions of dollars. Priceless paintings. Custom-made cars and solid-gold dinnerware, and yachts. Vast holdings in real estate, oil lands and corporations.

And—they spend far more to help crippled children, find the causes of various diseases, promote understanding among people, relieve poverty and raise educational standards than they ever spend on themselves. Actually, they could give away about $80,000,000 every year in combined income from their total assets invested conservatively, and leave the principal forever untouched. But they give away more than that.

Four are in Who's Who in America. Two have been named to best-dressed lists. One was Woman of the Year in her home town.

Only five of the ten were born to fantastic wealth. One made all her money herself and the others grew up in only moderate to well-to-do circumstances. Of these, the women who came into wealth during their lifetimes have enjoyed their money far more, been less burdened by a sense of responsibility for it, than the heiresses to great fortunes.

Who are they? The list must be arbitrary to some extent, assets estimated in round figures from stock holdings, real estate, banks, investment houses, industrial interests which change from time to time. Many of the large fortunes of a half century ago have been broken up among large families, or by inheritance taxes, or set aside in trusts or charitable foundations. Sometimes it is difficult for the wealthy themselves to ascertain at any given moment just how much of their money is "untouchable"—in trusts or tied up in properties which cannot be readily converted—and how much they could actually call on at a bank—if they needed to write one huge check for all.

Certainly among the wealthy women in the United States are Mrs. William Hale Harkness, of New York, whose late husband's father helped found Standard Oil; Mrs. Ailsa Mellon Bruce and Mrs. Alan M. Scaife (Sarah Mellon), Pittsburgh steel heiresses; Barbara Hutton von Cramm, of the Woolworth millions; Mrs. Buddy Rogers, who as Mary Pickford made millions as "America's sweetheart" and still more producing her own films; and Mrs. Margaret Emerson, whose father put Bromo Seltzer on the market, and who acquired another fortune when Alfred G. Vanderbilt, her second husband, died in the Lusitania sinking.

Marion Davies—now Mrs. Horace Brown—ex-actress and long-time friend of the late publisher William Randolph Hearst, has tens of millions in real estate. Mrs. Perle Mesta inherited oil money from her father and a machine-tool fortune from her husband, and now has about $75 million; and there are the Walter Chrysler daughters, Mrs. Edgar Garbisch and Mrs. Byron Foy of New York; Mrs. Margaret Carnegie Miller, Andrew's daughter; Mrs. Anne Reynolds Tate, of Southern Pines, North Carolina, heiress to Reynolds tobacco money; Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels, San Francisco sugar heiress; and the daughters of the late John T. Dorrance, of Philadelphia, who devised the formula for Campbell's Soup.



WIDE WORLD

Ford Motor Company and the J. L. Hudson department store—she has only recently emerged as a lighthearted participant in society and "she's like a debutante," friends say. "People had forgotten Eleanor Ford was a lovely woman."



WIDE WORLD

Mrs. Alfred duPont

She was a quiet Virginia schoolteacher when she met—and fell in love with—Alfred duPont, dynamic industrialist who united one of America's largest wealthiest corporations and then disunited it with scandals stirred up with his first two wives.



BERT MORGAN

Mrs. Merriweather Post

She spends lavishly on herself and on others; is one of the world's legendary hostesses whether throwing a ball for diplomats or hiring a circus to entertain neighborhood orphans. Her father invented the common plow blade, men's cummerbund suspenders and Post Toasties.

Doris Duke

The most publicized and reputedly richest girl in the world—with the multimillion-dollar Duke tobacco fortune—she has tried marriage, travel, war work, yoga, but has yet to find personal fulfillment.



WIDE WORLD

Richest Women

t probably the very richest women in the United s are:

oris Duke, who on her twenty-first birthday be- the "richest girl in the world" when she came the American Tobacco Company fortune of her r, James Buchanan Duke. She has an estimated million.

's. Edsel Ford, widow of the late president of the Motor Company and mother of its present head, was heiress not only to Ford millions but to a Detroit department-store fortune and is believed ve nearly as much as Doris Duke.

's. Merriweather Post, whose father, C. W. Post, ted and popularized not only a new kind of fast food—Post Toasties and Grape-Nuts—but v way to promote them, inherited many millions h her sharp business acumen rolled up to prob- around $250 million now.

's. Horace Dodge, Sr., widow of the motorcar ufacturer, is believed to have another $250 million, Mrs. Frederick E. Guest, whose father was er of Andrew Carnegie, about $200 million.

acketed somewhere between $125 and $200 mil- re Mrs. Alfred I. duPont; Mrs. Charles Shipman n, the former Joan Whitney who with her er Jock Whitney shared a fortune based on on and oil; and Mrs. Mary G. Roebling, of ton, New Jersey, one of the few women in bank- who has substantially increased the wealth left soon after her marriage, by her late husband e family built the Brooklyn Bridge.

's. Chauncey McCormick, of Chicago, has an ated $120 million; and Helena Rubinstein, the only self-made woman, has a personal fortune ved to be up around $100 million.

ost of these women are publicity-shy in the ex- , and for good reason. Because of their money cannot marry, have children, divorce or even a big check without getting public attention, n usually means hundreds of letters asking in- ntly, "*Why* do you have so much money?" or, tively, "If you have so much, why can't you give 100,000?" or even "just *one* million?"

hen Mrs. McCormick (to her horror!) was chosen n of Chicago society several years ago, in a poll ucted by Chicago Daily News society editor Athlyn Deshais, she received thousands of letters from all over the world, including one from a young man in Afghanistan asking her please to set him up in trade with a string of camels. Mrs. McCormick is a gentle white-haired lady who feels an obligation to answer personally any letter she receives, and replied to all. It took the better part of a year.

But probably the biggest problem of a woman of immense wealth is more personal. It is, according to one New York society woman, "finding a place where she can feel she is needed and is doing something worth while enough to be interesting. It is harder for a woman with that much money to feel needed than anyone else in the world"—largely because there is nothing in the world she *has* to do.

Most of these women have found such a place. All the happiest ones have.

Mrs. Merriweather Post is one of the world's legendary hostesses. Mrs. Ford's life has been one of devotion to her family and to countless personal works of charity. Mrs. Guest has taken an active role in world affairs, sports and big-game-hunting interests of her husband, the late British Air Secretary, and her sons, Raymond and Winston Guest. Mrs. Jessie duPont for years sat in an office next to her husband's, and now puts in a full office schedule administering their joint interests.

Amid all this activity Mrs. Horace Dodge, now in her eighties, seems almost an anachronism from a bygone era. Philanthropies have never monopolized her thoughts, and although she has allotted a proportion of her money to good works, her personal planning has gone into gaiety and fun, and an ever-more-elaborate scale of living. Never was this more clearly seen than at her farewell party in February for that grandest of Palm Beach palaces, Playa Riente, "Laughing Sands." Bought for $2,000,000 in 1926, six years after the death of Horace, Playa Riente was her introduction to Palm Beach society at a time when the Dodges—and the Fords, too, for that matter—"were considered just rich mechanics," a Palm Beach socialite recalls. Mrs. Dodge stocked its

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176



WIDE WORLD

Mrs. Chauncey McCormick

Intensely publicity-shy, she was horrified when a newspaper poll elected her queen of Chicago society, pointing out she was "farm equipment on both sides" (the McCormick reaper and Deering plow fortunes). She was deluged with letters asking for money.



Helena Rubinstein

Beauty is like money, says this woman who is an expert on both—to get the fullest advantage out of either you have to know the basic psychology behind them.

MAGIC

formulas

from

PARIS

RICHARD AVEDON

The single color, winter mauve: a broadcloth afternoon suit, with the new open off-the-neckline collar, chiffon blouse, a cascade of crystals sparkling with amethyst tones, a softly crushed fur-felt hat, long gloves, small suède bag with a ribbon bow—even her shoes are the same shade. The entire costume by Christian Dior.



Dior has selected the most delicate mauve imaginable for his suède pump with faille ribbon pointing up the square toe and heel. Vanity case of gold scrollwork and multicolored stones.

STILL-LIFE DRAWINGS BY RICHARD HANLEY

The JOURNAL this fall presents many of the new Paris accessory ideas—the magic touch for you to follow or adapt in your own clothes. Each designer has a theory. Dior believes that "the woman dressed in one tone has greater elegance . . . the very choice of her favorite color, head to toe, brings out her personality." Chanel, too, advocates the single-color costume because it has "greater simplicity and becomingness . . . there's unity and a finished look about a dress or suit with matching hat, bag, gloves." Svend has a conviction about "black, the most distinguished fashion in the world"; and Givenchy likes the imaginative use of contrast in color and fabric "to give the greatest variety and interest to any fashion." Paris has always stood for this perfection of detail. Thoughtfully chosen, the accessory is the jewel of the costume—each one becoming part of an adored collection in any woman's wardrobe, worn again and again with many costumes.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

WILHELA CUSHMAN





MEERSON

Ribbon and veiling: a fanciful dream of a hat. French as Paris itself, but universally becoming. By Svend. To be worn at once, or any month of the year, with the right little black dress. The coiffure was created by Guillame.

Fur and jersey: black sealskin turban worn for town with an overblouse dress in gray wool jersey, one of the wonderful easy basics of the season by Hubert de Givenchy. Small sealskin scarf matches the turban. The bag in russet brown reverse calfskin. Gold-and-diamond clip brooch by Cartier.

MAGIC

formulas

from

PARIS



WILHELA CUSHMAN

The fur-and-suède idea, shown by a mink coat in the new color, emba diadem; the suède cloche in powder brown with gloves to match, the bag in suède and calfskin. All by Christian Dior.

Buff leather bag with button-on handle by Roger Model. Short gloves and gold bracelets.





The color from Dior—powder brown. A button slipper of calfskin and suède that echoes the past. Agate jewelry in colors of blue green, amber and brown. Christian Dior.

STILL-LIFE DRAWINGS BY RICHARD HANLEY



WILHELA CUSHMAN

Dark mink-brown velvet in a new profile pillbox with a jeweled pin to wear on the back of the head, by Patou. It is worn here with a dark mink stole and a short dinner dress in winter-white crepe, also by Patou.



The sweetest bag of the season—all white and gold and just as big as a minute. Givenchy adds his beautiful red-rose and sea-green petal pins, the inevitable white kid gloves.



MEERSON

The fashion of veiling by Givenchy, to wear at night in wine red with a black taffeta dress and pearls.

Chanel's giant stitched navy bag with a bold faille lining and gold chain handle. Sunburst pin also by Chanel.





RICHARD AVEDON

The new checks, the new rose red, the fashion of a bag and beret in the same fabric as the suit. It's a tweed lined with jersey and a jersey blouse, all designed by Chanel. Worn with a ruby leaf by Van Cleef and Arpels.

The Journal's

FALL





Costume beginning with a fur-lined coat which can be the focal point of a winter wardrobe. Pale beige tweed with soft broadtail-processed South American lamb, a matching tweed skirt, cashmere sweater by Arthur Jablow. Black velvet beret by Miss Alice, broadtail bag by Greta. Rhinestone pin at the neckline by Albert Weiss.

One-color fashion—coat in blue-red tweed with a yoke back, worn over red jersey dress with matching gloves, by Nettie Rosenstein. Cone hat by Mr. John.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.

If asked for the news in three decisive words,

those words would be: COSTUME, ONE-COLOR look, and RED.

There's great variety and imagination . . .

apply it to your own plans.

FASHION

report to you



The belted suit—in brown-and-gray plaid, Arthur Jablow. Bag, Fernande Desgranges.

FASHION THINKING begins with the costume this year. It may consist of a coat and dress, coat and suit, jacket and dress, fur coat and dress. The same wonderful tweed coat could go with a jersey dress, a tweed suit or a satin dress and thus round out the day. The more elements that match, the better, and that includes jewelry, hats, bags, gloves, shoes.

THE NEWEST COATS sweep backward, free of the body, some on gathered yokes, some flaring like a bell. Others are slim, many belted. There's a whole new category of coat lengths—seven eighths and three quarters—and an entirely new classification of SUITS WITH LONGER JACKETS, lower belted waistlines. The suit with a fur collar is flattering, important-looking. The unbelted OVERBLOUSE DRESS comes in wools, silk, velvet and satin. The blouse-back dress is in for day, the low-back for night.

FURS are often dyed for the costume. Navy-blue furs are newest. The fur-lined coat has every element of fashion. Waist-length jackets and cardigans are made for wool dresses.

RED IS THE COMPELLING COLOR, especially rose and ruby reds, but this is also the year for black, blues of great brilliance, almond green, spice browns, pale and deep violet. CONTRADICTION is the fashion in fabrics—jersey used in more formal costumes, satin and velvet made in almost casual styles, chiffon blouses put with almost every tweed suit, tweeds worn every hour of the day and night.

SHOES OF FASHION have long pointed lasts or slightly squared toes, straighter heels. SKIRT LENGTHS involve the inch that is right for you. Some are as short as 17 inches from the floor, others mid-calf. Each woman judges her own.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

WILHELA CUSHMAN



Fur-collared suit—black tweed with sable, easy straight jacket, slim skirt by Larry Aldrich. The velvet hat by Emme, gloves picking up the hatband color. Pin and earrings by Alice Caviness.



WILHELA CUSHMAN

Single-tone dress and jacket costume in claret-red basket-weave wool by Larry Aldrich. Hat by Miss Alice, moleskin bag by Walter Katten.



A bag of garnet cut velvet on linen. Garnet tie pump or one of black suède with a grosgrain buckle. Compact by Seaman Schepps.



Pale mauve wool bias-cut dress by Pauline Trigere, pale fox scarf and hat.

The Journal's

FALL



Knitted seven-eighths coat, Miguel Dorian. Velvet hat, Toby Coppock.



STILL-LIFE DRAWINGS BY RICHARD HANLEY



Moss-green leather bag, pleated leather pump or high-buckled slipper. Bracelet by Seaman Schepps.

Longer jacket suit by Christian Dior, New York, with belted lower waistline. Brown calfskin bag by Barra.



A black jersey suit worn with a printed chiffon blouse, by Phillipe Tournaye. Persian lamb beret by Sally Victor.



Blue tweed suit, by Adele Simpson. Moleskin hat and scarf.



Golden metal cloth in a dinner suit by Christian Dior, New York.



Red tweed costume, Claire McCardell. Hat, John Frederics: bag. Guiletta d'Alessandro.



Broadtail leather sling pump; pump with a strap. Crown pin. Victoria Stone.

FASHION

report to you



A sapphire-blue bell of ■ coat, matching hat and dress. By Pauline Trigere.



Wool jersey dress and jacket by Larry Aldrich. Hattie Carnegie's fur beret.



Pleated skirt, belted jacket in taupe wool, Christian Dior, New York.

Mink-trimmed suit by Arthur Jablow.



The Journal's *Enduring* Gem of a Wardrobe



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

HAT BY ELIZABETH MARKS

The only new design we have added to this wardrobe is this coat. It boasts the same qualities we have stressed in other coat "Gems." Made in a beautiful red fleece, it goes comfortably and prettily over everything else in the wardrobe. Vogue Design No. S-4822, 10–20.



CHAIN AND PIN BY EDGAR ROEDELHEIMER; BELT BY BEN KING

You first saw this design on our pages in November, 1951. We repeat it because of its timeless beauty, its classic simplicity. The four-gore skirt has easy fullness in the front, a back zipper. Vogue Design No. 9284, 12 to 20.

"What is a gem, in terms of fashion? The JOURNAL believes it to be any fashion that has beauty of its own, adds to yours and is so classic it smiles at the term 'out of date.'"* All the clothes on these pages are "gems," we feel, and one of the designs dates back to 1951. This seems like a true test of the timelessness and lasting beauty of a good design. We believe your investment in fine fabrics and the time and effort you expend in making your clothes are of enormous importance. Therefore, we boast about the enduring goodness of our wardrobe stories and feel that those of you who have been guided by them in the past will wear them with confidence in the future. By NORA O'LEARY

Pattern Editor of the Journal

* From "Gem of a Wardrobe," August, 1953.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 187. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,† from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (†Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

© VOGUE

These patterns have been reissued by Vogue in their new Printed and Perforated Patterns.



RHINESTONE JEWELRY BY HATTIE CARNEGIE

Do you remember seeing this dress on our pages in 1955? In beige re-embroidered lace with a turquoise satin cummerbund? We love its new look in red lace. The scallop edges the neckline, sleeve. Add a satin belt. Vogue Design No. 9028. 10–18.

HAT BY JOHN [redacted]





An extra skirt always extends the life of a suit. (You saw this same design last year in a printed silk.) This gay tartan (of washable wool and Orlon) is pleated all around. Wear with a yellow sweater and Sally Victor's snood. Skirt. Vogue Design No. 9052, 25–34 waist.

In 1954 this suit first appeared in the JOURNAL. Now, in suiting-weight wool jersey and brass buttons with a white piqué touch at the neck. The nicest thing about this suit is the way it takes to a pretty blouse or a bright scarf. Vogue Design No. 9285, 10–18.



Before, 295 pounds.

"Wow! Look at the neck and chest, not to mention all those chins."



GENEVIEVE NAYLOR

After, 135 pounds.

Miraculously emerged from her "mountains of fat," Helen felt as "glamorous as a movie star."



Now, 245 pounds.

"It isn't pretty or comfortable up here; I'm going back down."

HELEN FRALEY dieted and lost 160 pounds, but . . .

"I've gained back 110!"

In August, 1952, we published the fascinating story of how Helen Fraley reduced from a monstrous 295 pounds to a fashionable 135. Today's news is that Helen has eaten her way back to 245 pounds!

On learning of poor Helen's plight, we checked with all the other dieters you have met on JOURNAL *pages to find out how they were doing. We're happy to report that 80 per cent have maintained their reduced weight. Here is Helen's letter telling about her return trip, and (opposite) a scientific explanation of such roller-coaster weight travels, and how you can avoid them.*

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

Dear Dawn Norman: They say, "Confession is good for the soul," so by writing you this letter maybe I will receive some help. In recent months you have sent me three letters in which you asked about my current weight. Here's the confession: I was too ashamed to answer you. The fact is, I've gained back 110 pounds of that ugly fat that I so proudly lost in 1951. I hate myself, but that doesn't bring back my precious weight loss.

I can just imagine thousands of JOURNAL readers gasping in horror or sympathy and asking, "But *why?*" That's a big question, but I'll try to answer it. I think my mental attitude is responsible. My husband's health started failing three years ago, and he hasn't been able to work for two years. My worries over Sam, combined with having to assume the full financial burden for our household, have made me adopt a "what-the-heck's-the-difference" attitude. I know I shouldn't, but I did. When I was slender, I had a glamorous part-time job selling cosmetics. But at 245 pounds, I wouldn't be a good advertisement for "beauty," would I? Instead, I am now working for a pizza company, of all places! (Before you think that I put my weight back on, for free, with the pizza pies, I have to tell you that after two or three months of seeing nothing but pizza eight hours a day, I lost interest. You couldn't *make* me eat one now, delicious as I know they are.) But otherwise eat I did; and it's hard to keep weight down on "poor man's food"—starchy casserole dishes. At least I find that a good *excuse.* When I really think about it, I *could* have cut down on portions, couldn't I?

I didn't gain my weight back quickly. It's been a gradual, steady increase. I stayed at 135 pounds for two years. Then I went up to 150 pounds, and at that weight I actually looked better than I did at 135 pounds. People told me I looked younger, and I felt peppier. If only I had had the will power to *stay* there!

When my weight reached 180, I couldn't wear any of my pretty dresses or suits in size 14 or 16—in fact, an 18 was mighty snug. So I sold my "slim clothes" at a fraction of their original cost, in order to buy cheaper dresses in sizes to fit. How I loathe having to wear matronly clothes again. Giving up my slacks, pedal pushers and gay plaid blouses has been a crush; but then that sort of garb just isn't for fat Fannies—or Helens, either.

Carrying this added weight around is no joke. I get so tired during the day. After work all I can do is flop, exhausted, onto the living-room sofa!

When I had reduced to 135 pounds, many lifelong friends didn't recognize me. When they *did* they were thrilled and showered me with praise and compliments. Now some of the townspeople once again don't recognize me. When they *do*, no compliments! Instead they convey feelings of pity or disgust, cluck their tongues and say, "Isn't it a shame about poor Helen Fraley?"

It isn't easy to tell all your wonderful JOURNAL readers about gaining weight. In fact, it's downright humiliating! What a contrast to that time in 1952 when I was telling how I had *lost* 160 pounds. In those days I was bubbling over with happiness and wanted to share my success as a dieter with everyone. Recently I showed a picture of myself, at 135 pounds, to a friend who hadn't known me when I was slim. She said, "Helen, you look like a movie star; wouldn't you like to look like that again?" Naturally I do, more than anything else in the world. And I will!

Last week I had a thorough medical checkup and my doctor tells me I'm in perfect health, and that I can diet again because, really, there's nothing wrong with me that less food won't cure. I'm encouraged by this news—and just having this chance to put my reasons for gaining weight down on paper, in black and white, has helped me realize where my trouble lies.

I've just started my new diet and have already lost eight pounds. I do hope all the JOURNAL staff and readers will wish me luck in this second venture. I would appreciate letters of encouragement, even criticism. Hope once again I can truthfully sign off "a very happy ex-fat lady," but right now I am,

"just plain miserable,"

HELEN FRALEY
Blair, Nebraska

HELEN'S MEASUREMENTS

	BEFORE	AFTER	NOW
WEIGHT	295	135	245
HEIGHT	5′6½″	5′6½″	5′6½″
BUST	60″	38″	50″
WAIST	52″	30″	46″
HIPS	59″	37″	52″
DRESS SIZE	60	14 or 16	48

Why Diets Fail... and what to do about it!

Why is it possible for some people to reduce and stay reduced while others, no matter how hard or how often they try, fail miserably in their diet attempts? Dr. Hilde Bruch, associate professor of psychiatry, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, and author of the book "The Importance of Overweight," gives us her answers, based on her twenty-five years of experience in helping overweight people.

The story of how Helen Fraley dieted and lost 160 pounds and then gained 110 pounds back is a familiar one to any physician who specializes in dealing with overweight people. Quite naturally, the people who *cannot* undo their weight problems are the ones doctors continue to see.

We have had a chance to discuss these special cases with Dr. Hilde Bruch, an attractive, trim-figured psychiatrist, whose overweight patients make up a garden variety in age, shape, nationality and personality. Their problems range from those which are mildly disturbing all the way up to others which are serious and complex. Despite such variation, Doctor Bruch can distill her philosophy about dieting into this single conviction: "*The success of a reducing regimen depends less on the diet itself than on whether an individual is psychologically ready to reduce. When the time is ripe, an overweight person with a sound and solid goal has every reason to expect long-range success with a diet.*"

Ready—or Not?

Doctor Bruch points out that "people who go on a diet with the reasonable expectation of looking more attractive and being in better health are justified in their hopes that they will enjoy life more fully when their reducing has been accomplished. But they realize, too, that their lives may continue along the same fundamental lines."

At times the unreasonableness of the goal is quite obvious. Doctor Bruch once asked a seven-year-old girl why she wanted to reduce and she answered cheerfully, "Because when I get skinny I can eat all the chocolate I want to." Frequently things are more complex. The girl or woman who diets in the unrealistic hope that her secret fantasies will come true may be in for bitter disappointment. When she finds her reduced weight has *not* turned her into the scintillating beauty of her imagination, has *not* brought Prince Charming to her door, has *not* been the only passport she needed to obtain the job or the social life of her dreams, her dejection and what's-the-use attitude may prompt her to give up, and go back to her old eating habits. Doctor Bruch tells of an overweight teen-age girl with unusual acting ability who gave up after having dieted for many months. Her explanation was, "Why should I try and try to reduce when nobody will promise me, even if I stay slim, that I'll be a star and always get top billing?" It stands to reason that reducing and being slim, in themselves, are no guaranties of outstanding success as an actress—or in any other field of endeavor. It wasn't until this girl was able to differentiate between her two completely different goals that she could hope for continued success with a diet.

Fortunately, weight problems are often less complicated. In these milder situations, reasons for weight gains are readily apparent. Perhaps the pounds have added up as a result of too much party food; too little exercise; insufficient attention to your weight after the birth of your baby. Maybe there has been a lonely interlude in your life during which too much importance has been focused on food. Boredom is another breeder of overeating. Sometimes a physical upset (an operation or a confining illness, for instance) or some emotional crisis in your life can precipitate temporary preoccupation with food. By recognizing and correcting such underlying reasons for your weight gain, you have an excellent chance to diet away your extra pounds even though this, too, takes discipline and self-restraint.

For some people, however, overweight looms as a depressing and seemingly insurmountable problem which interferes with physical health, emotional outlook and social acceptance. In them, reasons are *not* always readily apparent and easily coped with, but are often buried in a mire of inner conflicts and emotional problems.

Commenting on these more serious situations, Doctor Bruch says, "The problem is too often approached by putting the cart before the horse. Obesity, itself, is looked upon CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

Of the dieters whose stories we have published in the past 5 years

80%

have maintained their reduced weight!




JOENNE VOORHEES
BEFORE—185 AFTER—125
NOW—135, 8 YEARS LATER




MARGIE WEBB
BEFORE—250 AFTER—150
NOW—140, 8 YEARS LATER




ANNE BACHNER
BEFORE—250 AFTER—[illegible]
NOW—135, 2 YEARS LATER




BETTY DE ROCHE
BEFORE—[illegible] AFTER—[illegible]
NOW—[illegible], 1 YEAR LATER




LYLE SALEH'S
BEFORE—270 AFTER—[illegible]
NOW—230, 3 YEARS LATER




JEAN ADAMS
BEFORE—250 AFTER—[illegible]
NOW—150, 6 YEARS LATER




DORIS McFALL
BEFORE—[illegible] AFTER—[illegible]
NOW—[illegible], 2 YEARS LATER




PETE MARTIN
BEFORE—227 AFTER—[illegible]
NOW—192, 1 YEAR LATER




LINDA RAND
BEFORE—171 AFTER—[illegible]
NOW—130, 5 YEARS LATER

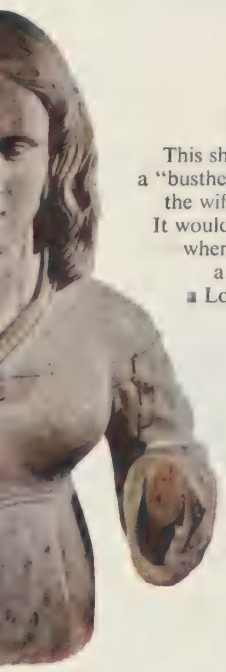



MARY ROBERTS
BEFORE—[illegible] AFTER—[illegible]
NOW—135, 9 YEARS LATER

ISABEL ROBERTS
BEFORE—[illegible] AFTER—[illegible]
NOW—[illegible], 9 YEARS LATER



VENUS DRAWN BY DOVES
was painted in water color on silk
about 1815. The artist, now unknown,
first painted the picture and then cut
the stars, rims and wheels of the carriage
and the collars and wing tips
of the doves from gilt paper and
applied them to the background.



This ship's figurehead, known as
a "busthead," may have portrayed
the wife or daughter of the owner.
It would have cost about $10
when it was carved from pine
around 1825, probably for use on
a Long Island Sound schooner.



In Pennsylvania's German communities
ornamental woodcarving
was much used on furniture
as well as for decorative objects
such as this rooster 10½" high,
circa 1875.

FOLK ART IN AMERICA



The Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection, containing these and many more delightful examples, is now on permanent public display at Williamsburg, Virginia. "It has been more than 25 years since my mother began to acquire these pictures and artifacts," says Winthrop Rockefeller, Chairman of the Board, Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., in expressing the hope "that everyone who visits the collection will enjoy it as my mother did."



THE OLD PLANTATION. This unique water color, painted about 1800,
depicts a slave dance on a plantation which is said to have stood
between Orangeburg and Charleston, South Carolina.
The skilled characterization of faces and figures indicates that the
unknown artist must have had some professional training.

MRS. PEARCE. Black dots of paint suggest
the eyelet borders for the collar in this oil portrait (circa 1835)
by Erastus Salisbury Field. Field was a versatile and prolific artist,
without formal instruction except possibly three months
with the noted artist-inventor Samuel F. B. Morse.





The unknown artist who painted
LYDIA AND TABITHA (oil on canvas)
about 1835 was probably a furniture decorator
who did portraits to increase his income.
Prices for portraits then varied from about $3 to $
Profiles, which required less time "to take,"
cost around $1.

...tless speed and balance are
... displayed in this weather vane,
...bly homemade, from about
...middle 19th century. The horse,
39″ long, is made of pine;
...ndian of sheet iron.

LEFT BEHIND. Mourning pictures, or "family mortuary grounds," with their stock elements of tomb, weeping willows and mourners, hung in almost every home in the early 19th century. Painting a mourning picture was sometimes a routine school assignment. This one is painted on velvet.





SPRING FISHING, c. 1825. Here the unknown artist appears to have embellished a familiar scene with artistic touches, such as the bridge, probably copied from a book. Water color on paper.

Reuben Law Reed, 1841–1921, was a house painter who executed pictures in his leisure time. He painted, about 1860, this oil of WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT THE BATTLE OF YORKTOWN from a description given him by an eyewitness, who, it is said, was pleased with the "realistic effect" of the picture.



Brilliantly designed floors were frequently added to family pictures for interest, as in THE TILTON FAMILY of Deerfield, New Hampshire, water color by Joseph H. Davis. More than 100 pictures are attributed to Davis, who signed only three, one with the added inscription, "Left Hand Painter."





This lamb, carved in pine, may have marked the shop of a wool merchant about 1800.

Folk art—a people's art, not the art of the chancelleries and palaces but of the towns and villages and the countryside—is a singularly delightful and instructive road into the life and times of our fathers, our grandfathers, and their forebears.

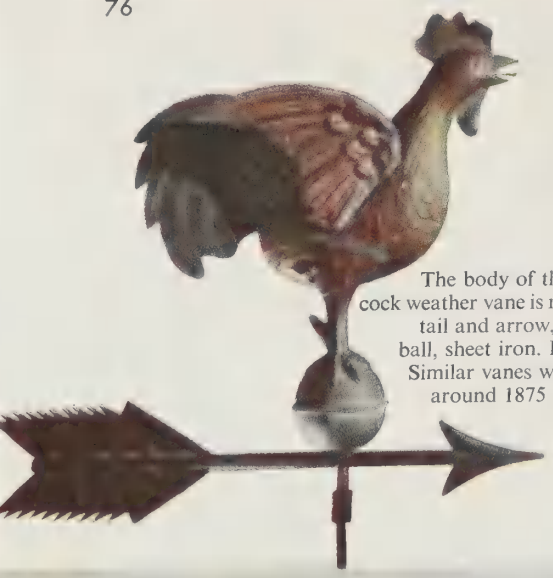
Here are the figureheads from their ships, the weather vanes from their barns, the needlework from their parlors, the sometimes severe and often "primitive" portraits that looked down from the walls of their houses, the sentimental calligraphic writings that delighted, and the romantic scenes which touched their hearts.

Here, also, we see the crosscurrents of national origins that flowed together into the great mainstream of America. Much of this American folk art is naïve, most of it is unsophisticated, some of it is crude, but all of it is moving, and touched by the influences which shaped us as a people.

Young and old who make their pilgrimage to Williamsburg will find here, just a little way from the restored area, another inviting doorway through which to step out of the Present into another and different time and place. It, too, may help the Present to learn from the Past.* KENNETH CHORLEY

President, Colonial Williamsburg

*From "The Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection," a Little, Brown & Co. book, available at bookstores; price, $17.50.



The body of this crowing-cock weather vane is made of copper; tail and arrow, brass; ball, sheet iron. Height, 20⅜″. Similar vanes were sold around 1875 for $35.



THE PRODIGAL SON RECLAIMED, c. 1815.
One of a series of four water colors illustrating the parable. Rather than attempt a Biblical flavor, the unknown artist used backgrounds and clothing contemporary to his own envi



WOMAN WITH SEWING BOX, 1850–60.
Artist unknown. The subject of this oil on canvas is tentatively identified as Miss Appleton of Ipswich, Massachusetts.



THE RESIDENCE OF DAVID TWINING, 1787, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, looks much the same today as it did circa 1845, when Edward Hicks painted this scene in oils. The Twinings had taken Hicks as a baby to live with them after his mother's death; in his later years as the foremost artisan-painter of his day he painted several versions of their farm. The Twinings' daughter, Beulah, stands in the doorway of the stone farmhouse. David Twining is at the gate; his wife, Elizabeth, sits reading from the Scriptures to little Edward Hicks; daughter Mary and her husband Jessie Leedom are shown with their horses, and all around are the outbuildings and farm activities of a prosperous Pennsylvania homestead.

THE NAVIGATOR'S WIFE and THE NAVIGATOR, c. 1830.
Artist unknown. Oil on canvas. The fashionably lacquered high loops of the lady's hair were known as "Apollo's knots."
Calipers and globe suggest the calling of the husband.





The ultimate step for the expert penman of 19th-century America was calligraphic drawing, which sometimes approximated engraving. The unknown artist who executed this spirited LEAPING DEER (c. 1840) with a steel pen was evidently a master of his art.





Probably a fashionable young lady's sewing box from the 1820's. Paper panels with varied painted flowers were applied to the wooden box, edged with gilt strips. Detail of the river landscape on the cover is shown above.



It was fashionable in the 1850's for boys to wear plaid and pose
for their portraits with some object of masculine interest
such as the whip and hobbyhorse in this oil painting.
Girls usually held fruit or flowers. Artist unknown.



EBEN DAVIS' HORSE, c. 1850. Eben P. Davis was
a Massachusetts carpenter and a beautiful penman.
He did this picture with a combination of carefully ruled pencil lines
and freehand drawing overlaid by water color.



BAPTISAM OF OUR SAVOUR, c. 1840. Ann Johnson tried to create
a Biblical atmosphere by drawing the camel's-hair raiment of John the Baptist
and palm trees in background. Artist's name and title are lettered
on black glass mat under water-color picture.

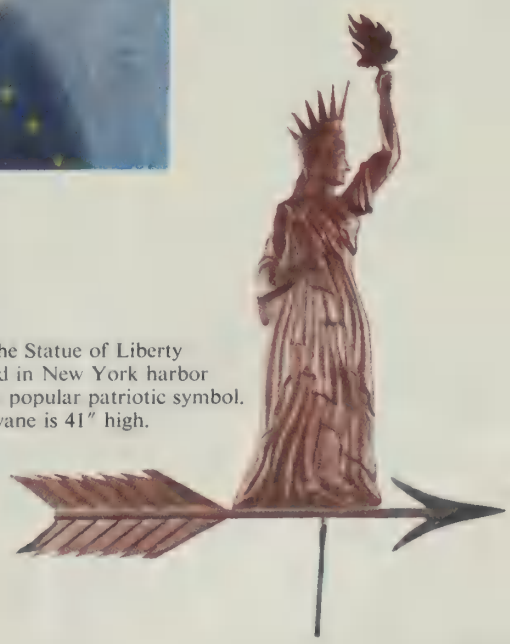
Ruth Henshaw Bascom, 1772–1848, was the wife of a minister
whose calling took them to several Massachusetts towns,
where many of her pastels have been found. In "taking profiles"
she traced the shadow and then filled in details.
In this portrait, for which she received 20c,
the features are drawn in pencil and the remainder in pastel.



On the back of this oil painting is inscribed "Alexandr Boudro[u] Painter 1851 No. 7."
The subject is tentatively identified as A. DICKSON ENTERING BRISTOL IN 1819.
A Bristol Township Inn is known to have been situated on Second Street in McCartersville,
Pennsylvania, now a part of the city of Philadelphia.



After the Statue of Liberty
was unveiled in New York harbor
in 1886, it became a popular patriotic symbol.
This copper weather vane is 41″ high.



A Big family room in a Big-family house

Young marrieds with a large family found their solution to today's housing problem in an old house. The living room has plenty of space for entertainment, play, books, music and sentimental collections.

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal



End table near piano conceals four little extra tables folded up inside. Pretty old desk provides work spot out of traffic path.



Cool blues accented with white mark this gracious, comfortable room. Natural advantages such as lovely mantel, good floors, high ceilings, French windows are made the most of. Window treatment is particularly practical: curtains are of washable cotton damask, with flat heading for easy ironing. These are hung on rods that swing open with the doors, letting in the most sun and air.

Nowadays, with building costs so high, many young marrieds who have, or hope for, large families are finding new value in big roomy houses 40 to 60 years old. Usually extremely well built, such houses tend to have large rooms and closets, full basements, attics, porches—all plus values for an active,



FOWLER

rowing family. They are often in pleasant, acces-ible neighborhoods with well-established trees and ›lanting.

Our young couple found that such a house was the ›nly one they could afford, big enough to hold their ›ig family, and actually costing less than a new four-›edroom ranch house.

True, some gingerbread usually needs to be tripped away, some late-Victorian taste must be nodernized. On the other hand, some of the trim-nings have charm, character, and most certainly in-lividuality. For instance, the wide entrance hall has wooden lace framing the stairway which will not be ampered with. But eventually the dining room, ›aneled in dark wood with the high plate rail of our grandparents, will be redecorated. For the moment, the new owners' main efforts were directed toward the kitchen* and the living room pictured here.

They loved the beautiful wood floors, high ceilings, French windows, but the size, 16′x25′, was a mixed blessing. They had to furnish it. Left over from their previous small house were a good sofa, two big, comfortable chairs, a table or two, that was all. They needed a new color scheme, new coverings, curtains, carpet and more furniture. Family attics were raided to produce the desk, among other treasures, and they were made happy by the gift of a no-longer-used baby-grand piano.

Actual remodeling in this room consisted in removing old wallpaper, some moldings, and building the cabinets and bookshelves at one end. They had decided to paint the walls, but discovered roughened plaster underneath, so a solid paper in the blue they wanted was the answer. Their sofa was in fairly good condition, as were the large armchairs. This group was treated to minor repairs and slip-covered in a fresh flowered chintz. As a practical measure, the yardage for this was preshrunk and siliconized. Carpeting an area this large might prove rather hard on their budget, but a wool 12′x12′ rug could be managed. It defines the conversation groups, and shows off the dark parquet floors. The striped rayon hearth-rug is just for fun and can be tossed into the washing machine. Favorite collections are housed in the bookshelves out of reach of little hands. A group of vacation-gathered shells is especially safe and effective under glass in an inspired coffee table built to house them.

* *For kitchen remodeling, see page 110.*



Laurie was pulling all the strings— but Sammy was no puppet.

by Jane and Glen Sire

The day I came home and found Marsh Hammond sitting on my front porch I was wearing my terrible blue jeans and Sammy's old sweat shirt. (It seems to be one of the absolutely dependable rules of my life that whenever anything exciting happens in it, I am wearing my terrible blue jeans and Sammy's old sweat shirt.) This time I was also carrying an enormous bag of groceries, of all repellent things (I had just been to the store for mother), and when I came around the corner and saw Marsh sitting there, I quietly went right back around the corner again and sank weakly down on the curb behind a friendly palm tree. It was partly shock, and partly the fact that Marsh Hammond is not the kind of boy a girl wants to be carrying a bag of groceries when meeting. Marsh Hammond is, to put it simply, the best-looking boy I have ever seen in my life. I couldn't have been more surprised if I had found Ulysses sitting on my front porch in a loincloth. I mean, I had never met either.

I simply sat there for a moment, letting the full shock of it spill over me, and wondering whether I had lipstick on. (Though I have been in love with Sammy Hastings for many years, there is a certain basic effect that a boy like Marsh Hammond has on any girl, if she is a girl.) Then I peered cautiously around the palm. *Maybe*, I thought, *it's a hallucination.* (Marsh Hammond was the type of hallucination any sensitive, normal young girl might very easily have.) But he was still there, lounging magnificently across our front steps in an Ivy League jacket, a deep tan and an air of negligent amusement. Just looking at him was an experience, and for a moment I just sat there, sort of drinking him in.

Then a new thought struck me. Sammy! What would he think? Nervously I peered past our house to the Hastingses', next door. There was no sign of Sammy, but he might appear at any moment, and suddenly, beautiful as Marsh was, I wished passionately that he were not sitting on my doorstep.

In the week that he had been at Glendale High (his family had moved over from the other side of town) Marsh Hammond had had a violent and rather terrifying effect on the love life of the entire school. Girls who had gone steady for years had taken one look at Marsh Hammond and gone quietly but definitely ape. Norma Gillison had followed him about the halls for three days at a slow dogtrot, and when Tom Lea, who had gone with her since junior high, finally got jealous and objected, Norma had absent-mindedly given him his ring back and told him she would always think of him as a friend. And Norma and Tom weren't the only ones either. In the last week three different couples had broken up in fights over Marsh Hammond, to say nothing of those who were still going together but not speaking. If Sammy came out and found Marsh Hammond sitting on my doorstep, he would absolutely flip. Actually, I had no idea why Marsh was there—I didn't even know him—but Sammy would never believe that. He would kill me!

Just thinking about Sammy was enough to make up my mind. I picked up my groceries and hurried back around the corner and down the walk. Marsh Hammond, I decided firmly, would have to go.

I came briskly up to the house, smiling a cool, unwelcoming smile and trying to look poised, or as poised as possible while glancing nervously over my shoulder at the Hastings house.

"Hello," I said.

He didn't get up, just grinned up at me. "Hi," he said, in the lazy, don't-care way of a man who is sure he is so attractive that it doesn't matter the slightest bit *what* he says.

I climbed the steps, my legs practically brushing his nose, but he didn't move. I looked down at him. "Are you tired?" I said politely.

He just laughed.

"I don't mean to pry," I said coolly, "but do you mind telling me what you are doing on my porch?"

Marsh climbed gradually to his feet. "I'm Marsh Hammond," he said simply, as though it explained everything.

"That's nice," I said. I waited.

He looked at me curiously. "You know," he said, "I get the feeling that you don't like me much." I could see that, to him, it was an astonishing thought.

"Well," I said, "I wouldn't worry about it. I'm sure dogs and children are crazy about you."

I turned and swept haughtily into the house, which would have been quite effective if I hadn't tripped on the sill and practically fallen on my face, except that actually it wouldn't have been my face but the other way around, if Marsh hadn't caught me. Well, it is hard to be haughty when a man is holding you in his arms, especially a man like Marsh, so for a moment I just relaxed and enjoyed it. He had thick black hair, and lovely, coffee-colored eyes.

It was a fascinating moment when absolutely anything could have happened, and then something did.

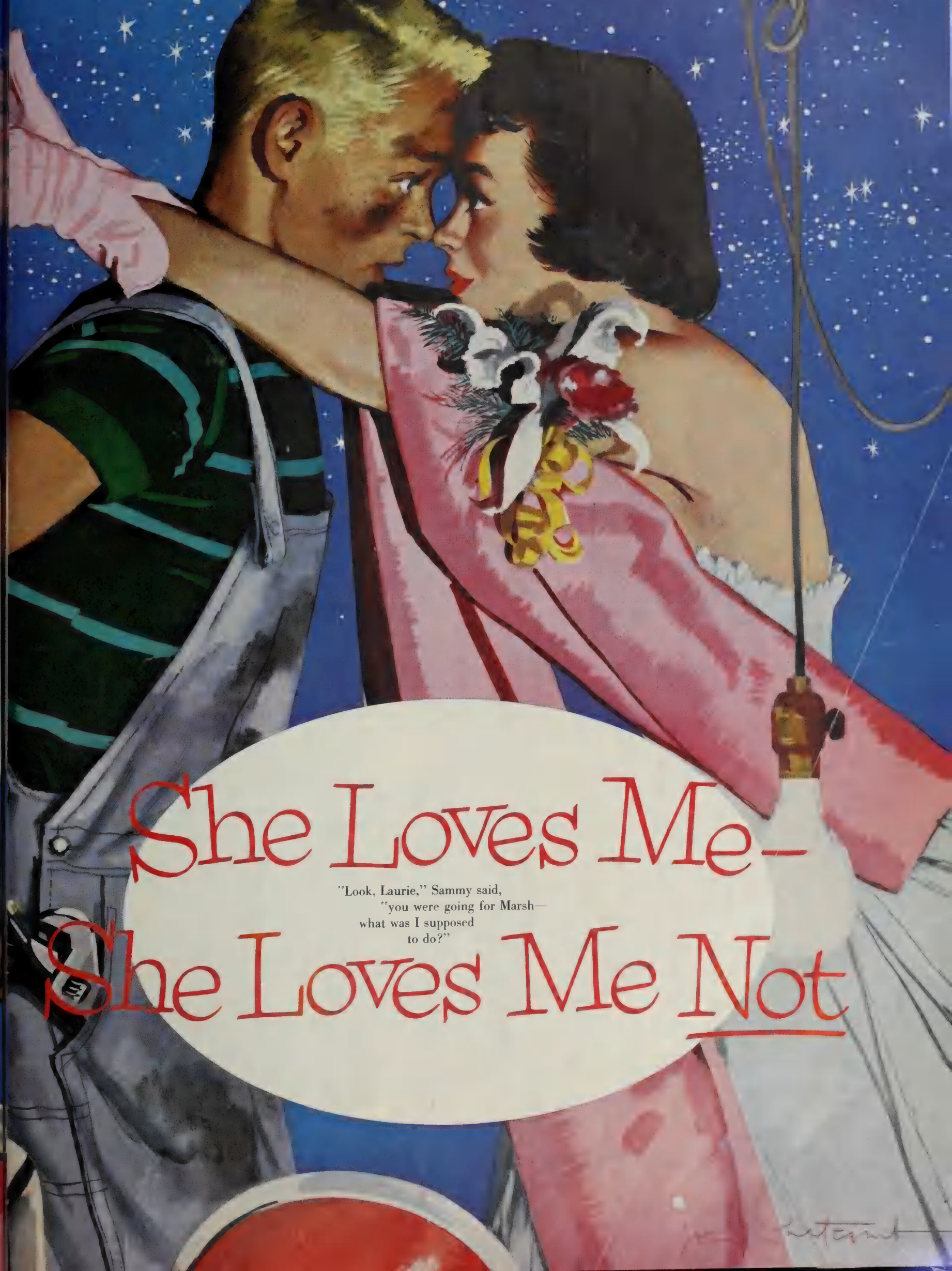
"Hey, man!" said this familiar voice. "She seems to have given you quite a tumble."

I gasped. There, not six inches away, was Sammy's interested, freckled face, peering at me over Marsh's shoulder!

"Oh," I said, rather weakly, I suppose. "Oh—oh, hello,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

© 1957 by Jane and Glen Sire



She Loves Me—
She Loves Me Not

"Look, Laurie," Sammy said,
"you were going for Marsh—
what was I supposed
to do?"



ESTHER BUBLEY

The pain of a migraine may be as intense as any that we are called upon to endure—yet many doctors believe that the sufferer brings on his own headache.

WHAT MAKES YOUR HEAD ACHE?

Is it nerves?
Fatigue? Heredity? Ambition? Conscience?
Knowing the cause
may not lead to the cure,
but it can help prevent
future headaches.

By DR. STEWART WOLF
and DR. HAROLD G. WOLFF

If you often have a headache, chances are that you did better than average in school. You are probably a worth-while person who takes responsibility well—but criticism poorly. The chances are, too, that one or more of your parents or grandparents had headaches. You have probably been to see several doctors and doubtless have been told, after a more or less detailed survey, that there is nothing wrong with you. That is hard to take when the pain of headache may be as intense as any pain that man is called upon to endure.

Like the pains of labor, headache pain may be very intense and yet compatible with good health and a high degree of productivity. A very high proportion of the population has occasional headaches, probably about 60 per cent. Very few people have never had one. In headache, the severity of the pain tells nothing about the underlying cause. An extremely intense pain does not indicate an ominous trouble. Neither does a mild headache reflect a benign condition.

Few laymen realize that the brain itself cannot feel pain. It certainly seems when you have a severe headache that the whole inside of your head is signaling distress. Actually, the nerves that transmit pain exist almost exclusively in the blood vessels and the nervous system. For all the apparent and widespread anguish, the places where you actually hurt are minute, almost invisible.

When your head aches in the back, the greatest possibility is that the muscles leading up from the neck are in distress. Muscle tightness for whatever reason is painful. Your neck muscles have probably tightened involuntarily. You are, for the moment, excessively alert or apprehensive. That fat man in the theater; a long time at the wheel, concentrating on the fast highway; worry about the rent five days overdue: situations like these may cause you to tighten up. The tightness squeezes off the blood supply to the muscles themselves. And your head aches, oh so badly. If you can relax, the headache may go away. If not, you resort to one of the basic analgesic compounds, such as the one used in aspirin.

The analgesics act by interfering with your ability to feel pain. The various analgesic compounds—aspirin, phenacetin and acetanilide—are all about equally useful as painkillers. (Aspirin does have the additional virtue of being mildly sedative.) Besides using drugs, you can often treat muscle-tightness headaches successfully with heat lamps, hot baths, cold packs or massage.

If your headache is periodic, severe and often predictable, you may be suffering from the famous "migraine."

Migraine often comes on weekends. It may suddenly shift sides. Often it wakes the sufferer early in the morning with a severe pounding. Usually there is nausea. Often, too, there are spots before your eyes and peculiar sensations in one arm. By evening, frequently, it will be gone, followed by a feeling of extreme well-being. Migraine headaches very commonly run in families.

The mystery of the migraine was solved with the discovery that some arteries are pain-sensitive. The pain occurs from the stretching or distention of the artery walls. Stated most simply, the migraine sufferer brings on his headache by means of a nervous condition so intense that it increases the flow of arterial blood into the head.

Most people who get migraine headaches are not obviously "nervous." As a group they are hard-working and ambitious. They like to be thought well of and dread the idea of criticism. The chances are that they are sensitive, perfectionist, rigid and reserved. They are people who have tried to do better than their fellow men. As they grow older, they find it difficult to keep up with all the demands they make on themselves. Because they have worked hard, because they are unusually conscientious, they keep acquiring responsibilities. But instead of deriving satisfaction from their achievements, migraine people become bitter and resentful because no one, not even their superior selves, could possibly do as much as they demand.

Migraine people usually "live according to plan." They dislike uncertainty. They are unhappy unless they always appear at their best. Headaches often occur just before or after a party, when the demands for a superior performance are greatest. Many sufferers, too, can predict migraines on their days off, when there is no opportunity for achievement. The various names for migraine headaches—Sunday, menstrual, inventory and so on—give a hint of the pressures that bring them on.

Migraine is often said to be inherited. The chances are that inheritance is not the whole story, but equally important is the learning in a family where the emphasis is on "doing things better," where children learn an undue emphasis on being careful, being polite, being conscientious. What the sufferer has inherited is not a bad head. On the contrary, he has probably inherited a very good head.

Many migraine sufferers cannot be convinced that the way in which they face problems has anything to do with their headaches. The only way in which such sufferers can be treated is by treating the patient psychologically. The doctor's role is to help the patient understand himself.

The migraine sufferer can, of course, do a great deal for himself. One successful device is for him to examine the events of the minute, the hour, the day before his present attack. What were his attitude and his reaction to them? Did he overcome the problems, think them through, or evade the problem by retreat into illness? Self-examination like this may reveal a characteristic pattern of doing things the hard way. If it is noticed that a headache occurs when efforts are frustrated or criticized, it may not seem immediately significant; but when the coincidence of headache with such events is noticed, the discovery may be put to good use. Each headache can be made to "pay for itself."

Often the sufferer can learn to avoid getting into situations that bring on headaches. He may be able to alter a point of view slightly, to slow up on striving and savor the achievements he has already made. To cure migraine is obviously not simple, yet victims will assure you that anything is better than such misery.

If you have never had a migraine, you may feel that a "sinus headache" is pretty bad. Aches in the CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

© 1953 by Stewart Wolf and Harold G. Wolff. From the book Headaches: Their Nature and Treatment, published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Can this Marriage be Saved?



The fifty-fifty marriage has a much higher record of success than any other, yet only about one third of all marriages, even in the educated part of the population, ever attain the status of a real partnership. Often the partners start with widely different degrees of dominance, which they are unable to manage in such a way as to produce teamwork on a basis of equality. They can be helped by a marriage counselor. The American Institute of Family Relations, 5287 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 27, California, is a national nonprofit organization now in its twenty-eighth year, which keeps in touch with marriage counselors (many of whom it has trained) all over North America and is always happy, without charge, to refer inquirers to competent help near them, if possible. A few weeks or months of counseling cannot be expected to change the basic personality; but it may show the possessor of this personality how to direct it along constructive lines, how to acquire more self-reliance or how to turn a dominating tendency into leadership rather than mere bossiness. The counselor in the case here described was Pierce Ommanney.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *General Director.*

SHE: "Whenever Ron goes into the old song and dance about how he loathes his boss and how his work is dull and meaningless, I make the appropriate clucking, sympathetic sounds and for the thousandth time suggest he quit."

HE: "Perhaps I could endure the emptiness and lack of love in my home if I received any satisfaction from my work. At home I'm silently pressured by Eve and at work I'm steam-rollered by my boss and his wife."



LEONARD NADEL

EVE TELLS HER SIDE: "At first I thought I was coping with just another one of Ron's depressions," said tall, slender, thirty-year-old Eve. Her pretty face mirrored the shocked bewilderment she had felt when her husband had unexpectedly asked for a divorce. "During the ten years of our marriage, Ron and I have never had a serious quarrel. My sisters and I weren't allowed to whine and bicker. I've managed to side-step arguments despite the fact Ron is high-keyed, intensely critical of little things, and very moody. On an average of every six months he sinks into an ocean of gloom.

"Whenever these dreary periods descend I keep the youngsters quiet and out of sight—Susie is nine, our twin sons are six—supply Ron with everything he requests, however wild and unreasonable, pour forth my utmost in the way of sunlight and cheer. Ron has always seemed to respond and in the course of time climb back to normal.

"I had no idea he considered his existence a misery and our marriage hopeless. There isn't another woman in the picture. All he wants, so he says, is to leave and be entirely free and independent, whatever that may mean. I still feel stunned by his attitude.

"I won't pretend Ron and I have been as happy as some couples—we just aren't the blissful type—but certainly we are better off than many couples who stay together. We have our children. We have a pleasant home and an interesting, if small, circle of friends. Ron has been dissatisfied with his work for a long while—he is in charge of design at a large firm that manufactures ceramics—but he knows I would have stood behind him in any change he cared to make. I have a small income from my grandfather's estate and I have repeatedly offered to lend Ron the principal if he ever wanted to establish a business for himself.

"I have tried to be a good wife and mother and an efficient housekeeper, something I was obliged to learn from scratch, since I grew up in a houseful of servants. I have done my best to be an agreeable companion to Ron, somebody loyal and generous and understanding. I have become a fair cook. I wield a paintbrush and hammer under Ron's direction; every time he gets restless he redecorates our house again, which keeps it in a constant state of upheaval. Our décor reflects his ideas, not mine.

"When Ron is sick I nurse him faithfully. His depressions often wind up with an asthmatic attack, a siege of sinus or a digestive upset. He has an ulcer like his father before him. Last month his boss threatened to reduce the annual bonus and Ron was sick in bed for a week with worry and a flare-up of his ulcer.

"In the early days of our marriage I took on the burden of handling our finances at his request. Ron declares he can't abide the mundane chore of paying bills. I deposit his hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar weekly check along with my dividend checks in a joint bank account; Ron often forgets to advise me of his withdrawals and to fill out stubs. Twice last year I heard from the bank that our account was overdrawn. On the first occasion Ron had bought a topcoat, three pairs of slacks and six shirts in the same week. The second time he went on a buying spree in a do-it-yourself store. I didn't complain of his extravagance and irresponsibility. In fact, I didn't even tell him of the financial crisis. I sold enough bonds to get straight with the bank and allowed Ron to continue in the serene belief our checking account must be stocked by elves.

"On the other hand, just the other day Ron objected vehemently when I bought three lipsticks at a sale in the drugstore. I listened to his nasty cracks without comment. I try to take trifles in my stride and hide my feelings like my father. One time I wrecked my father's brand-new convertible and he said nothing about the accident, not a CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

"Ron didn't show for dinner that night. By eight o'clock I was definitely worried and thought I'd better go hunt for him. Usually he heads for the ocean. I drove twenty-five miles to find him. He was walking along the beach and I saw at a glance the guy was in the lower depths."



Welsh rarebit—but with plump oysters and tender mushroom slices; a dish that says "Come to supper" to your dearest friends, and worthy of a glamorous chafing dish, your best silver and china. Spoon it over outsized biscuits (made with bacon worked into the dough), hot and buttered. A cooked vegetable salad and a tray of pickle relishes go along. And why not cold cantaloupe wedges for dessert?

WONDERFUL CHEESE DISHES

Chicken and tender endive baked with nutty Parmesan; eggplant and sausage with creamy Mozzarella—here are the JOURNAL'S *most delectable, all-time cheese favorites.*

September has come. There's "a flush of red in the blue, the haystack on the marsh catches the glow, the apples are red on the trees." Amber-gold, and smooth as country cream, a splendid cheese rarebit with oysters and mushrooms is ladled onto big biscuits laced with bacon crumbles, split and buttered. A dish like this is a real event!

Is there any dessert in the world to compare with a cheese board of Roquefort and Camembert wedges, with a pile of crisp cold apples in the middle? Perhaps, if it's a luscious cream-cheesecake, glazed with sweet strawberries. Be adventurous with cheese—try small cubes of Cheddar as a garnish for tomato or cream-of-pea soup, instead of croutons. Spread toasted English muffins with half-and-half butter and blue cheese. It's delicious! Mix grated Cheddar into the crust of your next peach pie. "The only way to know cheese is to eat it." And since, for most people, it's hard to hear the word "cheese" without getting hungry—on to the recipes!

OYSTER-AND-MUSHROOM RAREBIT

Sauté in a little butter ½ pound sliced mushrooms until golden brown. Remove them and set aside. Then heat 1½ dozen oysters just until the edges curl. Add oysters and mushrooms to the following cheese sauce, just before serving. *Cheese Sauce:* Melt in a saucepan or chafing dish 2 tablespoons butter. Blend in 2 tablespoons flour and then 1½ cups light cream or evaporated milk. Stir in and heat gently 3 cups grated Cheddar cheese. Season with 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a dash CONTINUED ON PAGE 114



Eggplant, sausage, Mozzarella cheese—and a tantalizing fragrance! Serve this delicious casserole with a fresh green "antipasto salad"—lettuce, slivers of anchovy, sliced olives and artichoke hearts. And then there's a loaf of Italian brown bread, thickly sliced and buttered.

STUART-FOWLER



Chicken slices and endive, baked in a rich, creamy Parmesan sauce. Nothing could be better to celebrate a festive occasion than this delectable, very "special" dish. Serve your masterpiece with brown-and-serve salt sticks and a crisp, cold bowl of fresh-vegetable relishes.

Collector's Items

in the Raw

FROM THE JOURNAL KITCHEN



STUART

Uncooked delicacies for the appetizer tray—stuffed mushrooms, cucumber boats, and oysters with red caviar.

Like swimming without going near the water, cooking without going near the range has a great many advantages. Not only do you stay nice and cool, but you know you haven't wasted any vitamins and minerals, or destroyed the wonderful flavors which are so delicate and delicious in many uncooked foods.

Let's start with something sure-fire, such as raw mushrooms, whose unexpectedly soft, nutty crispness makes them popular as canapés, appetizers or salads.

Stuffed Mushrooms: Remove the stems (save them for soup) from ¾ pound mushrooms and peel the caps by hand, grasping the edge and pulling across the top as though you were taking off a kid glove; leave whole and stuff with a 3-ounce package cream cheese to which the juice of 1 lemon, 1 small can skinless sardines, 2 teaspoons chopped chives (or minced onions), ½ teaspoon salt and a little ground pepper have been added. If this mixture is too stiff to handle, add a little heavy cream at the last minute. Anchovies may be substituted for the sardines, in which case omit the salt. This may be used as a "dip" with other vegetables.

Marinated Mushrooms: Remove the stems and wash but do not peel 1 pound mushrooms, leaving caps whole if small, otherwise halving or quartering, and place in a bowl with 1 cup white wine vinegar, 2 teaspoons olive oil, 1 clove garlic cut into several slices, 1 teaspoon marjoram, ½ teaspoon sage and 2 teaspoons chopped parsley. Let stand, stirring occasionally, from 12 to 48 hours. Drain and serve in a bowl with toothpicks on the side. Or, for a sensational salad, serve on soft lettuce.

The brave man—more likely, woman!—who ate the first raw oyster would feel he had not lived in vain if he could eat

Oysters Imperial: Add 1 level after-dinner-coffee spoon black caviar (or a *heaping* after-dinner-coffee spoon *red* caviar) to each raw oyster on the half shell, sprinkle each with just a trace of minced chives and 6 drops lemon juice. Serve on cracked ice, 4 large or 6 small oysters per person.

By now you should have an open mind about raw fish, popular in so many countries, including the Scandinavian. This is the Japanese way:

Mamuko Sashima: Cut a slice of fresh halibut, tuna, bream or swordfish into thin strips and marinate in the refrigerator for 24 hours in 1 cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons soy sauce and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Serve cold.

People who are far too squeamish for a main course of steak tartare—*who, in fact, don't even like* rare *meat—will rave about cannibal meat balls, especially if you call them by some such name as*

Hamburgerettes Tartare: Have ¾ pound round steak, without fat, ground twice; add 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salad oil, the yolk of 1 egg, slightly beaten, 1 teaspoon lemon juice or wine vinegar (optional) and 2 teaspoons chopped pickle. Mix thoroughly and let stand in the refrigerator for an hour or more before forming into balls the size of a large marble. Roll in finely chopped parsley to which a few minced chives have been added until entirely (and deceptively) green, then roll in finely rolled cracker crumbs to firm them a bit if you like. Serve on a platter with toothpicks.

Here are two suggestions for uncooked vegetables which, not being salads, are to be served at room temperature rather than chilled. The first of them is improved by standing for an hour or so, as zucchini does not discolor or become soggy.

Zucchini Creole: Wash thoroughly but do not peel 4 small zucchini (about a pound) and slice thin; add 2 juicy ripe tomatoes, chopped, ½ large green pepper, chopped *fine*, 3 large scallions, tops and all, minced (or 2 small white onions), 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon sugar and a dash of freshly ground pepper.

Cucumber Boats: Peel 1 large cucumber, cut in half lengthwise, then across; carefully scrape out the seeds with a small sharp spoon and place them in a bowl, breaking apart with a fork and mixing with 2 drops garlic, 1 minced scallion (or 1 teaspoon minced white onion), ¼ teaspoon curry powder, ¼ teaspoon red paprika, ½ teaspoon salt and 3 rounded teaspoons cottage cheese; spoon this mixture into the quarters of cucumber.

Salads are traditionally eaten raw, but these are just off-beat enough to make them distinctive.

Spinach Salad Omar: Remove the large stems from ¾ pound young spinach; wash, drain, dry and cut into strips 1" wide. Keep chilled. Rub salad bowl with garlic; break into it 1 whole egg and beat lightly with fork; add 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 teaspoons catchup and stir into a smooth paste. Add ½ cup salad oil alternating with ⅛ cup vinegar, and beat with electric mixer or a rotary beater until smooth and thick; pour over spinach.

Harvy Scarvy Relish: Chop fine 2 peeled and cored apples, add equal amount of diced celery and 1 medium-size onion, chopped fine. Add ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons tarragon vinegar and 4 teaspoons salad oil. Let stand an hour before serving

Cardamon Fruit Salad: With a sharp knife, peel 2 grapefruit (preferably pink ones) and 2 oranges, leaving no white pulp; section, and put into a bowl with any juice obtained while preparing. Peel 2 bananas (preferably red ones) and cut in half lengthwise, and again crosswise. Peel and core 1 large apple and cut into thin rounds. Pour the juice of 2 lemons over the apple and banana to prevent discoloring. Put them in the bowl, too, and add ½ teaspoon whole cardamon seeds. (You have to crack the pods to get at the seeds.) For your dressing, use 2 teaspoons honey thinned with 2 teaspoons light cream, adding ¼ teaspoon whole cardamon seeds, ¼ teaspoon salt, a few mint leaves or ¼ teaspoon dry mint. Pour over the fruit which has been placed on a platter of soft lettuce leaves.

Cauliflower Salad: Slice thin enough flowerets of washed cauliflower to make 1 heaping cup, loosely packed. Add ½ cup Cheddar cheese, cut into thin strips, ¼ cup chopped green pepper, ½ cup minced Spanish onion and 1½ cups chopped water cress. Serve with 3 tablespoons French dressing.

Salad Palette: This mixed salad will be a "thing of beauty," especially if you have a large, rather shallow bowl. Wash and dry by spreading on paper towels 1 head Boston lettuce, 1 bunch water cress and 1 head romaine or garden lettuce. Peel 3 firm tomatoes. Slice 1 cucumber paper thin and 10 radishes quite thin. Cut 1 stalk celery fine, including some of the tender leaves, and cut ½ green pepper into thin sticks. Rub the bowl thoroughly with a clove of garlic. Now comes the artistry: Tear the greens into small pieces and cover the bowl, slice the tomatoes thin over the lettuce, and spread the cucumbers over them without covering them completely. Sprinkle on the radishes, celery and green pepper and place the water cress around the rim of the bowl with the stems stuck under the lettuce, so that the cress frames the salad. One half pound Belgian endive may be used instead of, or in addition to, the cress; pull the leaves apart and stick the blunt ends under the lettuce so that the "petals" radiate like those of a sunflower or daisy. Serve with about 1 cup spicy French dressing and 3 teaspoons grated Parmesan cheese, but do not toss until everyone has had a chance to appreciate your creation.

It certainly isn't news that some of the best things to drink are raw—milk shakes, eggnogs, fruitades and vegetable juices in almost endless combinations.

Pineapple Drink: Combine in blender 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ bunch water cress and 1 cup cracked ice. Buzz a few minutes.

Tomato Juice: Combine in blender or shaker 2 cups tomato juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 large cucumber, peeled, seeded and grated, a few drops hot pepper sauce and ¾ cup cracked ice. Buzz or shake a few minutes.

4 Souper ways to serve tuna!









TUNA BURGERS. Here's a *new* kind of burger! Mix 1 7-oz. can drained, flaked tuna, 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, 1 tbsp. each minced green pepper and onion. Fill 6 hamburger buns with mixture; brush buns with butter. Bake on cookie sheet in hot oven (400° F.) about 10 minutes. 6 servings.



PERFECT TUNA CASSEROLE. A never-fail meal, all in *one* dish! In a 1-qt. casserole, combine 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup, ½ cup milk, 7-oz. can drained, flaked tuna, 1 cup drained, cooked peas, 1 cup crushed potato chips. Garnish with potato chips. Bake at 375° F. about 25 minutes. 4 servings.







TUNA LOAF. Any way you slice it, this is soup-erb! Combine 2 7-oz. cans drained, flaked tuna, 1½ cups fine bread crumbs, 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup, 2 lightly beaten eggs, 2 tbsp. minced onion. Pack lightly in greased loaf pan; bake at 350° F. about 1 hr. Serve with Quick Cream Sauce (blend 1 can Cream of Celery Soup, ⅓ cup milk; heat). 6 servings.



TUNA SHORTCAKE. Creamy and tasty—and ready in minutes! In a saucepan, blend together 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, ½ cup milk, one 7-ounce can drained, flaked tuna, 1 cup drained, cooked peas, 2 sliced, hard-cooked eggs and 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento; heat. Serve over hot, split and buttered biscuits—or pour on slices of toast. 4 servings.

Good cooks cook  with *Campbell's Soups*



How to help your child have a better school year

"Good-bye, Mom . . ." Mothers will hear this familiar farewell daily during the school months ahead when 38 million children leave for their classrooms. Among these boys and girls there will be 4 million youngsters entering school for the first time.

Is there anything you can do to help your child get the best possible start in school? Yes, there is. You can take him to your family doctor now . . . *before school opens* . . . for a thorough check-up.

Although your child may seem to be in tiptop physical condition, he could have some totally unexpected impairment. For example, slight defects in seeing and hearing can handicap a child in his studies and other school activities or cause unnecessary absences. Therefore, eyes and ears should be examined.

You may also find your doctor's advice helpful in improving your child's general health. Is there room for improvement in his diet? Are his habits of play, sleep and exercise all right? Parents should remember that poor health habits can lead to physical and emotional troubles and the sooner they are corrected, the better.

Protection against certain health hazards is necessary when a child starts or returns to school. So be sure to have your child's immunization record reviewed and see that appropriate steps are taken to bring it up to date if necessary.

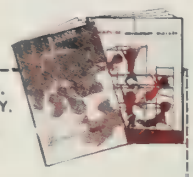
If you are not certain about your child's protection against smallpox, diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus and polio, now is the time to see your doctor. It is most important to obtain his professional assistance so you may comply with the school's requirements regarding vaccinations and inoculations.

Teen-age boys and girls, as well as younger children, benefit from regular preschool check-ups. Physical adjustments, weight variations and emotional upsets—all these and similar problems are matters which parents may not understand too well.

So why not get your doctor's help *now?* Advice based on sound medical knowledge may prevent or clear up many difficulties of the school years. Your child's visit to him can help assure healthy, happy school days.

Metropolitan offers two booklets on health problems of school-age children. The titles are listed on the coupon below. Check the booklet or booklets you want.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.



Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.
Please send me the free booklet
☐ *"ABC's of Childhood Diseases," 9-57-J*
☐ *"Understanding Your Teen-Ager," 9-57-J*
Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

SCENT OF CLOVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

had begun their breakfast. Edward was not with them, and before she could ask his whereabouts she saw him coming briskly down the ramp which led to the outer wall.

He kissed her heartily, and said, "A quiet night and a bright morning. I hope you slept well. Let's go in. I'm hungry."

It was never expedient to make a request of a hungry man. She fell into step beside him. As they passed the soldiers one of the men had just fitted a piece of cold fat bacon onto a slice of bread and was about to lift it to his mouth.

"Spare a crust for a starving man, your honor," said Edward, in tolerable imitation of a beggar's whine, and took the piece from the soldier's hand. They all laughed. He walked on, cramming the food into his mouth. "It'll be today. There's smoke to the north of us. I'd send out a scout for news, but if I lower the bridge now there'll be trouble."

"Oh," she said. "Why?"

"There's a crowd of countryfolk there, begging admission. They've been arriving all through the night."

She could imagine how safe the castle looked to those who were locked out of it.

"It seems hard, doesn't it?" she said falteringly. "They aren't on either side, and yet ——"

"War always hurts somebody," he said curtly. "Don't look at me like that, Lucy. I can't take in a lot of hungry mouths. I've been up there, shouting to them to turn about and go inland. Cromwell's going straight through to Wexford. The fools out there'd be safe enough if they got well out of his road. But they won't listen."

He had begun to eat, quickly but without haste and giving the food his full attention.

"Maire says she knows a safe place not far from here, some caves, at Cloonmagh."

"Cloonmagh. That'd be no help to them. You can get there only by boat, I believe." He laid down his knife for a moment and put his hand over hers. "Sweetheart, don't look so miserable. There's nothing you can do for them now. I'll go up and shout at them again; threaten to shoot if they don't move away. Squatting there like that, they're as good as dead already." He put the last bit of food into his mouth, took a long draught of ale and stood up.

"I'll come with you," she said.

"You'll only begin to cry and say 'Poor things' and beg me to have them in. And I tell you frankly, Lucy, I shan't, because I can't. If the twelve Apostles stood there asking to come in, I'd be bound to say no."

Something in his voice hinted to her that he was distressed by the plight of the refugees.

"I won't cry," she said, and followed him out, across the courtyard, up the ramp and onto the wall.

Edward went to the cannon station nearest the drawbridge, and she went and stood beside him. It was a perfect August morning, the sky the color of a harebell and cloudless. The moat at the foot of the wall lay smooth and glassy, mirroring the sky's blue.

"Yes," Edward said, "it's smoke right enough. That'll be Shallyran. We're next." He looked down at the huddle of people on the other side of the moat, pressed together at the spot where the drawbridge, if lowered, would touch. "You must get away," he shouted. "Shallyran's burning. They'll be here within an hour. Go inland and keep off the roads."

They turned their helpless-looking faces upward and some held out their hands; but they made no move to go away.

"Do you think they can hear you? Do they understand?"

"Listen," he said.

It came up with dreadful clarity: "Let us in. Sir, sir, in the name of God, let us in." An old woman went down on her knees and held up prayerful hands; a younger one showed her baby, just about Julia's size.

"Tell them about the caves."

"There are caves at Cloonmagh," Edward shouted. "Go there. You can't stay here. You'll all be killed. I can't take you in. Go to the caves."

A man came forward, tugging at the head his donkey. "There's no getting to Cloonma without a boat, sir. Take us in. You can't le us here to perish."

She saw the sweat break out on Edwar forehead. "I won't have you stay there to slaughtered," he bellowed. "If you don't sc ter I shall fire on you."

They moaned and pressed closer togeth

"Edward, Maire said she knew a secret w to Cloonmagh."

He looked at her for a second, his l pressed together; then he looked to the no where the smoke was now a gray column, d tinct against the sky.

"Fetch her," he said.

As she lifted her skirts and ran down t ramp she heard him shout that he was sendi somebody to guide them all to safety.

Maire was like all the rest of them, li peasants the world over: she owned very litt but that little was precious. She began gather her poor possessions.

"And, lady, I'll need food too. If I go in t kitchen they'll not believe ——"

"I'll fetch you food," Lucy said. "Mai you must hurry. Men who should be busy other things are waiting on you."

Maire had hurried; by the time that Lu reached the inner end of the drawbridge, car ing some hastily gathered food tied up i cloth, the old woman was there, clutchin great bundle under the shadow of her shawl

Above their heads, out of sight, Edward shouting again.

"All you down there, pick up your gear a walk back twenty paces. Now stay there. A body who moves a step when the bridge con down will be shot. Shot dead, d'you und stand? Follow the one who comes out a she'll lead you to safety. All right! Low awaaay!"

Gently, with the muted screech of we oiled wheels and chains, the great bridge ca down and spanned the water.

"Run, Maire. And God go with you," Lu said.

"And have you in His keeping, and all y love," said Maire. Looking very small, s scuttled across. She landed on the farther si and cried, "After me, all of you!" and witho waiting to see whether they followed or n set off, skirting the moat and then making the woods.

"Bring her up!" Edward shouted. T chains wound in, link after link, and the brid rose, slanted across the water, was uprigl Edward turned and began to descend t ramp. As he did so there was a sharp crack was followed by the rippling rattle of an o running chain. The bridge remained poised an instant and then fell with a crash which h a desperately final sound.

Despite all their agonized efforts to raise to hack it through, to blow it up, enough mained to afford a passage across the moat f the Puritan soldiers an hour later.

In one respect reality differed from t dream: Lucy was spared the sight of Julia the end of a pike, for Maire's confidence in t caves of Cloonmagh as a hiding place h given her courage enough to carry Little M away with her.

Johannes Belderdik, owner and master the Sea Maid, had, in the years before Cro well's Navigation Act, made regular voyag between Amsterdam and the Irish ports. H had never called at Cloonmagh, which w not a port—just a tiny fishing village, set clo under the cliff and remarkable only for church. The tiny, ancient gray stone buildi was surmounted by a cross, disproportionate tall, and gilded. It constituted a landmark, a Captain Belderdik was on the lookout for it this bleak February morning in the year 165 On this voyage he would put in at Cloonmag because that was what he had been hired do.

A mystery, which he was content to allow remain so, surrounded his errand. A gent man, giving the name of Mr. Bull, and telli some specious story about wishing to inspe an Irish horse for another gentleman, had a

…ached Johannes and asked whether he …uld take the risk of carrying him to a small …ce on the Irish coast, land him, wait for an …ur and bring him back again. That Mr. Bull …d money enough to hire a whole ship and … crew in order to make a visit lasting one …ur indicated that something very secret and …portant must be brewing. But that was no …air of Johannes'. He had only to find …oonmagh.

It was more difficult than he had antici…ted. The weather was bad, visibility fre…ently obscured by squalls of sleet. Finally … knew that he had overshot his mark and …ust turn back. So they turned about and at …e next little village, of which Johannes said …biously, "It could be Cloonmagh—if it had …e cross," made a careful approach and, when …e sounding revealed that the ship could go … nearer, lowered a boat.

"Sir," Johannes asked, as his passenger pre…red to embark, "do you speak Gaelic? . . . …en you will have difficulty in ascertaining …ether this is Cloonmagh or not. I will come …th you."

They landed, in the middle of another squall, … the desolate beach and walked toward the …uster of poor clod hovels. The place gave no …gn of human occupation: there was no …und, and not a thread of smoke rising from …y roof. But as the sleet storm cleared they …uld see, beyond the hovels, the squat stone …urch, and protruding from its roof a broken …ump, gilded.

"This is Cloonmagh," Johannes said. "And … a dead village."

"It suits me well," said …r. Bull, forgetting caution … a moment. "If this is …loonmagh, I have only to …llow my directions. I …all be back in an hour." … was a speech of dismissal. …e began to walk, at a …anking pace, was lost to …ght for some moments and …en appeared again scram…ing up the cliff and …ally vanished behind a screen of gorse …ushes and wind-twisted fir trees.

Johannes turned in the other direction. He …alked until he had reached the church, stood …r a moment, looked up at the stump of the …oss and remembered how often, sailing down … Wexford, he had seen it gleam in the morn…g sun or shine wetly through the rain. Then, …epressed by the brooding desolation of the …lace, he turned back. Facing the houses …gain, he heard, and then saw, something …hich indicated that the place was not so en…rely deserted as it seemed. He heard the …ood-demanding squeal and grunt of a pig, …nd saw emerge from behind one little house …nd go to stand by the doorway of another a …reat, gaunt sow, heavily in pig. In prompt …nswer to the demand, the low door opened …nd a very old woman crept out, dragging a …ooden bucket. She pushed and heaved it a …ttle way from the door, the pig rushed to it, …nd she crept back into her house.

Then something happened which brought …ohannes to a standstill. Out from some hid…g place came another figure, a bit of flutter…g rag, a tousled mass of hair, arms and legs …s thin and angular as twigs. It darted to the …ther side of the bucket, crouched down, thrust …s arms in beside the sow's guzzling snout and …rought up handfuls of food and shoveled …hem into its mouth. The sow moved, pivoting …ound, trying to shoulder the intruder away; …he child simply moved around and went on …eeding. The sow let out a cry, disconcertingly …uman, a call for aid. *A human child eating …ike a pig, a pig crying out like a child*, Johannes …hought.

The door opened again, and out crept the …ld woman, this time carrying a stout stick. …or all her seeming frailty, the blow she struck …ould have hurt had it fallen where the old …oman intended, but the child was too quick. …t was on its feet and running when the stick …hudded down on the edge of the bucket. Run…ing, the child betrayed its sex—it was a girl. She had filled her hands with the dripping, …evolting-looking pieces, and she was so in…ent upon running and eating at the same time …hat she was close enough to Johannes for him to smell her before she noticed him. When she did she stopped short, dropping her hands and staring at him.

He said quickly, "Don't be frightened. I shan't hurt you!" but he spoke, without thought, in his own tongue. He repeated the assurance in halting, painstaking Gaelic. She looked over her shoulder at the old woman, now hobbling toward them, using the stick as a prop. Then she looked at him with an expression of confidence as well as appeal and moved to his side.

"Help me," she said.

The old woman, now close to them, seemed to sense his partisanship; in a spate of Gaelic, too swift for his understanding, she made a speech of self-justification and complaint. The gist of it—so far as he could make out—was that the girl always robbed the pig and the pig must eat or die.

"The child also," he said.

The old woman shrugged, a gesture of helpless indifference. She spoke again. The girl was nothing to do with her. Maire had brought her and now Maire was dead; everybody was dead.

The child beside him said, "Yes. Maire is dead and I am hungry."

"Have you food in the house?" he asked the old woman. "I could pay." A greedy gleam came into her eyes but it vanished.

Of what use was money, she asked, when there was nothing to buy? What food she had would hardly last for herself until her son came back; everybody was dead, and she would have been dead, too, except that she had a son who worked at Shallyran.

Rummaging in his mind for the Gaelic words, he asked, "And the child has no parents?"

No; she never had any; Maire had brought her; Maire was dead, and soon the child would die too—only by robbing the pig had she kept alive so long.

He looked at the girl. He thought of the good food at that moment being prepared in the ship's galley and made an instant decision.

"You come along with me," he said. "I'll find you something to eat."

Her dirty little face took on a look of pure bliss. To his enormous surprise, she stepped in front of him and made him an elegant curtsy and said, "Sir, I should be very grateful."

"Come on, then," he said, smiling.

"God be thanked now," said the old woman, "the pig can eat in peace."

The sailor who had been left with the boat stared to see his captain appear accompanied by a filthy scarecrow child. Johannes lifted her into the boat, thinking how piteously small and light she was.

"Put your back into it, Daan," he said; "this child is starving." Of Julia, he asked, "How long have you lived like this?"

"Since Maire died."

"How long ago?"

"It was Christmas." Tears filled her eyes and slowly spilled over, making tracks down her dirty face.

"All right," he said hastily, "we won't talk about that. You're all right now." He took off his jacket and covered her rags. Washed and fed and properly dressed, he thought, she would be a very pretty little girl. And Geertruida would love her—surely. Geertruida's childlessness had been a great grief to her in the early days of their marriage. . . . "What is your name?" he asked.

"Julia. Maire said remember always . . . shall I say it?"

"Yes," he said, intent and curious, "tell me what Maire said you were to remember."

It surprised him again. He had once heard a gray parrot with a bright pink tail recite in a prim Amsterdam parlor some of the choicest obscenities of the forecastle, and in exactly that same accurate, uncomprehending way this waif now said, in English:

"My name is Julia Ashley. I am English. Cromwell killed my father and my mother and Maire saved me." She breathed hard with the effort and went on: "My mother was a good

HHHHHHHHH

We know more bad things about ourselves than does anybody else, yet no one thinks so highly of us as we do of ourselves.

FRANZ V. SCHOENTHAN

HHHHHHHHH



"There's a new Tonette!
It's really care-free!
Less work for Mommy!
More fun for me!"

Look! A Double-Easy Applicator with New Care-Free Tonette! It's made just for little girls. No skips! No drips! Tonette waves so carefully, so neatly . . . curls stay care-free for months and months . . . without pincurls every day! It's the one children's home permanent that's completely care-free! Give your little girl a New Care-Free Tonette, too!

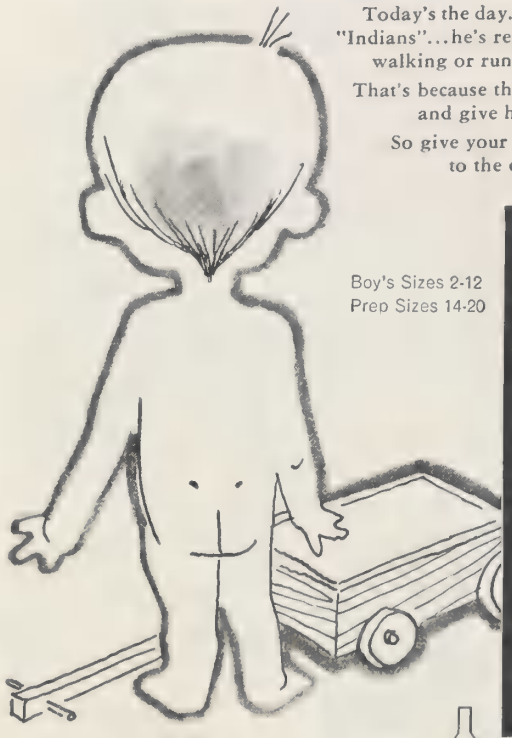
Special Introductory Offer!

$1.50 value New Care-Free Tonette
$1.00 value Double-Easy Applicator
$2.50 value . . . Now only **$1.79**

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

Let's start from scratch with **Jockey Jr.**® BRAND underwear

made only by Cooper's®



Today's the day. He's off to climb trees, ride bikes, chase "Indians"...he's ready for Jockey Jr. underwear! Sitting, walking or running there's no gap, bind, or chafe.

That's because they're tailored to fit a boy's figure and give him coverage like no other underwear.

So give your lad a break, and introduce him *now* to the comfort of Jockey Jr. underwear!

Boy's Sizes 2-12
Prep Sizes 14-20



known the world over by this symbol ® Cooper's, Incorporated—Kenosha, Wis. Licensees and registered users: **Canada:** J. R. Moodie Company, Limited; **Australia:** Speedo Knitting Mills; **British Isles:** Lyle ■ Scott; **New Zealand:** Lane, Walker, Rudkin; **Switzerland:** Vollmoeller; **France:** Verdier; **Colombia:** Textiles, Ego; **Italy:** Sacit; **Denmark:** Taco; **South Africa:** Ninian ■ Lester; **Germany:** Volma; **Austria:** Josef Huber's Erben; **Ireland:** Dublin Shirt & Collar Company; **Mexico:** Rinbros, S.A.; **Venezuela:** HRH; **Spain:** Nerva.

smartest shoes in any class

Edwards
THE SHOE FOR CHILDREN

REPORT CARD

Fit . . . . . A+

Quality . . A+

Fashion . . A+





At the head of the class, for the feet of the class . . . that's educated **Edwards** footwear! Fifty-seven years of knowledge stand behind these long-wearing styles that **Edwards** designs for tot-to-teen-age pride! Expertly fitted by your nearby authorized **Edwards** dealer, they're priced for value, too! See them now!



Edwards PHILA. 7, PA. • *available in Canada*—EAGLE SHOE CO., LTD.

lady and my father was a brave man. I must be good and brave."

"Say . . . that . . . again," he told her, in English.

She looked at him blankly. Apparently the little recitation was all the English she knew. Asked in Gaelic to repeat it, she did so instantly.

"Do you know how old you are?"

She looked down at her fingers, moving them against one another, and finally held up her hands, both thumbs tucked down.

"Eight. You are eight years old?"

"In summer. Maire told me."

They had reached the Sea Maid.

"Well, here we are. We'll soon have some good hot food inside you," he said.

Eight, he thought, was a good age, young enough to have something left of entrancing childishness, old enough not to be too heavy a responsibility. Geertruida would love her.

For the third evening in succession, Geertruida Belderdik, having made sure that everything was in readiness for Johannes' return, sat down to await his arrival. She took up her knitting—a pair of long warm stockings for Johannes—but her fingers were clumsy with excitement and impatience.

Twenty-two years of marriage to a seafaring man had not trained her to accept with calm the inevitable rhythm of such a life. Still, when he went away she felt the wrench of bereavement; then, when all her tears were shed, there was the waiting time, during which she could hardly be said to live at all. Finally there was the rebirth, with its own pain, a time when she must count the days, the hours, the very minutes, with so much to be done making ready her feverish welcome, and the exact time was never certain: she must bear the impotent dependence upon wind and weather, she must listen, day and night, for the sound of his coming.

She went to the table, where, on a white cloth, glossy with starch, all Johannes' favorite cold dishes were set out. Cold ham, smoked sausage, spiced beef, pickled red cabbage, honey, her homemade cherry, her apricot jam, a rich plumcake. In the kitchen various hot dishes were being slowly brought to perfection.

She thought—as she touched everything on the table, moving one thing and then the other, until it was all rearranged—that this was exactly how she had *not* intended to live her life. She had planned that as soon as they were married, he should give up the sea.

There was plenty of money: her father was an East India merchant, not one of the princely ones, but wealthy enough, and she was his only child. Johannes was, at the time of their marriage, one of his hired captains, and in marrying him she had mated below her station. Secretly she had felt confident that that would help her to have her way with him. Secretly she had relied upon her father's wealth to make up for what she thought she lacked in looks and charm.

Toward the money Johannes' attitude h been disappointing. Geertruida was not al in being conscious of the difference in th stations and Johannes was—also secretly—suspicious that people might think that he h married for money that he had refused to ha anything to do with it at all. It took some p suasion on her part to make him consent live in the big Hoogenstrasse house. He h his eye on a small place near the water fro Humble hired captain he might be, but he w in a position to provide a home for his wi and he wanted everyone to know it.

Over the house he capitulated: Geertrui pleaded that it would be cruel to leave h aging father there alone; it was her home, a she loved it; there was ample room there. sound sensible arguments, such as would a peal to a sensible man.

Over the money he was adamant.

"It's your father's now; and when he di it will be yours, Geertruida. I want nothing do with it. I shan't always be sailing other mer ships. When my father dies I shall have n share of the farm, and I shall buy a ship."

It was then that she had said that she ha hoped he would leave the sea. She had be angry, hysterical, tearful, all without effec Johannes Belderdik pointed out that he love the sea, had left his father's farm in Zeelar and served a long, hard apprenticeship on a count of that love. He demanded to be to what in the world would he, a healthy se faring man, find to do with himself ashor Her father, she said, would find him some kin of job.

"I have a job, Geertruida," he said gravel "and I intend to continue in it."

Beaten down at last, she had said, "At lea buy a ship now. Let me do that for you." T Sea Maid had been bought with her mone but when, in the following year, his fathe died, he had paid her back, and she had take the money, resentful and respectful at th same time.

She had tried, in the early days, to do wha many captains' wives did—go with him on hi voyages; but she proved to be a hopelessl bad sailor, constantly seasick. She was sensibl enough to realize that a seasick woman, i the close confines of a ship, was not an attrac tive companion. In the end she had stayed a home and begun the pattern of parting an waiting and reunion that simply led to an other parting. And never once did she suspec that the irksome pattern contributed to keep ing their love alive and fresh. She had never, i fact, brought herself to believe that Johanne loved her at all.

She considered herself very ugly. She ha decided that in early childhood, noticing th differences between herself and all the othe little girls she knew. She had always been smal and thin; her skin was dark, her eyes ver black and her hair—also black—quite straigh and far too heavy and stubborn to be affecte by curling irons or rags. All the other littl

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92



"Oh, Henrietta, you look just beautiful."

IMPORTANT SKIN DISCOVERY FROM JOHNSON & JOHNSON

THE FIRST TRULY EFFECTIVE MEDICATED POWDER

FOR BABY... AND ALL THE FAMILY



Only powder that clears up and prevents even "problem" diaper rash

New, exclusive formula stops not only ordinary diaper rash caused by wet-diaper friction—but sore, difficult *ammonia dermatitis.*

Completely clears up rashes, chafing, urine scald —prevents their return. Ends ammonia diaper odor.



Stops more kinds of skin irritations than any other medicated powder

The formula has two special antiseptics... relieves the most *stubborn* irritations as well as simple heat rash, itches, insect bites.

And you can use it with confidence. It's been *hospital-proved safe* for the most sensitive skin.



Exclusive absorbent action keeps skin cool, dry—in hottest weather

The moment you smooth on Johnson's Medicated Powder, you feel more comfortable. Its thirsty absorbing agents dry up moisture *fast.*

And it's silky-soft, never gritty. Clings gently, smells fresh and clean. Try it for girdle chafe... on feet and underarms, too.



4 ounces, 49¢

NEW Johnson's Medicated Powder

Have a new

Beauty figure for Fall

The slim figure of fashion...

The trim figure of health!



McKesson offers a new Beauty Plan . . . The Kessamin Plan . . . to help you lose pounds, pleasantly, safely!

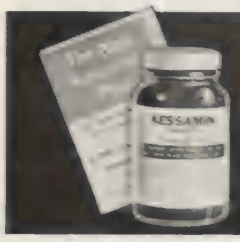
Look younger, prettier in the new autumn fashions. Shed the overweight that makes you and your figure look older. Here is a plan to help you reduce, easily, safely, pleasantly—and what's more, to keep your figure attractive and slender. It is called the Kessamin Plan.

The Kessamin Plan was compiled by a leading nutritional expert. It allows you the same delicious foods everyone else enjoys. Yet you lose weight while you supplement enjoyable meals with Kessamin Tablets. These little tablets contain a neutral food additive. They help give you a satisfied feeling in your stomach. They make it easier for you to have "will-power" while you lose weight.

Kessamin Tablets also contain vitamins and iron to keep you feeling well and fully nourished on moderate amounts of food. Kessamin brings gratifying results—helps you lose pounds over-all, in a steady, healthful way.

So safe, you'll feel really alive! So effective your figure will look slimmer and younger. So pleasant, you need never be fat again.

It's guaranteed. Either you are pleased and happy with what the Kessamin Plan and Kessamin Tablets do for you—either you win a new beauty figure, lose weight and feel better—or your money back. Ask your doctor about reducing. Consult your druggist about Kessamin. It is one more example of how McKesson "makes it better . . . so it's better for you."



KESSAMIN

BETTER...by McKESSON

© 1957 by McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York, N. Y., Bridgeport, Conn.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

girls were plump and fair-skinned and had light-colored eyes, and hair that was either curly or capable of being made to seem so. To be so different, to be, at the age of twelve, topped by blond beauties of nine—that was bad enough; but when she was fifteen something worse happened. Her father, who doted on her, brought home a length of superb silk, the color of flame with stripes of a darker shade. It would, he told her, make her a fine new dress.

She had unrolled the shining length of it and draped it over her shoulders and gone to look in the glass. It changed her: against the strong vivid color her skin looked creamy, her hair and eyes blacker than ever, her mouth a dusky red. She studied her reflection, first with surprise and then with growing displeasure. Then, throwing the silk to the floor, she cried:

"I can't wear it. It makes me look like an Indian."

Perhaps she had expected contradiction; when he said nothing she looked at him with growing consternation and suspicion. She seized his arm, demanding in a loud voice:

"Is that it? Am I an Indian? Am I? Am I?"

He said slowly, "Your grandmother was Javanese—a princess. And your mother was the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

"A beautiful *black* woman!" she screamed in derision.

"She was not black," he said, speaking with a sternness he used seldom. "She was beautiful, I tell you." He paused. "Just for a minute," he said, "with that silk about you, you looked like her."

She gave him a look of pure hatred and rushed out of the room.

By the time she was eighteen—and fell in love with handsome young Johannes Belderdik—the consciousness of being ugly, different, somehow inferior, had imposed upon a nature fundamentally passionate and arrogant a deceptive meekness and an apparent desire to please. That, and her smallness and the piquancy of her tiny features and unusual coloring, made a strong appeal to Johannes. With some diffidence—because of the difference between their stations—he began to pay her attentions which, to his surprise, were well received, not only by Geertruida but by her father, who had been troubled by her surly withdrawal from social contacts, her moods of bitter misery. Johannes had been, and remained, astounded by his luck: his faithfulness to her had been effortless: he knew he had the sweetest, prettiest wife in the world.

Tonight, when she had fidgeted with everything on the table, she moved restlessly about the room, went to the window and pulled back the curtain. Not to be borne, this endless dread and uncertainty. No man who loved a woman would subject her to such torment unless he had to.

As she let the curtain fall and turned back to the room she heard—and it was more a matter of heart than of ear—the sound of a footstep in the street. In a moment she was across the hall and opening the heavy front door. It was Johannes' step, though slower, less springy than usual. She flung herself at him, saying his name over and over. Ordinarily at such a moment he took her in his arms and, because she was so tiny, swung her off her feet and held her high. Tonight, under his heavy cloak his arms were occupied, clutching something bulky. He never came home without bringing her a present, and as she put her arms about him as far as they would go, she had time to think . . . a roll of the woolen cloth the Irish made . . . a wolfskin ——

"Dear Truida! Dear Truida!" he said as her lips traveled over his wet face.

She closed the door against the wind. That was always the loveliest moment of all, the moment when he was safely back and the door shut on all the outer world.

"Safe home once more!" she said in a voice tremulous with joy.

She loosened the clasp of his cloak and gave it a little tug so that it fell with a sodden thump on the spotless floor.

"What have you ——" Then she saw. The child's head stuck out from the muffling folds, a pale sleeping profile, a tangle of bright hair, tucked between his upper arm and his breast.

She was to think, a thousand times, a thousand thousand times afterward that that moment was symbolic of it all—herself running to meet him and throw herself into his arms and his arms not free to take her any more.

"It's a little girl," he said.

"So I see. Who is she? Why have you . . . brought her here?" She heard the sharpness of her voice.

"I'll tell you all about it," he said, and looked about for some place to lay his burden, selected a settle on the far side of the hall and gently laid the child down.

Then, too late by an unreckonable age, he took Geertruida in his arms.

When he set her down they both turned to the settle. "I found her starving in a deserted Irish village . . ."

He had started his story when Anna, carrying a covered dish, came into the hall. She made a stiff bob and said, in a voice of genuine pleasure, "Welcome home, master."

"Hello, Anna. Something smells very good." By that time Anna's gaze, following Geertruida's, had lighted upon the child. She gave an exclamation of surprise and the lid of the dish rattled.

Geertruida, who often eased her suppressed irritation with Johannes by snapping at the servants, swung round and said, "Be careful, Anna. It's only a child. By the way you're gaping, one would think it was a monkey."

"You might have thought so if you'd seen her as I did," Johannes said. "I have cleaned her up a bit, and she's put on ——"

"Dearest," Geertruida said, "the food will get cold. You haven't even taken your hat off. And your feet must be —— Anna, fetch the master's slippers. Johannes, come to the fire."

He removed and flung down his hat and then went to the settle. "We'd better take her in. She might wake and wonder where she was." He lifted the child and shook her gently. "I wanted to keep her awake, so that you could see her with her eyes open. She has beautiful eyes." As he spoke Julia's eyes opened and he spoke to her gently in some foreign tongue.

"Can't she walk?" Geertruida asked in that same sharp way.

"Of course she can. And run. But she hasn't any shoes, you see. We rigged her up as well as we could, but the shoes beat us."

He carried Julia into the parlor and Geertruida drew up a third chair. Johannes set the child down and pulled away the coat in which she was muffled. Geertruida saw that she was wearing Johannes' best shirt, with the sleeves rolled up, and a pair of drawers securely tied about her small waist with a length of tarry string. She was now wide awake, looking from one to the other and then about the room. Johannes smiled at her and spoke in that same strange tongue, and after a moment she slipped from her chair and curtsied to Geertruida.

"You see, somebody has taught her manners. I don't think she'd run wild long," Johannes said.

Geertruida served the food. The table had been set for two, and she deliberately refrained from ringing the bell and asking Anna to set another place. She sat with her hands clenched together in her lap, ostentatiously not sharing the meal. Johannes did not notice. He ate heartily and kept pressing the child to eat. Once he drew Geertruida's attention to her pretty manners. Then he began naming the things on the table, the food in the dishes, making her say the names after him. She joined in the game eagerly, laughing at her failure to imitate him perfectly. Her laugh was delightful, gay and musical. And her eyes, as Johannes had said, were beautiful, the soft dark, almost purple-gray of a thunder cloud, and set between long lashes.

The meal lasted a long time. When it was done Johannes eased his chair back and said, "That was good! Oh, I am glad to be home."

And he had not noticed that she had not shared this, their reunion supper. Tears of self-pity dripped—not down her cheeks where they would have done no harm—inwardly, corrosively onto her heart.

The child ate, lingeringly, gloatingly, slice after slice of bread and honey while Johannes told how and where he had found her, speaking of the pig, the old woman, the desolation of Cloonmagh.

Then Geertruida said, "And what are you ing to do with her now?"

For the first time he wondered whether he d taken too much for granted.

"Well," he said, "I thought you'd like to ep her, Truida. She's a very nice little girl. I ought, when I'm away, she'd be company r you. But of course"—he looked her straight the face and spoke with honest directness—f you don't take to the idea, you're under obligation. I could make some other arngement for her."

"What? The Klopstock Home?"

"No! That'd be the very last place. No, I'd d somebody who did want a nice little girl. failing that, keep her aboard. She was no uble and the men all loved her."

"She'd be better here. Would you like her stay?"

"Of course I should. That's why I brought r home."

Julia had been following this conversation, rning her eyes from one to the other as ough she sensed that the talk concerned her. hannes now spoke to her in the strange ngue, and she smiled and nodded and then oke into that ripple of laughter.

"I told her she was to stay here and be our tle girl," he explained. "And I told her that e must be quick and learn Dutch because I d the Gaelic very difficult."

"I'll have a bed made up," Geertruida said. e went out of the room and stood for some oments in the cold hall, doing battle with rself.

It was true that in time past she had reetted her childlessness, but the children for hom she hungered had been great sturdy ys exactly like Johannes, ch one a link in the chain nding him to her more osely. This strange child, ppearing out of nowhere, ould never be a link. Already she had come between them, spoiled this appy evening.

In the end the long years f hiding her true feelings, iding even her real nature, came to her aid. nce again it was a matter of pretend: give ay but be watchful and when the slightest xcuse offers itself, edge her out.

She was able to give her orders about the reparation of a room for Julia in a manner hich gave no indication that the child's arival was other than a pleasure to her.

The thought came to her in the night. Johannes was already asleep and she was just lipping into sleep when the thought came nto her mind as though an enemy had spoken in a loud clear voice.

She tried, on this first occasion, to refute it, ut feebly and with little conviction. It followed so naturally on her secret fears that within a few minutes she had accepted it as ruth and told herself that she had always nown it to be true. Always, wherever he was ound, even Alexandria or Tripoli, she had isualized the place full of tall, full-bosomed ussies with pink-and-white skins, light eyes nd fair hair. That had been part of her misery, hat she, who could never bear to have about he house a servant girl who was not old or ositively ill-favored, must bear the dread that t each landfall Johannes betrayed her.

Every time he came back she questioned im closely. "Tell me what you did, where you vent, whom you saw. I want to share it all with you." She had never, in all the years, had he slightest confirmation of her suspicions; e was a loving husband, tender, indulgent, ut her wounded self-esteem had been past ealing long before she met him, and it had gone on festering despite the balm of a seemngly happy marriage.

And now she knew.

That was a bad night. And from that night on always she woke. Always suddenly, as though someone had roused her. And except that every day added to the weight of evidence, the night's ordeal was always the same.

Always the same. . . .

The child's hair, now that it is properly washed, is just the color his was as I first remember him, a color hard to describe, a brown made up of copper, and dead beech leaves and honey, always changing. And her eyes are beautiful; he mentioned her eyes almost before he was inside the house, beautiful because they reminded him of other eyes, set in a pink-and-white face.

She's eight years old. Nine years ago he went twice to Ireland. I remember every voyage he has made in twenty-two years. And this year, with every port closed to the Dutch, at the risk of his life he must go to Ireland again on an errand I always suspected.

What a careful plan to fool me! "She has not," he said, "run wild long; see what pretty manners she has!" She had not run wild at all. A week of fasting would strip the flesh from the bones of a child that size.

Who was she? *Damn her, damn her wherever she is; may she rot in hell forever and ever. May he —— Oh, no. I love him; he is mine; he belongs to me. Not true. If he loved me, if he belonged to me he would have given up the sea.*

He did not give up the sea because this woman, this child's mother, lived on the other side of it.

Once or twice he woke and found her crying. "Why, Truida? Why, my dearest?" She had her reason ready. Time was running short, soon he would be gone again; she would be alone and he in danger from the sea.

The Sea Maid was a good ship, he said, and he was a good sailor. Nothing to fret about.

"And this time, when I go, you will not be lonely. You'll have Julia."

Yes, indeed; she would have Julia!

Outwardly life in the Hoogenstrasse house went on in orderly serenity, and whenever, in later life, Julia looked back upon this time, she saw it golden with sunshine. Even in winter, when the canals froze and she went skating with a crowd of little boys and girls, the sky seemed to be blue and the snow, when it fell, fell through sunshine.

Her memories of Maire and of the dreadful time after Maire's death dimmed every day, despite Aunt Geertruida's efforts to revive them with questions. Aunt Geertruida spared no pains to teach her to speak Dutch, and since, as soon as Uncle Johannes had gone back to sea, nobody about her spoke a word of any other tongue, she acquired it quickly and easily. Then the probing began.

"With whom did you live before Uncle Johannes brought you here?"

"With Maire, but she died."

"What was Maire like?" That was a question hard to answer; she had never noticed Maire much, she had been accepted, missed and mourned but not observed in a way that furnished a description.

"She was kind."

"Was she young or old?"

"Oh, very old." But what did that mean? To a child of eight any person fully adult would seem old.

"As old as I am?"

Julia would ponder this, bringing her brows together in a frown of puzzled concentration. "I don't know, Aunt Geertruida. I don't know how old you are."

"Did she look old? Was her hair gray?"

"Yes. Maire was old. Her hair didn't show. She had a shawl." Julia brought that proof of memory forward with an air of triumph.

Then possibly Maire was not the mother—the grandmother; bastards often ended up in their grandmothers' care.

"Was Maire married?"

"I don't know."

"Who else lived in the house?"

"Only Maire and me."

"And Maire taught you manners?"

"Yes. Because she said one day they would come back and she must say that I knew my manners."

"Who would come back? Julia, try to remember."

"I don't know, Aunt Geertruida." She knew that this answer, so often the only possible one, was unwelcome. She tried hard to remember, to catch at the fleeting memories of those days. "There was a place. Maire went there to wash, but they were different people. Not the ones

There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not know how to look pretty. LA BRUYÈRE





Act now . . . for your children . . .
send them back to school in

U. S. GAYTEES®

They'll take weather easy, too,
in this light protective footwear

easy to wear
easy on and off
easy to clean
easy to dry
easily your best buy

U.S. Gaytees. FASHION OVER THE SHOE



SNO-SUIT BOOTS
Red, White, Brown



CAVALIER BOOTS
Brown, Red, Black, White



SOU'WESTERS
Yellow, Red, White



PUDDLE JUMPERS
White, Red



InsulAir
White, Red



InsulAir ®
Red, White

US RUBBER **United States Rubber**
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York

who would come back to see if I knew my manners. Maire cried."

"Why? What about?"

"She said, 'Now they will never know how hard I tried.' And she said I must remember."

"What?"

"What Maire told me. I do remember that, Aunt Geertruida. Shall I say it for you?"

"No, thank you. I know that part."

Conscious of another failure to please, Julia would sigh. She had known, almost from the first day, that it was necessary to please Aunt Geertruida, who did not feel toward her as Uncle Johannes, or even as Anna and Wilhelmina did. Aunt Geertruida never looked at her as though the sight gave her pleasure, and this, Julia thought, was because Aunt Geertruida did not like her hair. She often mentioned how untidy it was. Nothing, no amount of combing and brushing, could bring Julia's hair to the state of perfection of Aunt Geertruida's, which looked as though it had been painted on her head, but finally Anna and Wilhelmina between them devised a coiffure which resulted in a cessation of complaint. They brushed it flat with a wet brush, plaited the ends back hard and turned the plait back on itself and tied it with a narrow ribbon.

It was the first thing Uncle Johannes noticed when next he came home. "What have you done to your hair, my pretty? You look like a skinned rabbit."

Aunt Geertruida said, "That is the only way to keep such a mop of hair tidy."

"Well, I don't like it. It makes me think of orphans."

"I *am* an orphan," said Julia brightly, "and I'm very lucky not to be in the Klopstock Home."

Uncle Johannes looked displeased. He untied the ribbon and loosened the plait, ruffling her hair with his hand.

"You're not that sort of orphan," he said. "You'll never be an orphan so long as I'm alive."

"I know," she said happily.

She knew about the orphans. They lived in a big house on the Herrencanal and when they went for a walk they went two by two and never spoke above a whisper. They had very dull gray clothes and their faces were sad. They never joined the other children at the skating; Anna had explained that kind gentlemen gave them food and clothes, but couldn't afford to provide them with skates. It was, however, not Anna but Aunt Geertruida who had pointed out that Julia was lucky not to be in the Klopstock Home, and Julia, in hearty agreement with the remark, had sensed no unkindness in it.

She never thought Aunt Geertruida unkind. Strict, certainly, and rather sad and gloomy, especially when Uncle Johannes was at sea. Everything cheered up when he was at home. Julia came to share, though naturally with less violence, Geertruida's pattern of life—the sad parting, the long waiting, the glad reunion.

Time passed quickly because there was so much to learn: needlework and knitting and embroidery, spinning and bleaching; how to cook and how to clean house.

Very soon, it seemed, they were celebrating Julia's twelfth birthday.

Johannes had decided that Midsummer Day should be her birthday. She had said that it was in summer and, "Nothing," he said, "could be more summery than Midsummer Day.

He was home for that birthday, and gave her a string of coral. Aunt Geertruida had made her a blue dress which laced down the front with a coral-colored ribbon. Anna had contributed a handkerchief edged with lace she had pegged herself, and Wilhelmina had given her a tame green finch in a cage. It was a wonderfully happy day—until suppertime.

The parlor faced north and for just a few evenings in the height of summer was granted a brief share of the setting sun's light, not quite direct, but diffused and otherworldly. On this evening, as they sat down to the special birthday supper, the light came in and cast its enchantment upon Julia. It touched the edges of her brown hair so that her head had a nimbus of gold, it shone on the youthful moistness of eyelid and lip, it transformed the unfinished prettiness of her face into something of momentary, dazzling beauty.

Geertruida saw it as she handed the girl her plate and sat for a moment staring as though she had never seen her before. Then her gaze went to Johannes, and she saw that he was staring, too, doting, entranced.

All at once she knew that she could bear it no longer. She let the serving spoon drop into the dish with a clatter, put her hands to her face and burst into a fury of weeping.

They jumped up and went, one on either side, to pat and clasp her, to ask, over and over again, what was the matter. The real reason could never be told. Presently she gasped out that she did not feel well, had not felt well all day.

Johannes held one of her hands in his, and laid his other on her forehead. "You have a fever," he said. "Come, up to bed with you. Julia, run and tell Anna to make some hot lemon tea." He lifted Geertruida and carried her upstairs.

His concern and the concentrated attention soothed her. She said that she felt better, lay for a while feeling rather ashamed of her outburst, and presently fell asleep.

At some hour in the short darkness of the midsummer night she woke, and now she felt genuinely ill; very ill indeed. As in her seagoing days Johannes tended her with matter-of-fact kindness. During the rest of the night the fever mounted steadily and in the morning Johannes sent for Doctor Beets.

The doctor said it was the summer fever which had been raging through the poorer part of the town for three weeks or more; now it was appearing in the better-class districts. It was nothing to worry about, he said. He bled the patient, prescribed a nauseous draught, and advised that she should drink as little as possible. He then departed himself, having added unassuaged thirst to the misery Geertruida was already bearing.

It was the season for voyages to the Baltic ports and Johannes was due to sail for Riga in three days' time. The Sea Maid was refitting and taking on cargo and there was a good deal that demanded his attention, but Geertruida clung to him and he stayed at home all day, until, at about six o'clock, the medicine seemed to take effect. She stopped asking for water and complaining of pain, and became drowsy.

He left Julia sitting by the bedside, said he would not be long and hurried away to the docks. Julia was very pleased to take his place: for a long time now one of her private daydreams had been concerned with *doing* something for Aunt Geertruida which would convert tolerance into positive affection; this seemed to be her chance.

Johannes returned in the last, long-lingering twilight. As he hurried along he hoped that Anna or Wilhelmina would have had the sense to relieve Julia of her watch—for he had been delayed far longer than he had expected; but as he passed the kitchen window on his way into the house he saw two white caps just visible behind the potted geraniums.

He entered the house and ran upstairs two at a time. Before he reached the landing he could hear Geertruida's voice, louder than usual, hoarse and scolding.

She lay high in the bed, her face dark and dusky against the white pillows, and she seemed not to notice his entry. Julia had left the chair and was standing against the wall, as far from the bed as possible; she turned as he entered but did not move.

"Oh," she said, "I am glad you've come."

"—— away, right away," Geertruida said. "This is my house. You have no right here, it was a plot ——"

He stood, poised for a moment between the raving woman and the frightened girl.

"Run along, Julia. Go get your supper."

He went to the bed and tried to take one of Geertruida's wildly flailing hands. She tore it away with a loud cry.

"Don't touch me! I know how you've plotted and lied and ——"

"Julia," he said, "I told you to go. Send Wilhelmina to fetch Doctor Beets."

That set her in motion—and once she had gone, with her frightened white face, he felt that he did not mind what Geertruida said. It was only the fever talking.

Only the fever talking. . . . He tried to remember that as it all came pouring out, un-

inchable, sometimes incoherent. Only the
er talking . . . but it was Geertruida, telling
truth at last; the truth as she saw it.

By the time Doctor Beets arrived, Johannes
ew what had lain concealed behind the
ade of his marriage. It was as though, un-
ssing one night for bed, he had discovered
clean flesh rotted with leprosy.

As soon as Geertruida was quieted he left
na by the bed and went in search of Julia.
found her sitting by the untouched supper
le in the parlor. She had lighted the candles
d drawn the curtains and she looked calm,
ich was a relief to him. He was also calm,
twardly, but there was a tremor in his
mach, and before he sat down to the table
took a bottle of schnapps from the cupboard.

"You shouldn't have waited for me, my
ar," he said.

"Oh, I wanted to. Shall I cut the bread?"

While she did so he took a drink and felt the
irit run, warm and steadying, through his
mach. His mood lightened. He told himself
at what Geertruida
d said to him hardly
attered, so long as
at she had said to
lia had been harmless
not understood. That
must discover, so that
damage was done he
uld mend it. He said:

"Your aunt is out of
r mind with fever. You
understand that,
n't you?"

"Did she say terrible
ings to you too?"

"Terrible!" He pre-
nded, not to amuse-
ent exactly but to
mething akin, some-
ing which would in-
te confidences without
eming to do so. "I
ver guessed there were
many things to be ac-
sed of. And that just
ows what fever will
—in her right mind
ur aunt doesn't think
have a fault at all."

"She called me a bas-
rd. Once I heard a boy
y to another: 'You
astard!' He was an-
y, so I knew it wasn't
nice word."

"What happened, ex-
tly? Tell me from the
eginning."

"She woke up and
sked me to lift her in
e bed. Then she asked
e for water and I told
er what you told me.
nd then she was angry. It was all muddled,
ut it was about you and me and Maire and
ot wanting me here and my being a bastard.
he said I was *your* bastard. I stayed up to ask
ou what it meant. And, Uncle Johannes, you
an tell me the truth because even if it's not a
ice thing to *be*, if it makes me belong to you
would please me very much."

He said, "Nothing could make you belong
o me more than you do. We belong to each
ther for the best of reasons: because I'm fond
f you and you're fond of me." It occurred to
im that, up to a very short time ago, that was
ne kind of belonging which had been between
im and Geertruida. He poured and hastily
wallowed some more schnapps. "I'm not
our father," he said. "I only wish I was. But
our father, I reckon, ranked high. Do you
ecollect that piece you were taught to say?
Your mother was a lady and your father was a
rave man. You must hold on to that. And be-
ng brave"—he hesitated, knowing exactly
what he wanted to say but finding the words
lusive—"being brave isn't only about not
minding being hurt or in danger. There's an-
ther way of being brave. For instance, now,
ust forgetting all those things that were said,
nd not meant; not minding a bit about what
s said. Do you see what I mean?"

"I do if you mean not *crying* about it. But
ou must *mind* what people say, mustn't you?
Aunt Geertruida is ill. But it did sound as though she didn't like me and never wanted me to live here."

"Nothing she said this evening means anything," he said firmly. "The only thing, the only kind thing to do is for us to forget it all. And it's time you went to bed."

When she had gone he emptied the bottle and finally fell asleep where he sat.

In the morning Geertruida, though weakened, was herself again.

"I must get well quickly," she said. "You have only three more days. Oh, dear, this was such a short time and I spoiled it. Really I didn't feel well all day yesterday, but I kept about not to spoil the day."

"Yesterday," he told her, "was not the birthday. That was the day before. Yesterday you—you slept most of the time. Doctor Beets gave you some medicine and you ——"

"Then you leave the day after tomorrow. Oh, Johannes! I've wasted two precious days then. I must get up at once."

In the end he promised her that if she would stay in bed and not fret he would defer his sailing for two days. She was delighted.

"Johannes, that is the first time you've ever done that for me. Thank you, my dearest. I shall be quite well tomorrow."

"I hope so," he said. He knew what she was thinking and felt sick. At the moment he felt that he could never share her bed again. "It isn't just to humor you, Truida. Things are all behindhand with the ship. I shall have to sleep aboard tonight—probably every night until we *do* sail."

Twice before he sailed he made indirect reference to what Geertruida had said in delirium.

"Julia is twelve now. It's time we began to think about her future."

Geertruida, touchingly convalescent, had insisted on going on with her knitting and was counting stitches. "Twenty-five," she said. "What do you mean by her future? She'll be married one day."

"Not before she's seventeen if I have any say. That leaves five years. I've been thinking she should go to school."

"To school? Girls don't go to school." Geertruida's voice was calm, but she had taken her finger off that twenty-fifth stitch and was looking at him intently.

"Call it what you like. Mevrouw den Hage has four girls of her own and accommodates five or six others and hires a teacher for them. What's that but a school?"

"A private arrangement to spare Mevrouw's purse, I should say. Do you think she would take Julia?"

"I could ask. Would you like me to?"

Sudden, almost unbelievable happiness welled in her heart.

"It would be a very pleasant and advantageous arrangement for Julia. I have taught her what I know, but that is little. Also, now that she is twelve I don't like her to walk in the streets alone; I prefer to stay at home and a servant can't always be spared ——"

"You don't think that you would miss her company?"

"I should miss her, certainly; but we must consider her first."

Then it was true; she had resented the child's presence. And if that was true, so might the rest be: that she believed he had been consistently unfaithful to her.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

HOW MY TRUE LOVE PROPOSED TO ME

By BERENICE THORPE

Your gown tonight reminds me
Of the way our old shingled
shanty used to look
Just after a rain,
When the red in the shingles
came out
And shone in the sun against
the brown.

And the way you carry your
graceful lean body
Makes me think of the firs
That rose above the
moss-covered roof
Swaying in the wind.

I am restless with wondering
tonight,
Because the light in your
dark eyes
Is like the candle tip
That stood in the shanty
window after dark
To welcome me home.

Act now . . . for yourself . . .
take weather *easy* with

U. S. GAYTEES®

Today's most complete line
of light protective footwear

easy to wear
easy on and off
easy to clean
easy on shoes
easily your best buy



U.S. Gaytees® FASHION OVER THE SHOE



RAINPAL
Clear, Smoke



RAINTONE
Smoke, Black, Natural



CAVALIER
Brown, Red, Black, White



REGENT
Black, Natural, Smoke



InsulAir®
Red, Black, Brown, White



InsulAir
Brown, Black

US RUBBER

United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York

DEBORAH KERR starring in Leo McCarey's "AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER"

A CINEMASCOPE PRODUCTION RELEASED BY 20th CENTURY-FOX. PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD PRODUCTIONS, INC. COLOR BY DE LUXE

Soft as Moonlight and just as flattering ...*a Lux Complexion!*

"—That special feeling of knowing you look your very best—I think a soft smooth complexion has a lot to do with it. That's why I use Lux!" *says Deborah Kerr*

Moonlight works its own kind of magic—but then, so does a soft smooth Lux Complexion! And mild gentle Lux, with its rich *Cosmetic lather*, can do as much for you as it does for any Hollywood star.

We're sure of that—so sure that we promise complete satisfaction to Deborah Kerr and you. Naturally, you can have your money back, unless you agree that Lux is the nicest complexion care in the world! The Lux fragrance will be as popular with you, too, as it is with the stars.

For a complexion you'll love and he'll love, too—use Lux!





Now! Lux Soap comes in four soft, lovely pastel colors, as well as pure white. Buy new color Lux by the color of its foil wrapper!

9 out of 10 Hollywood stars depend on LUX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

'll go and ask about it now," he said, and
from the stifling room.
he other reference concerned the house.
rtruida said something about his retire-
t from the sea and he said:
When I do, I shall build a house, some-
re on the other side of the Zee, looking
h over the water."
You mean leave this house?" she asked.
Yes. I never liked it, you know. When I
e I shall have a house of my own—that's
y man's right; and I shall have an apple
ard and keep bees. Still, that's far ahead.
re's ten years' sail in me yet."
I hope you will change your mind about
, Johannes. I should like us to have some
together before we are too old."
nd suddenly the idea of retirement was
e than ever detestable to him and he won-
d whether, poor woman, she had not been
t in doubting that he loved her.
this unaccustomed uncertainty of mind
mood he made his final arrangements;
his farewells and gladly made his escape.

hey expected him back on the last day of
tember, and on the twenty-seventh day of
month preparations for his welcome were
ady in full swing. So much noise was being
de that the doorbell rang twice before Geer-
da heard it and sent Anna in to answer.
fter a few minutes she lumbered into the
m.
It's a Captain Wilhelmsteen, of the Dol-
n, Mevrouw. He asks to speak with you."
Did he say —— It isn't bad news, is it?"
ertruida asked.
He didn't say. Just asked for you," Anna
l. But after Geertruida had gone down the
rs, Anna stood clasping her hands to her
nach. She said afterward that her inside
w before anyone in the house did.
nd it had known rightly. Captain Johannes
derdik would not be coming home from
voyage. He was dead and already buried
araway Riga. And he'd been the victim,
of the storm Geertruida had always
aded but of a simple accident.
Captain Wilhelmsteen had seen it happen;
ship and the Sea Maid lay side by side,
lphin already laden and waiting for the tide,
Maid taking on casks of tar and turpen-
. A hoisting rope, insecurely lashed, had
ped and a cask had fallen and rolled over-
rd, carrying a seaman with it. Johannes,
o was watching the loading, dived over to
aid and the frantic man had grabbed him
the head as he came out of the dive. They'd
h gone down to death together.
It should never have happened," said Cap-
n Wilhelmsteen. "That sort of accident
esn't happen once in a hundred years. But
pen it did, and to one of the best men that
r sailed. That's all I can say, Mevrouw, ex-
t that we gave him a proper funeral and
k Marsman is bringing Sea Maid home."
Geertruida said nothing. She remained sit-
g stiffly upright in her chair and then, quite
wly, she keeled over on the floor.

eertruida lay for several days in a dark-
d room, refusing all food and comfort. She
and longed and prayed for death, but did
die. Anna tipped the scales the morning of
fifth day, by spooning a little brandy into
mistress' flaccid mouth. The spirit, rapidly
meating her depleted body, had a curious
ct. It made her very angry with Johannes.
If he'd done what I asked him to, she thought,
*s would never have happened. He never did
e me or he'd have wanted to stay at home with
. The sea and his other women, that was all
ever cared about. He dared to bring his bas-
d home and expect me to take care of her.
en that I did. Why should I grieve for the
th of a man who used me so badly?*
Oh, the relief of that anger! The joy of not
eving.
Anna came along with her routine, hitherto
itless persuasions—a little milk, Mevrouw,
up of broth, just to please *me*, Mevrouw.
is time she was successful, and presently,
urished, Geertruida slept.
She woke, of course, to misery again; to
zing down the long gray avenue of the fu-
e, cold, hopeless. *He'll never, never, never
me home again. How can I bear it?*

She swung now between moods of sober anguish and anger. In neither mood could she bear the thought or sight of Julia. Julia was the creature who had filched away some of his love and much of his attention, the creature who had spoiled their last days together. When she was angry and reviling Johannes, Julia was the living proof of his heartless infidelity.

There was the real Julia, swollen-faced, red-eyed with weeping, trying to share the grief.

"Poor Aunt Truida ——"

"That was his name for me."

"I know, that was why I used it."

"Leave me alone. Go to the kitchen."

Misery and anger agreed on one thing: Julia must be got rid of. *The Klopstock Home?... No! That'd be the last place.... You're not that sort of orphan. You'll never be an orphan while I'm alive.*

Klopstock Home. Orphanage. Refuge for bastards and unwanted brats. The proper place! And Geertruida knew Mynheer Kinker, one of the governors, slightly. One day Geertruida was going to walk out and call on Mynheer Kinker. She knew exactly what to say.

Mynheer Kinker was sympathetic, but a little puzzled. In June, when Johannes was ashore, he had met him with Julia and had thought what a pretty, pleasant-mannered little girl she was.

He said now, "Could it be, Mevrouw, that this disobedience and naughtiness of which you speak are the result of her grief? I well remember when Elsa—my eldest—lost a puppy to which she was devoted. She uprooted and stamped upon all my best tulips!"

"It's not that. Not that at all," said Geertruida. "Julia was becoming unmanageable long before my poor —— One of the last things he did in June was to try to make arrangements to get her out of the house. He asked Mevrouw den Hage to have her, but ——" She left it there without saying that Mevrouw den Hage had said she would try to make room for Julia at Christmas. Let him find a reason for himself. "It is a great worry to me, Mynheer. You see, I feel so responsible, and if I can't control her I can't be responsible, can I? At the orphanage the girls always look so very well controlled."

"I sometimes think," said Mynheer, pulling at his lower lip, "that they are a little too well behaved. But of course when one is dealing with large numbers one must have more discipline than would be desirable in a private home." He was quoting word for word the retort which the superintendent of the orphanage had made to one of his mild remarks about the orphans' unnatural orderliness.

"Control is just what she needs. I do realize she will be an expense to you. I would gladly make a donation of ... shall we say a thousand guilders? Would that cover her keep and everything for four years?"

"Good gracious! That would be enough to"—he was about to say "keep *four* of them for four years," but thought better of it and ended, "send her to Mevrouw den Hage's."

"Exactly," said Geertruida. "If Mevrouw den Hage would have taken her I should have paid, so it makes no difference."

His mind's eye presented him with two little pictures, one of Julia so happy with Johannes on that summer day, the other of the orphans quietly and listlessly taking their daily walk, with a big, surly-looking girl at one end of the line and the superintendent's assistant, a sour-visaged woman, at the other. It seemed a pity, but if Mevrouw Belderdik couldn't manage—and really, poor thing, she did look frail and helpless.

"Well," he said, "in such a case, of course.... Let me take the particulars. Now, her name?"

"Julia." He wrote that and held his pen poised. *Not Belderdik*, Geertruida thought fiercely. There'd been some other name tacked onto Julia in that parrot recital, but she couldn't think of it. "Maire" she could remember. And it was near enough. Bastards took their mother's name.

"Maire," she said, and spelled it. "It's an Irish name, I suppose."

"And she is—how old?"

"Twelve last Midsummer Day. Mynheer Kinker, all this ... so upsetting ... I feel a little faint. Do you think ... a little brandy, *please*."

For Juffrouw Klopstock, superintendent of the orphanage, and for Juffrouw Hoorne, her assistant, each day ended with a pleasant little ceremony—chocolate drinking. In winter they drank it by the fire in Juffrouw Klopstock's sitting room, in summer on the balcony overlooking the garden. Chocolate, imported via Spain from the new lands in the west, was a very great luxury indeed; even the very wealthiest people did not drink it regularly. The *Juffrouws* managed to do so because Juffrouw Klopstock, under her plump pink lethargy, concealed a genius for financial shift and contrivance. For her the chocolate drinking was a symbol of triumph over adverse circumstance; for Juffrouw Hoorne it stood for social achievement.

All day, every day, Juffrouw Hoorne did Juffrouw Klopstock's bidding, shouldered the whole burden of the orphanage routine. All day long she went about in a state of smoldering revolt, carrying on a silent, angry monologue: *There she goes again, lazy cow, lazy pig! Complaining, complaining, making me do all the work and taking all the credit. Just because she was born a Klopstock and this was her aunt's house! I'm nothing but a slave.*

Then it would be nine o'clock and Juffrouw Klopstock's musical voice would call, "Klara! Come along!" And that was the signal for the luxurious moment, the cozy little chat, the easing of weary feet, the salving of the bruised self-esteem. By bedtime the furrows were smoothed from Juffrouw Hoorne's brow, the harrow marks from her soul, and she would retire asking herself where in the world could she find another job where her only work was to see that work was done by other hands, where else could she be sure of a fire in her bedroom in cold weather, drink chocolate each evening and be admitted to the company of a lady like Juffrouw Klopstock?

On the evening when Julia was admitted to the home the October gales had set in. Juffrouw Klopstock's sitting room seemed more than ordinarily cozy as the two ladies settled down by the fire, the silver chocolate pot and two china cups on the table between them.

Earlier in the evening the superintendent had received Geertruida and Julia.

"I thought," said Juffrouw Klopstock, "she seemed a very quiet little girl, not at all what Mynheer Kinker had led me to expect."

"She cried when Louisa gave her her clothes," said Juffrouw Hoorne.

"Quite understandable. Her own dress was very pretty."

"I don't like new girls of that age. They don't settle. And if they're rough their language is shocking and their manners appalling, and the few from decent homes pine."

"Twelve is rather old," Juffrouw Klopstock admitted. "But I couldn't go against Mynheer Kinker. However, I don't think Julia will give you any trouble. Her origin is very obscure—even Mevrouw Belderdik seemed to know nothing of it—but I'll wager that she is well bred. Did you notice her hands?"

If there was one phrase which Juffrouw Hoorne really hated it was "well bred." Juffrouw Klopstock used it very often, sometimes innocently, sometimes with malicious intent. This evening it was an impersonal observation and had no connection with Juffrouw Hoorne's lowly birth, nor with her large, red, coarse-skinned hands. Anybody set to work in a dairy at the age of ten would have hands like that, she told herself, as she tucked them under the shawl she had donned before making her rounds of the drafty dormitories.

"I didn't look at her hands. I go by faces, their expressions. I thought she looked surly and too much head-in-air. I should say she'd been spoiled to the point of becoming unmanageable, and then pushed off on us."

"Well, I know of no one better qualified to manage the unmanageable than you, my dear Klara," said Juffrouw Klopstock, perhaps a trifle too sweetly.

Juffrouw Hoorne considered the remark. Something, somewhere had gone slightly wrong this evening.

"If you mean that as a criticism," she said, "I would like to point out that I am responsible for keeping forty noisy girls of all ages so quiet and unobtrusive that you can pretend that they aren't in the house at all."

That was the first time in almost nine years that she had allowed a piece of her private monologue to slip out. She was astonished to hear herself saying such a thing; *but*, she thought stubbornly, *it is the truth.*

The big grand house on the Herrencanal had been built by Juffrouw Klopstock's grandfather, who had made a fortune in the slave trade. Juffrouw Klopstock, the orphaned daughter of the old man's younger son, had been brought up there by her aunt and uncle. The uncle had died and the two women had lived on alone. The aunt was always saying, "You'll be well provided for, Ellen." The years crawled by. When the aunt died she left the big house and the bulk of her fortune to the Christian Benevolent Refuge for Orphans. She expressed a wish that her niece should be appointed as superintendent.

It had been a calamitous blow, but after a period of bitter rage, Juffrouw Klopstock had settled down to make the best of things. It was still possible to be *comfortable*, and when she had completed a number of what she called "arrangements," she was pleased to realize

---

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

As soon as some women put on lipstick, their voices seem to come from a different location.

Television hasn't really killed the art of conversation, as any parent knows who has tried to listen to a program the *children* don't care for.

Daughter's tranquilizer:
"I love you," sincerely said.
Mother's tranquilizer:
Knowing the children are safe in bed.
Grandmother's tranquilizer:
Baking a batch of homemade bread.
Father's tranquilizer:
Keeping the family out of the red.

Perhaps one way a woman can tell she has reached safe middle age is by noting how quickly the seat beside her on the train is filled.

She's the kind of woman who, if she learned to sew, wouldn't stop until she had a ruffle on the chimney.

The wife of a famous gardener shares a Chinese proverb:

"If you want to be happy for a few hours, get drunk. If you want to be happy for a weekend, get married. If you want to be happy for a week, kill your pig and eat it. If you want to be happy all your life long ... become a gardener."

You know when a daughter has grown up; she asks someone else to put the worms on her fishing hook.

Often we are prone to think another person is in better circumstances than ourselves because we observe him making some small expenditure which with us has always been an economy.



Unretouched photo of Charlene Veth, Jackson Heights, N. Y. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: The left side of Charlene's hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.



Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient holds waves best! Protects hair from drying out – leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs *less* than other brands – a generous bottle is only 39¢. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?

WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

that her position had, after all, improved. She now had authority; she had Juffrouw Hoorne and thirty to forty downtrodden little girls to wait upon her and do her slightest bidding, and the governors gave her no trouble at all. By adopting a highhanded manner toward them from the first she had bamboozled them into regarding her as patron, not an employee.

Oh, yes, what Klara, bristling like a hedgehog, had jerked out was quite true.

"My dear Klara," Juffrouw Klopstock said, "why in the world should I criticize your methods when they are so effective and fit so well with my design? You might as well criticize some of *my* financial arrangements—which benefit us both. Let me refill your cup."

The smooth devil! thought Juffrouw Hoorne with a mingling of hatred and reluctant admiration. *She has an answer for everything.*

But this evening the chocolate drinking had not had its usually emollient effect and for that the new girl, Julia Maire, was to blame. That idea took its place in Klara Hoorne's hard, narrow mind and nothing could ever dislodge it.

Julia woke to the clanging of the rising bell. She had cried herself to sleep and her eyes were gummy, her head thick-feeling and heavy. There were five other girls in the small room, and as they rose, yawning and stretching, she was conscious of their eyes on her. They dressed quickly and Julia, following their example, began to put on the ugly clothes.

There was an iron tripod in the corner of the room. It held a brown basin, and a dish with a piece of rough soap in it. On one side of the tripod stood a jug, and on the other a wooden bucket. Two girls took their turns at washing, and then Julia went forward.

"You're last," a girl said.

She said, "I'm sorry," and awaited her turn. When it came there was not a drop of water in the jug. Holding it in her hand, she turned with the intention of asking where she could fill it. They stood in a group, watchful, inimical; a ripple of smothered laughter, derisive rather than amused, ran among them. Occasions for amusement were rare in the Klopstock Home.

Hateful, she thought, setting the jug down. She looked at the towel, thin and gray and sopping wet. She couldn't bring herself to put it to her face, but she wiped her hands on it.

The door opened; the giggling stopped. The girl called Louisa who had handed out the clothes last evening was standing in the doorway. Last night her flat face with its reddened snub nose and thick eyebrows drawn together in a perpetual scowl had been just one more disquieting, disheartening thing. This morning, because she had quelled the giggling by merely looking in, she had the face of a friend.

"Please," Julia said, "could *you* tell me ——"

"You mustn't speak to me till I speak to you. I'm the chief orderly."

All the five faces took on exaggerated expressions of shocked disapproval.

"Good morning," said Louisa formally.

"Good morning, Louisa," said five sycophantic voices in unison.

"You may go down." She passed on, and Julia, lining up behind the others, could hear, from the next room, her formal greeting and the chanted response.

They moved, in line, with exaggerated care not to make a noise, along the passage and down some stairs to a door which led out into a yard. There, behind a trellis, six doorless privies stood in a row. They were occupied; they were vacated; occupied again under the eyes of those waiting. Horrible, horrible.

After that, still in line, they went into a large, half-underground room in which there were three tables—two long ones and between them, at one end, a square one. One place at the square table was served by a red-cushioned chair; everywhere else were narrow backless benches. Girls were moving, quietly and busily, between the tables and the kitchen next door. They set wooden bowls on the tables, took their own places behind the benches and waited. Juffrouw Hoorne entered, walked to the red chair, and said, "Good morning, girls Everybody said, "Good morning, Juffrouw Juffrouw Hoorne said:

"God bless this food and make us thankfu Amen."

There was porridge in the bowls, well mad pleasantly salted and hot. To eat with it the were thick slices of bread, one for each girl. T drink there was milk, not the fresh cream liquid but a pale, bluish fluid, twice skimme supplied by a cheesemaker with whom Ju frouw Klopstock had made one of her "a rangements."

The day was to come when Julia was to e all her portion and long for more, but on th first morning she was too wretched to be hur gry. She sat staring round, loathing all she sav

At the square table Juffrouw Hoorne wa carving a large joint of pink-and-white sa pork. Nobody else in the room had meat; an perhaps, Julia thought to herself, the extr food was provided at that table to make up t the girls there for their afflictions. They wer all disfigured in some way; one had an ugl birthmark, one a harelip. There was a girl wit one hunched shoulder, and two wore expre sions of mild idiocy. And there was Louis whose fearful scowl was in itself a disfiguremen

Julia was looking, although she did no know it, at one of the outward manifestation of Juffrouw Klopstock's genius. As soon a breakfast was over all these afflicted gir would go off to the saltings, to split and clea fish and throw it into the barrels.

When Juffrouw Klopstock took over th superintendency of the home, girls had staye there until they were thirteen or fourteen, an had then been placed out domestic service; their ti with the orphanage we severed and whoever ther after profited by their l bors, it was not Juffrou Klopstock.

From the day on which she weighs 140, the chief excitement of a woman's life consists in spotting women who are fatter than she is.

HELEN ROWLAND

The two simple-minde creatures had helped her t remedy this state of affairs When they reached an ag to go out into the worl Juffrouw Klopstock tol the governors that she was gravely wor ried about them; they were not capable c holding their own in a workaday world. Sup pose she tried a little idea of her own. Th poor girls could be found some easy mechani cal work, well within their capacity, and the could remain in her care. Their wages woul cover the cost of their keep.

The governors took the trouble to look a the girls who were, all too obviously, exactl as the superintendent had described them. S they went to work in the fish saltings, and fron time to time they had been joined there b other girls whom Juffrouw Klopstock deeme unfit to face the world. Their earnings were th matter for some very complicated "arrange ments." The real profit of the enterprise di not appear in the accounts or anywhere else, was concerned with the supply of fish, bot fresh and salted, to the home at a cut-rat price. The orphans were appreciated at th saltings, never absent, never late, never seek ing other employment.

Nobody lingered over breakfast; Juffrou Hoorne rose and said grace again and the la bor force marched out.

The other girls remained standing, an somebody whispered. Louisa spoke quietly t Juffrouw Hoorne, who nodded and said, " understand that you did not wash this morn ing, Julia Maire."

Julia said, "I couldn't, because ——"

"I did not ask you a question. One rule o the house which you must learn is that girl speak when addressed or when given permis sion to speak, not otherwise. Another is to b clean, in your person, in your clothing and i your work."

"There wasn't any water ——"

"Be silent!"

"—— and I didn't know where ——" sai Julia, now as angry as the *juffrouw.*

"You will have no supper this evening."

"—— to get any ——"

"Louisa, show Julia where to find water and see that she washes, thoroughly. Has an other rule been broken?"

Had there been, nobody would have been so travagant as to report it *now*. This was exitement enough for one morning.

"Very well, you may disperse," said Juffouw Hoorne.

"You'll soon be in trouble if you go on like hat," said Louisa happily.

"But it was *true*. The other girls had used l the water and when I asked you, you iid ——"

"That you shouldn't speak without you ere spoke to first. It's the rule."

"Then it's a very unfair rule."

"Now you're finding fault with the rules. our very first day too!"

"But it is unfair," Julia said stubbornly, "if ou've done something you couldn't help and hen mustn't even explain."

"You keep on," said Louisa, "and you won't et supper tomorrow either."

Provoked past caution, Julia used a word he had heard Uncle Johannes use, but which he would never have let him hear her say.

"Damn the supper! And you too!"

There had not been such a day in the Klopstock Home for a long time.

There was nothing, so far as Julia could see, o mitigate the bleak dreariness of the place. The one seemingly obvious advantage, plenty of company, proved to be illusive; you were onelier here than you would be in the middle of a desert. In the Klopstock Home everybody was the enemy of everybody else. Everybody was a willing spy, since it is a rule of human nature that some of your own misery can be lightened by seeing somebody else in worse case. Julia quickly learned that every word she spoke was reported and that every gesture of friendship was regarded with distrust as being likely to lead to some incautious word which she, in turn, would eagerly betray.

You didn't have a friend; you didn't have a moment's privacy; you had very little leisure. Juffrouw Klopstock, in addition to her arrangement with the fish salter, ran several subsidiary employment schemes with private households. The home took in washing and plain sewing and embroidery; it was common enough for a lady in Juffrouw Klopstock's social circle—which was wide and growing—to say that she had a superfluity of pickling cabbage, or plums or apples, and that if all those willing little hands at the orphanage would do the pickling or the preserving and let her have back just what she needed, the rest could go into the storeroom at the home.

It was by way of one of these arrangements that Julia made her bid for escape.

A lady of Juffrouw Klopstock's acquaintance had in her garden in the summer after Julia's admittance to the home a heavy crop of black currants, a troublesome fruit, tiresome to pick, tedious to free from the stalks—in fact, precisely the job for the Klopstock girls. Ten of them, under Louisa's stern eye, did the picking and struggled home with the heavy baskets of fruit, and practically everyone, during the next few days, had a hand in the preparation, the boiling, the straining, the bottling. About two thirds of the finished product was to go back to the old lady, and one afternoon two orphans set off, pushing the little low wooden cart used for such errands.

Juffrouw Hoorne saw them off, and turning back into the house remembered that a piece of plain sewing, just completed, could be delivered along their route. It was ready to hand and she took it up, thrust it at the first orphan to come in sight—who happened to be Julia—and told her to run after the pair with the cart and give it to them to leave on their way.

Julia ran out of the house and then stopped. The two orphans pushing the cart were now at a little distance along the path which edged the canal. She began to follow them, her feet going slowly, her thoughts very fast.

The idea of running away was not a new one: she had entertained it from the very first day and had been watchful for a chance. She was now alone, and out in the street, but there were the clothes, instantly recognizable by anybody. Then she realized that she held, folded in her arms, somebody's winter cloak.

With her heart beating so violently that it seemed it might shake her to pieces, she turned down the next side street, shook out the cloak and put it on. Then she pulled at her hair and shook it loose. The long, heavy cloak was eccentric wear for a hot summer's day, but at least it covered her completely.

Now, where to go? What to do? She realized that she had never carried her plans for escape thus far in her mind. Getting away had always been the problem.

The thing to do, she told herself firmly, was to find a house which looked as though servants were employed there, go to the door and ask if they wanted one.

She was now in a poor street of small, shabby houses and unprosperous-looking shops. The shabby street led into another of much the same kind, but that, at its farther end, opened out into a square of good, solid-looking houses.

Now she must do it; and the jolt and beat of her heart told her how much she dreaded the ordeal. No good lingering. She walked straight to the first house along one side and knocked on the door. It was opened by a pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman.

"Good afternoon," Julia said. "I wondered if you wanted a servant."

The woman laid her hand on the door, which had been wide open, and pulled it half closed. Suspicion wiped the pleasantness from her face. "Are you a gypsy?"

"Oh, no. No."

"Or in with thieves or anything?" Her eyes sought the square, all quiet in the sunshine. "I know that old trick, sending somebody to look for a job and spying about. We've got a savage dog in this house, let me tell you." She slammed the door.

Well, that was horrid, but it was only one house. There were eight more, here in this very square.

"No, thank you. And we never take chancecomers." . . . "No. Our mistress always has girls from the country." . . . "No. We always get our new girls from the Klopstock Home."



It takes two to make a wish



And two to give you an alluring, blemish-free skin—*Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment!*

Want to win and hold a man? Of course you do! Then make sure you have the two things that assure you the allurement of a soft, smooth, naturally radiant skin.

First—Cuticura Soap. Many skin specialists say it takes a superemollient soap to help preserve the natural moisture and normal, healthy acidity of the skin. And Cuticura Soap—*alone of all leading soaps*—is superemollient and mildly medicated to help you maintain the clean, clear, fresh, baby-soft skin men love.

Next Cuticura Ointment. This emollient does more than help clear up externally caused pimples. Along with modern, scientific medication it contains effective softening elements—goes after hateful blackheads, flaky dryness, oily shine—softens and gently stimulates as it helps heal.



Thrilling results often in 7 days. Cuticura Soap and Ointment work in record time. In a few days your skin feels like silk, begins to look glowing!

Special Offer! Send 25¢ (no stamps) to cover mailing for miniature Good Looks Kit containing trial size Cuticura Soap, Ointment, Medicated Liquid, and Talcum with antiseptic-deodorant C-8. Write Cuticura, Dept. LH-79, Malden 48, Mass.

COMMENDED BY PARENTS

Cuticura

Available in Canada

Wishing won't help your skin—Cuticura will!

And all the time the curious, speculative, assessing eyes, noticing the too-long cloak. Better get away from here, quickly.

Down another street, across a canal—not so nice as the Herrencanal, dirtier.

Now another pleasant street. Try again.

Presently she was convinced that it was not, after all, possible to get a servant's place in that way. But there were other things. Saltings. The one which employed the orphans couldn't be the only one in Amsterdam—but that one must be, at all costs, avoided. Get down near the harbor, find a place to sleep and tomorrow morning keep a sharp lookout, see into which shed the orphans marched to work and pick the one farthest away.

Now the streets became familiar, full of sad memories. Here, and here and here, she had walked, swinging on Uncle Johannes' hand, coming down with him to visit the Sea Maid. Right here on this corner was the place, half tavern, half eating house, where only last June, returning from the docks, he had said, "Are you thirsty, sweetheart? I am." And they'd gone in and sat in a kind of box place, with high sides and a table, and he had drunk schnapps and she had had a long cool drink that tasted of lemons.

The window was lighted, and except that now it was evening instead of midmorning, it looked exactly the same; there was the ham on the dish, the pies and the pastries, the little three-cornered cakes.

I'll have no supper tonight, she thought, but without much feeling. Having no supper was a thing Julia had trained herself to bear, and although a voice in her mind added, *And no breakfast tomorrow*, it was not hunger which made her stare into the little window. She was looking at the enclosure, made by two facing settles, where she and Johannes had sat, and taken their drinks, and laughed.

A voice said, "Feeling peckish, eh?"

She turned; it was a sailor—the same clothes, the same face almost as she remembered, the general sort of sailory look, calling to mind Daan and Pieter and all the others who had made such a fuss of her every time she visited Sea Maid.

"No. I wasn't looking at the cakes. I was just looking in."

"Well, come in then, and take a good look. I'm going in myself. Come in and keep me company, eh?"

"I haven't got any money. You'd have to pay for me."

"What'd you want with money? Pretty little girl like you. Come right in and ask for what you want."

He was the first really kind person she had met for a long time. But sailors were kind.

"That *is* kind," she said.

"Come right in," he said again, and flung open the door.

Only one of the little boxes was unoccupied, the one immediately on the left of the door.

"Sit you down," he said, giving her a little push. "Now, what d'you fancy, eh?"

"A meat pie," she said eagerly.

"And what'll you drink?"

"Last time I was here I had a nice lemon drink."

He said something that she didn't understand at all. He went to the counter and a fat man in an apron put four meat pies on a pewter plate and then gave the sailor two mugs which he carried carefully to the little table and set down. He then seated himself beside her, and she smelled the old, familiar smell of tar and salt water, and sweat.

"There you are," he said, "lay to!"

Now that the food was before her and she was heartened by his kindness, she was hungry. The pies were delicious, the best food she had tasted for a year. She ate three of the four; the sailor ate one, rising now and again to have his mug refilled. She found the drink he had brought her less agreeable; every time she sipped it she choked. He drank it as though it were water.

"You like it, don't you?" she said, and smiled at him.

"Why not?" he said genially. "It's the b schnapps."

"Oh, is that what it is? My . . . somebod once knew used to drink it sometimes. I'll again." She sipped and coughed. "I think for men," she said and smiled again.

He asked her her name, and she told h "Julia," with which he seemed content.

"And what's yours?"

"Hans."

"I shall remember that," she said.

"Maybe you will," he said in a rather p culiar way. "You live around here?"

"Well, not exactly. Just now I don't li anywhere. I'm looking for work."

"You've found it," he said, and smiled, b in a way that made her feel uncomfortab And what did he mean?

"Get that down of you," he said, jerking h head at her mug. "Perk you up a bit. What you like now? One of them cakes?"

"Yes, I would, please. That is—if you thi you can afford it."

He laughed. "I got money and I don't mi what I spend. That's a sailor's life, that is

He lumbered away and came back with refilled mug, and one of the little cakes he between his finger and thumb.

"Get *that* down," he said, "time I drink th Then we'll go."

"Where?"

"I know a place," he said, exactly as he h said that he had money.

"You mean you know a place for me? place where I can work?"

He had to take the mug away from h mouth in order to laugh. "Now then," he sai quite good-naturedl "don't give me too much the bloody innocence. Li tle of that goes a long wa Work, eh?"

She was now liking hir less; and she knew why He was getting drunk. Tha was the prime failing c all sailormen—except, c course, Uncle Johannes they were the nicest, kindest people in th world, but they did get drunk.

The cake lost its flavor.

He emptied his mug again and sat for moment looking at her.

"You don't want *that*," he said suddenly "What you want ——" He put his arm, har and heavy, around her shoulders, pulled he round and kissed her full on the mouth. It wa very unpleasant. She pushed him away witl all her might and would have got to her fee but that his arm pinned her down. But sh wasn't angry with him, just confused an rather sorry, because he had been nice to begi with, and now was drunk.

Still pushing at him, she said, "You mustn' do that. I think you're a little drunk."

And he wasn't angry either. "Drunk, am I Maybe I am, but I ain't so drunk ——" an he said something she didn't understand. H lurched to his feet, still holding her, and said "Come on, let's go."

She said, "But you are drunk and I don' think anybody'd give me a job if you went like that to ask for me. Thank you all the same; I don't think it'd be any good."

Then all at once he *was* angry; and that wa the thing she had been afraid of ever since she suspected that he was getting drunk. Drunk men did get angry all over nothing at all. Now he was shouting about how much he had bought her, and saying many other things which, although she did not understand them, were certainly unfriendly and rude.

He was trying to force her toward the door, but she had her hands clenched on the settle's side and her body partly braced against it. They contested silently, except for his curses, for several minutes, and she looked around the room, searching for one friendly face.

There was none. Four sailors at one table stopped the game they were playing and stared, beginning to laugh and call jeeringly. They were probably drunk too. Two gaily dressed women, sitting with another sailor at a farther table, were watching her with exactly the same expression as her roommates had worn when she lifted the empty jug.

The true way to mourn the dead is to take care of the living who belong to them.

EDMUND BURKE

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Refresh without filling...

Have a Pepsi

On or off the green, today's men and women are in great form. Their slim good looks say a lot for their sensible modern diet—for the swing in taste to lighter, less-filling food and drink.

Pepsi-Cola—the modern, the *light* refreshment—is right in step with this modern trend. Reduced in calories, today's Pepsi is never heavy, never too sweet. At your own oasis, always say "Pepsi, please" and refresh without filling.



The *Light* refreshment

Campfire®

The Magic ingredient:

MARSHMALLOWS



Marsh Cola Refresher

Frosty Fresher

In this heavenly ice, you taste the tang of cola and the Extra Goodness of CAMPFIRE Marshmallows. CAMPFIRES are the MAGIC INGREDIENT—the marshmallows that stay fresh and soft, melt readily and blend smoothly. Tonight, try this Cola Refresher —quickly fixed with CAMPFIRE Marshmallows.

Marsh Cola Refresher

24 CAMPFIRE Marshmallows
2 cups chilled cola beverage
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Grated rind of lemon

Place marshmallows in sauce pan with 2 tablespoons of cola. Heat slowly, folding until marshmallows are half melted. Remove from heat. Add salt. Continue folding until mixture is smooth. Cool slightly. Blend in remaining cola, lemon juice and rind. Freeze in refrigerator tray, stirring 2 or 3 times. Serve mushy or firm. Garnish with wedge of lemon and sprig of mint. For variety use root beer instead of cola. Serves 5 to 6.

Get dozens of exciting dessert, salad and specialty ideas from Marcia Camp's colorful new recipe book.

Send for your FREE copy today!



10 miniatures equal one regular size

THE CRACKER JACK CO.
Desk 50, 4800 W. 66th St., Chicago 38, Ill.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

Even the fat man behind the counter, though he was watching, had a dull look, as though he had seen similar scenes too often to be much interested.

Suddenly the man abandoned the attempt to push her away from the settle. He lifted his hand and dealt her a stinging blow on the side of the face. It jarred her to her heels, so that her hands dropped from the settle and she staggered. He was reaching for her again. He clutched a handful of the cloak; she twisted out of it, leaving it in his hand, and darted across the room, ducked under the counter flap and came up beside the fat man.

"Help me, please," she gasped. "He's drunk."

The sailor came, lurching and cursing, up to the counter, and the fat man proved to be more of a champion than she had dared to hope. He said, "Leave her be, Jack. She's nothing but a kid! You go get yourself ——"

The sailor broke in violently. Of all he said Julia only understood, "You mind your own bloody business, fatty," "cheating little bitch" and "wreck the place."

It was one of the hard-eyed women who saved the situation. She got up and walked down the room, swinging her hips and holding her head high. She slipped her hand under the sailor's arm and said, "You can do better'n *that*, Jack. What good's a green girl to you? You come along with me."

Astoundingly, he stopped cursing, blinked and grinned and let himself be led away.

"Now you ——" said the fat man, with a look of annoyance, and then a disbelieving stare. "It's a Klopstock girl!"

She stayed in the Klopstock Home for almost two years more, but she never lived down the escapade. All the most repulsive tasks, the heaviest punishments were hers. She spent a good deal of time locked in the cellar—popularly supposed to be haunted by the ghost of a girl who, it was whispered, had been locked in there and forgotten until she starved to death. She was almost invariably prevented, on some excuse or another, from going on the daily walk, which was the one break in the long day's monotony, and the days on which she went supperless to bed far outnumbered the others.

It was a life which must either harden or break any nature, and something in Julia refused to be broken. In the cellar it was cold and damp and dark, but it was peaceful there. And who wanted to go on those stupid, deadly dull walks? Not she! The loss of supper, by this time, did matter rather more, but you could always pretend that it didn't.

You walked warily, outwitted the enemy when you could, and when you could not, bore the penalties as though they meant nothing. You hoped for nothing and cared for nobody.

It took a little girl named Katje to change all that.

Katje was brought in by a kindhearted old marketwoman who had seen her begging among the stalls by day and sleeping in an upturned barrel at night.

Katje knew her name and that she had once had shoes which some other children had taken away—and that was about all. Juffrouw Hoorne, experienced in such matters, said that she thought she was about five years old and had been homeless for a long time.

She was as pretty as a doll, with a china-white face and black eyes and a mop of black curls. She was not, however, at all pretty when she came in; she was caked with filth. By the time she had cleaned her, Julia, without knowing it, had fallen in love with Katje, who had, most marvelously, fallen in love with the Klopstock Home.

"Got shoes again!" she said, with wondering delight, as Julia helped her into a pair of tiny shoes, patched and repatched.

For the first time Julia saw the purpose of the orphanage, and realized that although to her it had always been a hateful place, to such as Katje it was indeed what its proper name implied, a refuge. How horrible the poor little thing's life must have been.

She was on her knees, helping on the shoes, and she looked up, her eyes level with the child's. "You must be very *good*," she said seriously. "If you're very good and do just what you're told, you'll be all right here."

For a week, at the risk of breaking rules and incurring wrath, Julia watched over Katje, forestalled the tricks always played on any newcomer, and eased her into the life of the place. On the morning when boredom overtook Katje, Julia was in the laundry and her protégée was in the kitchen.

Juffrouw Hoorne had found a job for Katje. She had to grate salt from a block and then pound it until it was fine enough for use.

There were several other girls there, working away in the near-Trappist silence that the rules demanded. Katje, bored with her job, tried to talk, and was hushed, frowned upon, ignored. She was determined to make the others notice her, so she proceeded to show off the simple tricks which had often gained her an apple, a cake or even a small coin in the market place. She turned some expert somersaults, walked on her hands. The other girls gave way to temptation and watched. Juffrouw Hoorne, entering the kitchen, found the pudding saucepan boiled dry, and the bread which had been set to rise on the hearth brimming over the edge of the wooden trough. Katje stood on one leg, the other stuck out at right angles, as she spun round on one toe. The mortar in which she should have been pounding salt was balanced on her head.

Juffrouw Hoorne cried "Stop" in a terrible voice, and Katje did stop, so suddenly that the mortar lost balance and fell, and smashed.

"You naughty, naughty, *naughty* little girl," said Juffrouw Hoorne, seizing Katje by the arm and administering a sound smack on the ear. Katje had often suffered similar attacks during her short life and she defended herself as she had learned to do. She ducked her head and set her sharp little teeth into Juffrouw Hoorne's thumb. Then she ran behind the table and stood poised to dodge when pursued.

"It was just like dealing with a wild animal," said Juffrouw Hoorne to Juffrouw Klopstock over the chocolate cups that evening. She wore a conspicuous bandage on the injured thumb.

"How unpleasant. Where is she now?"

"In the cellar. She screamed and banged on the door for hours. A most truculent girl!"

A slight look of uneasiness crossed the superintendent's placid pink face. "Neighbors," she reminded Juffrouw Hoorne, "always expect places like this to have a torture chamber. If they hear screaming ——"

"I said she should stay there until tomorrow evening, but of course if you'd prefer to deal with her yourself ——"

"Good gracious. I shouldn't have the faintest idea what to do. Anyway, she's quiet now, isn't she?"

No sound reached this cozy room, but in the passage at the other end of the house as she went to her bed Juffrouw Hoorne could hear noise coming from the cellar. It was muted by distance, and indistinct, but she knew that in the street it would be much more audible. She went to her room, selected her stoutest cane, and carrying it, the cellar key and candlestick, descended the stairs again.

The yelling and the banging had died down before she reached the passage; when she turned into it she could hear another voice, speaking in a firm, soothing tone.

"I can't. I haven't the key. But I'll stay and keep you company. I'm here, right outside the door, as close as I can get."

It was being locked in that Katje minded; company and being talked to did little to lessen the wild panic that possessed her. She began to scream. "Let me out, let me out."

"Katje! you *mustn't* make that noise. You'll be punished more. Katje, please —— Oh."

Julia had seen the light, and behind it Juffrouw Hoorne. She was startled, but almost immediately calm again. She had broken heaven knew how many rules, and she broke another by addressing Juffrouw Hoorne without permission.

"Oh, please, Juffrouw, let her out. She can't bear it. She's going mad."

"Be silent," said Juffrouw Hoorne. She set the candlestick on a stone slab and beat on the door with the cane. "Be quiet, in there!" she shouted. "If you keep making that noise you will *never* come out! When you have been quiet for a whole day I shall let you out."

The whimpering, now and again rising to a sterical scream, went on.

"She can't help it," Julia said. "Please, frouw, punish her some other way."

Juffrouw Hoorne had come down with the lf-intention of letting Katje out, caning her roughly and sending her to bed; now a fa- obstinacy rose and overmastered her. That lia Maire, of all people should be telling her at to do!

"You'd do better to begin thinking about ur own punishment!" she said.

"I don't mind what you do to me, Juffrouw, ou'll just let Katje out. She can't bear to be ked up. She'll go mad."

"She will stay there until she is quiet. I've id so and I mean it."

"Then I shall fetch Juffrouw Klopstock."

In the whole history of the Klopstock Home one had ever dreamed of approaching the perintendent except by order or invitation any time; and it was now ten o'clock at ght. The foundations of Juffrouw Hoorne's lid little world rocked, quite literally.

Julia had already turned and was walking way along the passage, a ridiculous yet purseful figure in her too-short, skimpy nightwn and bare feet. Juffrouw Hoorne took o swift steps and caught hold of the looped-up ait which offered itself as a convenient hane at the back of her head. She jerked at it vagely, turning Julia about, and at the same ne giving her two cuts with the cane.

"You insolent little bastard," she said beeen her teeth.

Julia bent and bucked and writhed, trying to ee her head. Juffrouw Hoorne held on and ised the cane again. The key of the cellar or jerked from her hand and fell with a clatr to the stone floor.

Then Julia went mad; she wrestled with the *ffrouw*, she pushed her; she gave Juffrouw oorne one last mighty shove which carried r some distance along the passage and, ooping, picked up the key.

"Give me that! Give me that key!"

"I'm going to let Katje out and take her raight to Juffrouw Klopstock," Julia gasped. he put the key in the door and turned it. atje lay crouched on the top step, silent now, nd as the door opened she sprang toward it, lmost unbalancing Julia. At the same moent Juffrouw Hoorne pushed the door from e outside. Its swing caught both Julia and atje, thrust them inward and downward. hey rolled to the bottom of the cellar stairs ogether, and above them the key turned again.

"—— so there they are, both locked in the ellar. And what I want to know now is what re we going to do with them. Both those girls ttacked me yesterday. I'm not going alone to elease them and I can't take another girl to itness what may well be a scene."

"No," said Juffrouw Klopstock sensibly. "I ee that. I will come with you myself. Dear e, how very tiresome! And I always thought our discipline was so good!"

The release was an anticlimax; they emerged eekly enough. Katje, who had spent the night curled up against Julia, and who was fully dressed, had suffered little damage except that she had beaten her hands raw by hammering on the door. Julia, thrust into the cellar in her nightgown, was in a palsied rigor from cold. One of the blows from the cane had broken the skin just above her eyebrow.

"You take the little one, Klara. I'll deal with this," said Juffrouw Klopstock. She took Julia to the laundry and made her get into one of the tubs of warm water and kept her there, with a girl bringing fresh hot water, until the rigors grew less violent. She then told her to get into bed, and a few minutes afterward came to the bedroom herself, followed by an orphan carrying a bowl of steaming-hot porridge.

"Don't imagine," she said coldly, "that I'm overlooking your behavior. You haven't heard the last of this, by far."

It was a pity that Juffrouw Hoorne was not present when that speech was made; she was, actually, enjoying the sight of two big girls forcing Katje's raw hands into a bowl of hot salt water. She did not know what Juffrouw Klopstock had said, only what she had done—which was to treat Julia as though she were sick. She brooded over that for the rest of the morning and all through the midday meal, and immediately afterward climbed the stairs and for the second time that day intruded upon the superintendent's privacy.

Juffrouw Klopstock sat in a cushioned chair stitching at the embroidery which occupied so many of her idle hours.

"Well, Klara," she said and raised her eyebrows.

"About Julia Maire."

A glimmer of concern showed in Juffrouw Klopstock's pink face. "Is she ——"

"Oh, she'll be all right. She's very well. Bathed and put to bed and coddled! What I want to know ——"

"You saw the state she was in. We didn't want her ill, did we?"

"I don't want her, well or ill. That's what I've come about. She's fourteen. Two years ago she was unmanageable, but I have tried. I've tried very hard. But I don't intend to have any more. She struck me. Now there she lies, lolling in bed, and when the others go to bed, *think* what a tale she'll have to tell! Before we know where we are, every girl in the place will be hitting me to get a plate of porridge!"

Juffrouw Klopstock saw the funny side of that, and laughed.

Something, stretched tighter and tighter inside Juffrouw Hoorne, tighter every day over all these years, snapped.

"That's right. Laugh. All these years I've done all the work and taken all the blame while you had the money and the praise. I'm sick of it, do you hear me? Every way I turn you get the better of me. Because that little bitch hit me, you take her side. Let me tell you this—unless she's out of this house this very day, I shall be. And then you'll know!"

Yes, she would. Juffrouw Klopstock, successfully deceiving so many people, seldom

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106



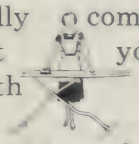
"What has ever become of our dream to grow old gracefully?"

More time for fun when ironing is done faster...cooler...easier on a...



Rid-Jid Knee Room®

ADJUSTABLE ALL-STEEL IRONING TABLE

Save time . . . save energy . . . iron the easy way on a sparkling new chrome and yellow Rid-Jid Knee Room Ironing Table! Rid-Jid's exclusive knee-contoured leg design gives extra inches of knee room for really comfortable sit-down ironing.  You iron at your comfort-level, sitting or standing, with  12 easy height adjustments. Fully-ventilated, open-mesh steel top lets steam and moisture through . . . makes ironing faster, cooler, easier.

The Rid-Jid Knee Room Ironing Table is on sale now at your hardware or department store at a *new low price*. Look for it!

Perfect companion to the Rid-Jid Knee Room is the new Rid-Jid Roll-Or-Tote Laundry Cart. You can raise it . . . lower it . . . roll it . . . tote it . . . fold it. It's the laundry cart with a dozen uses.





THE J. R. CLARK COMPANY • SPRING PARK, MINNESOTA

The 27th in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide America's Children to a Better Future



Should your child go into Food Retailing?

The retail food business is the biggest, fastest growing industry in America. In less than three decades the number of its employees has doubled and sales volume has quadrupled. Such growth has created enormous opportunities for new people to rise in food retailing.

by L. V. EBERHARD

President, Eberhard Foods, Inc., Grand Rapids, Michigan

(As told to DONALD ROBINSON)

SOME YEARS AGO, a friend of mine got a job as a helper in a Florida food store. Those were rough days in the food business, and his pay was only fifteen dollars a week. But not for long. My friend was a bright young fellow and he was quickly promoted to be manager at thirty-five dollars a week. A year later, he was getting forty-five dollars, plus a percentage of all the sales. Then he made an important decision. An ambitious chap, he decided to go into business for himself.

Scraping together his pennies, my friend opened a small food store in Tampa. He worked very hard and soon he had two stores. After a time, he sold them and built a super market. Today, he has thirty-five super markets. Their sales exceed $66,000,000 a year.

Horatio Alger stories of this sort are not unusual among the top men in food retailing. I know of few fields in which so many persons have begun with nothing and gone on to real success in their own stores or by working up to the top in established companies.

The retail food business is the biggest, fastest-growing industry in America. In 1929, it had 723,407 employees and an annual sales volume of $10,837,400,000. It now has nearly 2,000,000 employees and a sales volume of over $48,000,000,000.

All available evidence indicates that this phenomenal rate of growth will go on at the same pace in the future. We are likely to have 30,000,000 more people to feed in the United States by 1975, and their needs will add up to a heap of eggs, milk, steak and other edibles, especially when you realize that the American people are devoting more and more of their income to food. From 1935 to 1939, they spent twenty-three percent of their disposable income on foods. In 1956, it was twenty-five percent.

This means that there is, and will continue to be, a vast demand for new people in the retail food industry. And that there are, and will continue to be, enormous opportunities for new people to rise in the food industry.

Figure it out for yourself. Over 2,500 chain and independent super markets will be opened this year alone. Tens of thousands more stores will come into being in the next few years. These stores will have to be staffed.

Personally, I cannot think of a more rewarding, opportunity-laden industry for an ambitious boy to enter. It is, to begin with, a truly important industry. After all, what can be more essential than helping people to eat better for less money?

The retail food industry has literally dedicated itself to this end and it has been accomplishing wonders at it. In 1933, the cost of warehousing, transporting and vending food took 24.5 cents out of every sales dollar. By concentrating on a principle of large volume, low profit margin and rapid turnover, we have succeeded in cutting this to 18 cents—a 25 percent reduction.

That the people of the continental United States have such a high standard of living—eat better than any

ner nation on earth—can be attributed, in large part, the miracles that have been performed here in lower- the cost of food distribution.

This is being increasingly recognized around the orld. Recently, for example, the Government of the ommonwealth of Puerto Rico became seriously con- rned about the prices of food.

What did it do?

It promptly invited several American food market erators to come down and demonstrate their modern ethods of "selling lots for little." As a result, numbers American-type markets are springing up in Puerto ico, and the people there are eating far more for far less.

Food retailing has its other satisfactions. It has done uch, for instance, to ease distress among farmers. When rious surpluses occur in various farm commodities, od retailers join hands in nationwide campaigns to spose of the overproduction.

Inside their own communities, food store men enjoy unexcelled opportunity to render service. And not st as a business proposition.

On hundreds of occasions, food stores have distributed pplies free among flood and disaster victims. I know a store which put its only truck at the service of a arby flood-ravaged town for days, moving the per- nal property and furniture of the flood victims to fety. I can cite countless cases in which food store men ve materially assisted local charity drives, community tterment measures, and "Get Out the Vote" moves. ne store I know goes so far as to sponsor a highway fety program for young bicycle riders. Another gives way a porterhouse steak to each blood bank donor.

Understandably, food retailers stand high with their eighbors. It is no coincidence that so many of them ve been elected mayors of their towns.

The work itself is fascinating. I say that from experi- nce. Food retailing is a lively business where you are in ntact with all types of people. It is a very interesting siness, too. Every day wonderful new products arrive. ou have the fun of introducing them to your customers. hink of frozen foods. A few years ago, they were vir- ally unknown to the general public. Now they are ousehold bywords.

Even eggs are being modernized. We'll soon be selling em without shells. A machine has been invented which an actually crack the shells and neatly drop the contents nto one dozen cup-like compartments in a plastic box.

As a friend of mine said, "You never know what's oming next in the food business."

The fact is that there is a revolution underway in food tailing. Nowhere is it more apparent than in the stores emselves. A store thirty feet wide and sixty feet deep sed to be regarded as unique. People called it "a big tore." Now, stores cover as much as 50,000 square feet.

No more do they have to be musty and crowded. The ast majority of new ones are spotless, air conditioned, rilliantly lighted, with wide aisles, gaily colored walls, littering display fixtures and music in the background.

Once an inventory of 1,000 items was extensive. Now any stores stock 7,500 different items. And not only ood. Many carry gifts, housewares, toys, magazines and lothing.

The industry offers newcomers an assortment of 249 ifferent positions. They range from moving stock to anaging stores, from warehousing to advertising. Usu- lly, new men are trained on the job. In larger stores they ay start as stock men or clerks and learn how to handle, isplay and order merchandise. Later, they may be put n the produce department to get acquainted with fruit nd vegetable problems. After that, they may go into the eat department.

If a newcomer shows aptitude, he is likely to be pro- oted in short order to department head, to assistant tore manager, to store manager and on up in the firm. he industry is expanding so rapidly that promotions ome quickly.

In my company, I have seen a young man, with no revious experience, get to be a store manager in charge f a $1,000,000 business in less than twelve months.

Most food store operators make it a practice to fill top positions, wherever feasible, from within their own organizations. Just recently, a survey was made to see how effective this policy has been. It was learned that seven out of every ten food-chain executives came up through the ranks.

From the bottom up, the pay is excellent. In many food stores, a college graduate can—in most parts of the country—expect a beginning salary of $4,200 a year and possibly as high as $5,500. After five years, he should be earning a minimum of $6,000 and perhaps as much as $11,000. After ten years, if he keeps progressing, his salary should range from $10,000 to $18,000. Beyond this, as owner, partner or member of top management, a man has virtually unlimited opportunities.

Owning your own business is possible with surprisingly little money. When I started my first store, all I had for capital was twenty-five dollars and a sack of sugar. That tiny store has since grown into ten super markets with a $17,000,000-a-year volume.

Before branching out on his own, however, a young man will want to weigh carefully the relative advantages of working for an established organization or of owning his own business. The would-be proprietor should be sure he is qualified, in temperament and experience, to assume the wide variety of responsibilities confronting the owner of a food store in today's dynamic food distribution industry. Many high school and college graduates today find they prefer the greater opportunities for specialization, the wide variety of insurance and pension benefits, and the regular hours offered by employment in established companies.

Of one thing I am sure, the opportunities and rewards are great for ambitious, capable young people who decide to make food distribution their career—whether as employee or proprietor.

It is true that the capital requirements for an average volume super market may run from $220,000 to $300,000 today. However, with the cooperation of a friendly wholesaler, a knowledgeable young man can start a neighborhood food store at an outlay of a few thousand dollars. If he picks the right location and is a smart businessman, his trade will grow and he'll soon be burgeoning into the super market class.

As you can see, I'm very fond of food retailing. I cannot deny, though, that it has some bad points. For one thing, the hours tend to be a bit longer than in other fields. Although most store employees are on a forty-hour week, executives, as in other industries, may put in ten, twelve and more hours a day. They may work a few nights a week, and some Saturdays.

And because competition is intense, you are continuously under pressure from your customers, from your superiors and from your subordinates.

To make a successful career of food retailing, a boy should: 1—Be good at figures. 2—Be neat and well organized. 3—Be interested in food. 4—Be a friendly lad who likes to rub shoulders with people. He may have thousands of different persons going through his store each week and he has to make them feel at home. 5—Be willing to accept responsibility. 6—Have imagination. It is vital to food merchandising. 7—Be able to work under pressure. And, 8—Revel in competition.

A boy can enter food retailing after two years of high school and, if he is persevering, do well. As a rule, a high school diploma is a prerequisite today and a college degree desirable.

The broader his education, the more equipped a boy will be to learn the business, and the higher will be his starting wage. Most preferable would be for a young man to take a regular college course in food retailing. Michigan State University gives one, leading to a bachelor's degree, and other universities have or are contemplating similar programs. Scholarships can be had at Michigan State. Many companies also award scholarships, good at any college, to promising school boys who have worked in their stores.

I would certainly urge any boy considering food retailing for his career to get a part-time or a summer job in a food store. This is the best way to find out whether he's suited for it.

It's a great life, food retailing. My sons are in it, and I hope their sons will be in it, too.



L. V. Eberhard, author of this article, discusses with his store managers how a new package design, together with effective store display, can increase sales of a product. Meetings like this of the managers of Mr. Eberhard's various stores are a regular weekly procedure.

Nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Food Retailing is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science, Librarianship, the Armed Forces *and* Engineering. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

NEW YORK LIFE
Insurance Company
51 Madison Ave., Dept. 27-J, New York 10, N. Y.

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know
Copyright 1957, New York Life Insurance Company

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

deceived herself. She knew Klara's value exactly. She used her hard—but that meant nothing. It was like whipping a donkey: that didn't mean that the donkey had no value.

"She shall go this very day," she said firmly. "My dear Klara, if I had known you felt so strongly—that she'd give you such trouble—I'd have got rid of her long ago."

"Get up," Juffrouw Klopstock said quite pleasantly. "Dress as far as your petticoat and then come to my room. And be quick."

The short November day was dying. A sad gray light lay in the bedroom, and in the passages; but Juffrouw Klopstock's room was warm and light.

"Now let me look at you. That cut on your face—something will have to be done about *that*. Loosen your hair."

When she turned back to Julia she held a pair of scissors in her hand.

"Stand still," she said, and snipped, pulling the clipped ends forward. "That hides it well. Now, let us see."

She turned to two dresses which hung over a chair. One was blue sprigged with little flowers; the other was gray with bands of purple. Juffrouw Klopstock held them up, measuring them against Julia.

"Fortunately you're tall. How old are you? I forget."

"Fourteen last Midsummer Day."

"You forget too. It was fifteen. The blue suits you better but the other makes you look ol—your age. Put it on. Now, listen carefully to what I have to say.

"You've been a very wicked, ungrateful girl. You know that, don't you? But if you are careful, and clever . . . we may arrange something for you which will be much better than you deserve. When you're spoken to, speak up. And smile. Try to look as lively and attractive as possible. We're going out and I wish to be *proud* of you."

She stepped back and regarded Julia critically. *She looks very delicate*, she thought with some dissatisfaction, *far too slender—but girls often are at that age. And she's graceful, too, and hasn't, thank God, that cowed look. I may manage it.*

"You're really very pretty," she said bracingly. "You may look at yourself in my glass if you like. Now, smile—you see what an improvement that is."

"Juffrouw, may I speak?"

"Of course."

"Where am I going?"

"Out. I am making a great effort to arrange something for you. For your future. You realize, I suppose, that you can't remain here after last night's . . . performance."

"Oh," Julia said and her pallor warmed a little. "Juffrouw, is it a job?"

"You could call it that. But you must have some training first and you must seem suitable for it. Here is a cloak."

Juffrouw Klopstock put on her own cloak, a fine one lined and edged with fur.

Along the Herrencanal the lanterns by the doorways were being lighted and a thin rime of frost glittered on the leafless trees. Juffrouw Klopstock set a brisk pace.

They turned in at a doorway. Twelve heads were raised, twelve pairs of eyes stared. The clerk on the nearest stool slid to the ground and came forward and said, "Yes, Mevrouw?"

"I'm Juffrouw Klopstock, of the Klopstock Home. I should like to speak to Mynheer Dekker."

The clerk hurried away and came back.

"You wait here, Julia. Possibly someone could find you a seat."

The clerk offered his own stool, and Julia, blushing, sat down on it, folding her hands in her lap while Juffrouw Klopstock followed up the long room and through a door.

She was gone a long time; then at last the door opened again and there she was in the doorway, smiling and beckoning.

They all looked again as Julia walked the length of the room, so she arrived in Mynheer Dekker's presence pink-cheeked and with that air of shyness which, on a young girl, is like the bloom on a grape.

"Ah, yes," said Mynheer, "I see what you mean."

"Julia, this is Mynheer Dekker."

She made him the curtsy which Maire had taught her so long ago, and remembering Juffrouw Klopstock's admonition, smiled at him.

"Good afternoon, my dear," he said, smiling at her. He looked kind and she thought that she would like to work for him. So she smiled again with innocent seductiveness. He made a little noise of assent, "Um-m-m, I must say she does you great credit," he told Juffrouw Klopstock. "I hope she realizes ——"

"Oh, I told her nothing. It would have been unkind to risk the disappointment."

"We can consider the matter settled," he said.

"You have done me a great favor, Mynheer."

"No, no. On the contrary, Juffrouw. There are plenty of girls, but so few suitable. Things have changed very much lately."

"And I may leave her now? There would be so much envy ——"

"I'll take her round to Mevrouw Helmers myself."

Juffrouw Klopstock rose. "Julia," she said, taking one of the girl's hands, "you are a very, very lucky girl. You are going to be a Company's Daughter—the most fortunate thing that could happen to a girl in your position. I hope you'll be very happy, and very good."

Julia knew nothing about the Company's Daughters, but she was out of the Klopstock Home; and it was the *juffrouw's* doing. She raised the hand which held hers and kissed it and said, "Oh, thank you, Juffrouw. Thank you."

And Juffrouw Klopstock took her into an embrace and said with an emotion that seemed sincere, "Good-by, my dear. I know you'll be happy. Bless you!"

Their parting made quite an impression upon Mynheer Dekker, who, like most people, had heard several contradictory stories about Juffrouw Klopstock's management.

The only completely automatic toaster is . . .

AUTOMATIC

Sunbeam TOASTER

with RADIANT CONTROL

Bread lowers automatically — no levers to push • toast raises silently — no motors to wear out • always perfect toast — just the way you like it.

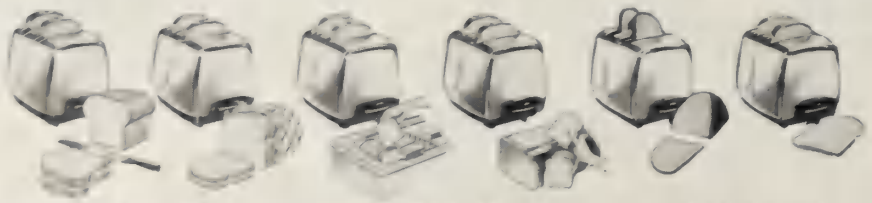


Automatic Beyond Belief!

The Sunbeam Automatic Toaster with exclusive RADIANT CONTROL is the only completely automatic toaster. No levers to push, no motors to wear out. Sunbeam RADIANT CONTROL automatically adjusts toasting cycle to moisture content of bread. You get toast just the way you want it regardless of whether bread is thick or thin, frozen or fresh, rye or white. You can even reheat a piece of toast without burning. Ask your dealer to show you the new Sunbeam Toaster today. Only, $28.50*

GIVES YOU UNIFORM TOAST EVERY TIME

*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price. Prices slightly higher in Canada.



THICK or THIN FROZEN or FRESH RYE or WHITE

©S.C. ®SUNBEAM, LADY SUNBEAM, MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER

Look for the MARK OF QUALITY Sunbeam Famous for MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, PERCOLATOR, IRONMASTER, etc.

SUNBEAM CORPORATION, Dept. 50, Chicago 50, Illinois • Canada: Toronto 18

Her time in the Home for Company's aughters was very brief, only a year and a w days long, and, in the sense that it was tremely happy, with every day's passing a ing of regret, it seemed very short; in the nse of experience and education, it seemed ry long.

There was a great deal to learn.

"You *must* learn to read and write and ckon," Mevrouw Helmers would say. "A ife who can do so is a help to her husband, nd improves her own status.

"You *must* learn about illnesses and how deal with accidents. Where you are going ere won't be a doctor on the nearest corner nd a midwife in the next street. And if your usband is a nutmeg planter you may find ourself responsible for slaves as well as for our family.

"You *must* learn deportment. Girls of very ood family go out to the islands now and ou must be prepared to meet them on their wn ground. We can't have your husbands aking unfavorable comparisons."

She never for a moment allowed the girls to se sight of their destiny. They were Comany's Daughters, being trained to make good, cceptable wives for the Dutchmen who lived n the Molucca Islands nd grew nutmegs and loves for the comany's trade.

The system was an ld one. It had begun the days when few irls would voluntarily ice the long sea voyge—seven months of , at least—and spend e rest of their lives in xile; the white men en had been glad of ives of any kind. But e private arrangeents, generally made y ships' captains actng as go-betweens etween distant husands and greedy famies in Holland, had ot always worked out well. The Daughters ere now all picked girls, and properly trained; nd they were not sent out, as in the earlier ays, just anyhow and to anybody. Negotiaons must be conducted, credentials produced, nd in most cases the formal marriage by roxy—known as a glove marriage—was perormed with as much ceremony for an orphan irl as for one of good family.

Mynheer Dekker had chosen well in makng Mevrouw Helmers head of the establishent. She was shrewd and practical, knowldgeable and kind. In all ways, except one—nd that vital—she did prepare the girls for eir futures: she spoke of "your husband" a sensible and realistic fashion; but she hared the prevailing view that "innocence" a bride was no drawback.

The girls, of course, were not innocent at ll and the words in which enlightenment was pread would have shocked Mevrouw Helmers ery much indeed. A very pretty, jolly, friendly irl named Frieda was Julia's mentor in this natter, and a promising friendship died unmely. From the evening when Frieda "told" ntil she sailed in January for the Moluccas, ulia had to avoid her because she couldn't ear to look at or touch her. She thought it as all intensely horrible. As Frieda ripped way the veil she saw again the face of the ailor who had pretended to be kind, the face f the woman who had led him away. *So that as it!* she thought with sick disgust.

Curiously enough, along with this deep reulsion against the physical side of the mannd-woman business, she developed an interest , a yearning for, something called "love."

Mevrouw Helmers thought girls should be ble to read, should take delight in reading, nd she read to them, and gave them to read, e kind of story most likely to provoke avid erusal. In these pairs of lovers figured promiently; two French ones—oh, and a very sad tory—Héloïse and Abélard; two Italians—nd what a tragedy—Romeo and Juliet; two nglish, long ago but still achingly sad, Trisam and Iseult.

Julia saw them, clean, brightly yet delicately colored, made of china, moving stiffly against a background of trees and flowers; the young men carried papers upon which they had written poems, the young women walked along with fawns pushing their noses into their hands. They spoke, they said, "I love you. I love you," but their words had nothing to do with *that!* Sometimes they touched hands. In such an interchange Julia would gladly have taken part with a young man, tall and slim, with yellow hair and blue eyes, a younger Uncle Johannes.

That was "love." But Mevrouw Helmers never spoke of that. She said, "your husband," and every time she said it—once Frieda had explained things—Julia saw the drunken sailor, felt his slushy kiss and the weight of his arm.

Being a Company's Daughter was pleasant indeed, but it was a short-lived business, a mere prelude to something else—and very often, when she looked into the future, Julia wished that Juffrouw Klopstock had sent her to the fish saltings.

Mevrouw Helmers had a very clear-cut idea of what the prospective brides should know about their duties, but in many other matters concerning the Moluccas and the life there she was curiously vague.

GOSSIP

In old England, there were usually two godmothers to sponsor a child. They were called "Godsibbs," a kin or relative through God, "sibb" being Anglo-Saxon for "kin." The two Godsibbs often met in the home of their mutual godchild and had little chats together. The term "Godsibbing" came to be applied to these trivial talks. Later corrupted to "gossiping," the word gradually lost its original meaning, and now to gossip is to carry tales or spread scandal.

The girls currently under the home's tuition had therefore a choice of two pictures when it came to throwing their thoughts forward to their future home. There was Mevrouw's—rather ordinary and unexciting, a Dutch landscape with nutmeg trees, some dark-skinned slaves and "your husband" superimposed upon it; and there was the one composed of rumor, truthful reports, products of overstrained imaginations, of old sailors' tales, ancient letters, things overheard—and that was a picture of a nightmare paradise. This was the one which the girls held up to one another, with shudders, with delight, with yearning, with dread foreboding. They whispered of slave revolts, of nutmeg planters and their families wiped out in one night of fire and slaughter; there were bats as large as rats which drank your blood as you slept; there were sharks in the sea and crocodiles in the rivers. Even cannibalism was not overlooked. But there were also the flowers—twelve inches across, some of them, and of such fragrance that if you smelled them too close you swooned; there were fruits of a flavor unimaginable; there was unending leisure—if you had a baby you did not even have to carry it in your arms, a brown slave did that; there were parties every evening, picnics every day.

Julia never really saw either picture of the islands; was never much affected by the threats or the promises of the future; when she looked forward she saw one thing only—"your husband."

And so the weeks sped on; and the months; inescapable, relentless as death, the future advanced.

One day in November, a mild, mist-moisted day, she and a girl named Marie with whom she had made a pleasant but carefully not intimate friendship were in the garden, cutting the very last roses of an unusually protracted season.

Mevrouw Helmers opened a window and called them. They went in, their hands full of the damp flowers, drops of moisture clinging to their hair and their eyelashes. They made a pretty pair, Marie all ebony and ivory and rose, Julia leaf-brown and cream and gray. Mynheer Dekker, who was in the room with Mevrouw Helmers, remarked upon the flowers the girls carried.

"And you look just as sweet and fresh," he said.

Mevrouw Helmers watched without jealousy. They came and went, an endless line of them, pretty young things with all their troubles still to come. Hers—and she had known trouble—were over.

On the table stood a package which had been opened and then just folded together again, and a bottle of Rhenish wine and four glasses.

"Well, shall I tell them, or will you?" asked Mevrouw Helmers.

"I can guess!" Marie cried, clutching the roses to her breast. "*It's our turn.*"

"They just live for the day," said Mevrouw Helmers. "Yes, it's your turn, Marie, and yours, Julia. And I may as well say at once that you are both very lucky girls."

"Both glove marriages," said Mynheer Dekker with an air of personal achievement.

"When?" demanded Marie.

"At the end of this month."

"I must be off," said Mynheer Dekker. "I'll just drink to your happiness and then you can know all the details."

Mevrouw Helmers began to pour out the wine.

Marie turned to Mynheer Dekker and said prettily, "Mynheer, will *you* be the proxy in our wedding?"

"I shall give myself that melancholy pleasure," he said, and took the proffered glass and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 109

for DEPENDABLE STORAGE

safe and sound



CALL YOUR ALLIED MOVER

...he's the No.1 Specialist

Ask your Allied Mover for a copy of "Before You Move." See the yellow pages of your phone book, or write Allied Van Lines, Inc., Broadview, Illinois.



ALLIED VAN LINES • WORLD'S LARGEST LONG-DISTANCE MOVERS

New idea! VINYL in a floor wax

and the beauty of it is — *it's childproof**



***Never before such a high gloss!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax with *vinyl* in it, gives you higher gloss than you've ever known. On *any* kind of floor—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile or finished wood! Throughout the house!

***No wax easier to apply!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax polishes itself. No buffing. No rubbing. It spreads evenly —without streaks—quickly sets to a tough, beautiful, *vinyl* gloss!

***Wet spills won't harm gloss!**

Splashes and spills—so common with children—won't hurt the tough vinyl surface —or shine. Simply wipe them up. *New* Simoniz Floor Wax is water-repellent.

***Never before such protection!**

The miracle of vinyl—and only Simoniz has it—gives you the toughest floor surface. The kids won't scuff it, or harm the gloss with their roughhousing. No doubt about it—it's *childproof!*

***No finish so easy to maintain!**

Simoniz Floor Wax with vinyl has a gloss that lasts and lasts. You can even damp mop your floors freely without dulling the shine. Without spoiling the wax finish.

***Good news about re-waxing!**

Here's the *one* floor wax you can remove *evenly* before re-waxing. Simply use your regular household detergent and warm water. The beauty increases with re-waxing. You'll be amazed, once you try it.



Simoniz® Floor Wax

For all floors—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile and finished wood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

ng his beaming smile around. The dark
ll bless her, was all right, flushed and
kling, her ordinary youthful prettiness
sformed into beauty by the glow of ex-
itement—but the other looked as though she
received a mortal blow. And, of course,
as a step in the dark, disguise it how you
ld. He caught Mevrouw Helmers' eye,
ed a significant glance at Julia and was
sured by a nod. All that sort of thing
d be left in her capable hands. He raised
glass. "To your future, my dears; may it
appy and prosperous!"

hey drank and he left, and before he was
out of the room Marie said, "May we
?"

Certainly not. How would you know
ch was which? Since you are so impatient
deal with you first. Here you are." She
ded Marie a buff-colored glove, made for
left hand, its cuff embroidered with scarlet

"You are to marry Hendrik Oltman, who
wenty-six years of age, and a clerk in the
nt's office in Banda Neira. He has good
spects and his disposition is said to be
able. I congratulate you." She added
ckly, "Oh, no! You mustn't try it on; that
gs bad luck: glove on, wedding off—did
never hear that?"

I think it will fit me," said Marie, measur-
the glove against her hand. "And smell it!
esn't it smell lovely?
ndrik Oltman. I like
name. Marie Olt-
n."

I'm glad that you
pleased," Mevrouw
mers said. "And now
Julia."

t was a glove of yel-
silk with pearls sewn
pattern on its gaunt-
"Isn't that pretty?
ll, take it, dear. It's
you. Your husband
amed Pieter Vosmar
he is twenty-two.
father has a nutmeg
ntation on a little is-
d called Rua. You
to be congratulated
."

Isn't it wonderful?"
d Marie, and Mev-
w sensibly allowed
to speak for them
h.

Run along," she said. "Show off your
ves and make the others envious. This is
r day; theirs will come."

ulia carried her glove straight to her bed-
m and there, with a shudder of distaste,
hed her hand into it, grimacing at her own
dulity as she did so. Once, she supposed,
nebody had tried on her glove and then not
n married after all; that was how such
erstitions began. Nevertheless she was
sing no chance!

e next few days were very trying. Every-
ng centered upon the wedding, everybody
red in the preparations. You were never
owed for one moment to forget that you
re a bride-to-be. If it was forgotten for a
ment Marie would say or do something to
ng it back into focus and somebody was
e to add, "And Julia too!" Behind Marie's
ety her own glumness passed, she thought,
noticed, but Mevrouw Helmers had seen
nd was not surprised—or worried—when,
e evening, a mere five days before the wed-
g, Julia came to her room. Mevrouw was
ring—on the wedding clothes—and she
ked up with a bright, kind smile which
med the very epitome of the general mood,
ood in which she alone could not share.

"Mevrouw, I don't want to be married."

Mevrouw Helmers hesitated while she de-
ed between several possible replies and then
ghed. "Oh," she said, "the *times* I've heard
t, here in this very room!"

t was clever. It removed Julia's sense of
ng different, of being unsuited for marriage.
"Oh, I didn't know anybody else ever felt
t way."

"Bless you, child. I've prepared dozens of
s for marriage and they took it in one of two
ways; either, like Marie, they couldn't wait for the day, or they insisted that they'd rather be dead. And do you know, so far as I can make out, they were as happy, or happier than the others. Sit down, Julia, and tell me what's in your mind. You'd rather be dead, is that it?"

"I wondered whether Betta couldn't go instead of me. She's longing to be married."

"Betta cannot, she must wait her turn. She's only fifteen."

"So am I."

A single question and answer elucidated that little mystery. Mevrouw Helmers thought Juffrouw Klopstock had done rather well.

"It's too late to do anything about that now," she said. She put out her hand and tapped Julia's knee. "You forget all about that year, Julia, save it up until you're thirty-nine. Every woman hates her fortieth birthday, and on the eve of yours you can give yourself a whole year for a present."

It was all so cozy, so feminine, so almost irresistible.

"Now, Julia, the arrangements have all been made. Even if I wanted to I couldn't send Betta in your place, she wouldn't be at all suitable. The Vosmar family is old and important; you don't realize how very fortunate you are. *Naturally* you have doubts and fears. I've always found that a very good cure is to take the thing that is worrying you and look it straight in the face, and if possible talk it over with somebody of greater experience. Come along now, tell me exactly what is the trouble?"

The very thought of putting it into words made her face burn.

Mevrouw Helmers took up her sewing and made several stitches. Without looking up she said, "It's the . . . physical aspect, isn't it?" She took silence for assent. "I do *wish* you girls wouldn't pry and chatter, the blind leading the blind! When it comes you'll find it as natural as eating. That is true, Julia. After all, men and women were made and put together in this world by the good God, and He never makes a mistake. Even this reluctance of yours isn't going to be wasted—you'll be all the more delighted when you find how very wrong you were."

She spoke with sincerity and conviction, and Julia recognized the good sense of what she said. But ——

"As for staying here and remaining unmarried," Mevrouw Helmers went on, "that's a fate I wouldn't wish on anybody. An unmarried woman, whoever she is, becomes in time a pitiable object. And you're so pretty; that young man will *adore* you. Look, you sew on this, it's for Marie, and I'll sew on yours. I want you both to look beautiful."

They sewed for the rest of the evening and Mevrouw Helmers chatted on, making it all sound safe and ordinary and quite, quite inevitable. As they put away their work she said, "Are you sleeping well? I thought not. Go and warm a cup of milk and bring it back here." When Julia returned Mevrouw had a little box in her hand; she opened it and took out a pinch of gray powder which, placed in the milk, instantly dissolved.

That night she slept heavily, and all the next day moved in a placid daze; nothing, not even her own hands and feet, seemed quite real. Mevrouw Helmers repeated the dose each evening until the wedding, and on that day not even Mynheer Dekker, very sprucely dressed and gallant in manner, helping them on with the gloves, kissing them and calling them by their new names, seemed quite real. But she was now Julia Vosmar, properly married, in the sight of God and man, to Pieter Vosmar, whom she had never seen.

(To be Continued)

TO MY PARENTS

BY ELIZABETH BARKINS

The vast and patient love which lies
Within your hearts
Is more than I can yet surmise—
Still it imparts
This much beyond all doubt for me:
That love itself must surely be
The essence of eternity
In all its parts.

Good thing they wear Health-tex

It plays hard all day



Health-tex clothes for children, sizes 6 months to 8 years of flannels, knit and woven cottons, corduroys and other fine washable fabrics. STANDARD ROMPER CO., INC., 1350 Broadway, New York 18.

ALL 4 YOURS . . . ONLY $1.00

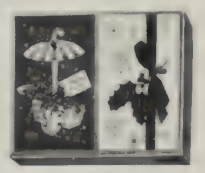
Amazing offer just to show you how you can make these big profits . . . (up to 100%) showing W/S Christmas cards, fine holiday gifts, gift wraps & stationery. Wonderful value . . . 63 Christmas cards and 504" of gift wrapping for only $1.00, a $4.25 value.

YOU CAN MAKE $200-$500 EVEN MORE

. . . make all this in spare time showing W/S Christmas cards, new 6-roll gift wrappings, exclusive personal Christmas cards, notes, stationery and holiday gifts to friends and neighbors. There's no obligation, nothing to return and nothing further to buy. Send for your big $1.00 offer today. We'll send you all the details of our big money making plan along with your order.

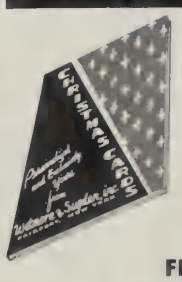


Christmas Blessings Religious, 21 Cards

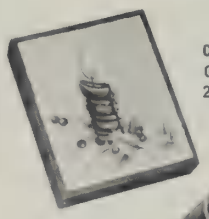


Feature Deluxe, 21 Cards

BIG PROFIT IN PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS . . . ONLY AVAILABLE TO W/S DEALERS



This handsome self-selling album contains complete selections, exclusive with W/S dealers, of famous W/S personal Christmas cards priced as low as 50 for $1.50, with name imprinted notes and stationery. You get 38 FREE samples in the album.



Candle Glow, 21 Cards



504 inch Gift Wrapping Roll

FREE FUND RAISING PLAN



Clubs, organizations, church groups everywhere raise money for their treasury this easy way. This free book also explains its generous Club Charge Account Plan.

SEND TODAY FOR AMAZING OFFER

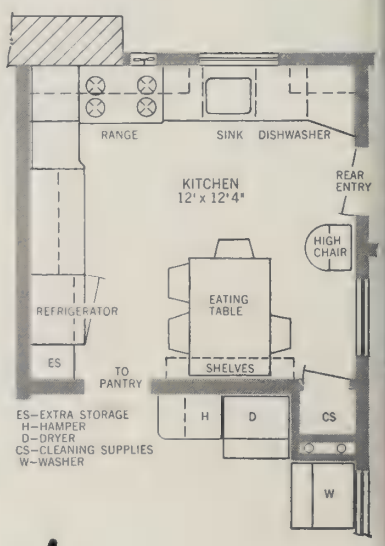
WETMORE & SUGDEN, INC., 245 Bayfield Drive, Fairport, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
Enclosed find $1.00. Please rush me your big offer. 63 cards, 1 gift wrap roll, FREE personal card samples and 24-page full-color catalog. (No boxes sent on approval.)
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....
☐ Check here if you desire the club plan book and write name of club organization.
My organization is .....



The mistress of this house is tall, so he
kitchen is tailored to fit. Favorite utensil
hang on pegboard. Under them, a hard
wood chopping block spans empty spac
over a wastebasket and a cat's dish. Th
old floor cupboard is still get-at-able
High spot is the squared-off refrigerato
against which all built-ins fit flush—n
crannies for crumbs or spoons to fal
into. It has door racks and salad drawers
a generous freezer across the top. Fo
this kitchen, its door is hinged on left

Here is the side of the room to whic
former owners added range, sink, dish
washer. It was left as is. A pink paint
brush brought it into one with rest o
the room. Green counter you see wa
matched by new counters in rest o
room. The range, not new, served well
with plenty of "setting" space on top
Over the fan, and controlling it, is a pre
wired cooking hood—has a built-in ligh
and switch plus a rod for utensils. Cafe
curtains are of cotton dressmaker fabric

Give a woman a house with room an
she can teach it to be a home. Every
thing she needs is in the kitchen now. On
wall became storage and mixing head
quarters, followed by cooking area, with
wash-up section near rear door. If the
family acquires a freezer it can go or
service porch—taking, as it does, s
few trips compared with a refrigerator



1900 House—1957 Kitchen

By MARGARET DAVIDSON *Homemaking Editor of the Journal*

There are three appealing reasons behind this kitchen: George, age 4; Hortense, now 2; and baby Diane, 9 months old. After their father, a rising junior executive, was transferred to the home office came desperate days of house hunting. The young couple's findings: new houses in their bracket all had three or four small bedrooms and one cramped bath. And then they saw the big house half a century old with its assets of space—space—space!

It had a wide tiled hall, and a curved staircase leading to a floorful of bedrooms; it had nooks, window seats, big closets, a pantry, even a separate paneled dining room standing by for evening meals. And there was a garden with running space, a playhouse Hortense and Diane could use in a year or two, an old coach house for George's pirate den.

But the river-fronted house on the hill had its faults too. One was the kitchen. The former owners had half redone it, put in a more than serviceable dishwasher-range-sink section. Still, an old icebox stood on a back porch, relic of days when ice was delivered by the pound, leaving a dripping trail and muddy footprints in wet weather.

"The kitchen," the young mother in this case decided, "ought to be remodeled before we move in." When moving day came it was an island of order in a house still filled with barrels. The minister was handsomely entertained in it that first week when he came to tea, though most belongings were still unpacked. From then on the kitchen has hummed as "the *one* room in the house where I could put my hands on what I needed—and find it."

At hand are all utensils in the room that is now painted petal-pink. "The room where I'll spend so much time," the mother says, "has to look pretty!" High ceilings were brought down with an overhang of white. The new counter was green plastic to match exactly one the former owners used on the sink wall.

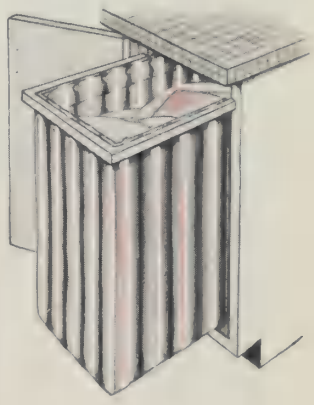
The big improvement was to make room for a new refrigerator *in* the kitchen. By actual count, a homemaker opens her refrigerator some fifty times a day—and with three youngsters here the count is apt to be higher for snacks, baby foods, and "may I have an apple" trips throughout the day. She decided on a new model, its cost $330, and around it were built flush shelves to replace the clumsy fifty-year-old cupboards with backbreakingly low counters that once stood here. The rest of redoing for the room came to $672. That sum provided a new floor of speckled red plastic tile with insets of black and white; wood cabinets; new counters; electrical work; and an air-freshening ventilator. The total: just over $1000. If the six-year-old sink, range and dishwasher had been replaced, the total would easily have been $600 more.

One good turnabout deserves another. So the old pantry, freed of its overload by the new kitchen





The ex-pantry is a spick-and-span little laundry, in earshot of the children at play. Sink was in. Washer and dryer were added. Pink-green floral curtains match those in kitchen, are hung with rings that clip on, require no sewing, snap off to aid launderability. Under green counter, a hidden fabric hamper slides out from cabinet beside dryer.



Even the hamper can go in the washer. Handmade of denim or mattress ticking, it can be made with a home kit of snaps for attaching fabric to wood. Pull-out frame can be made by home carpenter. Sturdy cloth can match any favorite color scheme. Partition bag, if you like, to divide white and colored clothes.

For breakfast she chose a white plastic table, so spills sponge. Chairs, too, are covered in lacquer-red plastic. Beyond high chair is cleaning closet. Shelves add color to tall walls, hold pitchers and plates too pretty to put away. White splitwood shade helps "bring down" the high window and—like most of the room—cleans simply and with a sparkle.

STUART



The house was old, the family young—
and it was affection at first sight.

ıe first room they shaped up: the kitchen.

ɔinets, turned itself into a laundry. Here, again, the
l house adapted cheerfully. Its plaster walls took
plastic-coated wall fabric that smoothed on tight
a glove and will bear up under splashes and scrubs.
green textured design helped hide any unevenness
the wall. After old counters had come out, the
ısher and dryer from their previous home went
ugly in around the chimney. It all saves basement
ps—"We can wash and dry every day with no
ɔuble." She's right about her indirect savings, too,
at help pay for the kitchen. Since children out-
ow clothes rather than wear them out, the sim-
ɛr it is to do the washing, the smaller the wardrobe
ed be.
Old houses lagging on byroads do have such
arm, and so many potentials. If sturdy and sim-
e, they convert beautifully. It's often worth while
capitalize on their assets, to put in a little fond
ɔrk and take out big rewards for a growing family.

New! Rubber-cushioned cut-to-fit shelf protection

Rubbermaid® SHELF-KUSHION®



Wonderful! Now buy Shelf-Kushion just as you buy dress fabric—by the yard . . . there's no waste! You'll like the way soft, supple Shelf-Kushion clings to your cabinets . . . hushes clatter . . . wears *and* wears.

What's more, your shelves are rubber-cushioned against nicks and scratches, and so are your dishes and glassware. Rubbermaid Shelf-Kushion is yours in any lengths, up to 45 feet, in 2 convenient widths, 4 delightful colors.



Wall Cabinet Shelf-Kushion,
11¾ inches wide, 89¢ a yard

Base Cabinet Shelf-Kushion,
22 inches wide, $1.89 a yard

Look for this Rubbermaid Shelf-Kushion Dispenser wherever housewares are sold!

THE WOOSTER RUBBER COMPANY WOOSTER, OHIO

CHILDREN CROWD THIS SUNDAY SCHOOL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

assignment. It's a favorite with the red-haired girl named Jo who responds to Dede's soft-spoken ("We don't want to wake the babies") introduction of Kathy with a friendly wave and a grin.

The gray sky overhead is breaking up into brilliant blue now, and the classroom where the five-year-olds are meeting is bright and cheerful as Dede and Kathy enter it. Twenty small voices are repeating after the teacher, "Thank you, God, for the nice rain ——" One small voice adds forgivingly (and in suspiciously parent-aping tones), "Well, I guess we *did* need it."

Dede smiles at Kathy and Kathy smiles back with the relaxed friendliness of shared laughter.

Next door the four-year-olds are noisier. Most of them are singing to the accompaniment of a piano played by Teen Aide Sylvia Grainger. In one corner another Teen Aide, dark-haired Susie Cooper, has a special (but not unusual) assignment: making two shy little newcomers feel enough at home to join the rest of the class. Reading them a story, Susie's soft voice has already soothed away earlier tears. Some of the four-year-olds are at the drawing table. A curlyhead in a gay plaid dress spies Dede and comes running to meet her, clutching a picture she has just drawn.

"Hang up my picture for me, please," she demands. "See"—displaying it—"it's an angel."

Dede pins the picture on a low bulletin board and settles herself on a kindergarten-size stool to study it. "I think it's a fine angel," she says tactfully.

The small artist comes close to lean on Dede's knee and reach up to touch one of the tiny pearl earrings in Dede's ears. After a moment she asks thoughtfully, "Dede, do angels have mommies and daddies?"

Dede considers the thought soberly. "*I* think that they do," she says finally. "But I'll tell you what: I'll ask Reverend Staves about it and let you know next Sunday what *he* thinks." She gives the four-year-old a quick hug and rises from the stool. "We'll have to run if you're going to get to the nine-thirty service," she tells Kathy. "I have to help teach this morning, so I'll be attending the later service myself."

Waiting for her family after the service, Kathy watches the crowd of homeward-bound people and feels suddenly lonely again. Dede and Pat are busy. The red-haired girl named Jo is talking with Miss Likins and a group of young people. Kathy would love to join them, but she still feels a little shy about that, so she follows her family to the car. The sun has come out now, the damp chill is gone from the air, and the swimming pool in the patio sparkles brightly.

"Kathy Blaine—wait!" a voice calls after her.

Kathy turns to see Jo racing across the patio with—Kathy can't believe it at first, but it *is* true—the tall, sandy-haired boy she had noticed earlier, the one who reminded her of the boy back home.

"Miss Likins just told me that you like to sing," Jo says. "How about dramatics too? We're just beginning a new project for the holidays and if you'd like to join in we'd be awfully glad to have you."

Kathy nods her dark curls eagerly. "I love to sing. I was in the drama club back home."

"That's wonderful," Jo tells her. "If you'll write down your address for us, we'll stop by and pick you up for Tuesday-evening practice. Oh—and this is my brother, Bob," she finishes as Kathy rummages busily in her purse for paper and pencil and writes her address.

Kathy looks up. "Hi," she says with a smile.

WHAT MAKES YOUR HEAD ACHE?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

sinus are frequently a matter of infection. The aches are dull and they throb, but they are not usually severe. Until recently sinus infections were cured by drainage, an operation not infrequently causing permanent injury. With the discovery of antibiotics, the operation became rarely needed and today most true acute sinus headaches can be rapidly cured.

There is, however, another "sinus headache" that occurs in a closely associated area, the nose. Beyond its duty of smelling, the nose is supposed to warm and clean the air you breathe before it reaches your lungs. The mucus and the fine nose hairs remove the dirt and germs. If there are too many germs or too much dirt, the nose will become clogged and nearby blood vessels congested. Agents such as too strong chemicals, pollens and odors, and a sudden chilling of the body surface, can also produce this condition. When the mucous membrane becomes irritated, naturally, the symptoms are similar to those of any headache and are readily confused with sinus infection. It is this action in a "cold" that often produces headache. It is a fascinating fact that life situations that have a threatening significance to a person may also cause "sinus headaches" by precisely the same mechanism of causing swelling of the mucous membranes of the nose.

Hang-over headaches are not the result of alcohol itself. It is possible that the alcohol dilated the blood vessels, causing pain, but there is no predictable relation between the amount of alcohol and the amount of pain. The headaches vary in the same individual, suggesting that overfatigue, social stress or guilt feelings had more to do with them.

Ears sometimes cause excruciating headaches. No other structure in the body of similar size has such a network of nerves leading to it. For this reason, the ear can be stimulated to pain from sources quite far removed. Thus, ear pain may indicate, among other things, a diseased tooth, tonsillitis or a sore throat.

That your eyes can cause pains in the head has long been recognized. When the eye muscles are improperly balanced, when light rays are improperly received (astigmatism), when the eyes are affected with glaucoma, headaches are the usual result. Farsightedness and astigmatism can produce a feeling of heaviness in the head and an ache that starts around the eyes and finally radiates over the whole head. Pains like this come about for the same reason you get headaches from driving—too much sustained muscle effort. The eye muscles are working too hard to overcome the inability to see correctly. (Reading headaches may come, too, from a combination of eye- and neck-muscle strain.)

Headaches from blows on the head are caused in an obvious manner. The nerves over the skull have been immediately assaulted. When headaches from such blows continue for

TO WEAN

Scientific baby foods have been in use only a few generations. Prior to their development, youngsters went directly from the mother's breast to coarse items on the adult menu.

It was a difficult and tedious task to accomplish the transition. From a Teutonic term for "to accustom," the process of getting a child accustomed to solid food was called *wennen*.

Naturally, a child broke some of its ties with the mother after becoming accustomed to bread and gruel. So *wean* eventually came to name the process of detaching a person from any relationship, habit or idea.

WEBB B. GARRISON



Pepto-Bismol works where soda, seltzers and "tummy-aids" fail! For upset stomach, indigestion, nausea, or diarrhea—Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes with a gentle coating action. It works both in the stomach *and* the intestinal tract—where soda and alkalizers never help. For children or adults, this wonderful *pink* liquid helps control simple diarrhea without constipating.

TAKE HOSPITAL TESTED PEPTO-BISMOL®...AND FEEL GOOD AGAIN!

Can you tie this ?

You certainly can . . . with glamorous Sasheen® *the ribbon that makes the "Magic Bow"*







The Chrysanthemum Bow looks festive as a fresh-picked pom on gifts of the autumn season. Follow the "Magic Bow" directions on a roll of Sasheen Brand Ribbon. (Try mixing yellow and gold . . . or brown and copper!) At the bow-tie stage, simply make cuts in the loops as shown. Then pull out the loops—and let 'er bloom! Fun at football games: wear a "Stadium Bow"— ■ Sasheen mum and streamers in the old school colors!

"Magic Bow" and method of making patented U. S. Pat. No. RE ■■■

"Magic Bow" instructions are on every roll of Sasheen®, Decorette® and "Magic Bow"® Brand Ribbons

PRODUCTS OF 3M COMPANY — MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, St. Paul 6, Minnesota ©3M Co.

a long time, they are likely to be suspect in the eyes of the law. The pain nerves do not have long memories. They are often stimulated by the ramifications arising out of blows, by possible financial compensation for injuries. These headaches are the most difficult for doctors to treat. A successful court action often ends the complaint.

Constipation and other abdominal disorders are often blamed for headaches, although there is no immediate relation. A headache may occur from such causes only incidentally, as a reaction to the discomfort.

Hypertension, higher-than-normal blood pressure, is often blamed for troublesome headaches. All the investigations show, however, that there is no direct correlation between the pressure and the pain and, in most cases, the headaches would have occurred anyhow. The mechanism of "hypertensive" headaches is similar to that of migraine. In late hypertension, however, the kidneys often malfunction, wastes are not removed, and then the body, including the brain, becomes swollen. In this situation pain-sensitive arteries inside the head may be pulled or displaced and cause headache.

True humility is possible only for the greatly successful. The tallest mountains know how far they are from the stars. PAUL ELDRIDGE
Horns of Glass
(Harbinger House)

Brain tumors are a relatively exotic cause of headache. Few of them spread elsewhere, but all of them hurt because they take up space, crowding or displacing the pain-sensitive arteries. Growing in a closed box like the skull, tumors push the very sensitive blood vessels that anchor the brain. Among the symptoms of a brain tumor are fits, failing vision and faulty co-ordination. Surgery is almost always necessary when your headache is caused by a tumor.

It is obvious that when someone says, "I have a headache," he may mean one of a great number of things. The headaches that are easily cured are the ones that are most easily understood. The persistent headaches are often the result of some persistent disturbance in your life adjustment. The chances are that your headache does not come from an ominous cause and will never kill you. It will soon go away. Have you ever wondered, though, what it is you are doing that brings the headache on?

WONDERFUL CHEESE DISHES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

of hot pepper sauce. When the cheese is melted and the sauce is smooth, stir a little of the hot sauce into 2 slightly beaten eggs. Add to the mixture in the saucepan, and return to the heat. Warm gently for about 2 minutes, before serving. Serves 4–6. Double the recipe if you're having a party!

On the first crisp nights in September, a hearty, hot main dish celebrates the change of season. This eggplant casserole's deliciously browned surface conceals two different kinds of sausage, an exotically seasoned meat-and-tomato sauce, and layers of Mozzarella cheese. "There's no cheese that can't find brown bread," the saying goes. So serve Italian whole-wheat bread with your casserole, and a fresh-tasting green salad.

EGGPLANT-SAUSAGE-AND-TOMATO CASSEROLE

Peel and thinly slice 2 large eggplant. Dip the slices into beaten egg and sauté in hot salad oil until both sides are golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper. In a skillet, sauté in a little butter 1 pound ground round steak. Add 3 chopped onions and cook until golden also. Then add 2 cups tomato purée, a good pinch of basil, another of orégano, ½ cup chopped green pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, a little pepper and 1 clove garlic, crushed. Sauté in a skillet until golden brown 6 sausages. Now to layer the casserole: Arrange ⅓ of the eggplant in the bottom, top with ⅓ of the meat sauce. Slice one ½-pound ball Mozzarella cheese and add ⅓ along with ⅓ of the sausage and ⅓ of a pepperoni sausage, thinly sliced. Repeat this until all is used up, ending with a third of the Mozzarella ball on top. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 hour. Serves 8.

A hearty, man's-favorite type of dish is this casserole in which strips of potato, delicately browned in butter, are crisscrossed "log-cabin style" and baked with cheese. It would be perfect with a juicy steak or roast for the hungriest night of the season—after a day of raking leaves, or putting in a bed of tulip bulbs!

LOG-CABIN POTATOES

Make a thin cream sauce, basic method, using 4 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour and 2½ cups hot milk. Add to sauce 1 pound diced American process cheese, 1 envelope chicken-bouillon powder or a chicken-bouillon cube, ¾ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper. Cook in double boiler until cheese is melted. Taste for salt, and, if you like, add 2 tablespoons sherry. Cut large raw potatoes into long slender strips about ¼" thick, using enough potatoes to fill a large casserole. Fry the strips, not too many at a time, in butter until delicately browned. In the bottom of a well-greased casserole make a layer of potato strips all going in the same direction. Then, using log-cabin technique, cross them with a layer going at right angles to them, and so on. When casserole is half full, spoon in about half the cheese sauce, being careful not to disarrange the potatoes in the process. Not that the log-cabin arrangement will be perfect, but it does allow the sauce to circulate and it keeps the potatoes from packing. Also, it looks pretty. When all the potatoes have been used, spoon in the rest of the sauce and top with a layer of bread crumbs and dots of butter. Cover the casserole, and place in a pan of hot water in a 350° F. oven. Shortly before serving, turn to 450°, remove lid and brown a little. This method of cooking requires no watching and you may be sure the potatoes won't dry out.

Among the most magnificent Italian cheese specialties are the delicate, tender puffs of seasoned *ricotta* or cottage cheese and spinach, shaped into balls and baked in butter and grated Parmesan. It would be hard to find a more delicious luncheon dish, served with a simple salad; or this casserole becomes the perfect "vegetable" to serve at dinner with veal scallopine or roast chicken.

SPINACH-AND-RICOTTA BALLS

Wash 2 pounds spinach and chop quite fine. Barely cover with boiling salted water and cook 6 minutes. Pour into sieve and drain thoroughly, pressing with a spoon to eliminate as much moisture as possible. Add spinach to 1¾ pounds *ricotta* or cottage cheese with 5 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese, 1¼ teaspoons salt, 2 whole eggs and 6 tablespoons dry packaged bread crumbs. Beat with a spoon until well mixed and leave in refrigerator overnight so that bread crumbs will absorb moisture. The next day, mold into balls about the size of golf balls and dust with flour. The mixture is rather sticky and you'll have to dip your fingers into flour as you proceed. Put balls on a baking sheet covered with waxed paper and store in the refrigerator. Bring salted water to a boil, lower heat and drop the balls in, not too many at a time. Use an oval roaster for this so that the water surface is greater and you can do more at one time. The point is not to crowd them. After a short time the balls will pop up to the surface. When this happens, continue cooking 4 minutes and remove with a perforated spoon. Transfer to a heated casserole and sprinkle each layer with lots of melted butter and grated Parmesan cheese. Keep hot until serving time. Serves 6–8.

CHICKEN-AND-ENDIVE PARMESAN

Steam a 5–6-pound capon in 3–4 cups salted water until quite tender. Add a few stalks of celery, 3 or 4 peppercorns and 1 onion, chopped, to give the broth some flavor. Cut 6 heads endive in half the long way. Wash well and drain dry. When capon is done, measure 1¼ cups of the broth. Pour into a shallow pan. Add the endive. Cover and steam gently about 30 minutes or until tender, turning once or twice in the broth. Slice all the chicken meat from the bones and place on the bottom of a casserole. When the endive is tender, remove from the broth. Cut off any extra heart which might be bitter, but leave enough heart to hold the head together. Place on top of the chicken. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons capers and ¼ teaspoon celery seed and pour over all the following cheese sauce: Melt 1 tablespoon butter, and add 1 tablespoon flour. Pour in 2 cups light cream, ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon freshly ground pepper. Stir over low heat until thickened. Add 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese. Stir until blended. If the sauce is too thick, add 2 tablespoons chicken stock to thin. Sprinkle the whole dish with ½ cup buttered bread crumbs. Run under the broiler to brown, or bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons chopped parsley before serving. This dish can be made up ahead and stored in the refrigerator until it is time to be used. Serves 6–8.

The classic Quiche Lorraine or Swiss-cheese pie has been a favorite for generations. Here's a new version which shares honors with the delicate flavor of shrimp. You're sure to agree it's a most interesting development. Try serving it with big, cold, shapely tomatoes, stuffed with chopped cucumber and cooked peas, marinated in French dressing.

SHRIMP QUICHE

Make a 9" unbaked pastry shell. Place in the refrigerator and chill while preparing the remaining ingredients. Chop an 8-ounce package frozen cleaned and deveined shrimp. There is no need to thaw. Toss together 1¼ cups grated Swiss cheese (4 ounces) and 1¼ cups grated Gruyère cheese (4 ounces) and 1 tablespoon flour. Beat together 3 eggs, 1 cup light cream, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and a dash of cayenne pepper. Spread ¾ of the cheese mixture in the pastry shell. Add the shrimp and cover with the remaining cheese. Pour the egg mixture over the cheese and shrimp. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 15 minutes; reduce heat to a slow oven, 325° F., and continue baking about 40 minutes or until a silver knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Let stand 10 minutes before serving. Serve warm. Makes 8–10 small or 6 large servings.

TONGUE, LIMA BEANS AND CAULIFLOWER IN CHEESE

You'll need 1 pound cooked smoked tongue; cut it into small, bite-sized squares. Open 2 packages frozen cauliflower and cook until almost tender in boiling salted water. Cook 2 packages frozen Lima beans. Make 3 cups thick cream sauce, using half milk and half light cream. Stir into the smooth, thick sauce 3 cups Cheddar, grated. Season with ¼ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon curry powder, 1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, generous pinches of thyme and marjoram. Stir till cheese is melted and flavors blended, then make layers in a deep casserole of the tongue, cauliflower and Lima beans, pouring cheese sauce over all. Bake for about ½ hour, or till flavors have mingled. Serves 8. END



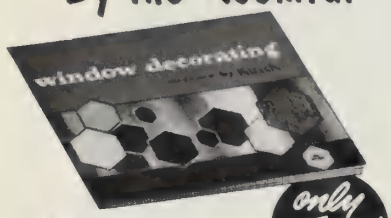
FRENCH SECRET GIRDLE*

Dips and skips your waist, leaves it free and easy yet slims hips unbelievably with satin sheath panels. Nylon power net, panty 12.50 girdle 10.95 bra $5.

For nearest store and free 1957 booklet "Olga tells you how to beautify your figure" write Olga, Dept. J97, 2202 Beverly, Los Angeles 57. *pat.

NEW! Window Decorating IDEAS

"By the Roomful"



only 50¢

32 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

- A fascinating collection of exciting window treatments. All types; every room.
- How to make curtains and draperies ...with sketches, diagrams, patterns. Hints, tips and "stunts" of the experts.
- PLUS a unique, new, removable Color Kit which enables you "automatically" to build correct color harmonies based on your favorite color. Priceless!

Kirsch DRAPERY HARDWARE

KIRSCH CO., 15 Prospect, Sturgis, Michigan

Gentlemen: Enclosed ☐ 50c for one copy of "Window Decorating made easy by Kirsch" (OR) Enclosed ☐ $1.00 for TWO, so I will have an extra copy to give to a friend.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

"Now look what they have me doing—playing 'guardian angel' to The Green Giant Flavor. Love that job!"

the Green Giant flavor

...takes a lot of loving care

A little girl named Susan remarked the other day that Green Giant Brand peas taste "special-good." Thank you, Susie—there are some "special-good" reasons why you're right. We grow our peas from prize seed in the richest soil. Feed them a diet prescribed by plant doctors. Fuss over 'em like a hen over her only chick. Then we pick and pack them at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor. The Green Giant flavor—nothing else like it in the world of peas. How about pampering yourself with some? Tonight.

Choice of two family sizes: 17-oz. can, serves 4 to 5; 8-oz. can, serves 2 to 3.

the one and only

GREEN GIANT PEAS

BRAND

Picked at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor



Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota. Green Giant of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario. "Green Giant" Brand Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © GGCo.



The main dish is cold—tender, juicy veal slices with a heavenly sauce. The table is set with your prettiest dishes and silver, worthy of the food.

Conversation Piece

by Ruth Mills Teague

Delicious hors d'oeuvres
are grilled out-of-doors. . .
just the prelude, though,
to a wonderful
party meal.

In most parts of our country September signals the beginning of the end to outdoor dining. So for this dinner let's take advantage of the weather while we can and have the first course out-of-doors. It will be meat balls and mushroom caps dipped in barbecue sauce and broiled, and the broiling can be done on the porch, terrace or lawn. Give your guests skewers or forks and let them do their own cooking. There is such a vast variety of grills on the market that, in case you don't already have one, finding one to suit your needs doesn't present a problem. And if you're a city dweller without access to a garden or terrace, the hors d'oeuvres can be broiled in the range and served indoors. I guess that wraps it up in the ways-and-means department.

Zucchini soup will be a fine start for the dinner proper. It can be served hot or cold, but for this dinner I think it should be hot. It's so simple to make—just boil zucchini in bouillon and water with a hunk of bacon and seasonings, press through a sieve or buzz in electric blender and that's all—but the result is a creamy soup with a smoky flavor, and *good*. I make vats of it every summer and freeze it often in coffee tins as well as the freezer containers available on the market. The coffee-tin-container idea isn't mine. It was given to me by a reader and I pass it on to you with her blessing, I'm sure. They're wonderful for leftovers too. They stack well in the freezer and can be thawed in the oven.

Now the main dish, which is cold and very special. It is veal with tuna-and-caper sauce. In addition to being truly delicious, the preparation is not complicated and it's a beforehand job—what more can you ask? The veal is simmered until tender and juicy, and when cold it is cut into fairly thin slices and spread on the platter from which it will be served. Then it is covered with the smooth tuna sauce and set in the refrigerator for three hours or longer. The combination of the sharp sauce and mild veal provides a taste to remember.

For the hot dish we'll have baked tomatoes filled with artichoke hearts and other things. The dinner plates will have to be cold, but the big luscious tomatoes will retain their heat even on cold plates—and big and luscious they are at this time of year. A salad of crisp greens, cucumbers, radishes and French dressing, some brown-and-serve rolls, and there's the main course. CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

STUART



There's a bowl of tangy barbecue sauce for dipping; a lavish supply of tiny meat balls and raw mushroom caps surround the miniature outdoor grill. Broil your own!

BROWN
SHOE COMPANY

Quality at your feet





heel-hugging, toe-free fit



looks good from any angle



HERE'S THAT BEAUTIFUL
NATURALIZER FIT . . . IN

textured calf

the pumps you've been looking for
. . . soft, light and attractively
tailored. Naturalizer's new
textured-calf fashions
in just the colors
you want for fall.

Shoes Illustrated, **11.95 and 12.95**
Other styles, 8.95 to 12.95. Higher Denver West and Canada

Naturalizer®
THE SHOE WITH THE BEAUTIFUL FIT

FOR NEAREST DEALER WRITE NATURALIZER DIVISION, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS. ALSO MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY PERTH SHOE COMPANY, LTD., PERTH, ONTARIO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

music of an orchestra immediately filled the office. "Do you know this song?" he asked.

She nodded her head.

"Listen to the arrangement," he said. "On the repeat, take it from the top."

The music that swirled through the room was stronger than his indifference. She took off her hat and let it drop to the floor. She pushed her hair back and wiped her hands on her dress. Slowly, and with the easy spontaneity that can come only from the heart, she began to sing. She sang with the exact emotional precision she had displayed before, but now her arms hung relaxed by her side and her head tipped gently back on her shoulders. On the last phrase, her tone tightened and she went into a neat, clean ending, without vocal tricks and without gymnastically moving her body.

Lester put the pencil aside and looked up. "Yes," he said, "Ruby Matthews. I had forgotten the name. There are so many names, and I forget them all, but I never forget a voice." He reached into a desk drawer and brought out a hot plate, a dented kettle, two cups from Lindy's and two saucers from Sardi's. "Now," he said, "let's see where we can begin."

They began at the Lighthouse Lantern with Smoke Devereau's piano and a new dress. Smoke came to the rehearsal in a hound's-tooth jacket with suède-patch elbows and the black eyeshade he always wore to keep the glare of the spotlight out of his eyes. After a brief run-through with Ruby, he got up from the piano and bounced across the stage.

"I knew it, honey," he said to her. "I couldn't sleep for dreaming about it. I knew there was a voice with a rabbit-foot in it. It's in yours, honey, in yours."

Lester was responsible for the dress. Ruby didn't know anything about clothes, but Lester arrived with boxes of the latest, most exclusive designs. He and Smoke sat at a ringside table in the vacant club at five o'clock in the morning, while Ruby appeared in the dresses one by one. There were a cocktail dress in scarlet satin, a white formal with a pristine neckline and a pearl-cinched waist, an elegant green velvet with a feather-duster bustle. But the dress she saved to display last became her trade-mark. It was a plain black street dress, regally cut, the simple lines framing the lithe, rhythmic body. A single strand of imitation pearls completed the outfit.

"That's it," Lester spoke up. "That says it. How do you feel?"

Ruby smiled and her joy flashed through the room. "I feel like a princess," she said, spinning around on her heels and waltzing over to the piano. Then, spontaneously, she grasped the edge and lifted her body and sat down on the closed top. She folded her hands in her lap and leaned forward—for all the world a new princess inspecting her realm.

Smoke leaped out of his chair and doffed his eyeshade as though it were a plumed velvet turban. "Princess Matthews," he announced. "Stay there, honey. That's only great."

From that moment on she was Princess Matthews, and from the moment she walked on stage, she was big-time. The beautiful blue note took its solo flight at the Lighthouse. Ruby sat on the piano and sang of love and loss and longing and the freshness of a May morning—of rivers and castles, moments in September, the touch of a hand, a glass of champagne, the bittersweet crispness of a valentine with neither signature nor return address, the dazzling truth of boy meets girl. Each time she came back to the sweet blue note that heralded the new day, the new chance, the new love.

They went on to open at the Chip Room in Chicago, the Raven Roost in Los Angeles, the Droll Corner in New Orleans. The red carpet never stopped unrolling. The silver years were christened as an avalanche of plastic magic poured across the counters of record stores. Fan clubs were formed and the Princess was adopted by the younger set. In a few months she was a fixed star; and the first brilliant flash burned into a quiet steady flame.

Through it all Ruby tried to remember that she was Ruby and not Princess Matthews. She moved out of the mid-town hotel that Lester had recommended, and took a one-room apartment. A hot plate for a stove, one closet, a cubicle bath, an easy chair covered in gaudy chintz, and a record player—these were the luxuries she allowed herself. Even her mother's dream hadn't contained the magic that was now hers, but like a child who is suddenly given all the candy his eyes can hold, her appetite soon began to dwindle. The city was too large and she felt completely lost in it. She finally learned to take sanctuary in two things: music, and writing letters to her mother.

Alone in her room, she transcribed the enchantment that was happening to her: the places, the people, the applause. She told about Princess Matthews, and how everything was more than the two of them had ever dreamed or hoped for. But once the letters were mailed to Ellridge, the dream lost its magic and began to sound strange and wrong. As time passed it became harder and harder to pretend that Ruby and Princess Matthews were one and the same person. The Princess wanted the red dresses and sparkling white gowns, but it was always the simple black dress for Ruby. Every night Ruby carefully brushed the make-up off the collar and pressed it and made sure that it was neat and ready for the next performance. The Princess accepted a strand of genuine pearls from Lester Brannon, but Ruby never wore them. Ruby was afraid to wear them for fear the clasp would break and she'd lose them. And the Princess wanted to belong, wanted to know and talk to the hundreds of people Lester Brannon knew and the hundreds Smoke knew and the hundreds and hundreds who seemed to know the Princess, who followed her everywhere and never, never let her alone. But Ruby knew that belonging to a host of strangers was impossible. What could she talk to them about? She could only talk about a town they had never heard of and a time she no longer understood. She could talk about her mother, her mother who was sick and who had only one thing to think about: the daughter who was finding a something else and not the sickness. Her mother who had listened to the music and told her again and again that the world was larger than the window by the sewing machine, larger than the rusty corner of an all-night cafe, larger than anything the two of them together could imagine.

No, Ruby couldn't be revealed, so the Princess must remain an enigma and a legend. And if Ruby couldn't talk or belong, then she must go on singing. Smoke knew how Ruby felt and he made the arrangements simple and clean and easy to follow. He always waited for her smile before they began and it was never any trouble to throw the ache in her throat as far as the back tables. It sailed above the smoke and the noise and she could lift her head and see the sky and feel like the princess they thought she was. And when the music came back to her, crisp and perfectly formed, the loneliness and strangeness melted and it was all right to be where and what she was.

But the feeling couldn't always be conquered. The blow came the year Lester decided to star the Princess in a Broadway show. It happened the dress-rehearsal night in Philadelphia, during the opening scene. Lester was out in the lobby arguing about gratis tickets. The Princess stood offstage, waiting for her entrance. But just as her music began, a stage hand touched her arm and held out a telegram.

It could have been a congratulatory message from anywhere in the country, but she knew it was about her mother. She had known her mother would die, but the invisible wire that had always starched her backbone snapped: it was as though her mother had been a perpetual source of power and when the pure, nourishing springs that flowed between the two women ceased, both of them died.

An overwhelming wave of fear swept over Ruby, and the thing she dreaded above all else began with her entrance. Smoke started the song twice, then pretended the score was wrong. He turned through the pages, as though he were looking for a missing note. Then Lester Brannon stopped the rehearsal.

"What's the matter with her?"

Smoke didn't answer him. He waved the orchestra quiet, pushed back the eyeshade, shifted the cigar to the other corner of his mouth, and closed the score. "Take five," he said to his men. "On second thought, take ten." As the orchestra broke, he looked up to the Princess. "Get a bite to eat, honey. Get yourself a thick red steak. We'll be here all night."

Ruby left the stage and stood in the wing with the telegram in her hand. The ache that had once been her aliveness, the bell that rang her out of weariness, was gone. It was gone and Lester Brannon and Smoke knew it. She watched them meet and begin to talk in the orchestra pit.

"The part was written for her," Lester said, a steel band containing his voice. "All she has to do is open her mouth and sing."

"Yes, sir," Smoke agreed. "She's still got the voice. It's the music that's missing."

"Come off it, Smoke," Lester said angrily. "What's the matter with her?"

"It's the music, Mr. Brannon," Smoke insisted. "It isn't there any more. I don't think there's anything you can do about it."

"Tell her I'm waiting," Lester said.

Ruby didn't listen any more. She went to her dressing room and sat quietly in front of the mirror. Lester would wait. If you wanted to be a person, you didn't work for Lester Brannon. It was only when you wanted to be a princess that you worked for Lester. All he had done was give the Princess the world, laid it at her feet, ready-made. But only Ruby could pay for it. Only Ruby had the educated heart, the sweet blue wings with which to fly.

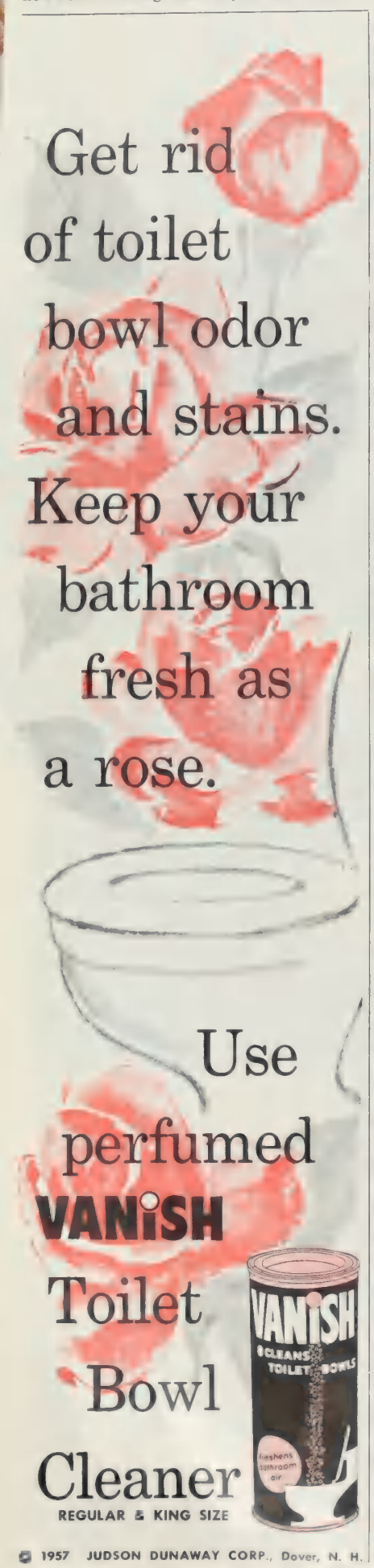
She changed into a plain sweater and skirt and flat shoes. When she went out to meet Lester he was seated at the piano, turning through the score. "Come here." He beckoned and she came forward. "I know you're tired, Princess, but I want to run through the opening with you."

"I'll try, Mr. Brannon," she said.

He sat down at the piano. "I haven't touched a piano in a long time, but we'll try. I'll give you a ride-out and an opening beat, then I'll follow you in." His fingers were stiff, but the beat was sure and precise. He swung out of the ride-out and held the chord that heralded her entrance.

She missed the cue. "That's it," he said. "Come now, like you always do it."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124



FIRST WEEK, FIRST GRADE

By MARGARET PARTON

Monday morning: "I *won't* go to school! They *teach* you things in first grade!"

Monday evening: "The teacher tried to teach us arithmetic from blocks, but I didn't want my turn. I just crawled under the desk and tickled people."

Tuesday morning: "I don't want to go to school. I don't know any of those people in my group."

Tuesday evening: "Guess what? We had a big mud fight in recess and I had a lot of friends on my side!"

Wednesday morning: "I don't think I'll go to school today. Sometimes the teacher makes us sit still at *desks*!"

Wednesday evening: "Mother, do you know that this week I'm in charge of the bird-feeding station?"

Thursday morning: "Well, I guess I'll have to go to school just once more. The teacher's going to give us a book with pictures today."

Thursday evening: "Guess what? I can read the words 'Jane' and 'Dick'!"

Friday morning: "Where's my cap? Hurry!"

Friday evening: "I'm old enough to have *homework!* Don't bother me now—I have to draw a whole pageful of round circles."

From Research comes TRUTH



Penetrating Medical Studies to determine speed of pain relief without stomach upset—confirm:

BAYER Brings Fastest Relief

...the fastest-acting, most gentle-to-the-stomach relief you can get

TRUTH *based on 3 years' research*

In 1954, as part of a continuing research project to bring greater certainty and absolute truth to the field of pain relief, Bayer sought the aid of one of America's foremost analgesic authorities, whose work is centered in several of New York's largest clinics.

This specialist began a carefully controlled series of clinical tests—tests on people in actual pain—to compare the action of Bayer Aspirin versus aspirin with a "buffer" added.

Thousands of tests were made on patients actually suffering pain . . . the findings were checked and rechecked, analyzed and corroborated beyond any question or doubt. Throughout three intensive years, the results were always the same . . . bringing to light new and additional verification that Bayer brings the fastest relief . . . the fastest-acting, most gentle-to-the-stomach relief—you can get.

TRUTH *. . . confirmed . . .*

Bayer called for further tests, further evidence. This new research was conducted by members of the staff of one of the East's prominent Medical Schools.

Again and again, the two pain relievers . . . Bayer and aspirin with a "buffer" added . . . were tested clinically to determine speed of pain relief without stomach upset . . . tested on people actually suffering from many types and degrees of acute pain suffered daily by millions.

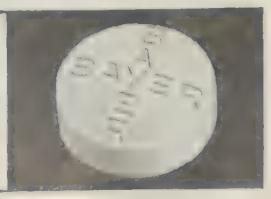
Again, the results were the same . . . adding further confirmation that ever-dependable Bayer Aspirin is still the fastest-acting, most gentle-to-the-stomach pain reliever you can get!

TRUTH *. . . confirmed again!*

To climax its relentless search for the truth about pain relief, Bayer requested an eminent professor of a renowned Mid-Western Medical School to undertake a new study of people in actual pain. The two pain relievers were again compared under true pain conditions. The findings of this third study were overwhelming and indisputable!

Hundreds of pain-ridden patients in the three independent studies verified over and over again that Bayer brings the fastest relief . . . the fastest-acting, most gentle-to-the-stomach relief . . . you can get. You can trust your body to Bayer to feel better fast.

THIS RESEARCH is based on the one final and absolute method for testing the value of pain relievers—by studying people suffering from real pain.



For headache, backache, and many other pains...

FEEL BETTER FAST—with BAYER® ASPIRIN

More grown-ups and growing-ups
depend on Mum
than on any other deodorant



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

New MUM DEODORANT stops odor... without irritation

So gentle for any normal skin you can use it every day

If you've ever worried about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—or right after shaving or a hot bath—you can set your mind at ease. New Mum Cream is so gentle for normal skin, you can use it whenever you please.

Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can't possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way. Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor . . . contains no astringent aluminum salts. And it keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum's wonderful hexachlorophene that destroys *both odor* and *odor-causing bacteria!* When Mum is so effective—yet so gentle—isn't it the deodorant for *you?* Try new Mum Cream today.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING CERTIFIED

WON'T DAMAGE CLOTHES

MUM® contains M-3 (*bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene*)
...stops odor 24 hours a day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

"How do I do it?" Ruby asked.

A puzzled anger shadowed his expression. "The way you sing, Princess."

"How?" she asked again.

"Your style, honey. I can't explain it to you. Close your eyes. We'll take it from the top this time."

She heard the note, yet she came in a half beat behind him. The voice sounded clean, but it followed his lead every step of the way. There was no structure, no crescendo, no subtlety.

"Honey"—he ripped out the last chord—"you're carrying the show. You can't follow the chorus."

"How did I do it?" she asked for the third time.

"How do I know?" Lester said, astonished. "If I knew, I'd do it myself."

"I know," Ruby said. "I know the way I used to sing, but I can't do it any more."

"All right," he said, suddenly calm. "You can't do it, but nobody else can do it either. Remember that, Princess."

Ruby didn't go to her mother's funeral. The pain had everything to do with her mother's dying, yet it had nothing, and she didn't want to go home because she knew the boys would accuse her. She could hear their angry voices and see their judging fingers. The day the cast took the train from Philadelphia to New York, Ruby went into a church near Pennsylvania Station and prayed for her mother, silently and without crying, and that was the way she celebrated the funeral.

When the show closed after a two-week run, Ruby knew that her voice was still usable and she could still sing in many places. The strenuous, disciplined Princess years had made it a good voice, and there was the Princess money to live on. She broke her contract with Lester because she was too proud to go on singing for him. To the others, she pretended she didn't know how her voice sounded. She broke the contract and made Lester Brannon transfer her money into her name and set out on her own.

The second year, as the memory of the Princess began to fade, she was booked into the downstairs bar-and-grill spots, not the intimate, reserved upstairs. The third year, she played the circuit three times because her new agent held the promise of a New York date under her nose. The fourth year, she took a job as a combination hat-check girl and fill-in vocalist while the engaged orchestra took its breaks. And the last year, she began singing under her own name, Ruby Matthews, in a restaurant that automatically changed both its name and its address every six weeks.

It was then, as Ruby Matthews, that she saw what she must do. She went home. She packed an overnight bag and took a plane to Atlanta and a bus from Atlanta to Ellridge. She got off the bus and a redcap, a boy she had known in school, passed her without any sign of recognition. She went into a drugstore to get a cup of coffee and they wouldn't serve her at the counter. They gave her coffee in a paper cup and she took it into a public telephone booth and called a taxi service she remembered. The driver picked her up on the corner.

"I want to go about ten miles outside of town," she said. "To the cemetery. I'm looking for the place where Big Ruby Matthews is buried."

"Big Ruby?" the man asked. "I knew Big Ruby. She was a fine lady."

When they reached the cemetery, she stepped out at the gate and told the driver to come back for her in an hour because she wanted to catch the bus back to Atlanta. He rolled down the window and stared at her as she walked up the dirt path and into the trees.

The grave was on a hill with many other graves and all of them were related. There was the father she had never known, and the uncle. She wondered what had happened to the Mason jars filled with buttons. There was the uncle's brother, who had carved a beautiful necklace pendant out of a peach stone for her. There were the three Matthews children who had died before she was born, and an itinerant preacher named Matthews who had asked to be laid with any local Matthews when he died. And then there was her mother.

The grave was bare, but flowers had been planted and they would grow with warm weather and rain. It was a small, evenly spaced mound covered with rich black dirt and soft moss and dotted with fallen acorns. The headstone didn't say she was a good wife and mother and faithful servant of the House of Prayer. It merely stated her name and the dates of her birth and death.

Ruby stood at the foot of her mother's grave and felt the cool wind on her cheeks and the dusty fingers of late summer on her arms and legs. The cemetery was completely silent. It was too early for crickets, and too late for the children to be out playing in the yards that surrounded the cemetery. The light in the sky deepened and filtered through the wet blue haze that lingered in the air before settling on the ground.

It wasn't what she had come to do, yet there were the silence and the sky and her mother's name. She lifted her head as she had in the long-ago summers of her childhood and began to sing.

Her voice was a soft, quiet sound. It curved around the words of the hymn with the gentleness of a rare southern snow. It skimmed the edge of the crisp air with the poise and grace of April sunlight. And the feeling was so clean and disciplined it was inaudible to anything except the inner ear of her own heart. She sang all the hymns she remembered the words to, then paused for a moment and walked down the hill. The cab driver was waiting for her and she didn't mind when he took her the longer way to the station because she knew there was plenty of time to make the bus to Atlanta. . . .

Just as there was time for everything. Time for Lester to find her and time to buy a new dress. Time for a jeweler to make a special clasp for the strand of genuine pearls. And now there was time for music.

The Princess felt Smoke's piano breathe and wait for her to set the beat that would lead them home. She remembered something Smoke had said to a newspaper reporter in Los Angeles: "She's the greatest jazz interpreter of our time. There's never been anybody like the Princess." She smiled. Greatness wasn't the most important thing. "I never had a chance to go to school," her mother had said, "but I got an educated heart."

Princess Matthews leaned forward slightly and took the ride-out with the smooth, easy grace of a new ship sailing into its first harbor. She touched the note for the last time, then turned it quietly, gently, to the aisle seat on the fourth row. Lester listened, and in the shining drop of silence that followed, the Princess knew that even Lester had heard the note that was really there. END

SWEET GRASS

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

My children, the grass is sweet
in hidden places
And the long sails touch many
an island still.
There flowers may love the sun
with open faces
High upon rock, or like fern
under Paisley frill.

And the wild, untrammeled
grass is safe from mowers.
Give me your hands, though
your shadows are still so
small:
For I have children with eyes
like the youngest flowers
And sweet grass grows for
them where it grows at all.



Borg Fabric Division, The George W. Borg Corporation, Delavan, Wisconsin

BORGANA®

...brilliant successor to Borgana. Most luxurious of all the like-furs, and more than ever "more like fur than fur itself." Silkier, softer, richer because it is the only like-fur that blends Darlan* with Orlon†. Seven new colors: Dawn Beige, Dusk Gray, Starlight Taupe, Celestial Blue, Shadow Brown, Night Black, Eclipse Charcoal... in misses, junior and petite sizes. Incomparably fashioned by the makers listed below.

■ **Modelia, Inc.,** 205 W. 39th St., N.Y. ■ **Kraeler-Frasca,** 500 Seventh Ave., N.Y. ■ **Albrecht Furs,** 21 W. 5th St., St. Paul ■ **Rothmoor Corp.,** 22 W. Madison St., Chicago
■ **Annis Furs,** 512 Seventh Ave., N.Y. ■ **Gordon Mfg. Co., Ltd.,** 423 Mayor St., Montreal ■ **Linker & Herbert-Junior Aire,** 205 W. 39th St., N.Y.

Borgana is the registered trademark of The George W. Borg Corporation Manufactured under U. S. Patent No. 2,705,880 †Dupont Trademark *B. F. Goodrich Trademark

a **Borg** fabric

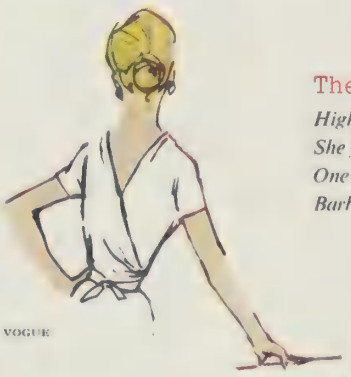
Strategic Investment

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

By BET HART

Barbara J. has a raft of memos flying. She has put away all, or *almost* all, her summer frivolities. In her customary conscientious manner, she has noted down everything she has in her closet to wear now and in the winter months ahead. Her fashion thoughts and ideas evolve around one, and one very important, conclusion—the absolute mainstays already in her wardrobe: her red coat from a season ago, her black faille dress bought last month. These she keeps in mind in making her most important fall purchases.

From this point of calculation, Barbara collects all her fashion wits about her, and on a Saturday, all day, she shops. Monday, on a lunch hour, she buys, a whole day between to re-evaluate her fashion find. It still measures up—and more! A softly tailored suit in a wool tweed of amethyst blue. A short cropped jacket, buttoned in brass, slim skirt. The suit can be worn prettily alone or under her red coat. The price—a wonderful $17.95—leaves enough fashion $'s for new accessories to heighten the investment.



© VOGUE

The forty-hour week—*and good for every hour of the working day. High noon on a nonworking day, Saturday, Barbara wears her new suit. She folds a chiffon scarf under the collar, fastens with her gold pin. One vivid color highlighted by another equals more fashion, more beauty. Barbara invests in a new red velveteen bag—$2.98.*



10 A.M.

*Behind the desk. Minus the jacket, Barbara shows off her new blouse. Made of Orlon and wool, it is washable and quick to dry for a next day's wear. It can be seen coming or going, for it is equally as pretty tied to the front. Vogue Design No. 9278.**

*For sizes and price, see page 166.



PRIGENT



1 P.M.

and a luncheon date on the calendar. Barbara wears her suit with its own matching tweed tie at the collar. Barbara used her ingenuity so the suit can be worn with or without the tie. (Originally it was permanently attached to the collar.) For a feminine look, and still efficient, Barbara wears her black bandeau from last month.

5 P.M.

To or from the office, Barbara dons her new white jersey hat—costs her all of $2.95. The suit again, but today she has the collar folded in a cowl-like fashion held that way her gold pin.

HAT BY SOLOMAN



SUIT BY MANDEL



7 P.M.

Barbara feels the suit is elegant enough to wear for a dinner date after work, and we are inclined to agree. Pink, she discovers, is one of the loveliest shades with the amethyst, and for evening she uses soft folds of it in chiffon to highlight an already pretty neckline.

With her red coat, black dress and new suit, Barbara finds (and only because she's planned it that way) she has a fall wardrobe complete... total cost—less than $50.00!

Black dress, overskirt and veil†	$21.85
Tweed suit	17.95
White Orlon-and-wool blouse	3.75
White jersey hat	2.95
Red velveteen bag	2.98
TOTAL	$49.48

†Bought last month; not shown.

Blue-sky softness in the shimmering satin and double chiffon of this lovely negligee especially designed for Scott. Blue-sky softness in the double luxury of matching Soft-Weve, Scott's superb "facial quality" bath tissue. Five delicate 2-ply Soft-Weve colors for your bath or powder room.

Probably the most noticed luxury in your home...

Soft-Weve® *by* **Scott**



Doll by Madame Alexande



Yardley products for America are created in England, and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y

To make you feel especially feminine

YARDLEY fragrances . . . of course



Which of these lovely, lingering scents is for you? The vibrant sophistication of Bond Street? Delicately exotic Lotus? Perhaps it's April Violets, rain-sweet and incurably romantic. Or is your one and only love the fresh, lighthearted gaiety of Lavender? Not an easy choice to make—but a delightful one. These toilet waters and colognes from $1.35 plus tax.

THE UNFORGETTABLE MISS JONES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

turned the pages until she came to one fresh coffee stains.

Know this district, dear? It's a bit rough; then, in wartime—well, you know how it is. Lots of actresses living around. At least call themselves actresses." Miss Conn ked the end of her pencil. "You got to be ad-minded. It's no use coming here if you n't broad-minded."

ys gave what she hoped was a worldly gh and said she knew all about that. "Mat- of fact," she said, becoming Laurel Jones, was once on the stage myself."

Miss Conn looked vaguely relieved, as ugh a problem had been settled. "I can you a job, but there's something I've got know first. Why aren't you in the forces, r? Why haven't you been called up?"

They had thought of all that at headquar-s. Lys produced her doctor's certificate, convincing story.

H'm. T.b. was it? You look fit enough to . Still, I suppose they know what they are ut. If I were you I wouldn't mention t.b. the interview. Folks don't like it. Puts 'em . You want to go out daily or live in?"

'Daily if possible. I've got a room near arlotte Street." Headquarters had fixed that her too.

Miss Conn gave her a quick look like a prod m two darning needles. "I see."

'If you want references ——" Lys began.

Miss Conn gave a hollow hoot of a laugh. olks don't bother about references these ys. All they want is a pair of hands and a ir of feet to carry 'em round. I reckon you're right. I can always tell the phony ones."

Lys looked away, feeling named, afraid Miss Conn uld see and interpret her ush. She watched the long fingernail take a trip and down columns of mes and addresses, and op suddenly at some-dy's front door.

"Here we are. Peppi own. A nice little guy."

e dialed a number. "That you, Peppi? 've got a girl for you. Seems all right to me, t you'd best take a look at her yourself. I'll nd her round."

She handed Lys an address scribbled on a ece of paper.

"Come back if you don't fancy it. I can sily find you something else. Bonnini, his me used to be. Before the war. He calls him-lf Brown now."

Lys tried not to look at her new reflection the shopwindows she passed on her way rough Soho. It disheartened her. A shock-g-pink beret sat far back on her collection of range sausages. Her shocking-pink coat was mbellished with a large diamond brooch hich, had it been real, would have removed s owner from need of toil for life.

Peppi Brown, lately Bonnini, was a short bby man with licorice eyes, dark curls, and n apron tied across his front. A half-smoked garette that had been carefully pinched out as preserved for further indulgence behind ne ear. He owned an unobtrusive little restau-nt up a side street. Two starved-looking hododendrons stood in gaily painted tubs on ther side of the entrance. Over the doorway e name was newly painted, PROPRIETOR EPPI BROWN.

Peppi had got his papers through in time. e was very proud of the fact. It was the first ing he mentioned. "I am British subject. verything O.K. You lika work for me, yes?"

Lys said yes. She took to him on sight.

His restaurant was beautifully clean and dy, although she gathered he had been run-ing the place singlehanded save for one oman who came in to help with the washing p. The kitchen, too, was as clean as it was ossible to make it. The cellar where the wines ere kept was reached by a steep, sinister one staircase that went down into a cold ark hole that resembled a tomb.

Peppi engaged her at once. He outlined her uties. She must arrive early and clean up and lay the tables while he went off on secret marketings. "One has always friends," said Peppi darkly. After that she would double as cashier and help with the tables when they had a rush.

"Is lotta work," said Peppi, eying her wistfully.

She said she did not mind. Her room was conveniently close. She would not have to walk far through the streets where the air-raid wardens shepherded bewildered, bombed-out people in search of accommodation and the air was full of the tinkling sound of broken glass being swept away on mornings after a raid.

"Nota good neighborhood in wartime. Many women. Many soldiers." He eyed her unhappily. She looked very young. "Never mind. Here they behave good. No monkey business." He patted her shoulder kindly. "Anyone maka da funny business with you, you tella me."

How hard he worked. In the days that followed, Lys' heart bled for the poor little man. His day began at five A.M. He shopped, planned, cooked and cleaned his kitchen himself. He wrote out the menus in blue indelible pencil on limp cards. And when customers came, there he was, a table napkin over his arm, the complete waiter. Helping customers on with their coats. Paying outrageous compliments to the ladies.

During the lunch hour every table would be full with soldiers on leave, glad to get an inexpensive meal, well cooked; with actresses from the neighboring theaters; with ladies of the town. Lys rarely got her own lunch until after three. Then she and Peppi would sit together in one of the screened alcoves usually allotted to lovers, and he would bring her something he had managed to put aside. A scallop of some unnamed meat. An omelet, light as a feather, made of powdered eggs delicately flavored with garlic. And always two cups of good strong coffee. She never discovered where he got his coffee.

Women are the flowers of life as children are its fruit. BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE

"One has always the friends," Peppi said.

Now and again they got a plain-clothes snooper, come to see whether Peppi was breaking any of the new rules and regulations. Peppi always spotted them at sight. He kept a special collection of gristly meat on one side which he served to them unctuously, with a flourish, garnished with parsley.

"I am British subject," said Peppi proudly. "I keepa da rules."

"How do you manage to recognize them for snoopers?" Lys asked.

He winked at her. "Lika da dog. When they come in, my nose end he twitch."

From her glass box where she acted as cashier when she wasn't acting as waitress or cleaner or assistant cook, Lys got a good view of the clients. She began to know them by sight. The women eyed Lys suspiciously at first, but before long they accepted her, pausing to chat as they paid their bills. Second and third editions of practically every film star Lys could remember.

Lys watched, waiting for the women she had been told to watch for, the ones headquarters had described.

They kept a careful eye on her from headquarters. It had all been meticulously worked out before she started. Twice a week somebody waited for her at a bus stop in Oxford Street. It was a different man every time, but always he carried a copy of the Complete Works of John Masefield under his arm, the collar of his coat turned up, the brim of his pork-pie hat turned down. They would join the same queue and board the same bus, either strap-hanging or sitting next to each other. If she had anything to report, in the general hustle and jostle of getting on or off, she would pass him a note. They never smiled or spoke. Lys rather enjoyed all this at first; it was romantic and exciting, as well as comforting to feel she was not entirely alone.

For a long time there was nothing to report.

Peppi kept a special table in an alcove for favored clients. It bore the sign, RESERVED, till Peppi himself took it away and showed the chosen ones to their seats.

The dark-haired girl and the blonde came in together, and took the seats without being shown into them, turning the RESERVED notice down themselves.

"Aha—they come back," said Peppi gaily. "Suzanne and Colette. Very clever girls. Nice girls. Good clients. Drinka da wine, paya da bills." He winked. "Maybe they work in an office, maybe they don't."

Lys' heart bounced, for there, in the alcove, were the two women whose names were on her list—the two she had been briefed about. She watched them covertly from her vantage point in the cashier's box. They were smartly dressed, in a fashion she knew had nothing to do with coupons and shortages.

"The fair one is Suzanne—the dark one is Colette," said Peppi, stirring another spoon-



CAPULET Pinwale corduroy boot with slender tapered toe. Fawn, red, green, navy and black. **6.00**

FLIRT Pinwale corduroy with saucy satin bow. Black, green, navy, red, gold, heaven blue and pink. **5.50**

DANIEL GREEN Comfy SLIPPERS

DANIEL GREEN COMPANY • DOLGEVILLE, NEW YORK (prices slightly higher west of the Rockies)

ful of paprika into the stew. "They maka lotta money, I think."

Over the table the two women kept up a desultory conversation. Suzanne had a sultry, half-sullen expression, a long loose lock of golden hair falling forward as she talked. Colette was gayer. From time to time she made a joke at which they both laughed. It struck Lys that they, too, were being watchful, scanning each newcomer.

They paused beside the cash desk on their way out. "New here, aren't you?"

Peppi said quickly, "Laurel's been sick but she's O.K. now. She learna da business fast. She's a good girl ——"

The fair one said something which Lys did not catch.

"Sure, I know all about her," Peppi answered. "I tell you, she's good girl."

"O.K. O.K." The fair girl smiled at Lys and pushed half a crown over to her. "Keep it, kid—you look kind of peaked still. Lucky for Peppi you couldn't get into the forces. He's had bad staff troubles. Remember the girl who cleared off with all the tomatoes, Peppi?"

They went off laughing.

"Nice girls," Peppi nodded.

It was the next day that, for the first time, Lys slipped a note to the man at the bus stop with the Complete Works of John Masefield under his arm. The note said simply "Weather changing."

Suzanne and Colette began to come in daily to lunch at Peppi's. Frequently they came in at night, too, with young men. Some were soldiers, but others were rather nondescript individuals, wearing suits with padded shoulders, who appeared to have civilian jobs when most young men were in uniform.

The girls took to Lys almost at once and soon showed her many little kindnesses. Usually they stopped for a word or two at the cashier's desk, and once they brought her a bottle of French perfume.

"It must have cost the earth! I shouldn't let you give it to me. The alone ——"

Colette laughed. "Don't worry, kid. everyone has to pay duty, you know."

Suzanne said something Lys did not and the dark girl answered impatiently, don't be dumb. She's on the level—an can tell that."

Lys, holding the perfume in her hand worse than ever. Setting a trap for traitor was rapidly coming to feel like one he Suddenly distaste for the job she had take overwhelmed her and the excitement an venture began to wilt. But it was too la that now; she had embarked on this jo had to go through with it.

The next step was almost too easy.

Suzanne, pausing at the cash desk to g up change, said, "Do you happen to anyone around here who could do a dressmaking? Mending, altering, puttin hem? I don't seem to get any time at all days to attend to my clothes. I th maybe, living in this district, you might someone ——"

"Maybe I could do it for you—if you wait until Sunday," Lys said, her heart mering.

"Oh, that's wonderful. Sundays, Mon it's all the same to me. Did you hear Colette? She will come and sew for us.

The two girls shared a comfortable flat near Charlotte Street. Dark red c and gilt chairs gave it an air of foreign l which put Lys in mind of a French hote

The sewing was not difficult and th watched her, impressed. "How cleve are," Colette said. "You seem to know h do everything. How is it you aren't mar

"Nobody ever asked me."

"Men!" said Colette. "Aren't they stu She was standing, turning slowly as Lys p up the hem of her frock.

Suzanne sat across the room—the golden lock falling over her forehead narrowed eyes regarding Lys thought "Yes, you're certainly wasted in that re rant, slaving for old Peppi," she said. "N we can find you a better job one of these Better pay and more interesting ——"

Colette turned, interrupting the sen with a question to Lys about the dress was sure that the interruption was delib but later it was Colette who gave her a black taffeta dress, elegantly flared.

Lys said regretfully, "It's much too for me. I'll never get a chance to wear it.'

"Oh, yes, you will," Colette told "We're going to have a party and you help us."

True to the promise, Suzanne and C gave the party. It was on a Sunday an asked Lys to come early and help wit food. When she arrived she was astonish the array in the kitchen—champagne in necked bottles, sardines, caviar, fresh b and black olives. Things no one had se the shops for years. There were gin an mouth in quantities that for most people only a gy memory.

"Take what the *bon Dieu* sends!" sai zanne lightly, seeing the younger girl's prise. "Will you mix cocktails? That's thing you must have learned at Peppi's

The bon Dieu, thought Lys. It struck he all this largess must come from an entirel ferent quarter. She stood behind the table dispensing cocktails made of rea feeling oddly nervous. She had no idea could be so many men around who were uniform. She was too busy for more th word or two with any of them, but sh that she was being regarded suspicio

But Suzanne, passing, patted her shou "You are a great success, little one. E body admires you very much."

After that she was at the flat almost weekend. She began to recognize the va members of the little clique who dropp regularly. Occasionally there would be a comer, arriving late and saying little to ar except Colette and Suzanne.

Though the two girls did not tell Lys o what was going on, they took less an trouble to hide anything from her.



out of the west . . .

Pendleton skirtsmanship brings you this new skirt wardrobe for autumn. (Plus Pendleton sweaters to color coordinate with them!) Skirt fabrics are virgin wool, in miniature checks, worsted flannels, plaided checks, tweeds and gabardines. Tailoring has that fine Western touch: generously wide seams for smoother fit; deep hems to help secure the slim silhouettes; and rayon half-linings for no "sit-out" seats! Each but 12.95, sweaters 8.95 to 11.95

Pendleton Sportswear

always virgin wool

For descriptive Pendleton Sportswear literature, in full color, write Dept. D8.

Pendleton Woolen Mills • Portland 4, Oregon

"He came from Paris," Suzanne would say. "Here"—holding out a box of bonbons—"have one. They're quite good."

One day she arrived at Peppi's looking harassed, her hair wind-blown as if she had dressed in a hurry and forgotten to brush it.

Lys was in the kitchen and Peppi joined her there and said, "Suzanne wants to speak to you. Alone. She's in the toilet." His licorice eyes bulged with curiosity.

When Lys opened the door Suzanne was leaning against the wall of the mean little lavatory. She took a small, heavy packet from the front of her dress and handed it to Lys.

"Look, kid. I can't explain about this, but we want you to do something for us. We're half expecting a raid on our flat. Someone's gotten nosy about our parties—the liquor, I guess. If the snoopers come or if anyone is trying to make trouble for us, this mustn't be found. Will you keep it for us?"

Lys nodded. The packet was post-card size and, from its weight, she gathered it might be tightly packed sheets of paper. That night in her room she sat holding the package, weighing it in her hand. It could be the information she was looking for. On the other hand, it could just as well be a trap, a tryout to see if they could trust her. If she tampered with this package in any way, they would know it and the game would be up. Everything she had so carefully built up would be smashed.

She hid the package and waited. After three days Suzanne came for it. And by the way she eyed it, Lys was certain her conjectures had been correct. It had been a trap set for her, even as she was setting a trap for them.

From that time on Colette and Suzanne seemed less careful of what they said before her. She helped them in many ways, sometimes gave a hand in the kitchen or did errands, occasionally took messages over the telephone. She never asked questions or showed any curiosity. The people who came to see Suzanne and Colette no longer looked at her doubtfully. They spoke freely before her and, though she understood little of what was said, gradually she came to understand that there was someone in France from whom instructions came to the group and to whom reports were relayed.

Love is just as much of a necessity as bread. HONORÉ DE BALZAC

Lys began to feel that now, step by step, she was coming closer to the object of her search, the information headquarters must have.

And twice a week the punctual plain-clothes man waited with his copy of Masefield, keeping a comforting eye on her. They never smiled or exchanged a word. But presently again she had something for him, scrawled on a slip of paper, carefully passed, in their arranged code.

"The weather is improving," was all it said.

It was a constant marvel to Lys that she was never suspected. By her own standards and training, this acceptance of her appeared careless and rash beyond all belief. Then one day Suzanne, sitting beside the electric fire with its unconvincing bogus logs, sniffed as she turned a page of her newspaper.

"That poor Jones!"

"Is it in the paper?" Colette asked casually.

"Yes." Suzanne turned to Lys, on the divan which became a bed by night. "This poor fellow had a very sad accident. A pity—but he wasn't clever and accidents do happen to people who are stupid." She pointed out the paragraph with a long, crimson fingernail. "Found dead at his home," she read aloud. "Apparently he had fallen down the lift shaft in the block of flats where he lived ——" Suzanne paused and then went on softly, "Silly little man. You see, he tried to double-cross us, and now he has had his lesson."

Lys gulped, looking at the printed page. For the first time it dawned on her just how dangerous this thing which she had undertaken was, what might happen if she slipped up in any way. She continued to look down at the newspaper for fear the horror she felt would show in her face. It was then, for the first time, she heard the name which she was never, never to forget.

"Tiger is wise," Suzanne said, "to choose mostly women to work for him. They're not so stupid as men."

Lys thought for a moment that the others must surely hear the thudding of her heart. Tiger! Was this the ringleader, the center of the entire group of spies—and one she had been sent to identify? Then who and where was Tiger? Surely if she played her cards carefully she would soon know. And after that she would be done with this job which daily became more distasteful to her. She no longer felt that there was anything glamorous or enviable about being a member of the police force. She wanted only to have done with it.

An untimely heat wave grilled London, and Peppi's restaurant became unbearably hot. When business was slack Lys left her glass cashier's box which was like a small greenhouse and joined Peppi on the pavement to get what air she could.

Once Miss Conn from the agency passed and asked how she was getting on. "I could get you a job in the country if you'd like it," she offered. "You look peaked, my dear."

"I'm all right," Lys told her. "I like it here very much." Ashamed of the lie, she told herself that it wouldn't be long now. She was sure the end of this horrible job must be almost in sight.

In the flat off Charlotte Street Lys sensed that something was afoot. There was a stir of excitement, a feeling in the air long before anyone told her anything. A party which had been planned was postponed. The young men she had seen so often came and went with sealed faces, whispering in corners, avoiding her eyes.

Suzanne was away for a week and while she was gone Colette asked Lys to come and sleep

A new idea in smoking **Salem...** refreshes your taste



Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- most modern filter

It's a *new idea* in smoking — a *refreshing* idea for every smoker. SALEM's pure white filter brings you rich tobacco taste with new *surprise* softness . . . menthol-fresh comfort . . . a smoke as refreshing to your taste as Springtime is to you. Next time you light up — switch to SALEM and smoke refreshed.

Smoke refreshed . . . smoke Salem

at the flat. Those were not good days for being alone, with the sirens wailing and the searchlights groping around among the stars. So Lys moved her things over.

Very early one morning Suzanne returned. "I think we've got it," she said. "I've a pretty good idea now what it's all about, but Tiger must come himself and finish the job. That fair-haired boy didn't know much but he knew something ——" She stopped short, for the first time seeing Lys.

"Go on," Colette said, "it's all right."

Suzanne came over and sat on the side of the bed. She took Lys' wrist in a sudden iron grip. "You're not a little traitor, are you? Swear by God." Her face in that moment was frightening—older and suddenly grim.

"I am no traitor," Lys said proudly and it was true, though not quite in the way Suzanne meant.

"No," Suzanne said, letting her wrist go and leaning back against the bed's footrail. "No, I don't think you are. But let me tell you one thing and you'd better remember it. To be a traitor to us is very dangerous. Some have tried it, but it has never been very good for them." She hugged her knees and went on, smiling. "They disappear. A motorcar knocks them down maybe. You remember Mr. Jones and that sad accident in the newspaper?"

Lys said faintly, "Oh, don't, Suzanne!" She covered her face with her hands, thinking of Mr. Jones.

Colette said, "Leave the kid alone. What are you trying to do anyhow? You know she's O.K. Look at the way she kept those papers for us."

Suzanne nodded. "All right. But since she knows so much, she'd better know more." She looked again at Lys. "When we're on to something really big, Tiger comes over here. He'll probably be coming very soon now. There's something he's been wanting to know for a long time and I think we have the right lead."

The Normandy landing, thought Lys, and gulped convulsively and hid it in a pretended cough.

Suzanne turned back to Colette. "The poor little boy," she said. "He was drunk when he talked. Young and drunk. I don't suppose he has any notion how much he gave away."

"Tiger," said Lys guilelessly. "What a funny name."

"Oh, it's only a nickname. His real name is something he does not tell."

"Is he French?"

The two girls looked at each other and laughed. "Well, his father was certainly French," said Colette. "His mother was Irish and he has some of the charm and the brains of each race. *Quelle homme!* What he tells us to do, we do. When he whistles we go. And he cares not one small damn for any of us."

"Which is a good thing," Suzanne added. "One works best when the feelings are not involved. Besides, I cannot think any woman Tiger loved would have a very good time."

So now Lys was even surer that she was nearing the end of her assignment. Before long she would be able to give headquarters the information they must have. The prospect helped her over the long days in the restaurant.

She shopped and cooked for the two girls at weekends, returning to her own room only to sleep, hurrying rather fearfully through the blacked-out streets on dark and foggy nights when there was never a star to guide her. But moonlight nights when the streets were empty and no sirens had sounded, the dead city was beautiful. Sometimes she went home a long way round to get some exercise, which was a thing in wartime London an energetic girl missed. And so it was she found the bombed church. It stood at the back of a square that had once been fashionable. Only the front of the building had been blown off. Down the long aisle the altar was still bright and shining with golden mosaic in spite of all the dust and debris. The pews still stood in orderly rows. Sometimes Lys went in and knelt down and tried to pray, but the searchlights and all the debris and paraphernalia of war seemed to be a barrier between her and God, and she could never find anything to say.

It was a Saturday night. Peppi closed his restaurant early on Saturdays in winter, and she had promised to cook a meal for the two girls whose lives at the moment appeared to be one long rush.

She let herself into the flat, took off her coat and smoothed her hair. Then she went into the sitting room. She pulled the thick curtains carefully across the windows before she switched on the rose-shaded lamps. As the soft light shone out, she saw that a man lay asleep on the sofa. Lys stood looking down at him, for the moment too surprised to think clearly.

The man stirred and opened his eyes, the same surprise on his face as on hers. For a long minute they looked at each other in the rose-shaded light. Then slowly he sat up and stretched, and smiled at her.

"One beautiful thing in a cold and unfriendly world," he said. "A wood nymph!"

He took her hand and kissed it in foreign fashion, and she stood before him, feeling shy and lost and very much aware of the kiss on the back of her hand.

"I came in to get supper," she said lamely.

"Splendid. We will both get supper."

He was slender and tall, and he was, she thought, the handsomest man she had ever seen, with his high-bridged nose and humorous mouth. He stood watching as she prepared the omelet, ready to cook when the girls came in.

"You help them?" he asked.

"I help as much as I can."

"Good. I was afraid you might disappear and I would find you were just part of my unlikely dream. We shall see more of each other, wood nymph."

It was then she found words for a passionate prayer: *Please, God, don't let it be him. Don't let him be the one I have got to turn in to them.*

Suzanne and Colette came presently, laughing and chattering up the stairs. They stopped and gave little excited cries of amazement.

"We didn't expect you until tomorrow. How did you come? This is wonderful! And you have already met our little one, Laurel?"

"We have already met," he said. "I fell asleep and thought I was dreaming when I

Noreen

that's the beauty of it

Today, millions of women welcome the extra softness and sheen that comes from a Noreen hair rinse . . . the gleaming highlights and increase in the depth of natural color.

But Noreen can do so much more for those whose hair is more of a problem than a source of pride. If your hair is drab, faded or streaked with unwanted gray, a Noreen temporary color rinse will bring back its natural beauty by augmenting the natural hair color, blend in graying or faded streaks and give your hair a healthy youthful look.

And you can apply Noreen yourself at home next time you shampoo. It's safe, simple and temporary...washes out each time you shampoo. Try Noreen soon . . . make your choice from fourteen glamorizing shades and be proud of your hair's new beauty.

Write for literature and FREE sample offer: Noreen, Inc. 450 Lincoln Street, Denver 3, Colorado. Dept. 14.



Noreen

COLOR HAIR RINSE

at cosmetic counters everywhere also professionally applied in beauty salons





"Could you come back later? I'm pretty much at loose ends between one A.M. and five."

woke. It was a very pleasant dream." Across the room his eyes smiled at .ys.

"Good old Tiger," said Colette ynically. "Turning on the charm as isual."

He spoke English elegantly, with nly a slight accent. There had still been hope for Lys until she heard his name. "Good old Tiger," Colette had said—and Lys knew then that there was no hope. It was the end of something beautiful that might have been, and there was nothing for her but to harden her heart and get on with her job. And she knew that now something had happened which would make a hateful task all the more hateful. Because there is such a thing as love at first sight and she knew he was in love with her. Right from the start. Right from that first moment of awaking. There were so many reasons why she must not fall in love with him, but none of them was the slightest use to her.

They had a gay supper, all four of them sitting down together at the table pulled up beside the electric fire with its load of bogus logs.

He had brought with him golden wine from France. It glowed like bottled sunshine in the tall glasses, and the light of the candles swam before Lys' eyes in a golden glow. Through it she saw only his face, his humorous mouth that could look tender or very cruel, and his dark eyes looking at her as no man had ever looked at her before.

She overheard the two girls talking in the kitchen. "It looks like a case ——" "Oh, surely not. You know Tiger. All the same, it might not be a bad thing. But I don't believe it can be serious ——"

The sirens wailed their dreary message as Lys prepared to go home. The man got up also.

"Don't be a fool, Tiger. It's not safe," Suzanne said sharply.

He turned and looked at her. He said something in French which Lys did not catch.

"I'm quite used to it," she said hurriedly. "Please don't bother. It's just round the corner."

He took a vast, enveloping cloak off the hall chair and threw it round him. "I am seeing you safely to your house," he said.

Out in the street the darkness fell about them like a black velvet curtain. And in the darkness he took her arm and his fingers slid down and found her hand and held it warm and close. It seemed to her like the beginning of one of those great love stories she sometimes read, like Héloïse and Abèlard—like the Chevalier de Boufflers and Madame de Sabran. They, too, had taken one look at each other, and recognized each other. Only in Lys' case the war must spoil this too.

That was the start of their whirlwind love affair, a love affair that might have been beautiful had she not known from the start that it could have no happy ending.

The second time he took her home they stood for a moment in the darkened street before the door of the rooming house. He took her face gently between his beautiful, slender hands and slowly, quietly said, "This is more happiness than I ever hoped to find. It is something I thought could never happen."

Lys said good night quickly, turned and disappeared into the house. She was shaken by the beating of her heart. He had not kissed her or tried to kiss her—and she knew that she had wanted him to.

Alone in her room, she sat on the edge of the bed. There was a raid on. She could feel the rock and jar of the bombs dropping somewhere not too far off, but it seemed of no account compared with the bomb that had dropped into her life. Many things she had been prepared for, but never this. Her first love, and she had to meet him like this, and face the fact that he was a master spy and a traitor. *It can never happen to me again*, she thought.

Never for a moment did she wonder if there was a way out for her. She knew there wasn't. She knew what she had to do. She sat alone in the darkness in her dingy little room, her head in her hands. She must play out her hand to the end, encourage him, lead him on until she got what she wanted from him.

And then?

It was best not to think about that.

She had been afraid, at first, that Suzanne and Colette would be angry, perhaps even jealous, at this turn of affairs. Whatever their relationship with Tiger, it was obviously not an emotional one, for they could not have been kinder about it.

"Never did I expect to see this happen. Tiger, of all people, to fall for you."

"Oh, Suzanne, I don't think it's serious," Lys said. "It's just that he is . . . kind."

Suzanne's face hardened. "Tiger is not kind," she said. "Do not make the mistake of thinking that. He is hard and ruthless, but it is always those who, when their heart is touched, have great gentleness." She looked at Lys quizzically. "It is an amazement to me, all the same, for you are not very pretty and you are so much younger. You are



NEW OUTLINE FOR FASHION

Vogue . . . the only printed pattern with no margins to cut off; the only printed pattern perforated for easier sewing and greater accuracy. Now the most wonderful clothes to wear are the easiest you can make.

Make this design No. 9247 or choose another Vogue printed pattern . . . get them now at your leading department or fabric store.

VOGUE PRINTED PATTERNS

not in any way what has always been his kind of woman, yet it appears you are the one for him. The Tiger in love—well, well, well!"

He wanted her to leave Peppi's. "I don't care for you to do such work," he told her. "I can find you other things more suitable."

She shook her head. She did not dare become more involved than she was. Besides, the restaurant had become almost a refuge.

"Then I shall lunch and dine there daily and keep an eye on you," he said.

Peppi was delighted. "Very big man. Very important," he told her, polishing glasses and keeping one eye on the alcove where Tiger sat.

"Why is he important? What does he do?" Lys asked because she wondered if Peppi had any part in what was going on, how much he knew. He looked vague, obviously knowing nothing at all.

"I cannot say what he does, but everyone hasa for him much respect." Peppi picked up the limp menu card and hurried across to the alcove. "Yes, sir. Coming, sir."

Presently he was back. "You lucky girl. He wanta talk with you. I thinka he lika you."

He came every night when he was in town for a late dinner. Usually by that time the other customers had gone and the blackout was over the windows. Peppi laid covers for two, and made them an omelet or fricassee of veal, only it wasn't veal. A few enchanted hours Lys had in the small, stuffy restaurant, the shaded lights only half revealing them to each other. A little while to watch his thin, aristocratic face outlined against Peppi's dingy tapestry, to feel his warm hand closing over hers, to walk back at night wrapped warm and safe in his cloak—to pretend her love story was real and would last forever.

Now and again, with a twinge of uneasiness, she wondered, *Is he, too, playing a game, and cleverer at it than I?* But in her heart she knew it was not so. She had succeeded in her job beyond her wildest expectations and never in her life had she been so desperately unhappy.

"I don't even know your real name," she told him one evening. "'Tiger' isn't a proper name."

"No. It was the name they gave me at school. Does it surprise you to know I went to Eton?"

"Nothing surprises me any more," she said soberly.

He seemed to consider for a moment. Then he took a blank card from his pocket and carefully wrote something on it and handed it to her.

"Comte Abélard de Charno," she read and the words swam before her eyes.

"Now you know something," he said whimsically, "that a great many people would give a great deal to know." He took the card

S S S S S S S

We should live, act and say nothing to the injury of anyone.

ROBERT E. LEE

S S S S S S S

back and tore it into small pieces and made a little pyre of them and set a light to it in the ash tray.

"Why me?" she asked brokenly. "You must have known so many beautiful women."

"Why do these things happen? Who can say? The first time I saw you standing there, looking very surprised—like a wood nymph in dingy Soho—my heart said, 'This is the one,' and my heart has never said that before. That was my enchanted evening." And he added, half to himself, "It was very strange."

"I wish you had never done this kind of work—whatever it is. I hate it."

"Yes. I could easily be placed against a wall and made to face a nasty little row of guns. But the excitement I like and England I hate and hope to see destroyed. Never mind. When it is finished you shall come to me and we will start a new life together—all this will be forgotten. I will tell you something. At this moment I am close to the thing I wish most to discover. Only one small piece of the puzzle is missing. Very ingenious, these English are, but perhaps they will discover that their great surprise is not so much of a surprise after all."

Peppi, leaning against the cash desk, watched them respectfully and remembered his own youth and loves and the blue skies of Italy. Far away.

"Perhaps he marry you," he said to Lys next morning as they laid out the tables together.

"I don't think he will marry me," she said sadly.

Tiger was going up north. They dined together at Peppi's after hours for the last time. Only he did not know it was for the last time. They walked through the starlit streets slowly, postponing their parting. There was no raid on. They went through the yard of the bombed-out church and sat for a little while on a wooden seat there. The altar gleamed through the darkness, its brightness intact. Lys shivered violently.

"You are cold?" he asked anxiously.

"No. I hate this so," she told him. "I don't want you to go. Please, please always remember this, will you—that I did not want you to go?"

He laughed softly. "I will remember it always, but you must not be sad. I am about to make the discovery I came for, to learn for what reason they make these great concrete blocks and hide them so carefully. If I succeed, as I expect to, it will be a great triumph. And I like triumphs very much. For a little while, my darling, I shall not see you, for what I have to do must be done very fast. As soon as it is possible, I will come back."

"I shall never forget you," she said, her face wet with tears, and knew that it was true.

Suddenly she got up, her knees trembling. "Please go," she whispered. "Now. It is best like this. I would rather you went now and left me here."

He caught her hands and would have pulled her to him, but she drew back. She did not know how she managed it, but she did. "Please," she repeated, "please go ——"

She had turned so that she need not look at him. Then she heard the sound of his footsteps dying in the distance. Blindly she went in the ruined church and knelt before the alta trying to pray but finding no words, becau e was a spy and a traitor and there was not ng to be done about it.

Then she went to headquarters and turn him in.

She was in hospital nearly three month "Complete breakdown," the doctors sai "Whatever the job was she was doing, it h been too much for her."

At headquarters they disagreed. "She shou never have been allowed to undertake it—b she pulled it off! A fine piece of work. If sl had stayed on with us she'd have gone rig to the top."

Lys had shaken her head when they to her. *I couldn't do that kind of work any mor* she thought. *Not ever again! All I want is som thing nice and quiet. An office job or may something in a hospital where they won't l likely to look for me.*

Her late chief came to see her, bearing small, tight bunch of roses. He was shocke at her drained and exhausted appearanc *Something must have happened*, he though *that she hasn't told us about. Something we wrong.*

He took with him the false papers, the fake identity card and forged passport. "Now yo can be yourself again," he told her. "They' given you a good bonus as well as the Geor medal. You would have had a promotion, to if you had stayed on. But I think myself yo are wise to chuck it." He was really concern over her appearance. "Have a fresh hairdo he said, patting her arm. "Buy yourself a ne outfit and send us the bills. Forget the lot them."

"But will they forget me?" she asked.

"The women are in prison and will be d ported. The man made a dash for France, b the ship he was on was torpedoed. It is u likely he escaped. All the same, I'm going t give you a letter and a private telephone nun ber, just in case. If you ever have the slighte suspicion that you are being watched or fo

FIRMER "Health Center" SUPPORT

IS THE REASON

you get up feeling wonderful!





Spring Air mattress pattern shows extra-firm "Health Center" section where 70% of your weight lies

People who own Spring Air "Health Center" Mattresses step out of bed *sparklingly refreshed.*

What makes them sleep well? Extra firmness across the mattress mid-section (where 70% of the body weight lies)! This extra firmness keeps them on a level surface—*the only way a person can totally relax!* Spring Air calls this exclusive feature the "Health Center." You can easily locate it by the change in pattern coloring.

Like to get up feeling wonderful? Try a Spring Air "Health Center" Mattress and you will!

Spring Air "Health Center" Mattresses and Box Springs suggested retail prices —from $69.50 each. Also, in foam rubber and king sizes.

SPRING AIR "Health Center" Mattress

Write for FREE booklet, "All The Secrets Of Sound, Healthful Sleep."

THE SPRING AIR COMPANY

Dept. 530, 666 Lake Shore Drive • Chicago 11, Ill.

Copyright 1957—The Spring Air Company

lowed or hear anything you think we should know, get in touch at once. It's unlikely, but we'll leave nothing to chance."

After he had gone she lay with closed eyes, trying to stop the tears that forced their way through her eyelids. Tiger dead! Never again to see him standing with his head thrown back, his eyes filled with the look that was for her alone. Tender and kind. Never to meet those eyes across a table in candlelight or to know again a thousand little moments indelible in her memory. Why had it had to happen like this?

Even as she tried to realize what had happened, she could not believe it. Tiger could not be dead. He would appear again someday. He must. Never mind what they said at headquarters. Tiger who got his own way in everything wasn't likely to be dead unless it suited him.

Lys was the neat, slim, tailored girl she had been of old. The last of the red-gold dye was washed away from her hair and the permanent grew out. She wore her sleek, dark hair long, in a knot at the back of her head. She no longer looked younger than her age. The matron of St. Patrick's Hospital, where she went as a nurse's aide, was surprised to hear she was only twenty-one.

It was early spring when she went to St. Patrick's. Shattered laburnum blossoms were blown wetly about the streets, and excitement was in the air, running high everywhere along with men's hopes. The patients at St. Patrick's were mostly old people, maternity cases and mundane complaints. It was a quiet life, as hospital life goes. They laughed at her at first because she was so scared. Scared to go out alone (for in those early days she was always expecting a hand on her arm, a voice in her ear). She had an anxious, fearful way of peering at the beds when new patients came in.

"As though," said the sister in charge, who was Irish, "she expects to find Old Nick himself lying there."

"She's been through a bad time," the matron said. "Go easy on her, Kathleen."

"Well, so have most of us been through some bad times," said the sister in charge. She had herself been dug out of debris twice.

Lys had been awarded the George medal for gallantry, courage and devotion to duty in face of considerable personal danger, and she could never abide the sight of the thing. She threw it into a drawer and forgot it.

The months went by, brought full spring, brought early summer, and V-E Day and V-J Day, and none of Lys' private fears were realized.

Time went on and presently the days were better. One does not forget, only it becomes easier to remember. And now she knew that what she had done was right, that there had been no other possible course open to her. Tiger had been a spy and a traitor, belonging to the limbo of war that was now over.

The tall slim girl who went about the wards, neat and quick and efficient, bore no resemblance whatever to Laurel Jones. Meeting her late chief once in the Strand, she had to speak to him before he recognized her.

He laughed and patted her shoulder. "You've nothing to worry about," he said. "There's not a chance of anyone recognizing you, even if there had been anyone left to do it."

But she kept the letter and the telephone number he had given her. Even after the horror had faded and memory no longer hurt her so much and the war was done.

Bands played in the streets. Tattered flags fluttered in the summer breeze. The war was over.

Paper chains and red, white and blue flowers, kept for the visits of royalty, lay in a heap in the middle of the ward. Someone had sent in armfuls of flowers from the country.

"We're going to be the smartest ward in St. Patrick's," said the little probationers. The convalescent patients and walking cases lent a hand.

"Don't let Mr. Troad stretch," said the ward sister. "He has only just had his stitches out."

Mr. Troad was a large, lumbering sort of man, so ugly you thought at first it simply couldn't be true. Nature had played every unkind joke with his face but had atoned for it with a pair of the kindest, most trustful blue eyes. In his overzealous longing to be helpful, Mr. Troad was a great nuisance.

"Now, Mr. Troad, you heard what sister said," Lys called to him firmly, as she saw him about to climb on a chair. "No stretching." Lys had been his nurse and his eyes followed her with the loving regard of a dog, touching and faithful. "Sit down, and we'll call if we want you," Lys told him.

He picked up a newspaper and sat down to read it, from time to time putting it down on his knee to watch Lys hanging chains and rosettes. Presently, to encourage him, she gave him a hammer and a saucer full of tacks and let him nail up some of the paper flowers.

"Here's a hammer," she said.

"Hammer?" said Mr. Troad. "I need no hammer. Here you are. Look at this. I invented it myself. Knocks in nails or takes them out again. Opens bottles. Absolutely marvelous. Always carry it with me. Couldn't have got through life without it." Mr. Troad set happily to work, first knocking a bottle of medicine off a locker onto the floor.

Lys picked up the newspaper from the bed where he had laid it. She was about to replace it on the locker when something caught her eye. A familiar doorway, flanked by two lanky rhododendrons in wooden tubs. The doorway in which she and Peppi had stood so often on hot summer nights when the asphalt of the footpaths was soggy with heat.

"Scene of the Tragedy," said the caption.

Putting one hand against the wall to steady herself, Lys read on. "Soho restaurant keeper found dead at the foot of cellar steps. . . . Broken neck and multiple head injuries. It is thought he may have fallen in the dark. . . . The police are making inquiries, but foul play is not suspected ——"

Lys swallowed convulsively, feeling dizzy. Peppi would never have fallen down his own



WASH BACK THAT FRESH, NEW LOOK

Woolite started the rejuvenation of cashmeres and woolens. It is the *cold* water soap that keeps them bright and youthful, without shrinking and without matting. You don't even have to block them. Woolite is recommended by famous woolen wear makers, on their washing instruction tags.

You'll find that Woolite does the same wonderful things for synthetics, blends, and for silks and cottons, too. Per washing, it costs about 3 cents.

As soon as you can, we suggest you get some Woolite at a department or specialty store, or wherever woolens are sold. Also available in the 20-packet Travel Pack.

The Miracle Cold Water Soap



WOOLITE

made by the makers of Lastic Life, the golden cold water soap for elastic garments

THE ONE COLD WATER SOAP WITH THE SEAL OF QUALITY OF THE UNITED STATES TESTING COMPANY

Woolite, Incorporated, 10614 Riverside Drive, North Hollywood, California. 509 Madison Avenue, New York. 11054 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



B&M does something wonderful to beans!

For hours and hours B&M Brick Oven Baked Beans are baked in a rich and golden brown sugar sauce with lots of tender selected pork. Only this slow oven baking in *real* brick ovens gives these special beans their "home-baked" flavor. Serve them to your family soon and often!



B&M
brick oven
BAKED BEANS
SEALED OVEN-HOT IN BOTH GLASS JARS AND TINS
BURNHAM & MORRILL CO., Portland, Maine

They're Extra Good With B & M Brown Bread

cellar steps. He knew them like the back of his own hand. She felt again the iron grip of Suzanne's fingers about her wrist and heard Suzanne's voice in her ears: "To be a traitor to us is very dangerous." But Peppi was no traitor. Fat, good-natured Peppi, who knew nothing whatever about her or her assignment, had had to die just the same. This meant that headquarters was wrong, she thought, panicking. They hadn't rounded the whole gang up. Someone was still around.

Next time, thought Lys, *it will probably be me.* The ward darkened suddenly. It began to swim oddly before her eyes. The ward sister, looking up from her job of administering a potion to someone, said, "Halliday is going to faint. Catch her, someone."

Mr. Troad obliged, more adroitly than might have been expected.

Lys' faint was put down to overwork and she was given a day off. "Get out into the sun," said the ward sister.

She sat on the grass in the park near the hospital, watching children play and lovers hold hands, and tried to persuade herself that Peppi's accident *might* have been an accident—only she knew very well that it wasn't. She shuddered, trying to put the picture out of her mind.

A long shadow fell over her. A pair of feet stopped beside her. She froze, afraid to look up, her heart standing still. *This is it*, she thought. It was only Mr. Troad, let out for his first gentle exercise, wearing a deplorable bottle-green suit which made him look like Froggy-would-awooing-go. He lowered himself carefully to the grass beside her.

"How nice—how very nice to find you here," he said. "One feels strangely lost after a spell in a hospital. Like a man from the moon. However, one must face up to it and get back to the old life as soon as possible. Can't afford to be away, now that everything will be starting up again."

"And what exactly was the old life?" Lys asked. She found it difficult to fit Mr. Troad into any profession.

"Did you never hear of Troad's Tours?"

"Of course," she said to please him, but she never had.

He had started just before war broke out as a small travel agency, but even at that uneasy moment it had gone well. He sent people round in motor coaches. Fumbling in one of his pockets, he produced a brochure.

"Out of date now, of course, but I'll get going in no time. Troad's Tours Take You. What do you think of that for a slogan?"

Lys said she thought it was wonderful.

"A fortune—that's what I'll make. In no time. You'll see." He smiled at her. When he smiled some of the ugliness went from his face and he had an oddly wistful boyish look.

In some odd way he reminded Lys of Peppi when he told her of his plans and dreams. A fleet of cream-and-blue coaches. Tours to distant places for people who had never been there before. Tours for rich Americans too.

"That's the market to aim for," he said. He gave a keen look at her. "Wish you'd join me. Why don't you? Money in it. We need guides, drivers, hostesses and all. Can't get reliable people these days for love or money."

She did not answer his question directly. "It will be better now the war is over."

"I don't know. Folks have changed. I wish you'd come. Pay you well. Office up in Hampstead. Hospital work is much too hard for you; anyone can see that. Fainting the way you did no good at all. Change of job, that's what you want."

Hampstead, she thought. Well off the beaten track. Far from Soho. She said, "I'll think it over."

Six months later she went to see him. Things had obviously been marching with Mr. Troad. The entire front window of his office on Hampstead Hill was filled by an enormous poster. It showed a large, luxurious coach in cream and blue and gold, taking a load of smiling people toward a highly colored citadel in which the architecture of all nations appeared to be jumbled together in one grand ragout. Churches jostled mosques and minarets.

Mr. Troad was so delighted to see her, so persuasive, that she took the job he offered almost before she realized what she was doing.

"Splendid, my dear girl. Splendid! Now let me show you round."

He gave Lys a small office to herself next door to his, but she spent quite a lot of time downstairs, lending a hand to Miss Joad and Miranda. Troad's was a very friendly office.

It wasn't the life she had thought of for herself, and at first she told herself it was only marking time until she found something more suitable. But presently she gave up all thought of changing. Mr. Troad was amenable and easygoing up to a point, and after all, she knew the worst about him. He was kind, and wouldn't be the sort to make passes at a girl.

The years went by quietly. Four years—five years. Mr. Troad made Lys a partner in the firm, which was doing splendidly. She no longer awoke crying in the night for what might have been. She never thought about Tiger any more. She had come to accept the belief that headquarters had been right when they said he was dead.

Mr. Troad was making a fortune, though he had accumulated ulcers on the way. It had all fallen out just as he had said it would. Everyone wanted to visit England's beauty spots in luxurious coaches and Mr. Troad took them there at an inclusive fee. He also sent them to Venice, to the Dolomites, and he was at that moment compiling a brochure setting forth the allurements of Greece. Meantime, the high spot of the season was a luxury tour to the château country and the walled cities of Brittany for a party of American tourists.

He is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.

COLERIDGE

"Mostly widows. Spending their husbands' insurance money," said Mr. Troad. "That's the market you want to get!"

The trouble, as always, was labor. Staff was hard to come by, and troublesome and inefficient when you got it. Miss Joad remained a tower of strength in the downstairs office. The little typist, Miranda, was doing well enough, though she was unreliable on the telephone. For the tour of the château country and the walled cities of Brittany Mr. Troad had put on his best driver, an Irishman called Mike, and their most alluring guide, a Pole named Mr. Petchek, who knew France. Mr. Troad had taken a lot of touble briefing him, and as far as one could tell, Petchek welcomed the prospect.

So it came as a complete surprise when Lys found a slip of paper on her desk one afternoon. In silence she handed it to Miss Joad.

"Oh, dear—trouble again."

Miss Joad read it and whistled. "You'd best tell him, dear. You manage him better than any of us."

Lys read the message again as she switched on the electric kettle and waited for it to boil. It struck her Mr. Troad might take the bad news better with a nice cup of tea. It wasn't really her job to make the office tea; it was Miranda's job, being youngest, but Miranda was off on an errand somewhere.

Mr. Troad's ulcers had made him more short-tempered than of old, and he was rapidly going bald. He had the air of rising out of his hair, like a bather emerging from the surf. He was given to shouting—and a conviction that the world was against him, and often, thought Lys, it looked as if it might be. He shouted now.

"Gone? What do you mean, he's gone? He can't be. He is coming to see me at four o'clock. Don't be silly, my dear girl."

"He left this note on my desk."

Mr. Troad groaned and buried his face in his hands. "Read it. Read it. I never could make anything of the fellow's writing anyway."

Mr. Petchek had never been a tidy man. He always looked vaguely crumpled and dirty, and his note was just like him. He had not bothered to put it into an envelope. He had

nply laid it on her desk, the paper mussed d looking as if it had gone around for some ne in his pocket and had been used for her things before it became a note at all.

"It just says, 'Good-by, chaps. Over to you. will get me to the island valley of Avalon, ere to heal me of my grievous wounds.'"

Mr. Troad stared at her. "But he can't say st that when he's walking out on us!"

"That's just what he's said," Lys told him tiently.

"This is ridiculous! I never heard anything e it. Avalon, Avalon; where is that? And nat's all this about wounds? No one told me tchek got wounded. Why wasn't I told?"

"It's a quotation," said Lys, and did not ld from Tennyson, as she thought it doubtful hether Mr. Troad had ever heard of Tenny-n. "What he means is he is fed up and clear-g off. It was probably that last tour with the rth-country businessmen that did it. He uldn't understand anything they said."

"So the moment he can't understand what meone says, he quits, not caring how much convenience he causes. It's preposterous!"

He sank back in his chair, his voice drop-ng to normal. "What on earth are we to do, ys? There must be dozens of chaps would mp at the job—well paid, driving round the âteau country on a foam-rubber seat with a t of rich widows. There *must* be someone in is city who would jump at the chance."

"If we could only find them."

"Why don't you take it on yourself? You uld do it easy."

"The brochure says 'Male escort accom-anies throughout.' Can't you imagine what our American ladies would say when they und they were merely being escorted by nother woman? If you like, I'd go along and nd a hand on this trip—since there is so lit-e time to brief anyone you managed to find."

"You'd do that? It might make all the dif-erence. I'll think it over. Avalon—most pre-osterous thing I ever heard of. Terrible llow."

He was still firing off "terrible fellows" when ys quietly closed the door behind her.

"How did he take it?" asked Miss Joad. She loved a bit of excitement.

"Not very well. There isn't much time to find a substitute."

Mr. Troad came in with a newspaper. "Here we are. Very thing. Might be exactly the chap we are looking for. Read it. Read it."

Lys read it out aloud: "'Ex naval officer, retired, seeks open-air job for health reasons. Go anywhere. Do anything. Good appearance. Languages. Refs.' . . . Health reasons?" She raised her eyebrows doubtfully.

"Don't look for trouble," said Mr. Troad. "I'll get hold of the fellow at once."

From the beginning Lys was conscious of a curious presentiment about Lt. Rory Mallory. A door was opening, something was starting. It seemed, for one thing, a risk taking on anyone come by through one of those personal advertisements.

His letter to Mr. Troad was ordinary enough, and plausible enough: "I have been out of the world for three years, and am now advised to lead an open-air life, at any rate for a time until I find my feet again. May I please have further particulars? Your job interests me."

Out of the world. What exactly did that mean?

"Go on. Read on, my dear girl," said Mr. Troad impatiently. "He's had t.b. and just been discharged cured. Not served a prison sentence, as you appear to think. He's enclosed a whole batch of references. I believe this is our man."

Lys had a sort of hunch, also, but she was not at all sure about it.

"We must get in touch with him at once. Arrange an interview."

The moment he saw Lieutenant Mallory, Mr. Troad knew that he would do, and that his hunch had been right. The young man was tall and very thin, with hollow cheeks and a slightly concave figure. His pleasant, plain face was a sailor's face, and he had managed to keep, through all setbacks, that boyish look sailors so often have.

But the marks of his illness were still on him. He had a nervous way of passing a hand over his hair when he was bothered or discouraged. He had not felt at all optimistic about landing Mr. Troad's job. He was certain that the ugly man with the peculiar name would turn him down. He was wrong. Mr. Troad lit the electric fire for him, sent out for coffee and sandwiches, and offered him a fortnight's pay in advance.

When Lys came in Lieutenant Mallory looked up at her anxiously. He had had a qualm when Mr. Troad said, "I must, of course, consult my partner," for he thought the partner might not pass him so easily. He hardly knew what he had expected, certainly not this tall, pale girl with the sleek dark hair and pretty eyes. His spirits rose.

For the next hour they sat watching Mr. Troad's happy pencil take a tour of the château country and the walled cities of Brittany, and listening to his unending spate of conversation. Through vineyards and along riverbanks he took them into Brittany, to Dinan and Mont-Saint-Michel, and then he had to go and get a drink of water.

"Does he always talk so much?" Rory asked.

"Always," said Lys. She was thankful to note that the young man appeared to be quick in the uptake. The few questions he had asked had been sensible ones. *Maybe there won't be any need for me to go along at all*, she thought. *If he has navigated a destroyer half round the world, he should be able to manage a coachful of widows round France.*

Mr. Troad, however, thought otherwise. "Well, there you are. That's the route. Lys here, my partner, has said she is willing to go along and show you the ropes, as you've come into things rather at the eleventh hour. She'll be a great help to you, I know. Most capable. Sometimes there is rather a difficulty in allotting rooms."

Rory thought Lys looked extremely capable, but he wished she was a little more friendly.

The coaches Mr. Troad supplied for his Continental tours were the last word in luxury. Rory stood watching the luggage being loaded onto the roof where it was covered with a navy-blue tarpaulin, nicely curved like a stockbroker's waistcoat. Each passenger had two suitcases and a handbag, all apparently filled with lead nuggets. Rory had watched this growing mound with astonishment. Why should anyone need so much that was so heavy on a fourteen days' trip?

He could see Lys greeting the passengers as they turned up by car or taxi, chatting with the loquacious ones, cheering the timid ones, and he wondered why he had ever thought her forbidding. Certainly she had a cool, rather aloof manner, but in the past ten days he had come to like it. She wore the uniform Mr. Troad had personally designed for his lady guides, blue with silver buttons and a saucy peaked cap, and her hair was loose about her face and less severe than usual. There had been one bad moment when Rory half thought Mr. Troad would want to put him into fancy dress also, but it passed.

"Ordinary clothes for the male guide," said Mr. Troad. "Tweed coat. Flannels. Anything you have."

Rory turned to look over his passengers. They appeared to him all exactly alike, sisters in a family of twenty-five. They were all middle-aged, wearing good suits, and pearls that were probably real, and their immaculately dressed hair was slightly blued. Only Mrs. Chubb was candidly plump and slightly untidy-looking, and for some reason he warmed to her at sight. Mike, the driver, was already in his seat. He chewed gum and, catching Rory's eye, winked at him.

The ladies clambered in, each making for the seat of her choice, when a sudden outburst of loud voices came from the office. Mr. Troad appeared, obviously harassed, accompanied by the passenger they had been waiting for. Mrs. Maitland, an Englishwoman, had booked at the last moment. Now that she had arrived, she wasn't alone. She had with her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139

Save time, money... starch in an INSTANT



And Niagara® Starch gives you perfect results for only 1¢ a quart*

You'll love the ease of making Instant Niagara Starch. Just swish it in cold water ... it's ready! Dissolves instantly ... stays dissolved. No white spots or streaks.

Gives a wonderful "like-new" look to all your cottons. *So thrifty* ... makes a quart of medium starch for a penny! Instant Niagara saves time, saves work ... gives results beyond compare. Try it.



*Medium Starch Solution

Niagara® Instant Starch

Produced by Corn Products Refining Co.



"In 5 minutes...dinner with a magic Italian touch"



When it's dinnertime in Orvieto—or at home—you can enjoy Italian cooking at its best. At your house—just call on Chef Boy-Ar-Dee to do the cooking.





Any fine chef will tell you it takes an experienced hand to prepare the dishes you enjoy at an Italian cafe . . . and one savory forkful tells you this same special skill goes into the making of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti and Meat Balls.

The delicious, *slow-simmered sauce* combines the reddest, juiciest tomatoes, cheese and onions, all spiced to perfection by a skilled Italian hand.

The *plump meat balls* are formed from pure beef, browned outside to seal in the juices. And, of course, the *spaghetti* itself is the thin Italian kind, cooked to just the right degree of tenderness.

This flavorful dish is a favorite right around the table. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti and Meat Balls is ready to heat in cans of 2 or 5 servings each. Just 13¢ a portion.

Why not get a can (or *several*) today. Bring a real taste of Italy to your table this very evening.

real Italian-style CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Spaghetti and Meat Balls

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

tall young man with a good bit of flaxen air like flat hay. He had his hands full of honey which he seemed to be trying to give o Mr. Troad, who did not seem to want it.

"But I tell you I did book for him. Two places, I said quite definitely in my last letter. One for my nephew, Alec Strong, the well-known motor racer. If you would look in your files you will certainly find the letter——"

"There is no time to look in my files, madam," said Mr. Troad. "The coach is just off. Mr. Strong can go, provided his papers are in order. There is room for him, but I warn you——"

He left her abruptly and beckoned to Rory. "What do you think? I've never heard of the fellow. Know anything about him?"

"He looks inoffensive enough, and we've two spare seats."

"O.K. But look out for that woman. Every trip has its troublemaker, and she's the one. Keep clear of her and stand no nonsense."

Rory took a look at the waiting Mrs. Maitland. She wore a mackintosh, a black beret and stout shoes. He felt he could handle her all right.

They were off. For the first time for three long years and a bit Rory Mallory was aware of a sense of well-being. He caught Lys' eye and smiled at her, and she smiled back and his heart began to beat suddenly in a new and pleasurable fashion. He had once again a feeling he had often had as a young man—of something pleasant coming nearer and nearer, and a complete absence of worry. He could hardly believe in his own good fortune.

He stole another look at Lys. She sat in a single seat opposite him across the gangway. Her long eyelashes made a tender little shadow on her cheek. In repose her face, he thought, was oddly sad for anyone so young, and he wondered what life had done to make her look that way. She would have been just growing up in the war and he knew what had happened to lots of girls who grew up then.

"You must tell me if there is anything I ought to do," he said. "It's new country to me, and I expect you've done it often before."

"I've helped out sometimes with home tours, but never abroad. It's not really my job, only these days one has to be prepared to turn a hand to anything in an emergency."

"What was this particular emergency?"

She told him about Mr. Petchek and the Island Valley of Avalon and, unlike Mr. Troad, he had heard of the place before, which was cheering, for if you have to travel with someone for fourteen days it is pleasant to feel he knows what you are talking about.

The sea was satin smooth, scattered with fish scales of silver. With the menace of seasickness removed, the ladies settled themselves about the decks in the sunshine. Mrs. Maitland's nephew leaned on the after rail with Mike, the driver, apparently giving him good advice.

"You know what?" Mike said aside to Rory. "That guy knows everything."

The coach, parked aft, looked like a country cottage. Rory joined Lys and they stood side by side, waiting for France.

"Is his name really Troad?"

"I believe so. Why shouldn't it be?"

"It's so odd. I wondered if it was a name taken for business purposes, the sort of thing sometimes done."

Over the years Laurel Jones' face appeared suddenly before Lys, who hadn't thought of her for a long time. What made her remember just now? she wondered uneasily. Maybe it was coming to France. In the heat haze, the coast was already beginning to form and solidify like the start of a fairy tale. . . . *What a long way I've come since those days*, she thought.

"Last time I was here I had to swim for it," Rory was saying. "They blew us up just along there. It was a lovely day, just like this."

They were joined by Mrs. Chubb, looking wind-blown, her hair soft about her face, so that they saw a glimpse of the pretty girl she had once been.

"We certainly have been real fortunate in our weather and I can't tell you how I am looking forward to the trip. I reckon it is going to be something to remember all my days. And for you two young people, why, it must be heaven. Romance against such a background. Don't waste a moment of it."

Rory said solemnly, "I personally don't intend to, but I'm not certain about Miss Halliday."

Farther along the deck Alec Strong had collected a knot of ladies and was giving them a lecture on the coast of France. "He should be the guide, not me," said Rory ruefully.

"Let him alone—he likes to be important," Lys laughed. They watched the ship maneuvered alongside the quay, and the wave of blue-clad porters surge aboard.

"You do the baggage, Rory. I'll collect the ladies," she told him. His heart gave a pleasurable lift. It was more than three years since any woman had used his Christian name.

Twilight was beginning to fall when at last they were off through the flax fields and the mustard fields of France. A small new moon like a golden eyelash hung high in a cloudless sky, promising pleasant weather. Lys had moved over the gangway and now shared a double seat with Rory, aware that the feel of his shoulder against her own was pleasant and companionable.

Lys sat very still, oddly at peace, her hands in her lap. Rory had a crazy longing to take one of them in his own and looked away, studying the night sky, because it was too soon, far too soon. It wasn't the time to tell her how desperately he needed a little kindness, a little companionship and love, but with growing confidence he felt that the time would come.

Their first night was spent in a typically French family hotel and, though a little taken aback at the plumbing arrangements, the ladies were ecstatic over the atmosphere. Only Mrs. Chubb seemed at first inclined to be a little awkward and went round moaning, "I sure did look to get a toilet to myself."

At breakfast next morning everyone was in high spirits. The weather held. The great cream-and-blue coach lumbered through narrow lanes, and under medieval portcullises. Sometimes alone, occasionally joining up with other parties, the ladies were escorted down endless corridors and through great rooms filled with faded tapestries and beautiful furniture, and all the complicated domestic arrangements of bygone days.

They did two châteaux the first day. One was lovely and sunlit, looking out over neat vineyards, but the other was cold and dark, with a brooding, evil atmosphere. Here the guide proudly pointed out a trap door which, opened, led to the dungeons, and the endless sound of the river running underground far below.

"This was a very good place for disposing of enemies," he informed them. Lys shivered and it seemed to her that the long passages were haunted with the sad, thin ghosts of those who had met their fate in this uncomfortable fashion.

"I would hate to have to spend a night here," she said, but the ladies thought it wonderful. Such atmosphere. Only Mrs. Chubb said it was creepy and, like Lys, was glad to get out into the sunshine again.

The countryside was placid and beautiful. Small white farms stood among apple orchards which spread away from the road. They lunched luxuriously at a hotel, bought souvenirs and then drove off to their next halt down a long white road between lines of poplars straight as drilled soldiers.

Contrary to Mr. Troad's predictions, Mrs. Maitland, apart from looking permanently disapproving, gave no trouble. She took the rooms allotted to her, and did not complain about the food. It was Alec, her nephew, who was tiresome. There was always something wrong.

"These fire precautions," he said. "Have you given any thought at all to them? My dear chap, should fire break out, my aunt, in the room she has, would be burned to death."

Rory had gone with him into the lower regions of the hotel where they spent the night, to inspect. It was true enough. Fire precautions in most hotels in France are nonexistent. Rory stroked his chin, and said one could only hope fire would not break out.

"Rather casual, aren't you, my dear chap?" Alec said coldly, "I would have thought part of your job was to look after such things."

"And build fire escapes?" asked Rory amiably, but Alec was not amused. To Mrs. Maitland's credit it must be said she accepted the prospect of roasting with calm and when her nephew continued to point out her grim danger, she smoothed him down.

The trip had suddenly taken on for Rory a rosy glow, so that he begrudged the passing of every day. He had never thought of falling in love again, but he had fallen in love, and his heart was filled with longing and with all the old dreams. A house of one's own and a dear companion. What more had a man any right to ask of life? If he did this job satisfactorily, perhaps Mr. Troad might give him something permanent. Life, that had to him so recently seemed hopeless, was suddenly lit with possibilities.

He stole a look at Lys' gentle profile outlined against the apple blossoms and the blue of the sky. He thought, growing cold at the prospect, *Perhaps she already loves someone.* But she did not look like a girl happy in love. Perhaps she had once loved someone and lost him in the war. That would be bad enough, but not too bad, for it would mean there was a chance for him. Deep in his heart something told Rory there was hope for him. Maybe sometime during this trip there would be a chance to talk to her, to find out about her all he wanted to know so badly.

Their next château loomed up ahead of them. It stood high, apparently in the middle of a lake, and Mike had to maneuver his great bus over a narrow bridge and into a wide, courtyard. Another party had already drifted in and stood waiting in the great hall where a handsome, olive-faced young guide was peddling post cards.

"Thank goodness, this isn't such a gloomy one," Lys said, standing back to look at the towers and turrets outlined against the sky. One side of the château rose up out of the lake, its windows looking out onto the water with its swans and lily pads. A flock of white tumbler pigeons cascaded from one of the towers, beautiful against the cloudless sky.

The guide commenced his duties, speaking in perfect English. He took them through great galleries full of pictures, through salons hung with Gobelin tapestries, one room opening into another in bewildering fashion. *It would be easy to get lost in here*, thought Lys, keeping an eye on Mrs. Chubb, who was apt to wander off absent-mindedly.

"Does anyone live here? I mean really live?" someone asked.

"Monsieur le Comte comes from time to time to inspect his vineyards and attend to business matters," said the young man. "The private apartments are not on view, however. They are in the other wing of the château, over the lake."

He changed the subject to speak of a famous love story. In other days Madame de Sabran and the Chevalier de Boufflers had passed some of their time here at the start of their famous romance. He had been one of the Knights of Malta, and had taken the vow of celibacy before he met her. He could not marry her, for if he left the order he was without means, and she was a woman of wealth. Not until thirty long years had passed and the horrors of the revolution had come and gone were they able to marry.

"And you mean," said Mrs. Chubb, "he was faithful to her all that time?"

"It is possible that in the flesh he was not faithful to her, madam, but in the spirit and in his heart there was never anyone else."

A murmur of sympathy rustled the party like wind over a field of corn. It was the love every woman dreamed of, the sort of unfaithfulness every woman is ready to forget. Lys stood looking out the heavily barred windows, over the sunny fields of France where once those two had walked hand in hand. Turning suddenly, she found Rory looking at her across the room, with a look no woman misreads.

How foolish I was, all those years, she thought, *to imagine that, because of that one time, it was finished for me.* She had told herself she had done with romance once and for all, that she would never put herself in the way of being so hurt again. But this was different. This wasn't going to hurt The old hot, sweet emotion filled her, that she had never thought to feel again. It was as if his heart called to her over the great, dusty, too magnificent room "Where?" and her heart answered him "Here."

The party streamed back into the great hall, politely thanked the guide, and went out into the sun again.

As they clambered aboard the bus someone said, "Where is Elaine? I want to show her this cute little ash tray I bought. Have you seen Elaine?"

It was then they discovered that Mrs. Chubb was missing.

REFERENCE Library



AN AMUSING IDEA

FOR THE FIRST COOL DAYS:

PLAID BLANKET JACKET

You can make this pretty jacket, with a minimum of effort and a maximum of effect, from a 36″x-50″ baby-carriage robe. (They sell, in stores throughout the country, for $4.95 and up.)

For cutting diagram and instructions, send 15c* to: Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, and ask for Pattern No. 2637.

*Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.

"I'll go back," Lys said. "I saw her in the long gallery just before we left. She can't be far away."

The guide had disappeared, but the big nail-studded oak door swung back easily, and Lys hurried through the hall to the long gallery. There, sure enough, happily bending over a showcase of ancient manuscripts, was Mrs. Chubb.

"Oh, my dear, you don't mean you are all waiting for me? I'm terribly sorry—but you must take a look at this. It's one of her letters, written by her own hand to the man she loved. . . . Look, you can just decipher the words '*Mon très très chere.*'"

"I know. . . . It's tantalizing to have to brisk through so quickly, but they're waiting. One would need several days here to see the half of it. You must come back one day."

"I guess that is just what I shall do," said Mrs. Chubb, slipping her hand through Lys' arm.

Somewhere far off a door opened. Footsteps sounded on the parquet floor, and Lys hurried, not wanting to have to explain her return. As they entered the big, cold hall the sun went in and the light died out of the tall, narrow windows, leaving the hall full of shadows.

A man was leaning over the gallery, looking down into the hall, his hands, long and slender, folded on the stone balustrade. Beside him, standing on its hind legs, and also looking over, its long narrow face and bulging eyes distressingly human, was a thin greyhound. As the two women came out into the hall, the greyhound growled. Otherwise Lys might never have looked up.

For a moment the shock was so unnerving she half thought she was going to faint. So all along she had been right! Tiger wasn't dead. Hadn't she known that well enough, even in the days when she had wept her pillow wet mourning for him? He wasn't dead, but the fine, high-bridged nose had coarsened and thickened, the sleek dark hair was gray now at the temples. He stood looking down into the hall from which the sunshine had ebbed, saying a calming word to the dog.

It's all right, Lys thought, her heart hammering. *He can't possibly have recognized me.* She hurried Mrs. Chubb through the big doors and into the bus. *I recognized him because he was up there in the gallery in full light, but we were in shadow*, she told herself desperately. *Besides, if he had recognized me, he would have said something, made some sign.* But in spite of her passionate assurances to herself, her heart bumped uncomfortably, she felt a little sick.

Rory looked at her. "Anything wrong, Lys?"

She shivered, not answering.

"What is it, Lys?"

"I'll tell you sometime. Not now," she said. She sat beside him, glad of his nearness and his cleanness and his youngness, lost again in utter amazement at the girl who had once been herself.

Words she remembered reading long ago, and heartily disbelieving, came back into her mind now, fitting themselves to the tune of the rumble of the coach:

Tides do be running the whole world over.
'Twas only last June month I mind that we
Was thinking the toss and call in the breast of the lover
So everlasting as the sea.

Here's the same little fishes that spins and swim
And the moon's old gleam on the gray wet sand
And him no more to me, nor me to him
Than the wind going over my hand.

It came out of a slim blue volume of poems by a woman and Lys had thought scornfully how little the writer knew about love, but now she thought, ruefully, *How much she knows!*

They drove slowly down the hill through the vineyards and out onto the road again. Lys looked back at the château mirrored in its lake, a replica of it faithfully reflected in the looking-glass waters. The flat blind row of windows were closely shuttered. No one had come out onto the terrace to look after the coach. *It's all right*, she told herself. *He didn't know me. Laurel Jones is really dead and gone.*

All the same, she must think the whole thing out carefully. There was the letter they had given her at headquarters, to be used in an emergency. It was safe in her passport. It would not be a bad idea to tell Rory about it, to tell him some of the story, so that if anything did happen, he could send it along.

Surely it was foolish even to think it was serious enough for action! She would go to headquarters when she got back to England and tell them.

The hotel where they stayed that night had a restaurant gayer than anything they had struck so far. "Give them one Bohemian joint," Mr. Troad had said, "or they won't think they are getting their money's worth."

Tonight the ladies had gone all Bohemian and were loving it. A man with a concertina played dance music from a little platform. A man with a fiddle went round and, selecting diners at random, leaned sentimentally over them, pouring forth yearning music like the sauce on the fish. The place was lit with candles in bottles in best Left Bank style and a girl wearing remarkably few clothes sang songs of whose doubtful nature the ladies were blissfully unaware, as they applauded.

"I think it's just darling," said Mrs. Chubb. "I feel I really am in France."

Mrs. Maitland had selected a round table, and chosen a favored few from among the ladies as her guests. They were drinking champagne. Mostly Mrs. Maitland was very aloof, which gave to her parties an air of spurious importance.

Rory and Lys had a corner table to themselves. They had been left out, for which Rory was thankful.

"Something happened today. I knew it as soon as I saw your face, Lys. Can't you tell me?"

He waited, haunted as always by that other man, afraid that she had heard from him, or of him.



"That's why Starlac® is called the heart of milk"

says Elsie, the Borden Cow

Borden's Starlac is the finest, pasteurized milk with water and fat removed. And it tastes just like what it is—the delicious heart of milk.

This modern nonfat milk mixes instantly, dissolves completely, even in ice water. Drink it and use it in all your made-with-milk recipes.

Starlac costs as little as 7¢ a quart when you buy it in the money-saving 12-quart family size. (The price is slightly higher in the smaller sizes.)

Put heart-of-milk nourishment in low-cost dishes





Pastry browns better when it's made with Starlac. Waffles made with Starlac are crisper.

Milk desserts, sauces and gravies are so much smoother when you make them with Starlac.

And every time you add Starlac to chopped meats and casseroles, you add extra nutrition.

7¢ a quart in the 12-qt. family size packages

1857 SECOND 100 YEARS

If it's Bordens, it's got to be good!

© 1957, The Borden Company

"It helps, talking about things," he said, id because he could bear it no longer, he ached over the table and took her two hands his. "Darling, darling Lys. I love you so uch. I didn't mean to tell you yet, not till we t back, but I love you so. I can't bear to see ou look sad and bothered."

All the brave speeches he had rehearsed de- rted him, and he sat there dumb.

"At least," Rory said huskily, afraid he id wrecked everything, "we can be friends."

"Dear Rory, I want a friend desperately," e said. "Something did happen today. When went back for Mrs. Chubb I saw someone—a an out of another life. So long ago and far way ——" She broke off and covered her ce with one hand.

"Was it someone you loved?" he asked.

"Someone I thought I loved very much. ong ago, when I was young and silly."

"And you love him still?"

She said passionately, "No! I hate him. hey told me he was dead and I . . . hoped he as. Oh, don't let's talk about it. It's not a retty story. One day I'll tell you."

He felt dizzy with thankfulness and relief.

"Will you do something for me?" she asked uddenly. She had remembered the letter.

"I'd do anything in the world for you."

She fished the letter out, and handed it to im. The envelope was blank, with no name or ddress on it, and heavily sealed.

"Keep this. It's addressed inside to the per- on it has to go to, if it ever has to go, and here's an address penciled inside that might elp if anything happened. Don't open it un- il—unless—I mean as long as everything is ll right."

He looked at the envelope, then at her, tartled. "Look, darling, hadn't you better ell me the whole thing?"

The human heart refuses to believe in a universe without a purpose.

KANT

"There may not be a reason. I think prob- ably there won't be. It's only if . . . something should happen—to me—then I want you to see that letter goes as soon as possible."

He stared at her blankly. "You mean some- thing might happen to you? But, for heaven's sake, Lys, what sort of a something?"

"Oh," she said, suddenly desperately flip- pant because otherwise she might have cried, 'you never know. Accidents *do* happen. Peo- ple get . . . run over in streets—or fall down ift shafts—or break their necks down cellar steps."

He said slowly, "I don't like this. Can't you tell me what it's all about?"

"Not now. Because it's more than probable I'm just being silly." She drew a deep breath. "You see, the thing is, I don't believe he recog- nized me, but I can't be absolutely sure."

"And you think if he did recognize you—it might mean ——"

"Oh, let's dance. Let's dance and forget it. When we get home I'll tell you the whole wretched story, and you can give me back that letter."

How right I was not to panic, she told her- self a week later. They had finished the tour of the château country and were heading for the coast and the walled cities of Brittany. Noth- ing had happened. In the bright sunshine, driving through the fields of France and along the Normandy seacoast with its flat saltings and huddled fishing villages, the haunting fear she had felt appeared ridiculous.

They had left the quiet side roads and by- ways. Buses swooped down on them from all directions with mad tootling on horns, and driving, even for Mike, who was tough, was a nerve-racking hazard. The French driving technique was unique. No one slowed down at corners. Round they swooped, often on the wrong side of the road. Even Alec Strong's nerves were shaken. A sort of *rapprochement* had sprung up between him and Mike, the driver, where once it had looked like open war. Alec often sat with him in the driving cab.

Now it was their last day in Normandy. The weather held and they drove slowly, partly on account of the road hazards, and partly be- cause the day's run was shorter than usual. The hotel where they planned to stay and pick up mail was only ten kilometers away.

The road ran through a forest where tall trees shut out the sun, and made a pleasant carpet of pine needles. Rory had arranged a picnic lunch. The ladies settled themselves comfortably while Mrs. Maitland, convinced she was the only person who knew how to run a picnic, unpacked the hampers haughtily. There were boiled eggs, and golden rolls filled with thinly sliced pink ham, baskets of peaches and slim bottles of golden wine, warm from the heat of the coach.

"There's a little stream down there," Rory said. "Let's use it as a wine cooler." He and Lys picked up the bottles and carried them down to the stream.

The bus with Mike sitting beside it, his shirt a pleasant flash of blue against the dark of the trees, was a little way down the road in its patch of sunshine. And suddenly Lys had the inexplicable feeling that comes to people and tells them they are not alone.

She looked up and saw, leaning over the culvert, watching them, a monk in a brown habit, girt about the middle with a white, knotted cord. He fingered it as he watched them, placid and benign.

"Where on earth did he come from?" asked Rory. "We're miles from anywhere."

"There must be a monastery somewhere about. This looks a good place for a monas- tery." She called to him gaily, "*Bonjour, mon père.*"

He nodded and smiled at them, but did not reply. When next they looked he had gone as quietly as he had appeared.

"We dreamed him," said Lys. They were out of sight and earshot of their party, and Mike had laid him down to sleep. Rory put his arms out and drew her close to him. They





You can save a lot of calories by sweetening with Sucaryl

and you can't taste the difference

WEIGHT-WATCHER'S PRUNE WHIP

½ pound dried prunes
1 cup water
1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin
1 tablespoon water
4 egg whites
2 teaspoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons Sucaryl solution

Simmer prunes in water until soft. Pit prunes, force through sieve and add juice. Soften gelatin in 1 tablespoon water; dissolve over hot water. Beat egg whites until foamy; gradually beat in gelatin, lemon juice and Sucaryl. Fold in prune pulp. Chill. Makes 6 servings.

Note: For topping, combine ¼ cup nonfat dry milk solids, ¼ cup ice water and ½ teaspoon Sucaryl in small bowl. Beat at high speed until it reaches the consistency of whipped cream.

Sucaryl makes it easier for you to watch your weight . . . by giving you wholly natural sweetness without bitter aftertaste, without one single calorie.

You use Sucaryl practically anywhere you would sugar . . . in coffee, tea or any other drink . . . on fruits and cereals. Cook with it, bake with it, any Sucaryl-sweetened dish tastes just like its sugar-sweetened twin. Sucaryl, of course, is for anyone sensibly counting calories, and for those who cannot take sugar. Your drugstore has Sucaryl in tablets or solution. Low-salt diets call for Sucaryl Calcium. Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois and Montreal, Canada. Abbott

Get your new Sucaryl Recipe Book—free at your drug store.

Sucaryl®

Non-Caloric Sweetener—No Bitter Aftertaste



RAISE FUNDS FOR CLUBS OR GROUPS SELLING

Mitchell

CHRISTMAS CARDS

FREE SAMPLES of 11 name-imprinted Christmas cards (57 actual sample cards). 40 cards for $1.49 to 25 cards for $2.95, including family, parchment & beautiful scripture text cards.

FREE NEW Big Catalog of novel gift, household and baby items, novelties, toys & full-color literature of greeting cards, gift wrapping and stationery. Plus $4.50 worth of samples of greeting cards & gift wrappings sent on approval.

— SAMPLES ON APPROVAL—USE THIS COUPON —

MITCHELL GREETINGS CO., Dept. L-57
47 W. 7 Mile Rd. • Detroit 3, Mich.
Please rush free samples, other boxes on approval for FREE TRIAL, and full details of your easy money-making plan.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____
If writing for organization, give name_____

"Profits for Everyone Since '21"
ACT NOW! BONUS GIFT FOR EARLY ORDERS

The Shoe That's KIND To Your Troubled Feet!

Dr. Scholl's

Combines Style Distinction With Perfect Foot Ease



Sizes, Some Styles
2½ to 13
AAAAA to
EEEEEEE

Dr. Scholl's Shoes are ever so kind to your feet by letting your toes have their own sweet way . . . by helping keep your arches in place and by snugly, comfortably hugging your heels. For everything your heart desires and your feet require in a shoe—it's Dr. Scholl's.

Dr. Scholl's Shoes are made in all sizes for *all types of feet*. Expertly fitted at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops in principal cities and selected Shoe and Department Stores. If not obtainable locally, write for catalog to **DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. J97, Chicago 10, Ill.**

stayed that way for a long minute, letting happiness soak in, at peace. She whispered the words he had longed to hear her say:

"I love you."

Something of their happiness seemed to communicate itself to the ladies, for everyone was in high spirits during luncheon. "I can't bear to think we have only four days left," said Mrs. Chubb. "This darling place . . . I wish we could just go on driving and driving."

"The money would give out," said Alec very practically. Nobody listened to him, though the ladies turned placid polite faces to him, like gentle sheep. Some of them dozed a little in the pine-scented shadows, but at length the picnic hampers were repacked and the ladies climbed back on board.

"Did you see that old guy in petticoats back there?" said Mike. "Funnest thing I ever set eyes on. He had a motor bike—believe it or not. Tucked up his skirts and had a pair of white drawers underneath. I tried to parley-voo with him, but he didn't seem to understand. Just shook his head and went off. I never saw a monk on a motor bike before."

They drove slowly out of the wood and onto the shore road beside the saltings, where, on a flat wind-swept beach, men were digging bait. Their hotel lay in the center of the little town on a wide sweep of river spanned by a stone bridge.

They picked up the first mail they had had, a counterblast of post cards for the ladies, replies to those they had fired off from every halt, and a batch of office mail for Lys and Rory. They carried it out to the wide veranda that looked down over the river and the picturesque little town. Alec and his aunt strode briskly by, stretching their legs in a walk.

Lys opened her letter from Mr. Troad. "Oh, dear," she said, "if only he'd type it! See if you can help me make out what he says."

Mr. Troad's handwriting was of a very strange and rambling nature. If one stared at it long enough, bits became legible here and there. Presently they realized the operative word was "telephone." Someone had telephoned.

"Asking for you, as far as I can make out. Miranda took the message. No brains, that girl. Or was it a message from you and, for some reason, you were trying to reach me? We could make nothing of it, and I don't suppose it was important. At first it appeared they were trying to get in touch with some other young woman ——"

The letter roamed off into utter incoherence, and Lys did what she so often had done in the past, put it aside for further consideration when she had a spare moment. But who could have telephoned—if the word *was* "telephoned"? Lys dismissed it as just another of those muddles Miranda was apt to make.

There was a second note from Mr. Troad, marked "Private and Confidential," this time a business communication and, thank goodness, typed. He wanted Lys' personal view of Rory.

"If he's done a good job, we might take him on permanently. I liked the fellow. Let me know what you think of him."

"By the way, I have just had another talk with Miranda about that telephone call. She now says it wasn't for you at all. It was someone trying to get in touch with a woman named Jones. Laurel Jones, she thinks it was."

Lys sat very still, with the odd feeling of sinking slowly into a bath of ice-cold water. It crept to her knees, and up along her spine, and engulfed her heart. So that was how it was, just as she had known from the very start. In a moment of ghastly clarity she knew exactly how it had been. "Oh, no," Miranda would have answered guilelessly. "There's no one called Jones on the tour. Actually the lady guide is Miss Lys Halliday." She closed her eyes, and saw Miranda as clearly as if she were sitting beside her.

It's true, she thought, *I might as well face it.* But with only three more days of the tour to run, there was a chance she might elude them. *And once I get out of France*, she thought, *I'll never, never ——*

Mrs. Chubb joined them, sighing from her climb up the steps from the river. "This is certainly a darling place! I wish we could stay here two or three days. What wouldn't I give to be young again going around a lovely country like this with a handsome young man!"

Rory grinned at her. "You really think I'm handsome, ma'am?"

"You remind me of someone I knew a long, long time ago. Gather ye rosebuds whilst ye may, my children." She patted Lys' shoulder, and drifted off.

"She's a honey," said Lys softly.

"All she asks of life is a toilet of her own," said Rory. He threw his cigarette away. It fell like a firefly into the stony garden. "Will you marry me as soon as we get home?"

"As soon as we get home," she said and saw it like a little star of light at the end of a dark tunnel.

"We shan't have much money and I probably shan't have a job."

"I think you'll have a job." *No need to worry*, she assured herself. *I am safe—even if they do try to get me. Only three days to go.*

They sat side by side holding hands. *Shall I tell him now—everything?* Lys wondered. She was loath to spoil the peace of this golden moment. Besides, it was something so hard to tell. *Tomorrow evening*, she thought, *I'll tell him the whole thing, and maybe I'd better write a note to headquarters telling them I've seen Tiger*

NEXT MONTH

■ No one was more surprised than Betty Lussier when, on a shopping trip to New York, she impulsively bought a *tractor!* Back home in Madrid, she had a busy husband, four small sons—and an eighth-floor apartment. But she knew she wanted to farm, and now that she had the tractor, she'd find the farm somewhere. . . .

She found it in Spanish Morocco—a wild, half-civilized land totally unprepared for the shock of a woman in blue jeans who plowed the land and preached democracy!

AMID MY ALIEN CORN
By BETTY LUSSIER

condensed in the October JOURNAL

and where he is. In a moment of wisdom she had penciled the address of the château on the back of the envelope she had given to Rory. *It's only three more days, and we always go around in a mob anyway*, she thought. *What could anyone do?*

Mrs. Chubb tapped at her door late that night. "Do forgive me, dear, but I so long to know how things are going with you two young people. Of course anyone can see how it is with the lieutenant. He's head over heels in love with you. Have you settled anything yet? I hope you don't think I'm being impertinent."

"I think you're dear to be interested."

"I suppose I'm romantic," said Mrs. Chubb. "It's just made this trip for me, having you two dear things to watch and think about. I always say the next best thing to having a love affair of your own is to watch someone else having one." She sighed. "Mr. Chubb and I were very happy, but he was more of a practical man, not romantic. The boy I really loved was killed long ago. I thought at the time I would get over it, but do you know, dear, I never did." The eyes behind the exotic glasses were wistful. "It was an airplane accident. I often wish folks had never invented those horrible things. Mr. Chubb was always most kind, but I never could like the way he chewed his food." She paused for a moment. "He left me very well provided for." She leaned forward and patted Lys' hand. "You marry your sailor. He's the right one for you."

"I'm going to," Lys said. "If—when I get home."

Mrs. Chubb kissed her. "Follow your heart," she said, "you should always follow your heart. I hope you'll have lots of nice children and let me be godmother to the first."

They left the good weather behind early next morning. A cold sea mist came drifting over the saltings and hid the endless gray quicksands from which the sea seemed to have retired forever. They saw Mont-Saint-Michel in an opening in the fog for a moment, rising to a pinnacle out of the gray muddy shore. The tide was out, but a roughly chalked notice said it was expected in at four that afternoon.

"It rises," Alec Strong informed them, "in a matter of minutes. A man on a horse galloping cannot get away from it. I remember an aunt of mine ——"

The ladies turned patient faces, listening to his anecdote, as the big coach wormed its way into the car park. A few white gulls swooped there, like pieces of paper blown in a wind. A lot of tourists were abroad that morning, so that although it was still early, the parking place by the entrance to the fortress was already packed with charabancs and coaches, private motorcars, and strange vehicles that looked like the result of a liaison between a motorcycle and a perambulator. Mike had difficulty in maneuvering himself into a place, and the ladies had some way to walk to the entrance.

Once inside, some of them regarded the steep, narrow street winding up between a bazaar of little shops and booths and restaurants with a good deal of misgiving.

"Do we have to climb right to the top?"

"Not unless you want to," Rory comforted them. "There is a very nice restaurant halfway up with an open veranda looking out on the sea. Those who don't want to go all the way can wait there. We'll divide the party into those who are going to the top and the rest."

The cobbled pathway wound ever steeper in fantastic fairy-tale fashion between stalls loaded with china figures, copper goods, bottles of liqueur, brass fancies, plaques and religious souvenirs. Determined middle-aged women, slightly mustached, shot from doorways waving menu cards in the faces of passers-by. The air was full of the hot garlic smell of good French cooking, laced with a slight suggestion of dubious drains.

By the time they reached the halfway mark, most of the ladies had had enough, and welcomed the idea of a veranda and a chair and a chance to write post cards. They drifted into the restaurant.

"One of us had better stay with them," Rory said to Lys. They stood aside to allow two brown-clad monks, their knotted white girdles swinging, to pass them. The mist had begun to drift away, letting pale sun, like weak lemonade, stream through.

"I'll stay. They'll prefer to have a man go with them," Lys said, half regretfully, for she wanted to see the cathedral. "Maybe I can nip up alone after you get back." The monks had disappeared down the narrow path. There was no one near and Rory bent and kissed her.

She watched his tall, thin figure following the more energetic of their ladies up the last flight of steps that led to the magnificent carved doorway of the cathedral. At the corner he turned and hesitated for a moment, but she waved to him encouragingly, and he went on until the big door took him, and she was alone.

The ladies were sitting happily in the weak sunshine on the veranda. They were drinking lemonade and orangeade out of sealed bottles, having been warned by Alec against the coffee.

"I just can't believe it's true," said Mrs. Chubb, "but you know what he says? He says there's no water supply whatsoever in this fortress so they imported one lot some years back and they just use it over and over again. With some kind of a filter."

"If Mr. Strong says so, it must be so," said Lys, and ordered a drink in a sealed bottle.

It was pleasant to sit there in the sun, with the murmur of the women's voices all about her. She hadn't slept very well the previous night for thinking of Mr. Troad's letter. *This evening when we're alone together, I'll tell Rory the whole story*, she told herself again. *Maybe he will just laugh at me for thinking anything*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

This is no place for "second-best"...



Cold Salmon Garni: *an extra festive treat when you top it with Best Foods—the creamy-smooth mayonnaise America likes best!*

this is the place for Best Foods

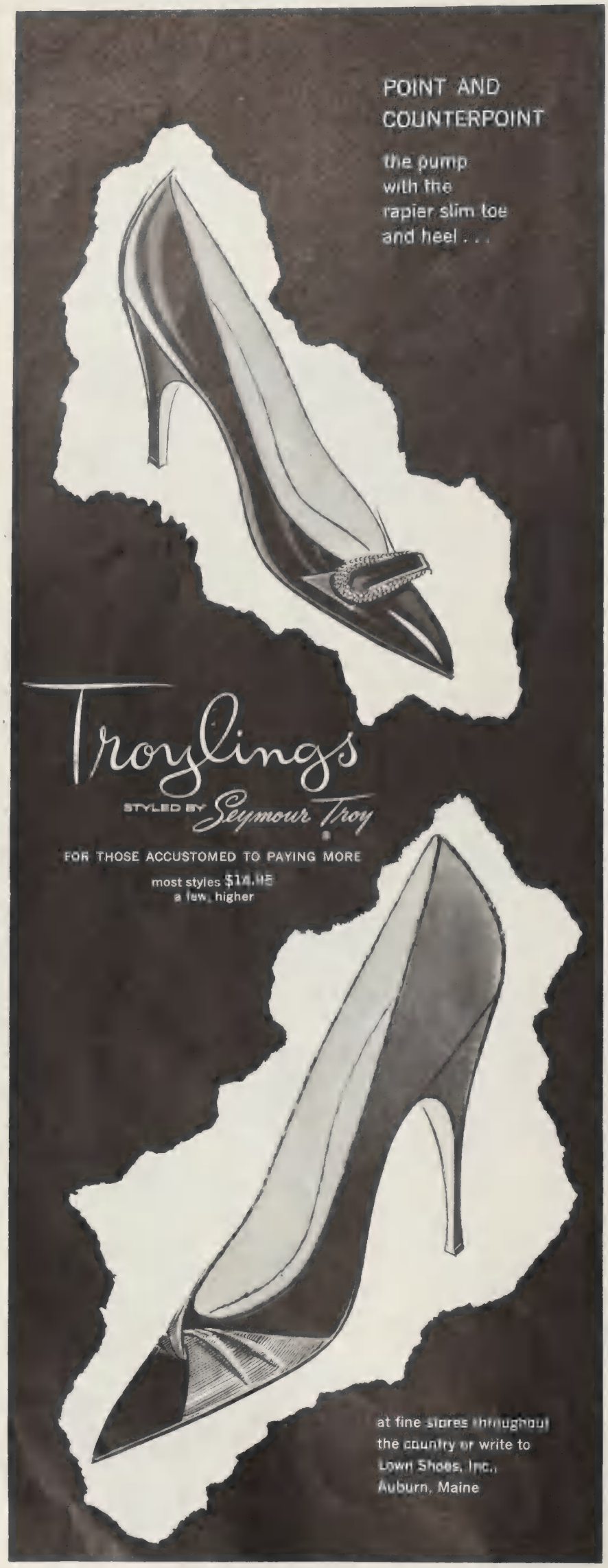
(It's real whole-egg mayonnaise!)

☆ *Best Foods® gives you rich, full-bodied consistency . . . always*

☆ *Delicate flavor to help salmon and other food flavors*

☆ *Extra creamy-smoothness and unmatched lightness*





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

could happen now, after all these years, but I don't care. And in two days they would be home again.

She dreamed of quiet evenings by the fire, of walks together at weekends over the downs. If Mr. Troad gave Rory a job there was no reason why they should not get married at once. She must write and tell Mr. Troad; probably he would think it had all happened rather quickly, but she knew she could manage him—she could always handle Mr. Troad.

A scream broke the peace of her daydream. It came from Mrs. Hannay of Arkansas. Mrs. Hannay had just said, "This treat is on me, dear," and reached for her handbag, when she found it was not there.

"Oh, my—I've left it with all my money, and my passport, and my pearls, someplace! All my letters, all my travelers' checks. I reckon I just got out and left it on my seat in the coach. If I've lost those pearls I'll never, never forgive myself. Mr. Hannay gave them to me on our honeymoon and I can never, never replace them. I'd better go right back to the coach. If I left them in any of the shops on the way up I know I'll never see them again." Tears spilled down her face.

"If you left them in the coach there's no need to worry. Mike is always with his coach," Lys comforted her. "He doesn't trust foreigners, and he himself is absolutely reliable. You stay here—you don't want that climb again, I'm sure. I'll nip down and see if I can find it. It won't take me any time."

"You're a real good girl," said Mrs. Hannay. "I'll never forgive myself for this, or for giving you all this trouble."

"See to the others for me, will you? Don't let Mrs. Chubb go wandering off alone," Lys told her.

She hurried down the cobbled street between the stalls of souvenirs. The viragos in charge did not bestir themselves for her. Experience had taught them that girls in uniform are rarely good customers. They sat in the doorways of their shops, fanning themselves, shouting items of interest and criticisms of passers-by to one another, in broad patois.

Lys stopped once only, to buy a post card to send to Mr. Troad. Through the wide carved archway of the entrance she could see the car park with its labyrinths of cars, and in the far distance Mike, in his blue shirt, sat on the back step of the coach reading a newspaper.

She began to weave her way through the neatly ranged cars, thinking only of Mrs. Hannay's bag. It would be tiresome if she really had lost it. There would be endless bother and frustrating visits to police stations.

She was halfway across the park when someone called out suddenly behind her, "Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle!" It was almost a cry of anguish. Instinctively she stopped and turned.

Up in the restaurant overlooking the endless gray expanse of quicksands the ladies waited in the sunshine, consoling the distraught Mrs. Hannay with tales of property lost under even less hopeful circumstances, in even more unlikely places, and miraculously retrieved.

"I do hope nothing has gone wrong," said Mrs. Chubb uneasily. "It couldn't have taken Lys this long to get down and back. Not with her young legs. She's been gone almost an hour."

At four o'clock Rory and Alec Strong returned with the rest of the party enthusiastically mopping heated faces.

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world," said Mrs. Maitland. "But what an eerie place it is. Do you know they showed us a great aperture in a wall where they used to poke in anyone who died. Because, of course, up here, with no soil depth, there wasn't any place to bury them. And as for the sanitary arrangements—well ——"

"About them, the less said the better," said Mrs. Campion from Litchfield, Connecticut.

Rory's voice cut sharply through the babble of talk. "Where's Miss Halliday?"

They clustered round him, explaining. "Mrs. Hannay's handbag—left in the coach, she thinks, and Lys went back to see if it was there. She should have been back long ago, but it's more than an hour ——"

Rory took Alec's arm. "Be a good chap. Take charge. I'm going to look for her."

He ran down the narrow street, brushing off the vendors of bric-a-brac, the keepers of restaurants like so many gnats.

Mike was still sitting on the step of the coach, idly turning over the pages of a newspaper. He looked surprised. "Miss Halliday? She never came down here. Sure, I've got Mrs. Hannay's bag. She left it on her seat and I put it inside my locker. But Miss Halliday—I haven't seen her."

A cold sweat broke out on Rory's forehead. "I might have an accident," she had said. "Get run over, or fall down a lift shaft." She had laughed when she said it, making a joke of it. "But if anything happens to me, read it and send it on as quickly as you can."

But this kind of thing, Lys thought, bewildered, *simply does not happen. Not in broad daylight, and in a crowded place with people all around.* A voice had called out sharply behind her "Mademoiselle" and she had turned instinctively, believing that someone had been hurt.

The monk she had seen leaning over the culvert was coming toward her, another younger man, dressed in ordinary clothes, beside him. Her first thought was that they had found Mrs. Hannay's bag and were coming to tell her, and she stood waiting for them.

They were in a sort of cul-de-sac made by the maze of cars, and by the time she realized what was happening it was too late. There was no time to shout for help, no time to do anything. Taking her by the arms, they bundled her into a nearby car.

The young man with the monk slammed and locked the door on her side, and jumped into the driver's seat. The monk pulled the shabby rain-stained blinds down over the windows. Then he sat back, his hands splayed on his knees on the rough brown habit.

Lys tried to speak to the men beside her. "Father—*mon père* ——"

He turned to her and smiled, and made strange brutish noises, touching his throat and ears. He was deaf and dumb—or was he only pretending to be?

Ahead through the windshield, over the driver's shoulders, she could see the road they were traveling along. They had passed that way only yesterday, and now she had no doubts as to where they were taking her. It was the direct, cross-country route to the château where Tiger had seen her. By the roundabout route they had taken it had been several days' tour. Going direct across country it was probably only a matter of hours.

Why was I fool enough to think he hadn't recognized me? she asked herself. *I should have made a bolt for home the moment I saw him.* Only it had seemed so unlikely that there could be any danger after all these years. She closed her eyes, feeling sick. *I always knew they would find me*, she thought. *In my heart I always knew.*

But what could they do? She would not be allowed to disappear. There would be inquiries made. Mr. Troad would pursue them, she knew, with dogged thoroughness, and Rory had that letter. If only he acted on it and sent it off at once, machinery would be put into motion, the French police alerted. The thing was to keep calm and try to gain time.

If only in her mind a little voice had not whispered that she was not likely to win the battle of wits with Tiger twice over. That would be expecting too much of fate.

She pressed her hands to her eyes and tried to think. They would have missed her by now. Rory would take the ladies back to the hotel, open the letter, and maybe guess more or less what had happened. How long would it take for the letter to reach headquarters? When

CONTINUED ON PAGE 147

Die we must, ultimately, but we can live, if we love.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON
Love and Learn
(Harper & Bros.)



just comb it in...

then comb out!



it's the 1-step permanent!

creamy PROM

FASTER . . . BECAUSE PROM IS A WAVING CREAM! Just comb in PROM's waving cream once—(then roll up and rinse). One Step! That's all. The neutralizing is automatic! When your wave's ready . . . *comb out!*

EASIER . . . BECAUSE PROM IS A WAVING CREAM! No dripping . . . No dabbing . . . No messing! Creamy Prom stays where you put it—waves where you want it!

SOFTER . . . BECAUSE PROM IS A WAVING CREAM! No after-wave dryness! No snarls! No frizz! PROM is rich with costly conditioners. It actually waves in silken softness . . . leaves hair far easier to manage. And, it's the longest lasting home permanent you've ever had! **TRY IT!**

Creamy Prom

For complete permanents... *REGULAR, SUPER, VERY GENTLE* – There's a PROM perfect for your hair.

end curl Prom

One step *END CURL PROM* – For in-between permanents, neckline stragglers and all end curl hair-styles.

PROM is ideal for children's hair, too!



NEW!

Betty Crocker

Cake 'n Frosting Mix!

YOU GET BOTH IN ONE PACKAGE!

FAMILY SIZE! Cuts in 9 big servings! FAMILY EASY! Quick to mix, quick to frost! FAMILY GOOD! Betty Crocker's own Cake 'n Frosting Mixes!

TWO FAVORITE COMBINATIONS: White Cake with Fudge Frosting. ↓ Chocolate Devils Food Cake with Fluffy White Frosting. →





Cake enough for 1 extra-big layer . . . plenty of frosting for top and sides! You get both in one package . . . to bake in your own 8″ square pan, or 9″ square pan, or 9″ round pan. Now you can have fresh-baked, fresh-frosted cake any time you want it! Quick! Easy! Economical! And just plain good!

General Mills

"I guarantee a perfect* cake 'n perfect* frosting!"

Betty Crocker

*Yes, every mix we make for you is guaranteed to come out perfect, or send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

ıld they get moving? Not, at best, until to-
rrow, and between now and then stretched
l long, hateful dark hours of the night.
ybe the accident, whatever it was to be,
ıld have happened long before anyone
ld find her ——

t was best not to think about it.

he car stopped at an *auberge* on the edge
a mustard field stretching golden yellow
ıy to the horizon. The monk went inside,
ving the driver in charge. He got out and
ned against the door.

he monk reappeared in a few moments
h a glass of cider and a long yellow roll
d with cheese which he handed Lys
ough the window. She shook her head. As
clambered into the seat beside her she made
udden wild bid to attract the attention of a
n driving by in a cart with a slow, sad
rse. A hand was clapped over her mouth and
was thrown roughly back onto the seat.
e driver turned in front of them, laughing.

They reached the château soon after seven
clock that night. The sun was going down,
nding long golden fingers through the trees.
e grim shadow of the château was reflected,
ole and entire, in an opal-colored lake
ere the swans floated among the lily pads.
e château windows were closed, as before.
o one peeped through the shutters. No one
ited on the terrace. The place looked dead
d deserted without a chink of light coming
t into the gathering twilight.

They went through the great doors and she
mained where the monk left her, alone in
e center of the vast hall, with the evening
adows gathering and filling it like water
wly rising in a bowl. In sudden panic she
n to the big oak door and tried to open it,
aking and battering at it, but it was locked
d barred.

Then a door opened in the gallery above
d her mouth went dry, for a man stood there
ckoning to her. It was only the deaf mute
ho had laid aside his brown habit and now
ore the blue-and-white-striped coat of a
rvant. He made guttural noises, indicating
at she was to follow him.

The conducted tour had not touched this
rt of the château. They went through a long
llery that led into a vast salon with lovely
anging crystal chandeliers and slender-legged
ld furniture, the walls and windows hung
ith panels of crimson brocade. At the far end
as a small room elegantly paneled in dark
ood. The open fireplace was stacked with
gs. The familiar scent of French cigarettes
lled the air—the special cigarettes he had al-
ays smoked and managed to get in such
uantities even during the war.

He was standing with his back to the wood-
acked grate, his head thrown back just as
he had so often seen him in her nightmares.

The deaf mute left them, closing the door.

For a long minute he looked at her and she
ealized with a surge of relief that all his one-
ime power over her had gone. Was it possible
hat she had ever thought she loved this man
vith the graying hair, the hard, fine lines
bout his eyes, the smile that was not gay at
ll?

"Well, well," he said at length. "Sit down,
won't you, Miss Laurel Jones?"

She sat on the edge of the brocade sofa
while he remained standing, his hands behind
him, looking down at her with his sharp,
bright eyes.

"You have certainly changed. For the bet-
er—neat, *soignée*, sophisticated."

He lit a cigarette and flung the match away
with the flick of the wrist she remembered so
vell.

"You still do not smoke? So that wasn't just
nother part of the act. No?" He broke off
nd stared for a moment at the end of his cig-
rette. "Those terrible clothes," he said. "Even
n them you did what no other woman has
been able to do—you took me in completely.
You must have been worth a great deal to
your employers. I hope they paid you well."

She got up and walked to the window. The
shutters on this side of the château were open.
She could see far below a small rose garden
where in the gathering darkness a silver
fountain played. She took off her cap and put
t down on a little table beside the window.

"Is there any point in going over all that now?" she asked wearily. "We were both of us fighting for our countries in our different ways. It is all a very long time ago. What do you want, Tiger?"

He looked at the end of his cigarette, and then again at her. "What do you think I want? You played me the dirtiest trick a woman can play a man. You led me on to believe you were in love with me, you made me trust you and confide in you ——"

"If you knew how little I liked doing it!"

"Don't try that line with me. It will not march, my child. You pretended to love me and I believed you. I thought you were all I had ever dreamed of in a woman. It nearly cost me my life. It was not your fault that I had the good fortune to escape. . . . I dislike being made a fool of."

She turned and faced him, sick with weariness, but scorn and dislike had taken away some of her fear. "We're wasting time," she said. "There is no war on now. You can't get rid of me as you did Mr. Jones and Peppi and the others."

"Peppi. Yes, poor Peppi. I never could be certain—was he involved or not?"

"He knew nothing at all about any of it."

"Ah, well, we could not afford to take risks. As you know, we are thorough in our methods. It took a long time to find you, for you are a very clever girl. Strangely, I have always been sure that one happy day the time would come—though I didn't really expect that you would come walking into my home! Shepherding a group of old women but looking beautiful and slender and *soignée*, all I had once dreamed of making you. The rest was easy—a telephone call to the travel company in London soon gave me your real name and the route of the tour. That is not a very clever young woman you have in your London office."

Lys smiled. "No, Miranda is not very clever."

"Miss Lys Halliday, late Miss Laurel Jones. Ex-policewoman. No doubt, as you say, a search will be made, but it is not likely they will find you because no one will connect you in any way with me or with this place."

With a wild catch of hope, Lys thought of the letter she had given Rory and the address penciled inside. Even now it might be on its way to London. But would there be time—oh, would there be? Time was what she must work for. She must fight for it.

He threw away his cigarette and came to stand directly before her. "You asked me what I want. Such a foolish question. You know as well as I do what the stakes are in this game. For six years you have been the winner. Now it is my turn."

Her mind raced, trying to think what Rory would do about the letter and how long it would take. Surely he must have sent it off before this. He would have to find someone to take over the tour, but of course he would manage. The address in pencil should bring him. By tomorrow surely he would arrive.

Tiger's voice came to the end of a sentence she had hardly heard. He said sharply, "We will start tonight. There are two old friends of yours who will be as pleased to see you as I am. You remember Suzanne and Colette?"

She said nothing, closing her eyes.

His voice went on, icy with mock courtesy. "But I am very thoughtless. We will start tonight—after we have dined, of course. No doubt you will want to wash and perhaps rest for a little? I must show you to your room myself. Nowadays, alas, I have no women servants. Once there was a large staff here, but I do not wish to have the village women about. Their tongues are too long. Rudolph, whom you have already met, is deaf and dumb and also he cannot read or write. It makes him very reliable."

He took her through the labyrinth of passages to a large bedroom with faded brocades and a four-poster bed like a great galleon in one corner. Mirrors in heavy gold frames reflected the two of them for a moment, standing on the threshold

"It is a little cold and comfortless, I fear," he said. He went to the fireplace and knelt and put a match to the wood and it caught and blazed, filling the room with dancing shadows.

"Now I will leave you until we dine." He moved away, closing the door after him, and she heard the key turn in the lock.

Lys went to the window and opened one of the shutters. Far below, a sheer drop, lay the lake with its lily pads and sleeping white swans. There was no escape that way. All she could hope to do was to keep her head and try to fight for time. The letter—the letter. It would bring help, and so would Rory.

If only the little hammer inside her head would cease drumming out its message, *It may be too late . . . too late . . . too late*——

The water in the ewer was icy cold. Lys washed and tidied her hair as best she could. Her face, white, with shadowed eyes, looking back at her from the clouded mirror seemed the face of a stranger. Then she sat by the fire, holding her hands to the thin blaze, still cold with shock.

Somewhere far off a gong rang, echoing through the stillness. Then the key turned and the servant, Rudolph, opened the door, stepping aside politely for her to pass. He wore a striped coat and dark trousers, the perfect gentleman's servant.

6 P.M.

By ALICE BOYD STOCKDALE

This moment will not fit
An apron pocket
Nor cup between two hands,
Nor can one lock it
Like sweet basil
In a jar to savor
Someday, recapturing
Its fragrant flavor.
This moment blooms
Full-blown and fleet,
Happening in hardly
Half a heartbeat. . . .
"Daddy's home!"
The startled door swings wide
Letting love
And laughter step inside.

In the great dining hall tall candles burned in silver candelabra. Heavy curtains were pulled over the windows, shutting out the stars. Tiger had put on a wine-colored velvet jacket that matched the Burgundy which the deaf mute poured into the glasses. Between the candles a silver dish was piled high with grapes, emerald green and purple black, covered with fresh, soft bloom.

The dinner was good—an omelet, a bird and a savory—but Lys could not eat. She played with the food on her plate while the man who sat opposite watched with cold, cruel eyes. Over the table he raised his glass to her ceremoniously.

"For me, this is a dream come true. Come, my dear, you must eat. Otherwise you may find the trip ahead of us tiring. Night is so much the best time for traveling when one is in a hurry. No one remarks your passing by."

The deaf mute brought coffee in gold-and-black cups. Lys drank some and it steadied her. The servant brought sweetmeats and she took a gaily wrapped piece of chocolate and played with it. In her heart she prayed, *Rory, dear Rory, please do something! Please hurry—before it is too late.*

Tiger was speaking again and his voice reached her as if from a great distance. "In other days we grew very fine fruit here. Also the wine we made was some of the finest in Normandy. I would have liked you to see this place as it was in those days—before the war." He went on, painting a picture of life as it had been in other days, but she hardly listened.

Then he was standing, and suddenly his tone became harsh. "Come," he said. "It is time for us to go."

The great doors were thrown open onto the courtyard. An iron lantern, hanging outside, lighted the scene. The long, low sports car was waiting for them, the deaf mute beside it, a rug on his arm.

Lys crossed the threshold and then stopped. "My cap," she said. "I left it in the small room beyond the gallery. I'll get it." She turned swiftly, but Tiger stopped her, his hand on her arm.

"No," he said. "You need no hat."

She looked about her wildly. There was no one save the deaf mute in sight, and in that instant she knew that her chances of escape were narrowing desperately. She stepped into the car and Tiger took the driver's seat beside her. He drove slowly out of the great gates in the white moonlight and turned south.

Rory took the ladies back to the hotel and hurried to his own room. He had locked the envelope which Lys had given him away in his attaché case with his business papers. "If anything happens to me," she had said, "read it and send it on as quickly as you can."

Inside the blank envelope was another, heavily sealed, addressed to the London headquarters of MI-5. On the envelope was penciled in Lys' handwriting, "Château Caranac, Normandy." There was a number after this and the words, "They have got me."

Rory looked at his watch. Four o'clock. She must already have been gone for two hours. Out of his anxiety and fear for her there came to him, as there always did in moments of stress and danger, a great calm. He planned quickly what he must do.

First, the tour. He could not leave twenty-five ladies abandoned in Brittany, but, thank God, there was Alec Strong. He said to Alec on the telephone, "There are only three more nights to go. Will you and your mother take over? Everything is mapped out on the route and I'll hand over the papers. Something has happened to Miss Halliday and I must stay and find her." He added, "I'll ring Troad in London and explain. I can't think of any other way out. Will you do it?"

Alec Strong accepted with such alacrity that Rory felt it was what he had been hoping for all along.

The tour members, assembled in the hotel lounge, listened to Rory with shocked faces. Snatches of their conversation reached him afterward as he and Alec went over last-minute instructions. "Surely not murder." . . . "Like that poor child with a bicycle—like those poor souls camping in the mountains." . . . "Why, of course he must go. Mr. Strong will look after us splendidly."

Alec said, "Have you any idea where to look for her?"

"I'm not sure—I think so."

"But surely we ought to alert the police!"

"I shall do that if necessary," Rory said quietly.

While he was packing Mrs. Chubb came tapping at his door. "Look, just what do you intend to do?"

He turned a white, strained face toward her. "First I must get to the airport and have a letter taken at once to England. Then I'm going back to one of the châteaux we visited. There's a bus at midnight."

"Never mind the bus, dear boy. You can hire a car, can't you? Mr. Chubb left me very well provided for and I have far more than one woman needs. Take this and use it, and my love to you both."

She pushed a roll of bills into his hand and hurried away.

The money made all the difference. In the rented car he drove across country instead of following the roundabout route they had taken in the coach. Beyond going to Caranac—because that was the address she had written down—Rory had no idea what to do after he had taken the letter to the airport and arranged to have it delivered by hand in London within two hours. At Caranac he would ring Troad, assuring him the tour members were in good hands and explaining about Lys. Maybe Mr. Troad knew something that he, Rory, did not know. MI-5. What could she possibly have to do with that? It was a department that dealt with crime and espionage.



***A.M.** Your mid-morning "Coffee-break" is a special treat when a neighbor drops in for a friendly chat. Then there's nothing like a good hot cup of your own delicious coffee to help perk you up.

***P.M.** Mid-afternoon when marketing's done, you've really earned a "Coffee-break"! What a welcome gentle lift it gives you! What a relief! It actually helps you think better, work better, feel better!

***TV** What could be more pleasant than a relaxing demitasse of your own fine coffee while you're watching TV? Especially for guests, the mid-evening "Coffee-break" shows the warmth of your hospitality!

HINT A demitasse should be just a little "richer" than regular full-bodied coffee. Easy method: use 3 level tablespoons or 1½ standard measures of coffee for each ¾ measuring cup of fresh cold water.

GOOD COFFEE... EVERY TIME!



Use 1 standard coffee measure (2 level tblsps.) of coffee for each cup of fresh cold water. Time the brewing exactly! Delicious—always!

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU
120 WALL STREET, NEW YORK 5, N.Y.

Brazil • Colombia • Costa Rica • Cuba • Dominican Republic • Ecuador • El Salvador • Guatemala • Honduras • Mexico • Venezuela



© 1957, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

He tried to remember just what Lys had said, the whole conversation. Once she had been in love with someone, but she was not in love with him any longer. That much he remembered. But what could it possibly have to do with MI-5?

At Caranac, Rory took a room in the little *estaminet* close to the gates of the château. The first thing was to find out about the place and the people who lived there. He questioned the pretty, dark-eyed waitress who brought his morning coffee and rolls.

"*Mais oui, monsieur*. The family still lives there. At least all that remains of the family, for now there is only Monsieur le Comte. And he does not come very often. The château is open each day for tourists to see, for it is very splendid. Perhaps monsieur would like to go?"

"Perhaps," said Rory. "What is he like, this Monsieur le Comte?"

It seemed to him that she avoided his eyes. "The *comte* of today is a stranger to us all. He comes only to see about the wine and then he goes again."

"Is he here now?"

"I do not know, monsieur—but it is easy for me to find out. My fiancé's mother lives in the lodge. She will know."

"Is he married, this *comte?*"

"No, I do not think he is married, monsieur, but perhaps he is. Many ladies come and go, but in the village we do not know who they are. His servant who goes everywhere with him is deaf and dumb, so no gossip arrives from the château, which is perhaps good, for gossip is not wise."

He finished his coffee quickly and went to the post office. It was now after ten o'clock. The London offices would be open. To his annoyance the only telephone was against the wall in the main office where every word would be overheard.

He stood anxiously waiting for his call to go through. When it did he got Miranda.

"Ow, it's Mr. Mallory. . . . From France—oh, dear, that's ever so expensive, isn't it? . . . Yes, he's in. I'll fetch him. Will you hold on, please?"

Then Troad's voice came to him. "Gone," repeated Mr. Troad. "What do you mean, gone? She can't be gone — Yes, yes—I'm listening. But it's incredible. . . . Yes, of course you must. Do whatever you think best, spare no expense. You've alerted the police? . . . Well, ring me when you have any news."

From time to time Rory looked at his watch, doing silent calculations. By now his letter must surely have reached headquarters. They would get things going at once, alert the French police. If he started anything on his own he might do more harm than good. So there was nothing to do but sit here—waiting. The little maid came back presently.

"Alas, monsieur, if you wished to see Monsieur le Comte, you are too late. He left very late last night in his automobile. Nor does anyone know when he is expected to return. It is possible he has gone south where he has other property."

Where his other property was the little maid did not know. After she left him Rory sat for a moment, fighting his sense of helplessness and despair. He was roused by a blast on a motor horn. A large coach, red-and-cream-colored, drew up in front of the hotel. Out of it poured a stream of sight-seers and the air was filled with English voices, speaking with a broad North Country accent. Presently the entire company assembled for coffee.

"How busy we are," cried the little waitress, important and delighted as she bustled around with her trays. "Presently they will go to the château. Why does monsieur not go with them? It is my fiancé who takes the parties around and it is very interesting with many pictures and much fine furniture."

That, thought Rory, was not a bad idea. Maybe he could slip in with the rest, unnoticed. Once inside he would leave the main party and wander off by himself on the chance that Lys might be there somewhere. Anything was better than sitting here waiting.

All about him the honest Lancashire voices boomed and twittered. When the newcomers straggled on foot up the long drive to the courtyard Rory joined them and got into conversation with two young men about his own age, passing unnoticed through the turnstile with the rest of the party. As they moved on in the wake of the guide, Rory lingered behind, watching his opportunity. A door closed, the voices of the tourists and the sound of their footsteps on the marble floor faded. He was alone.

He ran up the staircase to the gallery that looked down into the great hall and from there he came to the floor to which tourists were not admitted. There were endless passages with secondary staircases and innumerable doors opening into big, empty rooms. Floating up the stair wells he could hear now and then the voice of the guide, reciting his tale of old loves and long-forgotten romances.

Rory came to an open door, leading into the long room furnished with gold-legged furniture and crystal chandeliers and hanging tapestries. There was no one in sight. The place had an unlived-in feeling until Rory saw on an onyx ash tray a recently stubbed-out cigarette.

A door at the far end of the room led into a smaller one, paneled with greenish wood, the fireplace piled with apple logs. A litter of French newspapers lay filleted on the floor as if someone had torn through them in a great hurry and let them lie. The grate was peppered with more cigarette butts and Rory picked up one. It bore a French trade-mark with no trace of lipstick.

He stood looking about him. Over the windows the shutters were closed, keeping out the sunlight. He pushed one aside and found himself looking out onto a small rose garden where a fountain played. Then something caught his eye that made his heart give a great jump and start a wild hammering.

On the little table next to the window lay a saucy blue cap, its silver badge catching a splinter of sun that crept through the shutter. Lys' cap.

He picked it up and held it in his two hands ridiculously and senselessly comforted by the feel of it. She had been here—now at least he knew that. The police must be alerted so that they could come and search the place at once. Rory lifted the cap to his lips for a moment, then stuffed it into his pocket, and as he did this heard the sound of footsteps. Someone was coming from the long room to the little antechamber where he stood.

He drew back into the shelter of the heavy curtains and waited.

The man who came in was a servant, dressed in dark trousers and a blue-and-white-striped coat. He carried in one hand a bright orange-colored duster and he had the careless, off-duty air of one who knows his master is not at home. He took a cigarette from a box and lit it, picked up the papers from the floor and looked at the pictures. It was some moments before he noticed Rory standing in the window. Then the cigarette fell from his lips and his jaw dropped.

Rory got between him and the door. He pulled Lys' blue cap from his pocket and held it out.

"Mademoiselle is here. I wish to see her at once."

The man's jaw quivered and his eyeballs bulged unpleasantly. He made strange guttural noises and touched his ears and throat. A deaf mute! Rory remembered what the waitress had told him. All the same, thought Rory, his back to the door, the fellow could not be left to give the alarm. The wisest thing would be to knock him out, but he seemed such a piteous creature, standing shivering there, that Rory had not the heart to do it. So he took the thick cords from the curtains and bound him well, hand and foot, using those cunning knots that seamen learn. He left him on the sofa where he would be reasonably comfortable and, for safety's sake, bound him there also. Then he locked the door, pocketed the key, and stood for a moment breathing heavily, trying to decide the next move.

It was hopeless to look for Lys alone in this labyrinth. He must alert the police at once, with her cap as evidence, and have the place searched.

He did not wait for the rest of the party, but let himself out of the big doors and made his

to the *gendarmerie*. It was a square, white ding, standing in a neat garden planted lobelia and calceolaria, as if there was ing much doing in the way of crime in e parts and the force had plenty of time gardening.

oday, however, they appeared busy. As y entered, a middle-aged inspector was ing into a telephone and a number of cemen were standing by, evidently await- orders. A young man holding gantlets a crash helmet went out as Rory arrived, arting with a roar and clatter.

omething was afoot and Rory's throat felt denly dry. Had they heard something from land? He tried to attract the attention of an rly gendarme who waved him impatiently le saying, "Presently, monsieur. Presently." But this is important, *très* important!" y told him desperately.

Here we also have on hand something portant, monsieur. *Tout à l'heure.*"

Look here—at least tell me this," Rory plored him. "Is it about a Miss Halliday? ve you had word from tland Yard—in Eng- d?"

Blankness descended over gendarme's large face a curtain. "Miss Halli- ? England? Scotland rd? *Mais non*, monsieur. re today there has been accident—a very terrible ident on the road in the ith—and they have sent us to go immediately to ntify the victims. If mon- ur will excuse me—mon- ur, the inspector, will be e in a moment and will e you attention."

There was nothing for it t to wait as patiently as ssible. Rory sat down on wooden bench, gnawing thumb. The fleet of cars nt off. The station cleared ttle. The inspector, mop- g his brow, turned to e Rory his attention— t the telephone rang ain, and again he said, ne moment, monsieur."

In desperation Rory ned on the desk and ited. Lys' small blue cap s folded in his pocket, and his fingers sed round it. The precious moments were ssing which might make the task of finding more difficult hourly.

Then the door opened to admit a large, uare man so unmistakably English that ry's spirits rose. Even before crossing to desk with an air of authority that sug- ted the place belonged to him, the man ened his coat and showed a badge sewn ide.

Help had arrived.

ys saw the olive trees huddled into little ves on the stony hillsides and felt the rmth of the sun. She stole a quick look at er, driving with only one hand on the eel. With the other he had just lit a cigarette. showed no signs at all of strain after the g night's drive. His eyes, half closed, were ed on the white road that stretched ahead them.

Seeing him so, when he thought himself observed, she could understand where he d got his savage nickname. There was nething in the way he held his head—in narrowness of his forehead and the lazy, f-closed insolence of his eyes—that was in- ed like a tiger. She shivered violently. The emblance did not end there, she thought, a tiger plays with a man, letting him al- st escape and then—when escape seems tain—puts out a paw and pulls him back. ying with him as a cat plays with a mouse.

The countryside was awaking to the summer rning. Though it was still early, the roads re no longer empty. Cows streamed out of fields for the milking. Knots of children ttered down village streets to wait for ses that would take them to school. Farm rts, drawn by huge horses, ambled slowly from gateways and monopolized road centers, slowing all traffic to their own peaceful gait.

Tiger swore softly under his breath and looked quickly at Lys, who knew that he looked but kept her eyes away. She sensed that he was uneasy as the buses appeared, taking workmen to the town, and she wondered whether the time had come to make a bid for their attention.

As if he guessed this, Tiger turned sharply off the highway to a side street. And now Lys knew there was no time to be lost. The village they were entering straggled over fields and among olive groves, round a long, narrow, cobbled street with small dingy shops. In the doorway of a restaurant waiters were setting chairs and tables out into the sunshine underneath the plane trees. Suddenly outside a large, square building that was probably the *mairie* Lys saw an empty bus taking up so much of the street that there was barely room to pass between it and the stone wall opposite. In the sun it stood there, probably waiting to take its load of children to school.

Tiger was driving a great deal too fast. The half-smoked cigarette hung from his lip, and now he had both hands on the wheel. As he tried to swing out to pass the standing bus Lys seized the wheel and wrenched it violently, taking him by surprise. They crashed into the stone wall with a sickening, crunching sound.

She heard his shout, ending in a scream, and felt herself hurtling through the air with nothing in her heart but an immense relief and thankfulness.

All down the street windows shot up and voices shouted. Gendarmes poured in a blue stream from the *mairie*. Whistles blew. A terrified dog went off howling down the road.

In London, seated at the desk in his private office, Mr. Troad was writing a letter. It was obviously a letter that moved him deeply, for as he wrote his plain face quivered and his mouth framed the words he was putting down. Several times he stopped to reread what he had just written.

"This terrible affair," wrote Mr. Troad. "I don't know when I have been so shocked and upset by anything and only thank God that you are safe. Of course Mallory did the only possible thing to do and I am more than grateful to him and will see that it is made worth his while. But the thought that you have been in danger and might easily have been killed has quite knocked me over.

"I don't mind telling you this has brought me to facing a fact that has been in my mind for many years. I fell in love with you from the very first, Lys, when you looked after me in the hospital. I know I'm a darned ugly fellow and I always told myself it was no use, that someday another fellow would come along. I tried to assure myself that I would grow out of it in time. Only I never have grown out of it and, as it seems no other fellow has come along, I wonder if there is a chance for me. As you know, the old firm is doing very well and looks like doing better. And if a man's entire love and devotion ——"

He broke off, daydreaming, a luxury he seldom allowed himself. With young Mallory in the office—maybe in time a partner, for anyone could see he was the right type of fellow—Mr. Troad realized that he would be able to take life easier. He would have more leisure and why should he not travel himself and see the world?

He saw a picture of Lys and himself in a gondola, honeymooning at the start of a new and wonderful life. He stared at his half-written letter and tried out new and unaccustomed words that did not come easily

H H H H H

THOREAU SAID:

I would rather sit on a pumpkin, and have it all to myself, than to be crowded on a velvet cushion.

When you travel to the Celestial City, carry no letters of introduction. When you knock, ask to see God, none of the servants.

There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root.

If you would convince a man that he does wrong, do right. Men will believe what they see. Let them see.

The only prayer for a brave man is to be adoing.

H H H H H

NOW Jell-O Instant Pudding's special magic makes

ICE CREAM PIE

No freezing...keeps firm in your refrigerator!

JELL-O BRAND New INSTANT PUDDING

No Cooking "BUSY-DAY" Dessert

7 FLAVORS



EASY-AS-PIE ICE CREAM PIE



1. Ice Cream. Blend together lightly in bowl one pint vanilla ice cream and one cup of milk.



2. Jell-O Instant Pudding. Add package Chocolate Instant Pudding. Beat until just mixed . . . one minute.



3. A baked pie shell. Pour at once into 9-inch pie shell. Let stand in refrigerator about one hour.

Jell-O Instant Pudding is the magic that makes this ice cream pie smooth and "cut-able." Keeps up to 24 hours in your refrigerator. And how those Jell-O Instant flavors blend with ice cream!

Try these pairs for a beginning. You'll discover other dream pie combinations yourself!



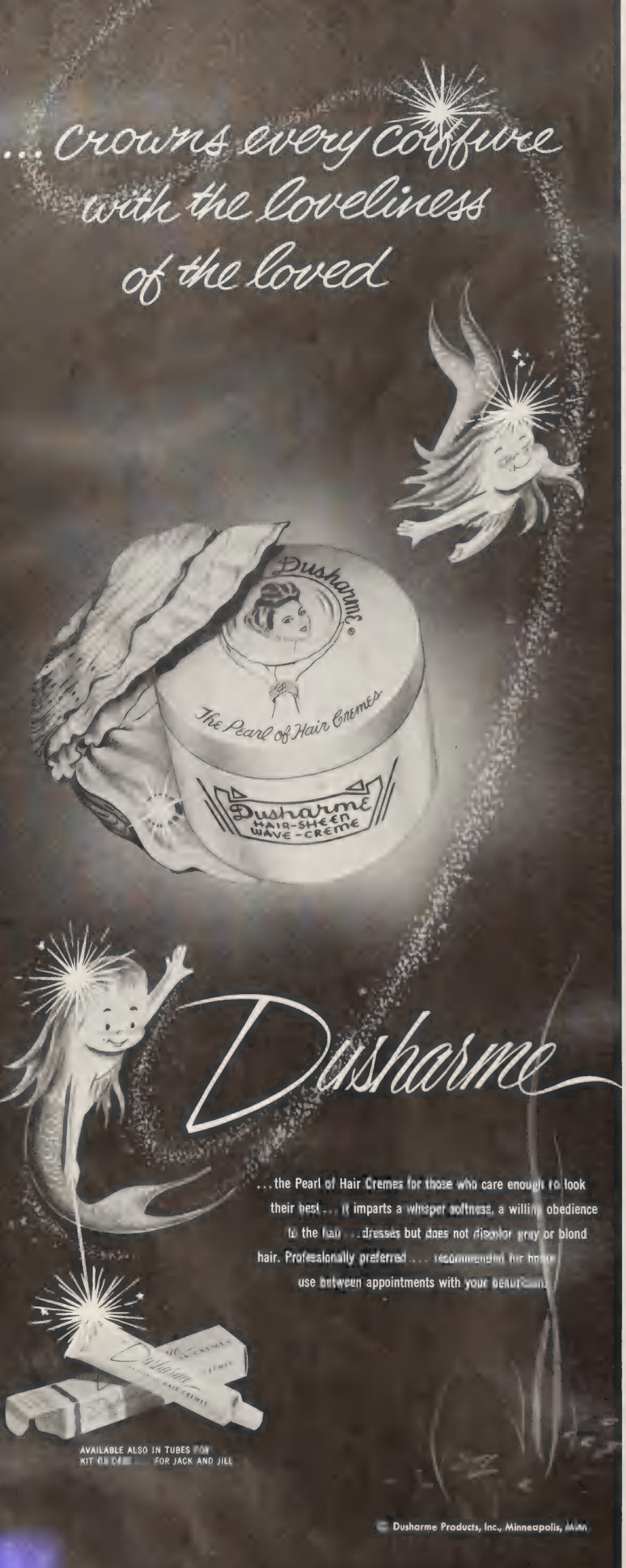
Jell-O Strawberry Instant Pudding with Strawberry Ice Cream!

Jell-O Lemon Instant Pudding with Pineapple Ice Cream!

Jell-O Vanilla Instant Pudding with Pistachio Ice Cream!

Jell-O is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corporation

...crowns every coiffure with the loveliness of the loved



Dusharme

...the Pearl of Hair Cremes for those who care enough to look their best... it imparts a whisper softness, a willing obedience to the hair...dresses but does not discolor gray or blond hair. Professionally preferred.... recommended for home use between appointments with your beautician

AVAILABLE ALSO IN TUBES FOR KIT OR CAKE ... FOR JACK AND JILL

© Dusharme Products, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

to his tongue. "My darling" . . . "My little dear one . . ."

The door opened and Miss Joad came in with the afternoon post. "Letters at last," she said. "Now we shall know from Lys herself what happened. She must be right enough, for her handwriting is quite normal."

He took the letters, hoping she would not notice that his hand was trembling. He held Lys' letter for a moment before he opened it, happiness filling his heart like a warm tide because she was safe and well and her handwriting was normal.

Then he opened the letter.

"I can still not understand how I escaped with only a few scratches and a sprained wrist. I was certain when it happened that it was the end—but here I am, being terribly well looked after by that dear Mrs. Chubb who arrived yesterday with Rory. I will tell you the whole story as soon as we get back and I am terribly sorry about the bother we have given you.

"I don't know how we are ever going to thank you for all your kindness, and for promising Rory a permanent job, which makes all the difference in the world to us. I was going to write and tell you that he and I are going to be married. It all happened very quickly and no one was more surprised than I, because for so many years I have ruled out all idea of anything of the kind."

The warm tide that had filled Mr. Troad receded, leaving him very cold. His face worked and the end of his long nose twitched painfully. The words hummed in his mind like bees. *Going to be married—going to be married—going to be married.* Rory Mallory and Lys. And he had been fool enough to imagine that she might have considered an ugly old fellow like himself.

The closing words of her letter swam before his eyes:

"I shall never forget all I owe you. It was a very lucky day for me when I came to see you that morning after the war. Bless you fo everything."

Well, well, well, thought Mr. Troad, blow ing his nose. *When one of your citadels ge knocked down, there is nothing for it but start and build up another.* He tore the letter h had been writing into small pieces and droppe them into the wastepaper basket. At lea there was this to it: she would not go very fa away. With Mallory working in the offic they would be bound to live somewhere nea and he would see her from time to time. H would be able to give th two of them a helping han now and again when the needed it.

Maybe, thought M Troad, that is all one ha any right to look for, grow ing older. The chance to he out the young and to l deeply grateful when the gave you a chance to do and did not slam the doo in your face.

He wrote out a telegram "Best congratulations an my love," and was thankful she would nev know how much there was of his love. H folded it up and put it in his pocket, decidin to send it off from a post office on his wa home. Not through the office. He did n feel up to discussing it with the office ye but tomorrow he knew he would be able t carry it off as he had carried off wor things in the past. Tomorrow he would t them.

Miss Joad brought his tea. She looked him, intuitive and uneasy. "You all right? Y look kind of ——"

"Of course I'm all right. A touch of h fever. It's nothing."

"But there isn't any hay," said Miss Joa

"Well, maybe it's a chill then. Don't fu me, my good woman. I dislike being fusse I'll go home early."

"And to bed?" she persisted. "I think yo ought to go to bed."

"All right. All right. I'll go to bed then said Mr. Troad impatiently. "Only leave n in peace." EN

E E E E E

A wise man of Athens was asked when injustice would be abolished. "When those who are not wronged feel as indignant as those who are," he said.

Arthur Mee's Blackout Book. (Hodder & Stoughton)

E E E E E

SHE LOVES ME—SHE LOVES ME NOT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

Sammy ——" Then I struggled to my feet. "Sammy," I said frantically, "Sammy, this is Marsh Hammond. Marsh, this is Sammy—Marsh just happened to be dropping by," I babbled—then I stopped. Nobody was paying any attention to me.

"Hello, old buddy," Sammy was saying to Marsh, grinning.

"You're late," Marsh said reproachfully.

"I know," Sammy apologized. "Little trouble with the bomb," he said, gesturing toward his car, in which, I realized dazedly, he had just driven up. "Say, man," he said, "you got the wrong house." He nodded. "I live next door."

"Oh," Marsh said, looking at me, "a fortunate goof, I must say, old man. I thought this was your mother." He grinned. "She has such an open, welcoming face."

Sammy patted me casually on top of the head. "No," he said, "this chick is more than a mother to me." He looked at me. "Marsh and I are working out at the Y pool," he explained. "Like to ask you along," he said, "but I'm afraid it would give the squad quite a shake ——"

"Thanks just the same," I said coldly, realizing with shock that Sammy didn't seem the least bit perturbed at having found me in Marsh's arms. There was, I decided grimly, little need to worry about Sammy's jealousy.

"Well, then," Sammy said to Marsh, "I guess we better motate. Time is running out."

"Time is of the essence," Marsh said.

"Time is money," Sammy said, nodding.

"Time must have a stop." Marsh turned to me. "Shakespeare," he explained.

"An English poet," Sammy added kindly.

"Dead now," Marsh said.

"See you," Sammy said to me as, with a wave, he clattered down the steps.

They both got into the car and drove awa

I just stood, for a long time, staring aft them. *What*, I thought, *has Norma Gillison g that I haven't got?* At least her boy friend ha shown a little human emotion. Sammy simp didn't care. I picked up the groceries and we into the kitchen and dumped them on t table. My sister Andrea was crouched on t kitchen stool, her nose squashed against t window over the sink, peering out.

"What are you doing?" I said.

Andrea turned reluctantly away from t window and got down. "Just tell me o thing," she said, in a slow, reverent voic "was *that* a *high*-school boy?"

"Yes," I said. "Marsh Hammond, h new ——"

"Poor old Sammy," Andrea said, "I'll b he was absolutely wild with jealousy."

"He fought it down," I said shortly, sta ing out of the room. Then mother came in.

"Hello, dear," she said. "I see you remem bered the cabbage. We're having coleslaw she explained, burrowing in the shoppi bag. "I just got to thinking, why must always be lettuce, lettuce, lettuce ——" S pulled the cabbage out and began rinsing "That was a nice-looking boy on the fro porch, dear," she said. "Is he new? My goo ness, I imagine poor Sammy was simply si with a good-looking boy like that around."

"Not yet," I said rigidly, "but he's going be."

I walked slowly up to my room, thinkin Sammy, I decided grimly, was taking me mu too much for granted. Otherwise he'd ha kept Marsh Hammond off my front porch he'd had to use a flame thrower to do it. thought about how I would have felt if it h been the other way around—if I'd fou

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

Today's smartest floors wear **KENTILE®**

n pink and Piastra white marbleized Kentile rubber tile and brass star inserts. Wall base is black KenCove. Counter top is Kentile cushion-back vinyl.

ve on luxury and love it with KENTILE rubber tile—

o much quieter! So much springier! So much longer wearing!

Room dividers on movable brass rods plus the excitement of this handsomely designed Kentile floor make for dining room drama! Yet this elegant room is so easy to have and so easy to take care of—thanks to Kentile rubber tile. Restful, quiet, with the buoyant resilience only Kentile rubber tile offers, it cleans in a jiffy and needs only occasional light waxing. And its mirror-smooth jewel colors stay fresh looking through years and years of hard wear. Do come and look at Kentile rubber tile (KenRubber®) at your Kentile Dealer's very soon. He's listed under FLOORS in your Classified Phone Directory. Kentile, Inc., Brooklyn 15, New York.



It's so easy and so inexpensive to do-it-yourself!

KENTILE FLOORS

AVAILABLE IN RUBBER ▪ CORK ▪ VINYL ASBESTOS ▪ SOLID VINYL ▪ CUSHION-BACK VINYL ▪ AND ASPHALT TILE . . . OVER 150 DECORATOR COLORS

ntile, Inc.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

Sammy with his arms around some beautiful girl. I'd have died, I thought, I'd have simply died. But not Sammy. He didn't think he could lose me, or—I paused, my eyes widening—he didn't care! It was a terrifying thought. The more I thought about it, though, the surer I was. *Face it*, I told myself firmly. *If you can't make Sammy jealous of a boy like Marsh Hammond, you might as well shave your head.*

Then I looked at Sammy's picture, smiling out at me from my dresser, and I thought about how sweet Sammy is, and how much I loved him, and I made up my mind. I'd make Sammy jealous of Marsh Hammond, I decided, if it broke every bone in my body!

I waited until Sammy got back from the pool, and then I wandered out in the back yard. Sammy was out in *his* back yard.

"Hi," I said, leaning against the fence and looking into Sammy's eyes. "Sammy," I said, "I love you, and all that, but that Marsh Hammond is the most adorable boy I have ever seen." *There*, I thought, *that ought to do it*. I watched Sammy closely.

"Yeah, he's built for action," Sammy agreed. "Good swimmer too. Little weak on the butterfly, but a terrific crawl man. He's a good guy," he said. "He liked you too."

"He did?" I said blankly.

"Yeah," Sammy said. "Said it was the first time a woman hadn't fallen all over him, drooling. Thought you were a real neat chick."

This was better, I thought happily, than I could have dreamed. "Yes?" I said. "Well?"

Sammy looked puzzled. "Well, what?"

"Well, what did you say?" I prompted.

"I agreed," Sammy said, looking baffled. "What else?"

I sighed. "I guess," I said slowly, "that's just one of those things that if you don't know, nobody can tell you." I felt very depressed. *Maybe*, I thought, *it's already too late*. Sammy was talking again.

"I said," he said patiently, "how about the Passion Pit tonight?"

"Sure," I started to say, then I stopped myself. "No," I said, "no, I don't think so, Sammy. I really ought to study tonight."

"*Study!*" Sammy said, looking stunned.

"Well," I said evasively, "you know how it is. Daddy has been after me again." I patted Sammy's cheek. "I'll see you tomorrow," I said briskly and went into the house. Sammy was still standing at the fence, looking after me in a thoughtful way. *There*, I thought with satisfaction, *that ought to be working*.

I went straight to the phone before I had time to change my mind. I never call up boys, but this was an emergency.

"Hello?" I said, when Marsh answered. "This is Laurie. Laurie Merritt—you remember, the one with the open face ——"

"Well," Marsh said, sounding pleased but not surprised, "how are you?"

"I'm fine," I said, "but I'm having some trouble with my French lesson. I thought maybe you could help me."

There was a short, loaded silence. I could practically hear him thinking. "I don't know," he said then, cautiously. "I don't take French."

"Oh," I said, in a disappointed tone. "Well, maybe we can find something else to do."

There was no pause this time. "Sure thing," Marsh said happily. "Be right along." He hung up. *It's simply amazing*, I thought sadly, *how easy it is when it doesn't matter*. And that was probably *why* it was easy, I thought, as I went upstairs to dress. Marsh was so used to women fighting over him that he was intrigued by one who, deep down, didn't care. I sighed, slipping into the new lavender linen that I had been saving to stun Sammy with. Sometimes I am struck by the irony of life.

By the time I was ready, I heard a car coming around the corner. I looked over at Sammy's house. The light was on in his room, I noticed with satisfaction—that meant he was there, and could see our house. *Well*, I thought, *here goes*. Though Sammy and I were not officially going steady (in some ways, my parents are terribly old-fashioned), this would be the first time in ages that I had actually had a date with anyone else. It's funny the things a person will do for love.

When Marsh got out and slammed the car door I went outside to meet him. "Hi," I said, loudly, taking hold of his arm and looking up at him in an adoring way. *Take that, Sammy Hastings*, I thought bitterly.

Marsh looked down at me with interest. "Do you always yell at your guests?"

"Let's go out in the patio," I said. "We can sit in the lawn swing and talk." The patio is right under Sammy's window. When we got there I switched on the outside light, which makes it as bright as day.

Marsh sat down in the swing and I got us some lemonade, and sat down beside him.

Marsh looked at me approvingly. "Warm night," he said.

I laughed. "Oh, Marsh," I said in a light, clear voice, "you say the craziest things." (Sound carries well at night, and Sammy's window was open.)

Marsh looked a little startled. "What's so crazy about that?" he said mildly.

"Just a minute," I said, remembering something. I went in and got the portable radio I got for Sammy and me to take to the beach, and brought it out. I turned it on until we got some lovely, dreamy Ray Anthony.

"You sure that won't bother your folks?" Marsh said. "Isn't it a little loud?"

"Oh, they don't mind," I said calmly. I looked at him. "Shall we dance?" I said.

Marsh grinned. "Why not?" he said graciously, getting up. Probably, I thought, I should be glad he was so conceited—any normal boy would have thought I'd gone a little mad. To Marsh, I supposed, it was only the natural maneuvering of a love-crazed girl. We danced through several pieces, with me resting my head tenderly on Marsh's shoulder and noticing from time to time that Sammy's light was still on. Then suddenly it went out.

"What's the matter?" Marsh said, surprised. "Why did you stop?"

"Wait a minute," I said tensely, dropping my hands and standing quietly in the middle of the patio. *I hope*, I thought nervously, *he haven't gone too far*. Suddenly I remembered the time we were at Ocean Park and an enormous man with a red mustache had tried to get fresh with me and Sammy had hit him as hard as he could in the face. *Goodness knows what would have happened if there hadn't been other people there*, I thought anxiously. I looked at Marsh. Not only was he handsome, I realized, but he was huge. "Marsh," I said nervously, moving away from him and sitting down on the swing, "Marsh, maybe you'd better go ——"

"Go!" Marsh said, looking baffled. "What's the matter—am I breaking out?"

"Sh-h-h!" I said. Somebody was coming down the Hastings driveway. Then I relaxed. Sammy had gone into the garage. He was working on his car. *Well*, I thought, relieved, *that's all right*. Then it began to hit me. He was with another man, the handsomest boy in school, laughing and dancing and goodness knows what, right under Sammy's nose—and there Sammy was, poking around in a carburetor! *Maybe*, I thought, *it just isn't going to be any use. Maybe, all these years, to Sammy I have been just a pal.*

"Come on," Marsh said patiently, "let's dance."

I looked up at him. From the garage Sammy couldn't see or hear anything. "Oh, I don't think so," I said vaguely. *What*, I was thinking frantically, *am I going to do now?* I mean, if this didn't work, what was left? It was an alarming question.

Marsh was studying me. "You know," he said, "I hope you won't mind my saying so, but you're a kind of a strange girl."

I shrugged. "I don't mind," I said. *I wonder*, I thought wanly, *when it was that Sammy stopped caring*.

Marsh sighed in an exasperated way. "All right," he said, sitting back down beside me, "you don't want to dance any more—we'll talk."

"O.K.," I said. There was a pause. Finally I remembered that I was a hostess. "Well," I said politely, "what would you like to talk about?"

Marsh shook his head. "Look," he said reasonably, "you call me up and ask me to come over. You act real glad to see me. You want to dance. And now ——" He paused. "Well?"

"I know," I said, making an effort. "I'm sorry," I said, "I really am. As a matter of fact," I said, "I think you're very nice."

"H'm-m," Marsh said. "Nice, huh?" He didn't seem too pleased. *I guess*, I thought, *he's used to more*. Then he smiled at me in a confident, intimate sort of way and leaned toward me, putting his arm along the back of the swing. "Laurie ——" he said.

"Marsh," I said suddenly, "listen. Suppose you were going with a girl. Say you had been going with her for years, and you were really in love, you know, and then this girl went and got over another fellow—said she thought he was adorable, had him over to the house, danced with him and all—what would you do?" I leaned forward, waiting tensely.

"Well," he said, "I'd tell her if she wanted to be my girl, she'd have to cut it out. Then I'd go and belt the other guy until he lost interest." He laughed. "I guess," he said, "I'd just do about the same thing anybody else would do."

The magic of first love is our ignorance that it can ever end. DISRAELI



fittingly yours...

Comfort has emerged in new fall attire! Exciting fabrics and feminine fashion flair join the established walking ease of Foot Saver Shoes. You'll love the gentle whisper of style, the satisfaction of comfort on the go.

Foot Saver's exclusive Shortback® last insures snug heel fit, yet permits caressing foot freedom.

Foot Saver Shoes

For free Fall Style Booklet and name of nearest Foot Saver dealer, write: 44 West Main Street, Columbus 15, Ohio

Footsaver Shoes for men are manufactured by Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co., Whitman, Mass.

"Well," I said gloomily, "*practically* anybody." I sighed. "Good night, Marsh."

When Sammy picked me up for school the next morning, he acted as if nothing had happened at all. "Hey," he said cheerfully, "I see Marsh was over last night. Have a good time?"

"Wonderful," I said intensely. I waited. Nothing. "I certainly do like Marsh," I said.

"Yeah," Sammy said, "so do I." Suddenly I became desperate.

"Sammy," I said, "you know, I've been thinking. Maybe we've been seeing too much of each other. I mean, maybe we should sort of mix more. Mingle. You know?" I studied my fingernails and held my breath.

Sammy squinted at me, nodding soberly. "Good idea," he agreed. "Matter of fact I've been thinking the same thing myself."

I stared at him. "You—you have?" Then it was true! I sat mute with horror.

"Sure," Sammy said, rattling on as if he hadn't just shaken me to the very core. "Say you meet a guy like Marsh, for instance. Now, we've got to be fair, Laurie. Many girls would call Marsh more attractive than me. Some would even think him handsomer ——"

I pulled myself together. "Those with eyes," I agreed coldly.

"True," he went on, guiding the car into the campus and coming to a stop, "true, he may not have my sterling qualities—fidelity, loyalty, trust ——"

"You sound like something printed on the back of a dime," I said bitterly.

"He may not have my sunny, fun-loving nature—but enough of that. Marsh Hammond, Laurie," Sammy said sternly, "is a very fine chap!"

Dazedly, I shook my head. I felt that I was going mad.

"What's more, Marsh likes you. It's natural enough that he should," Sammy added kindly. "Though immature," he said, "you have moments of a certain harried charm ——"

"I could listen to you for hours," I said, reaching for the door handle, "but I'm afraid I've got to be going ——"

"In fact," Sammy went on serenely, "that's the way you might sum the whole thing up. Nature. Marsh likes you—you like Marsh. It's nature. I understand." He patted my head in a fatherly way. "Feel free," he said.

"Thank you," I said frigidly, "so much."

But nothing stops Sammy. "Now on the other hand," he went on, "let's take me ——"

"No," I said, "let's don't."

"Take me," he said relentlessly. "I was saying to myself just the other morning, 'Hastings, get hold of yourself, man! Get out of that rut, boy! Look about you.'" He gestured dramatically at the hordes of students crowding the parking lot where we sat, somehow banging me sharply on the nose. "'That's life, boy, life—surging and milling about you. Live it! Take it by the throat! Think of the battles, waiting to be won! Think of the girls, waiting to be kissed.'"

I leaped from the car. "Good-by!" I screamed. As I rushed for the building I could still see his horrible, freckled face looking after me, smiling.

Well, time went by. *One thing about school*, I thought gratefully as I entered the halls, *it always rests me, in a way*. At free period, I was sitting with Norma and Kate and some of the girls when Marsh came up.

"Greetings," he said. "How's my favorite split personality today?"

"Hello, Marsh," I said. I was aware of a hushed silence among the girls as they gazed at him and then at me in an awed silence.

"You know," he said, dropping down beside me on the lawn, "I've been worried about you. As a matter of fact, I've decided to devote some time to your problem. How about Saturday night?"

"Sorry," I said mechanically, "Saturday night's the prom." (Sammy always takes me to that.)

"Well, we could start there," Marsh said agreeably. "Eight o'clock?"

"No," I explained, "I have a date ——" I stopped. "Feel free"—that's what Sammy had said. Well, why not? I smiled brilliantly at Marsh. "Why not?" I said.

"Good deal." He stood up, spread his smile generously about the group. There was a reverent silence after he had gone.

"Marsh Hammond," Norma said at last, in a quiet voice. "For the prom! Wow!"

"You better watch out," Kate said practically, "Sammy is going to kill you. Or Marsh. Or both of you," she added with interest.

"That's right," said somebody else, "you better watch out, Laurie; I'll bet Sammy will be wild ——"

I sighed. "I hope so," I said simply. "I certainly hope so."

I waited until that afternoon, when we were parked in front of my house after school, to do it. "Sammy," I said, "I don't know quite how to tell you this," I said, "but I saw Marsh today, and—well—he asked me to go to the prom." I turned and looked him full in the face. "Somehow," I said, "I just found myself saying yes."

There was a moment of silence while Sammy looked at me, and I almost thought I saw it—a shadow of actual human emotion in his face. Then he smiled. "Well," he said, "that's good."

"Good!" I screeched, forgetting all my plans. "*Good*—what do you mean, that's good! We always go to the prom together—or have you forgotten?"

Sammy blinked. "Well, no," he said, "I hadn't forgotten, Laurie. But if you want to go to the prom with Marsh ——" He stopped. "You do want to go with him, Laurie, don't you?" he said.

Well, I don't think I have ever been so mad at Sammy before in my life, and I have been awfully mad at him. "Yes," I screamed, "yes, I do! I want to go to the prom with Marsh so much I can hardly stand it!" I jumped out of the car and rushed into the house. I slammed the door and leaned against it, trembling. *Well*, I thought finally, when I heard the sound of Sammy's car pulling away, *well, that's it. Sammy doesn't love me any more. He*



Now—thanks to Richard Hudnut—you can wash out "new perm" frizz and odor right away!

NEW! Quick—the only permanent you dare wash at once!

Takes ½ the time, ½ the work!

Leaves your hair *instantly* shampoo-fresh! Only Richard Hudnut's new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked right in with Crystal Clear Lotion!

So quick! Wave and wash with ½ the work! Quick's the quickest! Only Quick's exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips of your hair. So you get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—½ the winding time—½ the waving work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to be near. Use Quick today—be shampoo-fresh tonight!



2 wave size $2.00 plus tax
1 wave size $1.25 plus tax

©1957 Lambert-Hudnut Division, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

not only doesn't care if I go with Marsh—he's glad. You wanted to find out, and now you have.

Dully I plodded up the stairs to my room. Sinking down on the bench that Sammy had made for me in Wood Shop, I stared blankly at my reflection in the mirror.

"Well, Laurie Merritt," I said aloud, "let's face it. There go six of the best years of your life, shot to bits."

"What was that, dear?" It was mother, calling out over the noise of the vacuum cleaner in the hall.

I sighed. "I just said," I shouted, "that I have just lost six of the best years of my life."

"Well, dear," mother called back over her shoulder, "if I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times, you should be more careful with your things."

A faint smile crossed my face. *How wonderful to be like mother*, I thought. *Life is a tragedy for those who feel.* I sat. After a long time, I heard them calling me to dinner.

They were all sitting at the table—mother, daddy, Andrea. I slipped into my seat and tried to smile.

"M'm-m-m-m," daddy said, taking the lid off the platter and making a loud, animal sound. "Fried chicken! Laurie's favorite!"

I picked up my fork and stared at the food on my plate. I put the fork back down. "I cannot eat this poor, dead thing," I said quietly.

"What's wrong with her?" daddy said.

"Laurie, dear, what is it?" mother said anxiously. "Don't you feel well?"

"She has had a fight with Sammy," Andrea said calmly. "Pass the mashed potatoes, please."

Daddy laughed in a relieved way and reached for a drumstick. He waved it at me. "Eat up, kid," he said. He took a huge bite.

I sat looking at them all. A person's whole world comes crumbling in about her, and, for everyone else, life goes on. It's brutal, but there it is. Probably right this very minute, I thought grimly, Sammy Hastings was stuffing his ugly face, just as if he hadn't ruined my entire life. I took a deep breath. I had, I decided coldly, made up my mind. For the last time I had given my heart to a man to tear. I had been hurt enough. From now on, I would take what I wanted from life. Men would be toys to be used, and thrown aside. Marsh Hammond, I thought calmly, would be a good toy with which to start.

I looked at Andrea. "I would appreciate it," I said, "if you wouldn't mention Sammy Hastings to me again. Incidentally," I said, including them all, "Marsh Hammond is taking me to the prom." I picked up my fork. "Pass the potatoes," I said.

The next three days went fast. As I had thought, Marsh was fascinated with the one girl around who could look at him without going into shock. It wouldn't last, but then, I thought coolly, what does? Marsh was with me everywhere—he walked me to class, he drove me home, he came over every night. The girls regarded me in a stunned silence that was almost awe, and I could tell that even Andrea was impressed. Only Sammy remained unchanged. Whenever I saw him he was as revoltingly lighthearted and cheerful as ever. How, I wondered miserably, could I ever have been so mistaken about a man?

I had a new white nylon net for the prom, and as I dressed I made up my mind that this would be a night to remember. Marsh was easily the most attractive man I had ever known, I reminded myself. Beside him, Sammy's knobby, freckled face was that of a gargoyle. What's more, Marsh was crazy about me. I was the envy of every girl in school. Tonight, I decided, I was going to live.

Well, I certainly tried hard. I wore Andrea's best perfume, I laughed, I danced, I gave it everything I had. Finally, when the dance was over, and we had had hamburgers at Carpenter's with the rest of the kids and Marsh had driven up and parked underneath the trees in front of my house, I collapsed against his shoulder, weak with effort.

"Marsh, dear," I said tenderly, "you're a lovely boy. Good night." *It's not your fault*, I thought sadly, *that you aren't Sammy.*

Marsh chuckled and put his arms around me. "Laurie," he said softly, "I like you. I like you a lot." The way he said it, he might have been making an award. Then he kissed me.

Finally, he stopped. I sighed, and shook my head. I just couldn't believe it. "Marsh," I said, "would you mind doing that again?"

Marsh smiled. "Not at all," he said graciously. He kissed me again. I sat quietly, waiting. Finally I put my hands on his chest and gently pushed. He let go. I looked up at him. Sadly, I shook my head.

"Nothing," I said.

Marsh just laughed and put his arms back. This time I had to push harder. (He was a very confident boy.) "Stop!" I said.

He let go and slid over away from me. "What's the matter?" he said, grinning. "Afraid I'm going to lead you astray?"

"When I decide to go astray," I said tiredly, "no one will have to lead me." I picked up my little pearl-beaded evening bag that Sammy had given me. "Good night," I said.

THE BIRDS BEGIN TO GATHER

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

The Turk's-cap lily unfolds his flower,
the Queen Anne's lace is spread
by every roadside like a dower,
the bird-cherries hang there red,
the bird-cherries hang there red
and the little birds come to the feast,
and every guest is welcomed and fed
from the greatest to the least.

The nests are empty, young wings grow strong,
the hayfields sway with the breeze,
now is the time for occasional song
from the curtained shadows of trees,
from the curtained shadows of trees
the occasional songs still rise,
but the singers are dreaming of lands, not these,
under tropical skies.

"Hey, Laurie, wait a minute." Marsh put his hand on my shoulder, and I paused. "Look," he said, "I'm sorry—maybe I rushed you a little. I should have told you first."

"Told me what?" I said absently, wondering what Sammy was doing tonight. He hadn't been at the prom. *But*, I thought, *I bet he's got a date. Probably they want to be alone. Probably they're parked somewhere right now, taking life by the throat* —— "H'm-m?" I said, aware that Marsh was talking.

He was smiling at me like Santa Claus. "I've decided," he said impressively, "to ask you to go steady."

"Well," I said, "that's awfully nice of you, Marsh, and I appreciate the honor and all, but I'm afraid not."

He didn't seem to hear me. "You might not think it," he was saying seriously, "with my type of guy, but I like to go steady. Always have. There's just one thing"—he looked at me warningly—"when I go steady with a girl, she's mine—all mine."

I looked at him with sudden interest. "Tell me," I said, "what you mean."

"Well," Marsh said, "now take this Hastings guy—he's O.K.," he said generously. "I've got nothing against him—but he's got to stop hanging around. Like I saw you talking to him at the drinking fountain yesterday after fifth period." He frowned. "I don't like that."

"I'll remember it," I said, fascinated. "Go on."

"When you're my girl," Marsh said, "you're my girl, that's all. My girl doesn't walk to class with other guys, she doesn't get phone calls from other guys, she doesn't dance with other guys." He smiled at me. "Do you dig me?" he said affectionately.

I gazed at him, appalled. And this, I thought, with horror, was what I wanted Sammy to be! I couldn't say a word.

"Now, you live next door to this guy Hastings," Marsh was saying, frowning, "and there's not much I can do about that ——"

"I could speak to daddy about moving," I offered.

Marsh laughed politely. "But the main thing," he said, "is that my girl is *mine*—understand?"

I looked at him. "Why don't you just put a collar around her neck," I suggested, "and chain her to a ring in the floor?"

Marsh looked puzzled. "Who?" he said.

"Your girl," I said, reaching for the door handle. "I'm afraid I haven't got the qualifications." I smiled at him then. "I'm sorry, Marsh, I appreciate it, but we wouldn't get along. And anyway," I added honestly, "it wouldn't be any use. I love somebody else."

Marsh stared at me. "What?"

"Somebody else," I said. "Another boy." *I suppose*, I thought, *this comes as a sort of shock.* "Try to understand," I urged. "I love somebody else."

Marsh was frowning now. "Who is it?" he said crossly. "That Hastings character?"

I sighed. Why deny it? "Yes," I said simply.

Marsh laughed. "Well," he said, "all I can say is, if you're his girl, he certainly doesn't act like it. If you ask me, he's trying to get off the hook."

"I know," I said sadly. "I think so too." To my horror, two large tears welled into my eyes. "Good night," I said hastily. I held out my hand, blinking back the tears. "It's been fun," I said.

Marsh took hold of my hand and shook it solemnly. "You're a kind of a strange girl, Laurie," he said, "but you're a good kid."

"Thank you, Marsh," I said.

"I feel pretty bad about this," Marsh said. "I really wanted to go steady with you. You're different," he said.

"I know," I said, "but it's only because I'm in love with somebody else." I patted him. "You'll be all right. There are two thousand students at Glendale High, Marsh," I said encouragingly, "and half of them are girls!"

Slowly Marsh began to grin. He got out and opened the door. "We'll always be friends, though," he said, as we walked to the door.

"Sure," I said, stepping inside. *I'm getting a lot of friends*, I thought wanly.

I went quietly upstairs and sat down on my bed. It wasn't any use. I was still in love with Sammy, and nothing was going to change it. *I guess*, I thought sadly, *I'll always be in love with Sammy.* I walked slowly over and looked at his picture in the moonlight that was coming through the window. I thought about the first time he'd kissed me, and the night he'd given me his class ring. *I suppose I ought to give it back*, I thought. *He might want to give it to somebody else!*

It was such an awful thought that I sat down. I closed my eyes, but it didn't do any good. Slowly a well-drawn picture was forming itself in my mind. . . . Sammy, with another girl. Sammy's car, pulling up beneath the trees at our favorite spot above the ocean. Sammy—his face intent, absorbed, as he turned toward the girl beside him in the darkness. A lovely girl—smiling faintly as she looked up at him, her face beautiful and mysterious in the moonlight. Sammy saying something, smiling, and then the girl laughing, and quickly, almost hungrily, Sammy taking her in his arms. . . . I leaped to my feet. *I can't stand it*, I thought, *I simply can't stand it, that's all.* Wildly I looked about the room. *I'll go away*, I thought. *I'll* —— That was when I saw it. The light was on in the Hastings garage. At two o'clock in the morning!

Slowly I crossed to the window and stood looking down. Sammy must be working on his car. Whenever Sammy was upset, he worked on his car. *Poor Sammy*, I thought, *he probably feels guilty about me. He wouldn't want to hurt me, like this.* Suddenly, then, I knew what I had to do. Quickly, before I could change my mind, I took one last look at the ring on my finger and then turned and hurried down the stairs. This much, at least, I could do, I decided. I could set him free.

The garage door was open, and I could see Sammy as I hurried quietly up the driveway. He was wearing his overalls that he always wears for working on the car, and they were covered with grease. There was grease on the end of his nose, on his cheek, and it was smeared in his blond hair. But he wasn't working on the car now, he was just sitting on an orange crate in the corner. He had a handful of something—nuts and bolts, I decided—and he was tossing them, one at a time, into two empty coffee cans on the floor. Puzzled, I crept closer.

Sammy dropped one into one can. "She loves me," he said dully. He dropped one into the other. "She loves me not." He sighed. He dropped another one. "She loves me ——"

I stepped forward, holding my breath, a strange, beautiful thought trying to be born in my mind. "Sammy," I said quietly, "what are you doing?"

Sammy looked up. He didn't seem too surprised to see me. "Oh," he said. "Hello, Laurie."

"What are you doing?" I said again.

Sammy smiled at me wanly. "You look good," he said, and I realized I still had on my white formal, and Marsh's orchid. Then I realized something else. Sammy, I saw suddenly, looked awful! His face seemed even bonier than usual, and everything about him drooped. "Have a good time?" he said, trying to go on smiling.

"Sammy," I said, "you look perfectly terrible. What's wrong?"

Sammy shrugged. "Oh, nothing," he said. "It's just that ——" He paused. "Well, frankly, Laurie," he said, "I think I'm cracking up."

I stared at him. "Cracking up?" I said.

"Well," Sammy said, shrugging, "after all, if you like somebody better, then you like somebody better, that's all. It's not your fault ——"

"Sammy," I said clearly, "what are you talking about?"

Sammy looked puzzled. "You and Marsh," he said; "what else?"

"Oh, Sammy," I said, "then you did care, after all. You mean you really haven't been trying to give me the brush?"

Sammy stared at me. "*Me* trying to give *you* the brush!" he repeated in a stunned voice. "Man!" he said. "I think I'll just go off alone somewhere and meditate on the sound of the clapping of one hand."

"Well, for heaven's sake," I said, "all these days you haven't done a single thing to stop me. You never got jealous—I thought ——"

Sammy shook his head in a dazed way, and then he walked toward me. "Look, Laurie," he said, "you were going for Marsh—what was I supposed to do? I had to let you find out for yourself who you wanted. Otherwise, how would you ever be sure? How would I? And anyhow," he said, "a man can't force a girl to love him—it's no good that way." He shook his head slowly. "Man!" he said. "I've aged!"

I just stood and looked at him then, and suddenly I couldn't see him very well, because there were tears in my eyes. I'd thought Sammy didn't love me because he hadn't been jealous and mad and selfish. And all the time it had been because he did—because he loved me so much, he couldn't get jealous.

"Sammy," I said, "I've been so dumb. I've just been trying to make you jealous of Marsh. You're the only boy I could ever love."

"Man!" Sammy said sickly. "*Now* she tells me!"

Suddenly, then, I couldn't stand it—the anxious, miserable look on Sammy's face. I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him, white formal and orchid and grease and all. It was just like coming home after you've been away for a long time. Suddenly Sammy raised his head and dropped the rest of the nuts and bolts into one of the coffee cans.

"She loves me!" he said with finality. Then, of course, he kissed me again, and it was all mixed up with grease and oil and the smell of gasoline—and it was wonderful. END

NEW IMPROVED GOLDEN-LIGHT MAZOLA® OIL

...now 3 ways better than ever!

No fresher oil available! Protected by a new process, golden-light Mazola is a superior salad oil for all homemade dressings. Here's lightness you can see . . . freshness you can taste!

Mazola won't smoke or burn even up to 440° F. This means clean, smoke-free frying you just can't get with solid shortenings. Crisp golden-fried foods look so good . . . taste even better.

Lighter, more delicate flavor. New, improved Mazola is the best liquid shortening for all baking. Look for Mazola in the clear glass bottle . . . see the golden-light quality of this pure corn oil.

Mazola
PURE GOLDEN CORN OIL



PURE CORN OIL...
...unsaturated
...not hydrogenated
...nutritionally unexcelled

Produced by
Corn Products Refining Co.

I love its real maple flavor!

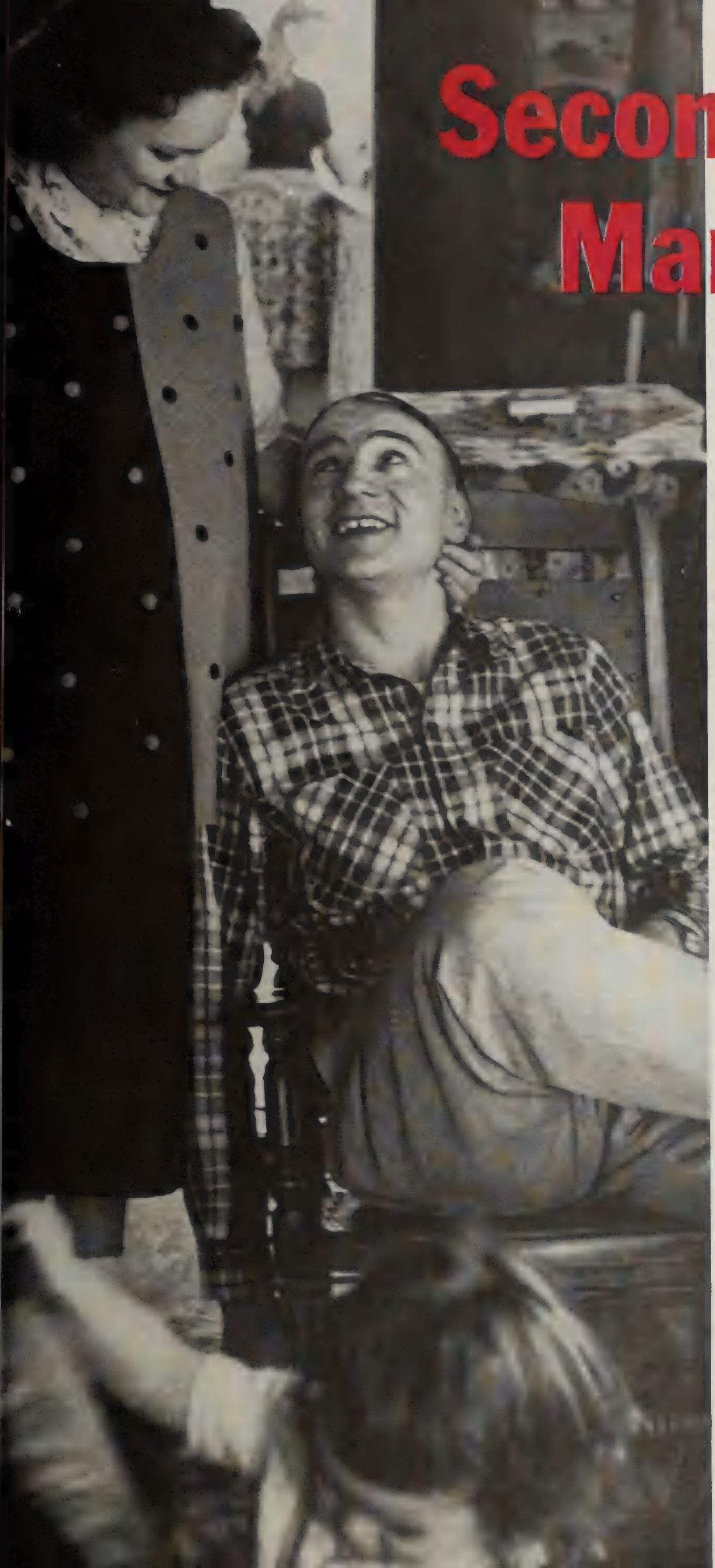
I love Log Cabin on my pancakes because I love real maple flavor, and Log Cabin has real maple sugar blended in. I love it on other things, too—like biscuits and waffles and ice cream and grapefruit.

- Idea! Ask for the new thrifty 48-oz. family-size can!

Product of General Foods



Second Marriage



BY NEAL G. STUART

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

"I made a lot of mistakes when I was young because there were so many things I didn't know. Now, with Bob's help, I think I have found myself." Brought up in foster homes and institutions without a mother's counsel, Ann Palmer has at long last won through to happy marriage.

One winter day in 1953, a young woman whose life was at sixes and sevens sat down and wrote a letter to a farm journal with a national rural circulation, Mother's Home-Life and The Household Guest. Her letter read:

Lebanon, Oregon

I am 27 years old and my birthday is September 21. I have four children, girls 8 and 10 years old and boys 6 and 2. My hobbies are writing for magazines; contests; and pen pals. I have no racial or religious prejudices and would love to receive letters from everyone. I promise to answer all, and if there is anything I can do for anyone, I will be glad to. Hope this escapes the clutches of that horrible Mr. W. B. [wastebasket] and that my mailbox will be filled to overflowing. God bless you all.

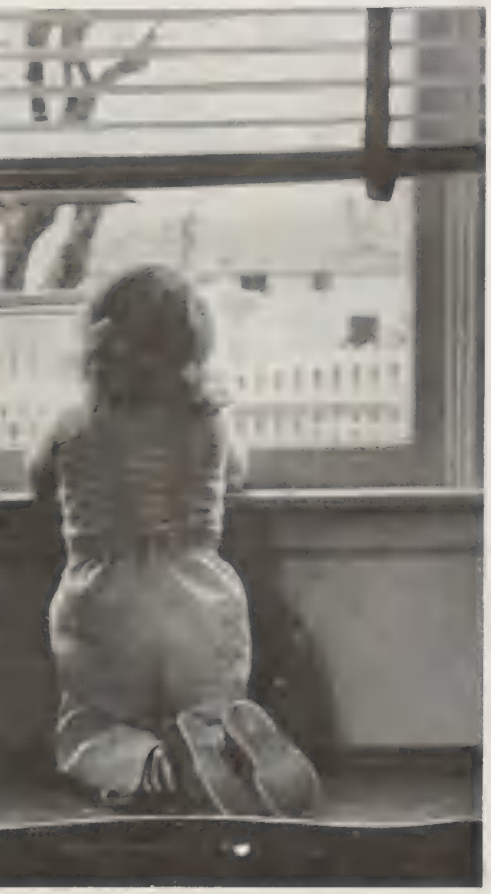
ANN SCHUELLER

The letter was typical of Ann's practical sort of energy. She had earned money for the typewriter it was written on by baby-sitting at home, even though her own two youngest were hardly more than babies themselves. She was considering taking in boarders in the big old house her husband rented, to raise some extra money, even though the family had barely enough beds for themselves. But her carefully cheerful letter made no mention of the problem that was most on her mind: an unhappy marriage. She had been thinking about divorce on and off for several years, but the combination of the children and lack of money had kept her stringing along in a bad situation which had recently deteriorated completely. Her husband had turned the house over to her and kept to himself in a single bedroom of his own. Ann scarcely saw him, and she was determined to find a lawyer, although she wasn't sure how these things were managed. From here on, as a woman with four children and no husband, anything she made of her life would depend on her own enterprise, and this letter was an enterprising impulse to find some friends.

Mother's Home-Life ran it in its August, 1953, issue. Over 2000 miles from Ann, a young man who lived on his family's farm in Ohio was among those

Bob Palmer, bachelor, met Ann and her four children "by mail." Stepchildren, as well as his own first baby, Evelyn, all call him "dad." "You'd never know they weren't all his," say Albany, Oregon, neighbors.

"I was a worrier," says Bob. "Ann gave me courage to buy a house in spite of all the obstacles."



HOW AMERICA LIVES

Noontime ritual: No matter what they are doing, Evelyn runs to window, Ann to the door to watch for Bob. They don't want to miss a second of his brief lunch visit. He comes home because "nowhere else is so interesting."

Ann usually sets dinner table for lunch; today is hurried. Dishes washed, Evelyn and Bobby napping, Ann will work at contest hobby: she's won $150, a supply of frozen dinners. Then mending, school children home. Older girls help cook, older boy tends to wood, Bobby and Evelyn bring in milk.



who lighted upon it. He was having to kill a hot August night in an office on the porch of the family home, because his father was the local justice of the peace, he was the constable, and somebody had to man the telephone. A storm was brewing in the west, but a dull evening stretched ahead. He picked up his mother's copy of the magazine and settled down to read it. Eventually he came to Ann's letter, and it seemed to him to have more life than most such letters. It was also by someone his age, whereas most of the "Homemakers' Club's" correspondents were older farmwives. He figured from her signature that no husband was around.

Robert Palmer had had four years away from home in Washington, D.C., but even in those years he had never been much of a blade. He says of himself, "Deep down basically inside me, I suppose I'm a farmer at heart. Another one of my troubles—I'm shy. That August I was nearly twenty-eight, and most of my friends were married. I was an outsider, and I was thinking of myself as a confirmed bachelor." In spite of all this, or perhaps because of it, he picked up a pad of yellow legal paper and wrote an answering letter to Ann on the spot:

Dear Ann: You will no doubt be surprised by receiving a letter from a man who saw your letter. However, I happen to be one man who reads the magazine and enjoys it. Perhaps this is because I am interested in people and by reading their letters can come to understand more fully the different types and personalities of people. Your letter led me to believe that you must be a very interesting person, so I decided to write you a letter. However, I don't imagine I will get an answer, or will you fool me by writing me? I hope so. I will now give you a brief history of my past life so that you will be more familiar with my background.

My name is Robert Palmer and my friends call me Bob. I am 27 years of age, unmarried, 5′ 10″ in height, weight 150 pounds dripping wet (so you can see I am on the slender side) and have dark hair and eyes. My occupation is office worker-farmer. I live approximately 50 miles south of Cleveland in the state of Ohio at the village of West Salem. After graduation, I helped on our farms for a period of one year. I then obtained a position with the Government at Washington, D.C. I was in the employ of the Government for a period of three years as an office worker (white-collar red-tape boys, they called us).

I left the Government and obtained a position with the Washington Times-Herald as a salesman of classified advertising. I liked the newspaper position very much, but because of the poor health of my father I found it necessary after a year to return home and help run the farms. After a year and a half on the farm I obtained a position as assistant manager and bookkeeper at the local Farmers' Equity, where I am now employed. I also assist with the running of our farms.

I sincerely hope you will answer my letter as I get quite lonesome at times and receiving a letter would help to take away that lonesome feeling.

Trusting you will surprise me by dropping a few lines, I remain, Your friend,

BOB PALMER

Ann got about 200 answers to her letter, but she soon dropped her correspondence with the others (almost all women) in favor of Bob. She and Bob exchanged pictures, and Ann wrote breezily about the ups and downs of her life over the following months. Her husband had moved out of the house, accepting their separation as final. In February, she wrote that her divorce had been granted.

By spring she had moved with the children to a tiny apartment in nearby Albany, Oregon. She had been joined by her also-divorced sister, Mary, and Mary's two children, and the only money the two women had between them was a $150-a-month settlement from Ann's former husband, which he faithfully sent. There were times when the two families didn't have enough to eat, but Ann says, "Of course I never wrote to Bob how things *were*. I told him the funny things. As for his letters to me, I just lived for them."

Bob, meanwhile, found that he could express himself dashingly to this pretty (obvious from her pictures), vivacious (in letter style) girl—on paper. Soon he was calling her "Pretty Princess." One year and some hundred letters after their first exchange, he had raised the subject of marriage and was arranging to come out to see her. But he must have had a few last qualms, for on the back of his latest picture he wrote, "Look closely, beautiful Ann—if my heart must be broken, please break it before I come."

Bob arrived in the small agricultural county seat of Albany, Oregon, on August 17, 1954. He had never been farther west than his home town before, the plane trip into Portland had been rough, and he had been airsick from Montana on. He made the 70-mile trip up the green Willamette Valley to Albany by bus. Ann met him at the bus depot. Bob's first words were "Hello, Pretty Princess." Ann was so excited that she headed confusedly up the street until she remembered that her apartment was in the opposite direction.

Over the next three weeks Bob earned a little money picking beans. On September ninth they were married in a civil service in the courthouse at nearby Corvallis, because Ann, a Roman Catholic, could not remarry in her church. In the course of a few minutes Bob became the head of household of a full-sized family of children, and the husband of a girl who had written to him "all" her secrets, but whom he had known in person only briefly, and whose life had been uprooted since babyhood, in sharp contrast to his own.

Ann was born Anna Marie Lalor on September 21, 1925, in La Crosse, Wisconsin. She was the youngest of seven children, but the family broke up when the mother died six months after Ann's birth. The father put the six older children in an orphanage, from which they later went to foster homes, and Ann was received by the hospital where her mother had died. For more than a year she was something of a hospital pet. When she was nearly two, a woman patient with a bad leg offered to give the child a home. Miss Imelda Trayer, considerably older than the average mother of a two-year-old, lived in the village of Lansing, Iowa, with her unmarried brother, a Mississippi River clammer, and for the next ten years their house on the outskirts of the village became Ann's home.

Ann was raised to call the brother and sister "daddy" and "mamma" and knew nothing of her origin. Her first memories are of a strict



The play yard: Kathy and Eileen clear the walk for hopscotch, Billy makes a "fort" of leftover lumber, Bobby plays in sandbox. Bob made this, also laid the patio, built the steps, painted the house himself. All children help at home—the girls with cooking and dishes, Billy with firewood, little Bobby brings in the milk.

household where "I didn't *think* of coming home late from school," and of having to wear "homemade clothes, long underwear, blouses in old-fashioned patterns to school." She says, "I was 'different' all the way. We were poor, and mamma was half invalid because of her leg, although I always knew she tried to be a good mother and raise me right. I wanted a family, so I made one up. I used to tell the kids at school about all my grown-up brothers and sisters who had gone away."

One day when Ann was 11, she was called in to clean up for "company." The caller was her brother Larry, then about 24, who had traced his little sister to Lansing. He was presented as a "friend," but Ann took to him on the spot. "I thought he was wonderful. Of course I didn't see many young people." Larry began coming to see her regularly and writing letters in between, signed "your pen pal."

Ann says, "One day after school one of the kids said to me, "'I saw your brother yesterday.' I think everyone in town knew more about me than I did.

"That night, something got into me. I was washing dishes and mamma was sitting behind me in the rocker, and I said, 'Is Larry my brother?' I could hear her gasp clear across the room. There wasn't anything she could do except tell the truth. The first thing that came into my mind was that I had a real mother. She told me my mother had died, and I stood there with tears dripping into the dishwater."

It turned out that all six of her brothers and sisters were scattered not so far away throughout Iowa and Wisconsin, and now that the truth was out, they all gathered at the Trayers' for a family get-together. To a little girl just turning 12, the emotional effect was tremendous. "I don't know when I've been so excited. I was so *proud*."

But she was also in a state of conflict. For the next year she would tell the Trayers that she wanted to live with her oldest sister, Lucille, then think how much they had done for her and change her mind. In the end, the mother of a school friend helped her leave. As Ann got into the car she said to Miss Trayer, "I'll be back before school starts." "No you won't," said Miss Trayer, who knew Ann's frame of mind.

Lucille was married to a man named Schueller, and lived in Carroll, Iowa, on a farm owned by her husband and his two older brothers, who shared the household. Ann arrived there before her thirteenth birthday in September, 1938, took her own last name of Lalor, and went through eighth grade. But the farm was a disappointment. "I'd hoped to wander about that big farm and soak up sun. I think I was looking for mothering. But there was so much *work*. I'd come home from school and find the work piled up for me." By the following spring she was writing to her beloved Larry, who lived in Racine, Wisconsin, with another sister, Louise, to ask if she could live with them. She says, "I was so unsettled I just didn't know what I wanted. I wanted to see all my family at once."

Larry and Louise shared a basement apartment, were out of work and on relief, but Ann says, "It was a lovely summer. They were just kids, too; we swam every day. We lived mostly on corn meal, I think."

With fall, Larry and Louise entered her in high school, and Ann, now 14, immediately felt hemmed in again. "I'd never been to a big-city school before. I didn't know anybody. I just *hated* it." One morning in November she left the apartment as though for school, went to the railroad tracks and headed down them instead. She had in mind to go to another brother, Bernard, in Milwaukee, some thirty miles due north. She says, "I started walking down those tracks at eight-thirty, and I didn't stop until two A.M. the next morning. I walked for a day and a night, and I was on the outskirts of Milwaukee. I had on new shoes that the welfare department had given me for school, and my feet hurt so bad they were all I could think of. I finally stopped when I saw a light in a little shop, with the idea of telephoning Bernard." The shop belonged to a photographer, and ten minutes later he had delivered her over to the police. The police found her name and Racine address in a schoolbook that she had doggedly carried with her the whole way, and by daylight she was back where she had started from.

Living room gives Evelyn uncrowded play space by day. At night the cot is a perch for family TV viewing, or for weekly conclaves on Bobby's exuberance, arguments between Kathy and Eileen, the Palmer finances.

The Palmers have exchanged love letters for four years—including the three years they've been married.

honeymoon Hill at the
End of Love's Lane

Dear Pretty Little Princess,
Will write my little sweetheart
to let you know how much I love
you honey. I think you are the sweetest,
the sweetest, and the nicest you are
real sweet and I love you for all the
things you do for me I love you for
all the things you do for me — for over
looking my faults - seeing only the
good part of me - overlooking all the
little faults I have. I am looking
forward to Little Richard - I hope he's
a boy but if it turns out to be a
girl that will be O K. The main
thing is just so you and the baby
are O K.
You be a good girl honey —
take care — and I will be seeing
you soon —
I'm only a guy who loves you
Love
Daddy

Ann finds a love note from Bob tucked under her pillow, hides an answer under his lunch plate. This year, from November to July, these often spoke of Ann's dream—"a baby boy for Bob."



HOW AMERICA LIVES

The episode strained her relations with Larry and Louise. Ann then made a decision that she has "never regretted." She wrote to a priest and asked for voluntary admission to the Good Shepherd Catholic home for girls in Milwaukee. Her choice seems to her now to have been divinely inspired. The home accepted her, and she lived the sequestered life of a convent girl for what were to be her last years of schooling. She says, "The nuns were so gentle. At one time I thought about becoming a nun, because their life is so peaceful. It settled me down." Ann's brothers and sisters had done their best, but it evidently took the gentle nuns to provide the maternal security she craved.

She went through two school years at Good Shepherd, learned typing and shorthand, and finished in the spring of 1941, a suddenly well-developed girl of 15. She went back to Lucille, her oldest married sister, on the farm in Carroll, Iowa. Here it quickly came over her that there was one way she could get the things she wanted—a home, a life of her own: by marrying. Her brother-in-law's two brothers lived with them, and Ann settled on Bill Schueller. He was 35 years older than she, but she says, "I wanted to be like Lucille—mistress of a house, and a grownup so nobody could boss me around. I was after Bill all that summer to marry me and take me away. We were finally married that October, one month after I was sixteen. Bill was fifty-one."

Almost none of the magic things happened after her marriage. Worst of all, Lucille was still the dominant woman of the house, and all that winter Ann "kept after" Bill to take her away. By now, defense jobs were to be had all over the country, and in March of 1942 the couple set forth by car.

Ann was a buxom (she weighed more at this age than she did later when she slimmed down to 110 pounds) and very young bride, who had along one of her most precious possessions—a composite photograph she had just had made from an old snapshot of her mother and another of herself as a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

Lustre-Creme Offer! Mother-Daughter Comb and Brush Set-$2.00 value-only 50¢

When you mail in the label or sales receipt for any size of Lustre-Creme Shampoo or Lustre-Creme Lotion Shampoo or Lustre-Net

FOR ALL FOUR PIECES



'sed
y 4
ut of 5
op
lollywood
novie stars!



YOUR CHANCE TO TRY HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE SHAMPOO—and get a wonderful beauty bonus! You'll love thick, creamy, Lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme. It needs no after-rinse. *And of course,* it leaves hair so easy to manage . . . Lustre-Creme *never dries—it beautifies!*

AND YOU'LL LOVE THIS MOTHER-DAUGHTER COMB AND BRUSH SET . . .
the same set that Hollywood star June Allyson and her daughter Pamela are using. You get 2 combs and 2 brushes in crystal-clear styrene—a 7 row brush for you, a 5 row brush for daughter—both made with DuPont nylon bristles. A $2.00 value for only 50¢.



TO GET YOUR MOTHER-DAUGHTER COMB AND BRUSH SET

Fill out this handy order blank. Be sure to enclose a label or a sales receipt for any size Lustre-Creme Shampoo or Lustre-Creme Lotion Shampoo or Lustre-Net. Enclose 50¢ in coin and mail to:

MOTHER-DAUGHTER SET
P. O. Box 1493, Dept. LHJ, New York 46, New York

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____ *State*_____

Allow at least 3 weeks for delivery. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1957.

LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO NEVER DRIES . . . IT BEAUTIFIES!

An information-packed article about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.

Can You Teach Your Baby To Talk?

You're a speech teacher long before your baby says his first word! "Mothers start influencing a child's speech from the day he is born," says Flora Rheta Schreiber in a fascinating new book, *Your Child's Speech* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1956). "Mother's arms, the tone of her voice, the aura of warmth she creates—these affect the way a child breathes and eats. They also affect the way he makes sounds and learns to speak." Through food, baby first finds pleasure and makes happy gurgling noises called "comfort" sounds! Soon he murmurs vowel sounds as he plays.



● **Teaching tips:** As you hand baby a toy dog, say its chief sound—"awg"—then say "dog." He gradually mimics your words and your tone (is it sweet and low or twangy and high?). Don't try to hurry baby's talking. Early or late—when his ear, mind and muscles are ready—a healthy, happy baby will talk.



● **It's a tossup** who's having more fun—father or baby! Just remind Dad: No roughhouse on a full tummy or right before bedtime.

● **When you're "expecting"**—why do you sometimes get special cravings for certain foods? You'll find the answer to this and hundreds of other questions in Heinz authoritative new book, "The ABC's of Prenatal Care." For your free copy, send your name and address to Heinz Baby Foods, Box 28, D-23, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

● **There's twice as much protein** in Heinz exclusive new High-Protein Cereal than in regular baby cereals. Let your baby enjoy this nourishing dish with the pleasant nut-like taste *soon*. To fix it, just mix with milk or formula.

● **Why does Heinz** have exclusive baby-food kitchens in the nation's garden spots, right where the finest fruits and vegetables grow? So Heinz specialists can select the pick of each crop and pack it at flavor peak. That's how Heinz Baby Foods get their famous *better* color, perfect texture and finer flavor.

● **Baby's face** in the mirror is good company! Put him where he can laugh and play with his copy-cat friend.

● **Delicious new time-saver:** Strained Potatoes in a jar. They taste just like baby's buttery baked potato—but let you forget that daily baking-peeling-mashing chore! Fluffy, smooth Strained Potatoes—a Heinz *Exclusive*—are a fine source of energy (which your baby needs in his business!), plus Vitamin B_1, Niacin and Vitamin C—for his glowing good health. Later on, Strained Potatoes encourage baby's first tries at self-feeding; they don't go sliding off his spoon!



Over 80 Better-Tasting

- Strained Egg Yolks
- Strained Orange Juice
- Pre-Cooked Cereals
- Strained and Junior Meats



HEINZ
Baby Foods

- Strained Baby Foods
- Junior Baby Foods
- Teething Biscuits

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160

baby. The composite put the baby in her mother's lap, "because I wanted to be in my mommy's arms like everyone else." She had seen almost none of the good times of a young girl, and she still knew almost nothing of what marriage meant. Yet she had warmth and eagerness, and a picture scrapbook of babies and elegantly appointed interiors of homes that she had been snipping from magazine pages since she was a girl of 10, to feed her imagination.

They went to Arkansas, then Dallas, and by June were in the war-boom town of San Diego, California. Ann was pregnant by now, and dazzled by the sights of the city. In December of 1942 her first daughter, Eileen, was born. During 1943 Ann, then 17, discovered boys. She says, "I'd never been out with boys in my life, so they really were a discovery, and I flirted around. I was so dumb that I remember once begging Bill to let me go to the movies with a boy who thought I was his daughter. After Eileen was born, I'd pick her up and go downtown and see two shows in the afternoon. Then I'd go home and leave her with Bill and go out to see another."

Bill's reaction was to take the baby and walk out without warning. Ann discovered he had gone to Denver and followed him at once. "Bill had taken my baby; I had to go to her. I never even thought about it any other way. Bill was in Littleton, near Denver, and I settled down all at once and hard. I never saw another show again for nine years."

Two children were born in Littleton: Kathy in July, 1944, Billy in December, 1946. During these Colorado years Ann "just lived for the children." Bill put his foot down about her going anywhere at all alone, although he would take her downtown to shop. When she was visibly pregnant, he would walk a little ahead of her.

Ann, tormented by lack of companionship, began dreaming of divorce. To fill her mind, she started another scrapbook with pictures of her dream home, began entering contests, devoted herself to the children.

In 1948 they moved to Oregon, following a thyroid operation on Ann and a medical opinion that she should live in a lower altitude. They settled on the Willamette Valley town of Silverton, and four years followed of more loneliness compounded by real poverty. Bill couldn't find regular work, and Ann says, "There were times—*many* of them—when we didn't have enough to eat. In the summers Bill picked and we had fruit. In winters we lived on cottage cheese and toast. Our priest helped us out. We had bought a house when we first came, our first, and I was so thrilled I was like a little girl playing house. But we lost it, and that broke my heart."

The subject of divorce came more often to the surface. "Every time I threatened to leave, Bill would persuade me to have another baby thinking that would fix things up." Yet to outgoing Ann it seemed that undemonstrative Bill "wasn't interested in them when they came." Bobby was born in March of 1951, and in '52 Ann had a miscarriage that left her ill and discouraged.

That summer Bill finally got a job in the neighboring town of Lebanon, and it was at that time that the family moved into the big old rented house. Bill and Ann avoided each other, although Bill continued to support the family. It was in the loneliness of the winter of '53 that Ann wrote her letter to Mother's Home-Life.

In the three years since their wedding day Bob and Ann have so far thoroughly fooled anyone who might have questioned the chances of their marriage. It has had some strains, but all of them have been external. They are still in such a state of happy delight with each other that they relish like newlyweds the small, special intimacies of a couple in love. Bob (who says, "I can write things better than I can say them") sometimes writes little love notes and hides them under Ann's pillow. Ann promptly writes one back and may hide it under his lunch plate. On paydays he brings her little presents (perhaps a box of chocolate mints) which he calls her "pay." Every year they celebrate the anniversary of the day they met in the Albany bus depot "because we think it's a more exciting date than our wedding day." They exchange presents, and go down to the depot café for a cup of coffee. Last year they exchanged pajamas in a sensational "prisoner of love" chain-gang stripe.

By now they have a long list of things in common. Bob has gently nurtured a close and happy relationship between himself and Ann's first four children, all of whom call him "dad." They are attractive, affectionate children, and with little Bobby's entrance into first grade this fall all are in school. The birth of Bob's own first baby, little Evelyn, had him walking on air. Ann says, "It was the first time I'd been in the hospital that someone had given me flowers. I can still see them. He came in with a dozen big red roses." When their second was due this summer he wrote her a card, beginning ecstatically, "Methinks you are the prettiest, the sweetest, the nicest mother there could be." They went through the agony of house hunting together, and the joy of finding something even better than they had dared hope. Since then, they have thrown themselves into Sunday carpentering and improving with the enthusiasm of property-owners. Ann's feelings about having her own house after so many years are such that she can hardly enter her kitchen without exulting. She says, "I don't think either of us will ever take it for granted." And Bob, meanwhile, is

HOW THE PALMERS SPEND THEIR MONEY

● Bob's salary is $85 a week, but his take-home check, after deductions for income and Social Security taxes, is $72.87, or $315.77 a month. Ann receives from her former husband $150 a month for the support of the four older children, so the net family income is $465.77. Every month they try to invest some money in property improvements. Their last project was graveling the dead end of road out front, and now they are saving to build a small addition to the house. They also try to put $50 in the bank each month for savings, although they also use this fund for irregular expenses, such as a $50 supply of wood in the fall and emergency repairs on the elderly car.

House payment	$ 50.00
Property tax and sewer assessment	4.33
Fire insurance	1.60
Hospital and medical insurance	10.00
Washer and dryer payment	16.00
TV set	13.00
Water and electricity	15.00
Telephone	5.00
Groceries and milk	195.00
Car (gas and upkeep)	18.00
Garbage disposal	1.75
Church	10.00
Newspaper and magazines	4.00
Property improvements, etc.	30.00
Haircuts (Bob and Billy)	2.75
Cigarettes	6.00
Clothing	25.00
Savings and irregular expenses (including fuel)	50.00
Miscellaneous (drugs, stamps, etc.)	8.34
Total	$465.77

n who comes home to lunch, even though s him in a rush to make the round trip ne, because nowhere else is quite so in- ing.

other thing that Bob and Ann share is a n first year together—which gives them eeling of having put the worst behind . Right after their marriage they made an nturesome honeymoon trip to the East t in a $100 secondhand car, taking with little Bobby, Ann's "baby" at that Ann's sister Mary, with whom Ann had d some months after her separation from had since married again and the three children stayed with her. The trio vis- Bob's family in Ohio, then drove on to nington, D. C., encouraged partly by Ann's excitement. She says, "I kept saying to 'Is this happening to *me?*'"

ey were back in Albany in October. Bob job as salesman at Montgomery Ward's, the family crowded into a one-bedroom tment in downtown Albany and prepared ake do. The dining room was turned into cond bedroom, and the kitchen was used living room. Bob began at $45 a week plus missions, but he was in hardware and rical supplies, and in wintertime commis- s ran less than $15 a month. In December found she was pregnant, and in January 5 she almost lost the baby.

NEXT MONTH

● What would you do—where would you turn—if your husband were stricken, you had five young children, had never held a job, yet had to work to support the household? That's what happened to Fern Morlang, of Fallon, Nevada.

SUDDENLY A WIDOW WITH 5 CHILDREN TO SUPPORT

By EILEEN SHARPE

HOW AMERICA LIVES
In the October JOURNAL

nn was ordered to bed for most of the er, and her sympathetic doctor began giv- her expensive hormone shots and applying pressure about payment. But it was hard e ill, in bleak surroundings, with a feeling ebt piling up. Ann says, "Bob and Eileen, twelve, kept the house running. I couldn't e managed otherwise. Bob got breakfast lunch and brought it to me, and Eileen got ner and kept house." She adds, "It was a winter—the lowest point in our lives."

ob, meanwhile, showed the effect of the adjustments he was making by periodic ts of homesickness. He can talk about it n a rueful smile now. "It was awful rainy e that winter, and I wasn't used to that d of weather. I wasn't used to mountains er. I don't believe I'd seen a mountain ore I came out here. There were days when ould hardly keep from crying. I'd pack up Ann would say, 'Go ahead,' but I never ually left."

n April a telegram came from Bob's ther, saying that his father was very ill and thought he ought to come home. It was last little shove Bob needed. He quit his , he and Ann sold everything they could, e away the rest, and embarked for Ohio by n with the children. They had a drawing m so that Ann, still an invalid, could lie vn. He says now, "We both had a per- nent move to the farm in the backs of our nds."

They stayed only two weeks. Bob's family, e of six sons and three daughters, had always en close. He speaks of his mother as "a tiny, nderful woman who could always do the rk of two strong men." When he arrived West Salem this time, however, he found his her had had one of his heart "spells," and s now recovered. The homestead was filled h a sister and her family, and Bob had to pack his own family six-strong into his brother-in-law's trailer, parked in the yard. He couldn't find a house to rent, or a job, although he looked "all around." Ann was on her feet, but "just barely," and this made both of them feel that their visit was perhaps more of a nuisance than a help. Bob says, "It suddenly dawned on me what a nice job I'd had at Ward's. I caught myself thinking of Oregon as home."

He and Ann decided to return, and Bob's father helped out with some cash. They were back in Oregon by May first. Bob says, "I think that whole trip was mostly homesickness. But I got that out of my system, almost overnight. Maybe I grew up." Ann adds, "Since that last venture, he hasn't had a single homesick spell."

They arrived low on funds, and put up at Ann's sister Mary's. But Ann found a $100 check from her former husband waiting for her, and she sent Bob out to buy a car for job hunting. She says, "He was scared to death that we wouldn't be able to make payments on it, but I sort of screwed up his courage. Before the week was out we found our old apartment was still empty, and we moved back in. Then Bob found his old job at Ward's was still open, too, and they were glad to have him back. It was like a miracle. It seemed as though we were just meant to come back."

After paying the May rent they had $45 left, to last until Bob's first pay check; furthermore, they had stripped themselves of all their household goods for the Ohio trip, and Ann was in constant danger of losing her baby. The future was far from secure, but this low point marked a turning in their fortunes. From this point on, they began to pull their future into place.

Bob's base pay rose to $50 a week, and after taxes were taken out he was bringing home $180.66 a month. Ann's former husband has

CONTINUED ON PAGE 165

Daddy's home...

First a romp... then to bed... snug and warm in their E-Z sleepers.

Children love their gay colors and prints. You'll love them too ...they're so practical—made of easy-to-wash fine knit cotton that never needs ironing. Priced from as little as $1.89.

You'll find high quality E-Z Sleepwear, Underwear and Hosiery a wonderful buy for your entire family.

E-Z SLEEPWEAR



E-Z E-Z MILLS, INC. Empire State Bldg. • New York 1, N.Y.



Spoon it in! You know it's good if it comes in glass!

Feeding time's more fun when the menu's under glass. Mother finds it so handy to heat the meal, serve it, and store the second helpings, all in the same little jars. Glass is so pure, she knows it's the best protector of flavor and goodness baby food, or any food, can have. That's why modern mothers insist more and more upon glass-packaged foods.

GLASS CONTAINER MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, 99 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 163

er failed to send her a $100 check at the t of each month and a $50 check on the enth, for the support of his children, and s $150 supplemental income brought the al for the family up to $330.66. Gardening-ipment sales that summer brought Bob o $50-bonus months, and Eileen and thy, now big girls of 12 and 11, joined the ws of school children who earn extra ney helping pick the fruit and bean crops. e girls were allowed to keep all their own ney for school clothes, but Bob and Ann re still able to pay Ann's doctor for her rmone shots, and pay for the delivery of the by entirely in advance. They recovered nn's old nonautomatic washing machine m her sister Mary, and soon finished the yments on it. They bought a small second-nd refrigerator on time, and were able to ep up the payments on the car. When the shing machine was paid for, they bought a "-screen television set on sale, for the same monthly payments. That September, Bob ade a $30 bonus and put it all into hospital d medical insurance.

Meanwhile, Ann spent June and July in bed ain, with a Caesarean threatened, but in ugust, Evelyn, the baby who had held onto e at such cost, was born in perfect health. he has since turned into a lively, curly-headed oppet, the darling of the family, and Ann n't help regarding her as a personal triumph.

That fall, the family started house hunting. or months, everything they looked at was ther too expensive or as shabby as their partment. But with Evelyn, the apartment as jammed. Then cold weather came, their el bill rose to $25 a month, the gas leaked, ipes froze upstairs and leaked water below, nd the hot-water tank burst. But in Decem-er a family had to vacate a little house on the dge of town rather hurriedly, and it was put n the market for $5000.

Ann says, "We had been looking so hard, nd gotten so discouraged. We were so *happy* o find this. It had three bedrooms, and the itchen stove and the wood furnace came ith it. They also left behind the curtains in he living room and big bedroom, a double ed, a crib, and quite a few other things. We idn't think we could get a loan for the down ayment [$500], but it came right through."

The green frame house had a picket fence, nd looked tiny from the front because it ran ack into the lot. It was a simple, one-story ouse without a basement; the "automatic" ood furnace was at one end of the living oom, and linoleum was on the floors. But the noleum was new, the walls and ceilings had een freshly painted, and the kitchen and athroom had modern plumbing. The green olor scheme in the living room had been hosen with taste and care. To Ann's eye it ad none of the drabness she had lived in so ong. Sunshine poured into the bedrooms, and he living-room windows overlooked a row of rees and the open land of a neighboring farm. The house was beside a dirt lane that came to dead end in its carport, and across the lane ere an apple orchard and some of Albany's ewest residential developments. Ann says, After Bob and I first saw it, we went home nd teased the girls that it had rough floors to crub, and peeling paint, but we told them hat 'at least it would be our own.' When they aw it they were just delighted. They were so hrilled to have a bedroom to themselves at ast."

The family moved in mid-January, 1956. That year was one of happy accomplishments. Bob put in closets, laid a patio, built a picnic able. Together, he and Ann and the children leaned up the yard, painted the picket fence, lanted, and lined flower beds with saw-tooth ricks. Ann's abundant energies now had direc-ion, and she put them to good use. Every iece of furniture that she picked up, whether iven to her by a neighbor, abandoned in the olshed in back of the house or bought at a econdhand store, was one more piece for her" house. She collected two chests for her nd Bob's bedroom (shared by Evelyn) and ainted them and the bed powder blue to natch the curtains. She bought herself a retty little maple desk, "because I wanted ne so bad." In the spring she had Bob con-vert a ramshackle structure of wood in the back yard into chicken coops, and brought home a flock of day-old chicks free from the poultry store. She says, "The children didn't take care of those chicks—*I* did. I *like* chick-ens." The family has also run through two ducks and assorted goldfish (decently buried in the apple orchard across the way), and still has a tough old mamma cat and her grown offspring.

On summer Friday evenings Ann would gather up the family and go down to Sears', where $5 coupons were handed to occasional lucky customers as a promotion stunt. Through persistence over many Fridays, the Palmers won, in all, five coupons, and brought home some tableware, scales, a coffee maker, sewing shears and a butcher knife. Ann says, "Billy won one of the coupons and gave it to me, so I went right over to the toy store and bought him a gun he wanted."

FORGIVE ME NOTHING

By PHILIP BOOTH

There are tears to being woman, tears
no man can cry. Men fear to die, or weep
to see their daughters grown in sleep,
but none know the turn of mother years,
or the flow of fear in time of omen.
Giving is woman's gift: she lives to bear
love; at cost of pain she cannot share,
in brimming heart she is most wholly woman.

If these words all come wrong, never try
to tell me now. Now cry, and turn your tears
here to my cheek, as for our seven years,
two children, and a war. And while you cry,
forgive me nothing. Before pain began,
you were made wonderously woman; I, man.

In between things, Ann worked hard at contests. The Albany newspaper was at that time running a series of jingle contests promoting downtown retail stores, an idea which was later taken up by the nearby Lebanon paper. Then both papers ran a "safety slogan" contest for drivers. Ann entered all of them, and won in all about $150 in cash. An example of a winning slogan: "Every driver's greatest need: Twice the caution, half the speed." She entered a regional contest sponsored by a West Coast frozen-food concern, and won thirteen weeks of frozen "Sunday dinners" for four, or a total of 52 frozen dinners, including the pies for dessert. Each Sunday's lot wasn't quite enough for her family of seven, and, in fact, the house didn't have quite enough chairs for all seven to sit down at once, and some piecing out was necessary with extra food, a low stepladder for Bobby, and daddy's lap for Evelyn. But sheer initiative had produced the main requirements.

In 1956 Bob changed jobs too. He shifted from Ward's to Kern Electric Company, a small electrical-supply store. The owner has turned over to Bob most of the merchandising responsibility, and Bob is alone in the store most of the time. He has experimented with advertising, has brought in new customers, and is proud of his work. He has had two raises and is now earning $85 a week, although he must work all day Saturdays. This brings his monthly income up to $368, and the children's support money brings the total to $518. Taxes take the net income down to about $466 a month. Ann bought all her own clothes with contest money, and Eileen and Kathy earned theirs again by picking. Last summer Eileen earned $100, Kathy $50; Billy, then 9, picked in spurts, earned enough for a catcher's mitt and a gun. Last Christmas the three earned their own shopping money by selling Christmas cards. They made $5 apiece, and then found at a family council that there was no money in the family funds for a tree, because Bob had just bought an entire winter's supply of wood. So all three turned out and earned another $7 which they turned over to Ann for a tree and plenty of trimmings. Just about then, Ann found she was pregnant again, and began concentrating on "my dream—a boy for Bob."

Her new pregnancy made her take the first half of 1957 at a slower pace. Ann had a thyroid operation in April of '56, and ever since then it has been hard for her to keep her weight down to its old slim "normal." Early in her pregnancy she was firmly telling her doctor that his next job after the baby would be helping her diet, on the principle that "you have to keep working at a marriage all the time. I don't believe in sitting back and letting myself go."

They've kept up their medical insurance for the new baby's birth. Their car and refrigerator were paid for last year, and the bank loan for the down payment on the house was paid off this year. They will soon be making the last payments on an automatic dryer, bought when they first moved into their house, and they are paying off the television set and a new, fully automatic washing machine. The television set is unpaid for only because a vacuum cleaner and a sewing machine, which are now owned clear, were added to their account. Ann cannot use these daily tools of housekeeping without something of a collector's passionate joy. After all, she started a late-comer, from scratch.

Ann's mind is too active not to have reached some coherent views about her life. She feels very strongly that "nothing is impossible if you have enough faith and really set your mind on it." She is quite sure, too, that "for every black hour, there is something so much better and brighter ahead. I think of the times I was so down and out, and never could have guessed that I was to know Bob or have a wonderful new family and all the beautiful things that have happened since then. It just makes you wish you could reach everyone who is feeling that way and have some way to show them what's ahead."

Life comes to her as an adventure, but one that is being well managed by God. "I think God sends us suffering so we can appreciate the good things He gives us more. I remember one of the worst times when I was married to Bill, when we didn't have a thing to eat and things were really bad. I figured all I had left was my faith, so I decided to cheer myself up by reading Bishop Sheen's Peace of Soul, one of my favorite books. There in the middle of it was a twenty-dollar bill that I had hidden away in our better days and completely forgotten."

Since Ann was not remarried in another church, she was not excommunicated from her own, although she cannot take communion. She doesn't always get to Mass because of the littlest ones, and it is Bob who regularly takes the oldest children to the Catholic service. He is thinking about taking instruction and becoming a member of the church himself. Meanwhile, he, too, is reaching conclusions. "I'll be honest with you," he says in his slow, gentle voice. "Before I married Ann I hadn't been in a church twice in my life. I'd been raised in the depression, and my idea was to work and become rich. Work was my life, and I didn't know anything more important. Now that I'm married, my view has changed completely. The funny thing is, everything seems to go better for me too. I tell you—if you aren't married you aren't living."

Ann's thyroid operation in the spring of 1956, shortly after they had moved into their new house, was a frightening time for the whole family. She had been bothered by a growth on her throat for ten years, ever since her operation in Colorado, and it had now begun to grow rapidly. She went into the hospital on Good Friday, and her doctor, who suspected cancer, removed four tumors. On Easter Sunday she was given the news—no malignancy. She was home in four days, found "the house was a mess, all the kids had stomach flu, and Bobby had an infected ear. But I didn't care. I'd gone into the hospital sure I was going to die. After I got home I went out to feel the sun, and I thought, 'Oh, how wonderful to be alive.'" END

Your baby
deserves the best



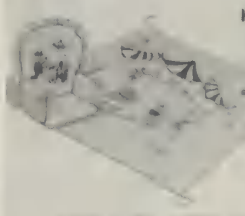
. . . a KANTWET crib mattress

KANTWET crib mattresses assure healthful, restful sleep. Exclusive Firm-O-Flex innerspring unit, dorsal pad insulation and double-sealed tufting give the firm yet resilient support doctors recommend for growing bones and muscles. That's why — for over 20 years — more babies have slept on KANTWET than any other brand.

KANTWET-made mattresses from $12.95 to $24.95



for baby's wide-awake hours



KANTWET PADS and BUMPERS for every nursery need . . . designed for your baby's comfort and safety. Be sure — insist on KANTWET.

FREE! BABY SITTER MEMO PAD — get one at your local KANTWET dealer's

best for hearty and safest
KANTWET®
BABY PRODUCTS
COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE
THE GREATEST NAME IN CRIB MATTRESSES
Rose-Derry Company, Newton 95,

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

word, and to this day I don't know whether he was angry at me, sympathetic, indifferent or just what. I haven't ever criticized Ron to pay him off for his criticisms of me, either to his face or behind his back. Until I came here for professional advice I've kept any disappointments I felt in him strictly to myself.

"I have consistently defended Ron to my parents, my mother in particular—she hoped I would catch an ambitious, he-man-type character for a husband instead of an introverted artist—but my parents scarcely represent a threat to Ron. They live in Seattle, a thousand miles away. On the rare occasions they do visit, Ron carries on outrageously, taking an opposite view on every issue merely to be annoying. Once my father mentioned his tailor and Ron pulled a poor mouth and pretended he acquired all his clothes in the bargain basement, a ridiculous pose since at the time he, too, was wearing a tailor-made suit.

"Ron's parents live within a few miles of us. To please him, we see them at least once a week. Ron feels perfectly free to pick all kinds of flaws in my parents, despite their unfailing courtesy and generosity to him. I have never breathed a word against his people, although Gertrude, as both of us call his mother, can be considerably more difficult than my mother. She is far more demanding and harder to satisfy. Last Christmas, Ron spent hours shopping for an expensive Chinese brocade jacket he hoped Gertrude would fancy and then, in five minutes, he bought me an album of Count Basie records that he wanted for himself. He bought nothing for our children. Selecting their presents, as usual, was my job. Whenever Ron is in his mother's company he puts forth a special effort to be animated and amusing. I don't mind that. But automatically he seems to change personality, become less masculine and adult and more like a little boy. I often receive the impression he and Gertrude are deliberately conspiring to make me feel stupid and uncomfortable.

"Two Sundays ago Ron praised a frilly, bright red dress Gertrude was wearing, until she blushed with pleasure—my mother-in-law has excellent taste, which I suppose Ron inherited from her—and somehow both of them managed to make me feel like a big horse, wrapped in gunny sacking. Next, they plunged into a musical conversation, a subject where they shine and I don't—my college major was math—and in the midst of the palaver Ron suddenly asked me who composed the Pavane to a Dead Princess. Naturally I didn't know the answer and naturally Gertrude did. Once again and purposely, I believe, Ron flattered his mother at my expense.

"On the way home that day, in the hearing of the children, he wanted to know if I'd had a good time. I told him I'd had a dandy time and that his mother was charming. In some ways, strange as it may seem, I think Gertrude *is* charming. She is clever and original. She is also a real expert at the low-down art of making trouble and needling, without getting caught at it.

"When Ron began to pick on Susie in the car for the way she smeared her face eating candy, I suspected I was hearing an echo of Susie's grandmother. And when Ron jumped on the twins, whom he usually leaves more or less in peace, and got both boys sulky and upset, I knew darn well he was spreading a little of Gertrude's insidious brand of poison. During our visit she had made quite a thing of describing the beautiful manners and astounding poise of her next-door neighbor's small boys. Complimenting somebody else's kids is Gertrude's zigzag method of getting across a disagreeable message about me and the inferior way I'm rearing ours. Ron doesn't see it, of course.

"I've always kept my mouth shut on the subject of Gertrude. Ron is devoted to his mother and he detests his father, whom I rather like, though I've taken pains not to defend him. Something else Ron doesn't know is the way I've been cut by his admiration for his elder brother, Jerry, by his openly avowed envy. Jerry is unmarried and leads an unencumbered existence in a bachelor apartment in New York City. No wife, no kids to cramp his style.

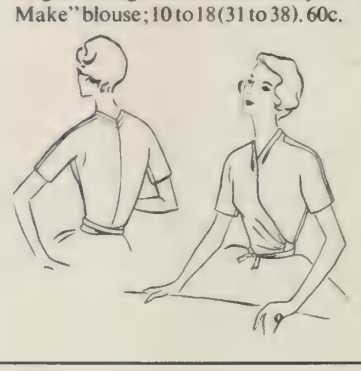
"Now suppose I tell you what happened on the evening I discovered Ron's opinion of me as a wife. It was last Thursday, five days ago. When Ron didn't show for dinner I jumped to the conclusion there had been trouble at the plant again. I telephoned his office, but the switchboard was closed. For a week or so I'd been conscious of the growing tension in our house that generally precedes one of Ron's depressions. By eight o'clock I was definitely worried and thought I'd better go and hunt for him. Usually he heads for the beach.

"I rounded up a sitter and slipped away from the kids by the back door, which took quite a little doing. They're nervous youngsters, they'd sensed the tense atmosphere and all three were prepared to be real evil. Ron insists I spoil our children but can't see his changeableness frightens them. One minute he grabs and squeezes the twins till they can hardly breathe, the next he retreats scowling into the silences. He plainly shows he isn't extra fond of Susie, and she feels it too. According to her teacher, Susie should be near the head of her class, but instead she's near the foot. I guess neither Ron nor I is a good parent.

"Well, I drove twenty-five miles to the Pacific Ocean. Ron had parked his car and was walking along the beach. I saw at a glance the guy was in the lower depths. The tide was coming in and soaking his shoes without his noticing. When I appeared and asked if something had gone wrong at the plant, Ron went into the old song and dance about how he loathed his boss and how the boss' wife stifled his creativeness and how his work was dull and meaningless. I made the appropriate clucking, sympathetic sounds and for the thousandth time suggested he quit. As far as I could tell, we were going through the same old routine.

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE PATTERN ON PAGE 126

Vogue Design No. 9278. "Easy to Make" blouse; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 60c.



"Eventually Ron agreed to get in his car and follow me home. It was when we walked into the living room that the blow fell. Ron sat down. He then pulled from his pocket a letter he had written his brother Jerry, a twelve-page letter. In an offhand manner he remarked that maybe I should read the letter before it went in the mail.

"That letter was my announcement," said Eve in a shocked, incredulous voice, "that Ron had decided our marriage was on the rocks, that he intended to arrange for a divorce. After the divorce, so he wrote, he would fly to New York, find a new, more satisfactory job, share Jerry's apartment and resume leading a bachelor life. In the twelve pages it took Ron to relate his plans for the future and describe his bleak past—he wrote in glittering generalities, there were no specific complaints—he scarcely mentioned me, his daughter, his sons. He sounded as though we had no existence.

"Ron has now decided maybe he won't mail the letter, that joining Jerry might be a mistake. Ever since Thursday night he and I have been talking in circles. As of this moment Ron wants to table the divorce question temporarily, keep his present job awhile, but turn his studio in our back yard into a separate apartment to be occupied solely by him. I've vetoed that cockeyed plan. If I weren't ashamed to have my mother find out—I'd hate to have her learn she was right in disapproving of Ron—I believe I would be in favor of a divorce and a total separation. I've already applied to take a course in selling real estate if we do split up so I can supplement my person income and support the children. I'm t proud to accept further financial assistan from my parents and let them think of me a burden.

"By now you may be wondering why R and I got married in the first place. I expect was because we felt fairly comfortable wi each other and awkward with everybody el My two older sisters, who are little and cu were the belles in my family. I was suppos to be a son. My mother was so disappointe was a third girl she had hysterics in the deli ery room, and my father bought her a di mond bracelet as a consolation prize for the both.

"By the time I followed my sisters to colle and into their sorority I was nearly six fe tall. I was good at sports—skiing, tenn swimming, golf—but at dances I was th giantess skulking in the corner, attempting make like a midget.

"Ron was an odd-ball too. He can ta Mozart and Picasso, but he doesn't know t difference between a two-base hit and a dr kick. We met at the annual home-comi dance at our university, the one night most the students stay up all night. My date, snagg for me by my sister, Edith, had gone to slee Ron's girl had stood him up.

"Three months after the dance, Ron w drafted. By then he and I were pretty well a quainted. His mother approved of me, maybe of my family's social references—G trude is something of a snob—but in tho days I liked her and Ron's whole family fin They seemed so gay and informal after m family, where one cocktail, no more, w served before dinner, we ate by candlelig and with finger bowls, and immediately aft dessert all we females retired to our rooms an shut the doors, while my father, assuming h had appeared for dinner, raced off to his clu to play bridge.

"Ron and I corresponded for the two yea he was in the Army and got ourselves engage by mail. Three days before our marriage h panicked and suggested we break up. I w panicky too. I consulted my college counselo and she seemed to think Ron and I shoul wait a while, that both of us were immatur But by then five hundred invitations had bee mailed. Also, my sisters were married and a though I was only twenty years old I wa afraid if Ron didn't marry me I might be a old maid.

"Our two mothers enjoyed our weddin more than we did. And, from my point view, anyway, our honeymoon was dismal in deed. Ron has a strong sex drive but no te derness whatever. Furthermore, in a funn kind of way, he is a prude. We spent our fir night in the bridal suite of the hotel where m parents and my two sisters began their ma ried life. I came out of the dressing room in filmy nightgown—I wasn't frightened or em barrassed—and Ron instantly handed me bathrobe to put on, saying that somebod might look in and see me through a window We were on the fifteenth floor and all th shades were drawn.

"The remainder of our honeymoon, spen in a lodge in the mountains, was worse. Ro and I would begin the night together in th double bed but then invariably he would hav an attack of asthma and would have to leav me and go sleep on the floor in front of th fireplace. With an asthmatic seizure, Ron ha to breathe warm air. I understood that, but a a bride I felt humiliated, discarded. To me ou sexual relationship has always been unsatis factory. I've never achieved a climax, which i something Ron doesn't know, since I've pre tended with him, considering it my duty as wife.

"On every single occasion Ron has eve kissed me I have known his mind was on sex but I've never refused his kisses. Nor did ever reject the love-making that followed. can't see why Ron thinks our marriage is failure."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

Your Child's Most Important School Supply...

Good Home-Prepared Meals in a

THERMOS®

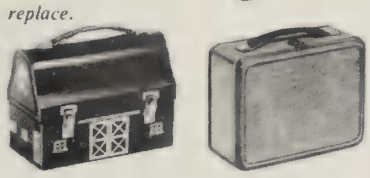
SCHOOL LUNCH KIT



Only when you prepare it are you sure of a balanced lunch for your youngster. And only when it's in a THERMOS® vacuum bottle or food jar are you sure it will stay piping hot (or cold). A variety of styles and decorations to suit *your* child's fancy. A THERMOS® 10 oz. vacuum bottle and *free* School Lunch Menu Booklet included with every THERMOS® kit.

Complete with new pressure seal Polly Red Top® stopper (cup holds it in place), easy for small fingers to remove and replace.





There are many brands of vacuum and insulated ware . . . the best known and most used bear the name

50th ANNIVERSARY THERMOS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

THE AMERICAN THERMOS PRODUCTS CO.
NORWICH, CONN.

Canadian Thermos Products, Ltd., Toronto
Thermos (1925) Ltd., London

Little pitcher has big appetite?

MASHABANANA!



Bananas . . . wholesome—and then some!



anana-jelly sandwich. Such an easy way to make a oungster happy! Use apple jelly, or currant, or grape. Add the ourishing goodness of sliced banana for a simply super sandwich.



Banana milkshake. Drink this for quick energy! Just put a cut-up banana in your blender with a glass of cold milk. Or mash the banana with a fork and shake with cold milk. M-m-m!

I'm Chiquita Banana and I've come to say
That babies love bananas in a special way.
Mashed bananas are delicious
And they're sure to satisfy — aye!
Mothers everywhere have blessed 'em —
It's so easy to digest 'em!
Babies never have to bite 'em an'
You'll find they're full of vitamin
An' min'rals.
They're good for growing little leaguers
And presidents and gin'rals!

To be sung to the tune of Chiquita Banana





UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

RON TELLS HIS SIDE:

"At age twenty-five my father-in-law had accumulated his first fifty thousand dollars; I haven't accumulated fifty thousand cents," said thirty-three-year-old Ron. Six feet one, with a crew haircut and dark blue eyes, he was handsome in a withdrawn way. "Eve tries to kid me into thinking she believes I'm quite a talented fellow. More than once she's offered to set me up in business, but I don't want her patronage; I couldn't take the silent look of disapproval in her eye if I flopped as she is sure I would.

"Despite my training and background and Eve's dry, insincere little compliments of my work, when she remembers a wife should encourage her husband, she has no faith in either my creative ability or my taste. I go for subdued, earthy colors in house decoration and clear bright colors in clothes, my mother's colors. Eve unfalteringly chooses the reverse. I've never seen Eve wear a dress that wasn't a wishy-washy blue, gray or brown. Yet a few months ago she wanted to put a vivid provincial-style wallpaper in our contemporary-modern bedroom. Eve and I had just painted the interiors throughout our house in a shade of off-white that took me two weekends to mix. When I expressed my opinion of the paper, Eve told me she was only joking and was crazy about our off-white walls.

"A while back there was a song popular on TV called The Great Pretender that puts me in mind of Eve. Our marriage was a big pretense from the beginning. Eve and I never did love each other. Maybe we aren't capable of romantic love. What we had in our courtship days was liking, respect, and a desire to present a mutual self-protection front to the world. Both of us were misfits and it seemed we needed and could help each other.

"I had a job in the university library at the time and Eve hung around in the stacks with me and we talked books and seemed to be compatible. During my Army service Eve and my mother were my only correspondents. My father couldn't be bothered to write. When I was decorated my mother saw to it my exploit was covered in the local press. She sent me the clipping and a long letter I treasure to this day. In a brief postscript my father cracked a corny joke to the effect I should be careful if I couldn't be good. I tore his postscript from the bottom of my mother's proud, affectionate and, in some ways, awfully funny letter. She warned me to avoid cold night marches for my asthma's sake and to drink plenty of fresh milk for my stomach's sake, as though a humble G.I. had the say.

"During my overseas service Eve and I drifted a long way apart. At the time of our marriage the truth is we really didn't know each other very well. Eve can't say I rushed her to the church. I had a strong last-minute hunch I was the lone-wolf, bachelor type like my elder brother, dubious husband material. But Eve and my mother both favored the match; in those days the two seemed to like each other. Gertrude still likes Eve and of course she adores our three youngsters, but if it were in Eve's power I'm sure she would cut me off from my mother.

"After my first six months with Eve, I had practically decided I wasn't temperamentally suited for marriage; anyhow, marriage to her. But by then she was pregnant with Susie and that seemed to be that. Eve's sisters beat her to the altar, but she was determined to present her parents with the first grandchild in the family and she succeeded. Occasionally I think that might be why she married me.

"At times during our ten years together Eve has professed to love me, but her love is all show, no feeling. If I ever marry again, which seems doubtful, I want a living wife, somebody warm. Eve seems to be bloodless, unfeminine, not like a girl at all. Our sexual relationship has been perfunctory with us both. She has just pretended to enjoy herself when we made love, though she doesn't know I know it. Eve has dutifully accepted my advances but inwardly she has been untouched.

"Eve and I are both detached and remote from people. I have never in my life had a friend, a genuine friend. When I was a kid my mother broke her neck to get me in with other boys. My father, a Yale graduate, didn't earn enough for us to live in a decent neighborhood and the kids nearby were toughies. At a time my mother could hardly pay the grocery bills she wangled me a membership in an exclusive country club and every afternoon I would walk two miles to get there—no bus fare. I didn't have much fun. I had the feeling the other kids, those with successful fathers and pocket money, suspected me of wanting to cadge ice-cream cones and soft drinks from them. On my birthdays my mother would arrange for the sons of her college classmates, women with successful husbands, to be transported from way across town to my party. Half the time my father would show up and spoil the occasion by making snide remarks about my guests and about me. Gertrude hoped I would be a musician and I played the piano and because of her wanting me to appear a prodigy I was kept in short pants longer than the average. My father's jeering at those pants can haunt me yet.

"Eve's childhood was soft but apparently she, too, was short on companionship. She had a nurse until she was thirteen years old and she went to a girls' day school until she was ready for college. Eve now has a few so-called friends who condescend to come to our house because of her family's position. I don't enjoy Eve's friends and their parties bore me. Our entertaining—Eve weighs our social obligations with the scrupulous care of a miser counting gold and pays off each party in kind—is an even worse bore. We don't have buffet suppers in our house. The table is laid with a lace cloth and our wedding china, gold-banded. I would prefer informal pottery and the guests waiting on themselves instead of Eve turning herself inside out to provide a sit-down dinner the way her mother does.

"Something nearly always goes wrong when we entertain. At our last party the sitter arrived

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170

What Does the Gardener Do in the Fall?

One thing that can be done only in the fall is to plant the bulbs that bloom in the spring.





By THE GARDENER'S ASSISTANT

Outstanding among the bulbs that bloom in the spring are the tulips and the daffodils, first and foremost. Hyacinths, crocuses, muscari, scillas and the rest are charming but minor parts of the pageant, to be taken up at another time.

To begin with the wild, or species, tulips known as botanicals, there is one, *Tulipa fosteriana*, of which the variety Red Emperor is described in a Dutch bulb grower's catalogue as "the most famous of all tulips. Everybody wants it all over the world. The best seller of all time. The earliest, the largest, the most fiery red tulip ever grown. Vermilion scarlet with beautiful black heart. Height, 22 inches." All too true, you think in early spring as you pass front yards exploding on every side with great broadside beds of Red Emperors. You can, of course, do as you wish, but remember these are wild tulips and try naturalizing them in twos and threes instead, and sometime try *T. fosteriana princeps* instead of Red Emperor. It's the same big fiery red flower, but only half as high—in my opinion, much better proportioned.

These botanicals, of which the *fosterianas* are so sensational a tribe, are really at their best when grown as Nature intended, the way other wild flowers grow. They just aren't flowers for beds. The ones commonly seen pictured in the catalogues and featured in the garden stores and display grounds are generally the most reliable growers—the *kaufmannianas*, or water-lily tulips; the *clusiana*, or lady tulips, and the striking *Tulipa eichleri*, tall, slender, straight, yet still essentially "wild." I like them all enough to keep planting a few more every fall, for they seldom stay with me more than two or three years. I don't know where they go. They just disappear.

So let us deal now with their descendants, the tulips extraordinaire. *Do you want me to describe all sixteen divisions among the Early Flowering and the May Flowering? I'm glad you don't! All you really need to know until you take up tulips in earnest is that in most places the five divisions of Earlies bloom in April, two to three weeks ahead of the eleven divisions in the great May Flowering group, with its Darwins, its Cottages, its Parrots, Breeders, Rembrandts and the rest. In a season that suits them, there are tulips in bloom for just about two full months, beginning with the botanicals and the Earlies and ending with the late long-lasting Darwins.*

Of the singles in the early group I like best the pretty pink-and-white Pink Beauty. The red-and-yellow Keizerskroon has finally worn out its welcome with me, though I still recommend it. With Pink Beauty, White Hawk's very nice. These are doorstep tulips; three to five on either side. Tallest in the Early group are the Triumphs, nearly the stature of the Darwins but not nearly the kaleidoscopic coloring. Of these, I like the pure white Kansas, the yellow Golden Wonder and the scarlet Crater; but I grow them in among other spring flowers, not in beds by themselves.

Sometimes I wonder why they keep on designating and isolating the four main divisions so sharply: the Darwin, Cottage, Breeder and Rembrandt; for actually, most of them are quite a lot alike in their tall straight stems and cup-like flowers. The Darwins have the wide range of colors and color combinations; the Cottages excel in the yellow and orange hues; the Breeders in the deeper brooding violets and bronzes; and the Rembrandts in the painted-petal effects. For instance, here are ten tulip varieties which make a beautiful bed, blooming harmoniously together, all the same height. Four Darwins: the pink Aristocrat; the black legendary La Tulipe Noire; Scarlet Leader; and The Bishop, violet blue. Four Cottages: the salmon-red Advance; the yellow Mrs. John Scheepers; the fine White City; and the bright-rose Smiling Queen. One Rembrandt: the red, white, and blue-centered American Flag; and one Breeder: the pure orange President Hoover.

In the same way, I like to bed lily-flowering tulips together, keeping in mind the height, the blooming date and of course the colors; they're so gracefully and delicately different in form from the tall, straight cup types. The same goes for the doubles and the peony-flowered kinds, and most of all for the fantastic Parrots, with their petals fringed, crenulated and curled; more orchidaceous at times than orchids. These last are really tulips to plant in twos and threes.

Daffodils to me are the dreamy delight of spring, beginning before the final snowfalls with the big blaring golden trumpets like King Alfred and Unsurpassable, and continuing right on into May with great white clouds of the *poeticus* narcissus Actaea—all daffodils to me, whether trumpet, large-cupped, small-cupped; *jonquilla, tazetta, poeticus* or wild. I entreat you to try as many different kinds as you can afford, keeping them in small clusters of three to five; never in formal beds, but tucked in the forefront of shrubberies, scattered in among ground covers such as ivy, myrtle and pachysandra, and strewn in the tall grasses away from the smooth-cut lawn.

Three of the most entrancing of the daffodils are the dainty triandrus *hybrids Stoke, Silver Chimes and Thalia. These carry from two to six flowers on each stem; white and primrose, pale yellow, and pure white, in that order. Larger, and a charming change, is the pink-trumpeted Mrs. R. O. Backhouse, with white petals. And as I indicated above, there is the* poeticus *Actaea on which you can splurge with twenty-five or more for a cloud effect, especially if you have a place under a white birch for these big, tall, flat, white-faced flowers with their red-margined eyes—one of the last to bloom. The latest I know is the tiny upfacing Yellow Hoop Skirt, 6" high, like a little wild flower. And I must say, I hate to see them leave.*

For all the bulbs, follow directions as to depth and distance apart, but don't fuss or fret too much about it. And get to know, too, which is the top and which the bottom of the bulb; though even upside down, bulbs have been known to come up, sometime, somehow.

In December:

WHAT DOES THE GARDENER DO IN WINTER?



Platter flattery—the added flavor you get from French's, the light and lively mustard that cold cuts just can't do without!

On food

In food



Great New Idea . . . Mustard Bread made with French's—see easy recipe below.

no other mustard has FRENCH'S Light and Lively flavor



How can a mustard be more than a mustard? When it's French's—the mustard that owes its light and lively taste to secret spices and flavorings, plus specially grown mustard seeds. Little wonder, then, that French's adds more flavor *on foods*, brings out more flavor *in foods!* And its tangy taste won't fade out in cooking. So now you know why more people buy French's than any other mustard.

MUSTARD BREAD

1 small loaf of French, Vienna, or Italian Bread (about 15 inches long)
¼ cup butter
½ cup chopped green onions or sweet onions (including some of tops)
2 tablespoons French's Parsley Flakes or chopped fresh parsley
2 tablespoons French's Mustard
2 tablespoons French's Sesame Seeds or Poppy Seeds

Cream butter. Blend in onions and parsley. Split loaf the long way. Spread with butter mixture. Spread with French's Mustard. Top with French's Sesame Seeds. Cut bread diagonally in 1½ inch slices not quite through crust. Heat in a moderate (350 degrees F.) oven for about 12 minutes or until lightly browned. Hard rolls can be used instead of bread.

F R E N C H ' S M U S T A R D

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168

late and Eve, busy in the kitchen with the cook she'd hired for the evening, shooed the kids into the living room where I was dispensing cocktails. You couldn't hear yourself think for the uproar. When I tried to remove Susie from the scene she screamed so loudly it's a wonder the police didn't show up. I don't know how to handle Susie, who is now at the pudgy, unattractive stage, and is stubborn as a mule. A few minutes after I'd got Eve to put Susie in her bedroom the sitter appeared and took charge of the twins. Billy was jumping up and down on one end of our white sofa, ignoring the guests seated at the other end. Bobby was rubbing the woodwork with his dirty hands. Eve maintained later the guests didn't mind the turmoil, but the evening was a horror to me. When I finally got to sleep—I'm an insomniac—I had one of my recurrent nightmares. In this nightmare I see myself hidden in the branches of a leafy tree, looking down on a crowd of people below and feeling snug and secure when suddenly I realize that above is a huge, cold, expressionless eye watching me. When I woke in the morning I was too sunk and sick to go to work.

"Perhaps I could endure the emptiness and lack of love in my home if I received any satisfaction from my work. At home I'm silently pressured by Eve—I don't accuse her of subjecting me to scenes and hysterics; I've never seen her in tears—and at work I'm steamrollered by my boss and his wife. My employer admits that my designs are fifty per cent responsible for his business success, but he won't lift a finger to protect me from the noisy verbal assaults of his wife. Nor has he transferred any company stock to me, something he has been promising for years. I can't count on him in anything. Last spring I was asked to make rough sketches for a new line of dinnerware. By sitting up night and day I was able to turn out finished drawings and both the boss and his wife were delighted with them. Next day, Mrs. Boss denied she had approved the drawings and I had to get my crew to work out another series. After six weeks of seesawing back and forth, endless misunderstandings, recriminations, and three other series of drawings, the boss and his wife settled for the designs they had seen in the first place. By then it was a miracle I didn't have two ulcers. Nobody should be expected to be creative in the kind of atmosphere where I work.

"I realize I'm a perfectionist and have been oversensitive since boyhood. I can't help it. To me molehills *are* mountains. A week ago, driving Eve to the shopping center, I stopped at an intersection for a red light. When we got the amber signal a car in the rear zoomed around me like a bullet shot out of a gun and I got so flustered I killed my engine. By then the light turned green. Immediately we were in the midst of blowing horns and traffic piled up and a policeman came over and bawled me out. When we finally drove on Eve said nothing. However, she gave me a look of calm contempt that reduced me to the status of a worm and shriveled my very soul.

"Fifteen minutes later I saw her buy three lipsticks she didn't need and I blew my top. I got another look. That night I told Eve I was wretched in our marriage and had been for years. Do you know, we are so far out of touch that she didn't even hear me? She yawned and went to bed. I wrote that letter to my brother not at all sure I would send it, but determined to compel Eve to read it and fix her attention upon my unhappiness with my work, with her and with our marriage.

"My three youngsters all dislike me, with Susie leading off the list. You can hardly blame her. I've developed into a father almost as bad as mine, impatient, sarcastic, critical. Susie is asthmatic like me and I know my attempts at disciplining her sometimes start her wheezing, but surely a sulky kid of nine requires discipline.

"When I ask the twins if they love me they shuffle their feet and look uncomfortable or else they run off. On their last birthday Eve suggested I give them a present. I spent an afternoon selecting a fine building set. It was a waste of time and money. Eve's gift was a surprise and a roaring success—a six-month-old puppy. My gift impressed nobody.

"Eve is well able to be both a mother and father to our youngsters. She is completely self-sufficient. If she won't accept financial assistance from her parents, she can go to work and sell real estate as soon as she gets her license.

"I think I should quit my job, clear out and go somewhere else. If I'm to be a misfit all my life there's no reason I should hang around and make my family unhappy too."

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS:

"There is a saying that people are often impelled to marry their problems. Both Eve and Ron felt inadequate and inferior. Both wanted friends, but repelled friendship by snobbishness and coldness. Both were too much in need of self-understanding to understand and help each other. Both had been damaged by the very different way they had been reared. Somewhere in their childhood the personalities of Eve and Ron had been distorted and they had forsaken themselves as they were intended to be. Through counseling, the two not only salvaged their marriage; they became the woman and the man each instinctively desired to be. In their case, the route to self-understanding was long and rugged.

"Eve and Ron shared a neurotic inability to feel for anybody except themselves. A divorce wouldn't have helped them find more satisfaction in their lives; the satisfaction for which they yearned is to be found only in giving love. In order to achieve the selflessness without which human existence becomes blind chaos it was essential for Eve and Ron to understand how they felt and why, to perceive the reasons they were in trouble. It was plain the answer to their present unhappiness lay in their past.

"In the cold, formal atmosphere where Eve, sympathetic by nature, grew up she was taught to curb her warm impulses. Also, she early picked up the knowledge that her parents had wanted her to be a boy. She did her best to oblige by denying her femininity. Simultaneously admiring and afraid of her father, she chose this aloof man as a model. She sought to win parental approval with proficiency at golf, tennis, basketball, sports in which men excel. Her unusual height added to her social uneasiness and her confusion as to just what was her position in the world. Envy of her sisters, pint-sized, cute, surrounded by swarms of boy friends, was probably also a factor in leading her to jeer at fluffy, feminine attire—'No ruffles for a big horse like me!'—and to choose severe-type clothes, tailored suits, slacks and the like.

"By the time Eve entered college she was very mannish. Another truism is that mannish women usually attract soft men. At the university Eve attracted Ron, indecisive, inclined to be a leaner and the possessor of artistic interests generally considered feminine.

"I didn't ever meet Ron's mother, but in the course of numerous interviews with her son I formed a strong impression of her character. Gertrude wore the pants in the family. I think it likely that, perhaps unconsciously, she badly wanted to be a man and took revenge for her frustration by attacking the manhood of her husband and sons. In psychologists' trade talk, Gertrude would be classified as a 'castrating female.' She damaged all three men in her family. Both Ron and his father suffered from asthma and ulcers, ailments associated with tension and nerves. The elder son, Jerry, was probably the unhappiest and most maladjusted of the three. He had twice attempted suicide. For Ron with his depressions and his problems to team up with an even more depressive Jerry would have been unrealistic indeed; I didn't ever tell Ron so.

"In counseling I try to lead my clients into thinking out their personal dilemmas and then acting on their own solutions. It would have been useless for me to provide Eve with a list of rules on how to conduct herself as a good wife and mother. For ten years she had slavishly followed a lengthy list of self-imposed rules. On the surface her batting average as a wife appeared to be high. No scenes, no quarrels, no tedious responsibilities to burden Ron, pep talks when he was low-spirited. What was lacking in Eve's performance was sincerity, insight, feeling.

"The truth, which Ron keenly sensed, was that Eve hadn't the slightest appreciation of the daily humiliations he suffered as he was bullied at work by his employer's dominating wife and was babied but inwardly scorned at home. When Eve realized and acknowledged the phoniness of the sympathy she had long professed to feel for Ron, she perceived something quite obvious—her marked resemblance to her mother-in-law. Instead of strengthening her weak husband, she had further weakened him. Completely self-sufficient, she had been depending on Ron for literally nothing, and he knew it. Ron desperately needed to be needed, he needed prestige, he needed to assume responsibility and to be a man. Eve didn't want to be a Gertrude.

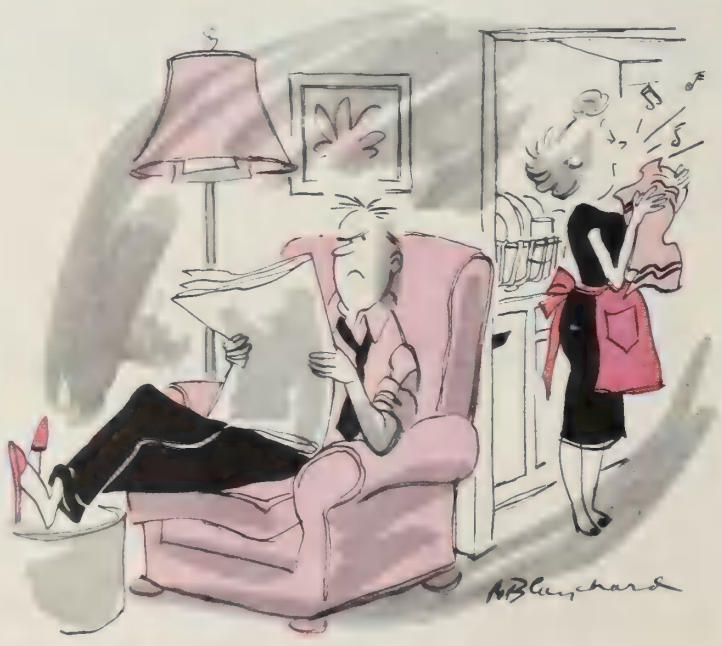
"She proved it. She transferred to Ron the task of handling the major share of their finances, paying their bills, keeping up with their insurance payments, and so on. At first he was unenthusiastic; it was easier to hand over his weekly pay and let Eve worry about the bank balance. In the first month of his management the tardy payment of a premium jeopardized an insurance policy and he urgently requested that Eve take over again. She declined. Ron now takes pride in supporting his family—Eve's hundred-dollar-a-month income is reserved for luxuries—and he boasts of his skill in juggling the family funds. The responsibility has been very important to him.

"It was tougher for Ron than for Eve to perceive his real personality, the reasons for his difficulties. Curiously enough, the recurrent dream where he saw himself up a tree, hidden and looking down on other people, was helpful. We interpreted the dream to mean that Ron envisioned himself as superior to and above other people, withdrawn from life, while another part of him (the eye) understood the impossibility of escape. Gradually Ron realized he wanted to be an active participant in life, that his childhood experiences and his mother's influence had persuaded him to stand on the side lines, sarcastic, critical, hostile and—fearful. When Ron perceived how Gertrude had enfeebled him he didn't lose his affection for her, but he did become aware of her capacity to do harm. He then saw how unwilling his mother was for his small twin sons to act like noisy, normal boys. Eve and Ron still visit his parents, but less frequently. Ron has grown more understanding of his father, whose loud, rough kidding he has decided is a screen for timidity, and more watchful of his mother. He turns aside Gertrude's hints on how the children should be reared. He now has ideas of his own. When Eve began to depend on Ron for help with the youngsters, he rapidly improved as a parent and soon took the initiative in arranging games for the twins, helping Susie with her homework and such. The dramatic improvement in Susie's scholarship showed how badly she needed a father; she is now in the top group at school. Susie still has occasional attacks of asthma as, for that matter, has Ron. But their attacks seem to be less severe and Ron's depressions have almost disappeared. All three children are less nervous. Ron now knows better than to ask young boys whether they love him. Billy and Bobby demonstrate their love by the way they run to the door when Ron comes home. Incidentally, Eve now knows better than to ask Ron to buy a birthday present for the twins and then outshine his choice of gift with a beguiling puppy.

"After Eve learned to guard against the signs of masculinity within herself that lowered Ron's masculinity and of course her respect for him, she found she had learned how to love. For the first time the couple's sexual relationship became a pleasure to them both. With the change in Eve's pattern of feelings, her behavior changed in ways too numerous to mention. For one thing, she tossed formality in entertaining out the window and now is satisfied with buffet suppers like others in their neighborhood. Eve and Ron have built up genuine friendships among people with similar interests. Eve still wears slacks and tailored suits, costumes that become her, but she also wears the kind of dresses Ron admires in the colors he fancies. Ron has abandoned his incessant decorating and redecorating of their home, a symbol of his restlessness and discontent, but not long ago he papered the master bedroom with a provincial print that Eve liked.

"I believe the turning point in the marriage came on an afternoon when Ron arrived home filled with bitter complaints of his employer's wife. The old Eve would have rushed in with tons of sympathy and millions of suggestions as to how to handle the matter. The new Eve serenely informed Ron that the problem was his and it was up to him to solve it. All evening Ron brooded. Next morning, however, he told off the boss' wife in no uncertain terms and his show of strength was promptly rewarded. Alarmed that a valuable employee might quit, the boss fulfilled his long-standing promise and cut Ron in for a share of company stock.

"These days Ron is much better satisfied with his work, but he and Eve are talking seriously of the time he will set up in business for himself. Eve and Ron now talk to each other. It is no longer necessary for Ron to write a letter to his bachelor brother to capture his wife's attention."



"Someday he'll come along—the man I love—and he'll be big and strong—the man I love ——"

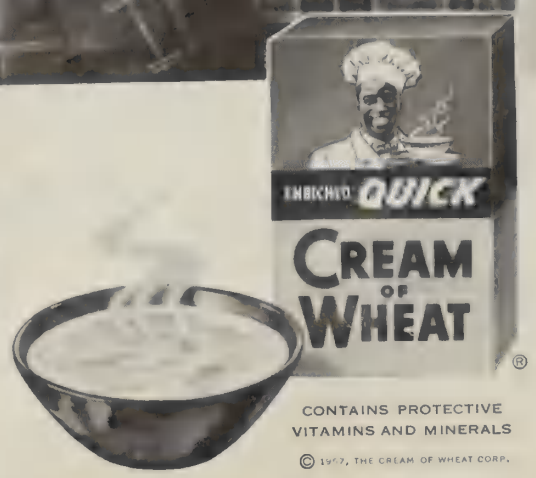
Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY



Photo by Esther Bubley

It's "Cream of Wheat" weather.
Guard your family with hot "Cream of Wheat"

Gives you a nice warm feeling to know you've given them good, nutritious "Cream of Wheat" on days like this . . . gives them a nice warm feeling, too.





However you "cream" your coffee –

You'll love the fresh taste and the convenience of PREAM!



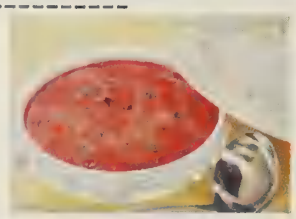
Extra creaminess. Delicious Pream is made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products. The exclusive Pream process captures their fresh taste for your table.

Extra convenience. New Economy Size Pream® "creams" up to 70 cups of coffee. Never spills or spoils. Stays fresh tasting in daily use!

If you like it "with", you'll love it with Pream! Buy Pream in the Regular or Economy Size at your favorite store next time you shop!

tested recipe! **TOMATO SOUP DE LUXE—**

Combine canned tomato soup and water as directed on label. Add 3 tbsp. Pream for each can. Blend, heat and serve. Be ready for the compliments!



FREE RECIPE FOLDER! Write Sally Ross, Pream Test Kitchen, Box 447, Columbus 16, Ohio.

© 1957, H. C. MOORES CO., COLUMBUS 16, OHIO

When You Shop For Food

Mrs. Wizard ~~that's~~ You!

Seven people eat well for $1.00 a day each.

By LIANE WAITE



ACKROYD

The willing helper is Bobby. When he's peeling the carrots or potatoes for dinner, he gets extra dividends (sometimes raw) as he works.

Shopping for an active family of seven with a food budget of around $45.00 a week is no snap for Ann Palmer. A third of this amount is spent for milk—about $13.00, since each of the 5 children still requires 3 glasses of milk a day—a total of 105 glasses a week! Her weekly budget for solid food is $32.00. Out of this she spends around $2.00 for household supplies.

Providing appetizing, varied and hearty eating for her growing children, including school lunches and a midday meal for her husband at home every day, requires that the budget be almost elastic. Ann watches the weekly specials and is not afraid to ask the grocer the difference between potatoes priced at 39 cents and 45 cents for 10 pounds.

Also included are recipes made by herself or her daughter Eileen, who is delighted to help with the cooking.

Pork Chops in Casserole. *A simple but piquant dish, the children's most favorite, and costs only* **$1.12**

Flour 8 pork chops well in seasoned flour. Then brown them in a heavy kettle, using only enough shortening to start them. When they are all well browned, remove the chops to absorbent paper. Add 1½ cups chopped onion and ½ green pepper, cut into thin strips, to the drippings in the kettle. Cook these, stirring from time to time until they are tender. Replace the pork chops on top of the vegetables, cover with 1½ cups water and season with 2 teaspoons soy sauce and a pinch each of thyme and marjoram. Cover the kettle tightly and simmer the chops for about 3 hours or until the meat is tender. Thicken the gravy a bit with a flour-and-water paste just before serving and adjust the seasonings. Makes 8 servings.

Rice Soup. *One of those things that just evolved as recipes do. It is a good hearty soup with plenty of meat and is budget-priced at* **$1.27**

Put 3 lamb shanks in a heavy soup kettle and cover them well with water. Season with 2 teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ¾ cup chopped onion. Cover and simmer the broth well—at least 3–4 hours. Remove the meat from the bones. Skim off any excess fat from the broth. Re-add the meat and ½ cup uncooked rice. Simmer the soup again for about 20 minutes. Then add 1½ cups sliced raw carrots. Continue simmering until the carrots are tender—about another 20 minutes. Taste and adjust seasonings of salt and pepper—and add a whisper of rosemary. Makes 10–12 servings.



STUART

A casserole of ham hocks and Lima beans—an easy, tasty Saturday dinner. Accompanied by a crisp green salad, rolls and fruit for dessert, the meal is budget priced at $2.67.

Ham Hocks and Lima Beans. *This savory dish is made for only* 90¢

Cover tightly in a heavy kettle 2 pounds dry Lima beans and 6 cups water. Bring quickly to a full boil and boil for 2 minutes. Remove them from the heat and allow them to stand, covered, for 1½ hours. Add 2 pounds smoked ham hocks, 2 onions, chopped, and ⅓ cup diced celery. Season with 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard and 1 teaspoon salt. Cover and simmer for 2 hours. If you would like to hold the dish overnight, this is the point to do it. Remove the meat from the ham bones, leaving it in as big pieces as possible. Skim any excess fat from the top of the sauce. Return the meat to the beans and reheat well before serving. Makes 8 servings.

Cream-of-Celery Soup. *The price of this easy one is* 50¢

Sauté ⅓ cup minced onion in 3 tablespoons margarine until tender in the top of a double boiler. Stir in 3 tablespoons flour. Place over boiling water and slowly stir in 3 cups milk and 1 cup chicken stock. Cook until smooth and thickened. Add 1½ cups finely chopped celery, 2 teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon paprika. Cook for about 1 hour. Serve with paprika on top. Makes 8 servings.

Meat-and-Sausage Loaf. *A quick and easy, costing a meager* 96¢

Mix together 2 pounds ground beef and ½ pound sausage meat. Season with 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and a pinch each of savory and poultry seasoning. Add 1 egg, 1 cup soft bread crumbs and 1 cup tomato juice. When well mixed, pack into a 9″x5″x3″ loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1½ hours. Makes 8 servings.

Oatmeal-Nut Cookies. *Eileen uses filberts in these, but walnuts will cut the price. A batch of 6 dozen costs* 79¢

Place in a mixing bowl ¾ cup soft margarine, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup granulated sugar, 1 egg, ¼ cup water and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Mix thoroughly. Sift together 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon soda. Add to the shortening mixture and mix well. Stir in 3 cups rolled oats and 1 cup chopped walnuts. Drop by teaspoon onto greased baking sheets. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 12–15 minutes.

FOR MRS. WIZARD'S MENUS, SEE FOLLOWING PAGE

No other rice is this easy!



No cooking!

No steaming!

Minute Rice

is already cooked – just boil water...

add Minute Rice...cover...

remove from heat!

Another favorite from General Foods

Only Minute Rice is perfect every time



74% more food energy than fresh whole milk

in every delicious serving!

Milk is Nature's best food—as every mother knows. It's needed for strong, sturdy bodies, for growth, for vitality. But a serving of ROYAL PUDDING gives you all the benefits of the milk you make it with *plus 74% more Food Energy*. Get *Regular* ROYAL for easy-to-cook, velvety-smooth Pudding and Pie Filling . . . no-cook *Instant* ROYAL for quick, melt-in-your-mouth desserts.

FOR SCRUMPTIOUS DESSERTS EVERY TIME . . .

Always Reach For Royal



TWO FINE PRODUCTS OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

MRS. WIZARD'S MENUS

*FOR RECIPES, SEE PAGES 172 AND 173

Sunday $6.85

Breakfast
Orange Juice
Bacon and Eggs
Toast and Strawberry Jam
Milk or Coffee

Dinner
Pork Chops in Casserole*
Baked Potato
Bread and Margarine
Green Beans
Pineapple-and-Carrot Salad
Apple Pie (bought)
Milk or Coffee

Supper
Peanut-Butter Sandwiches
Vegetable Salad
Apples
Milk or Coffee

Monday $6.69

Breakfast
Grapefruit Juice
Crisp Rice Cereal
Toast and Margarine
Milk or Coffee

School Lunch
Luncheon-Meat Sandwiches
Relishes
Apples
Milk

Lunch at Home
Luncheon Meat in Sauce
Bread and Margarine
Green Salad
Leftover Apple Pie
Milk or Coffee

Dinner
Rice Soup (vegetable and meat included)
Lettuce Salad
Bread and Margarine
Cookies
Peaches
Milk or Coffee

Luncheon-meat sandwiches after-school snack

Tuesday $6.78

Breakfast
Orange Juice
Corn Flakes
Toast and Margarine
Milk or Coffee

Lunch for All
Sliced-Meat-and-Cheese Sandwiches
Relishes
Apples
Oatmeal Cookies
Milk or Coffee

Dinner
Spaghetti and Meat Sauce (no vegetables)
Tossed Green Salad
Strawberry Shortcake
Milk or Coffee

Peanut-butter sandwich snack after school

Wednesday $6.72

Breakfast
Grapefruit Juice
Scrambled Eggs
Toast and Jam
Milk or Coffee

School Lunch
Deviled-Ham Sandwiches
Relishes
Apples
Macaroon Cookies
Milk

Lunch at Home
Vegetable Soup
Swiss-Cheese Sandwiches
Apples
Milk or Coffee

Dinner
Pot Roast,
Gravy and Carrots
Mashed Potatoes
Bread and Jam
Coleslaw (mayonnaise)
Lemon-Meringue Pie
Milk or Coffee

Thursday $6.43

Breakfast
Orange Juice
Crisp Rice Cereal and Banana
Toast and Margarine
Milk or Coffee

School Lunch
Tuna Sandwiches
Carrot Sticks
Bananas
Graham-Cracker Cookies
Milk

Lunch at Home
Leftover Pot Roast and Gravy with extra carrots
Relishes
Bread and Margarine
Peaches
Cookies
Milk or Coffee

Dinner
Meat-and-Sausage Loaf*
Scalloped Potatoes
Spinach
Corn
Chocolate Cake
Fruited Gelatin Dessert
Milk or Coffee

Friday $5.96

Breakfast
Chilled Prunes
Scrambled Eggs
Toast and Margarine
Milk or Coffee

School Lunch
Tuna Sandwiches
Apples
Cookies
Milk

Lunch at Home
Swiss-Cheese Sandwiches
Salad
Gelatin Dessert
Cookies
Milk or Coffee

Dinner
Frozen Fish Sticks
Fried Potatoes
Lettuce-and-Cottage-Cheese Salad (no dressing)
Creamed Carrots
Oatmeal Nut Cookies*
Canned Peaches
Milk or Coffee

Saturday $5.73

Breakfast
Tomato Juice
Oatmeal
Toast and Strawberry Jam
Milk or Coffee

Lunch
Cream-of-Celery Soup*
Lettuce and Radish Salad
Bread and Margarine
Apples
Milk or Coffee

Dinner
Ham Hocks and Lima Beans*
Tossed Vegetable Salad
Toasted Rolls and Margarine
Banana-Peach-Apple Compote
Macaroon Cookies
Milk or Coffee

Peanut-butter sandwich snack for children in afternoon

WHY DIETS FAIL . . . AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

the source of ill health and emotional mal-justment with diet the logical, magical cure. it in my opinion, obesity is a symptom, not a sease. It cannot and should not be removed til after the underlying reasons are brought light and corrected. Reducing diets are usu-y doomed to failure when they are blindly llowed by people who have no understand-g (or who refuse to face the facts) of *why* ey overeat—or when they are forced upon a rson who is reluctant to diet. In such cases, amatic weight loss, or a series of weight sses throughout life, may be achieved, but ese periods of reduced weight are almost al-ays disappointingly brief and are followed a return to the original weight. This kind of phazard or compulsive dieting is not only sappointing, it is potentially dangerous be-use it can precipitate depression or other notional upsets." Doctor Bruch does not tell this to frighten overweight people or to dis-urage them from reducing, but simply to oint out that dieting may create new prob-ms when it is undertaken without psycholog-al readiness.

Know the Facts Behind Your Figure Problem

Broken romances, disillusionment in mar-age, an unsatisfactory social life and dissatis-ction in work are among life's difficulties hich can lead to excessive eating. Even in ese situations, some adults can learn to nderstand their problems by themselves, or ith the help of their family physicians, and us pave the way to a successful reducing reg-nen.

A middle-aged woman who had always een slender suddenly began to gain weight. he had a devoted husband, a charming home, pleasant social life. But during the last year er two daughters had married and moved way, and her only son had gone off to col-lege. Her beautiful home had suddenly become quiet and empty. This woman was unconsciously filling a very real gap in her life with extra quantities of food. Once she realized this, she made efforts to find new ways of being occupied. She joined a garden club, offered her time at the local hospital, entertained more frequently. As her days filled up, her preoccupation with food dwindled, and her weight returned to normal. There are many comparable situations in which it should not be too difficult to detect—and correct—the reasons for overeating. In more complex problems, there may be a real need for psychiatric counseling.

"With children," says Doctor Bruch, "feelings of anxiety and insecurity are often responsible for overeating. Some mothers, consciously or unwittingly, substitute food for affection, counting on the extra piece of chocolate to make up for the comradeship she is unable, or unwilling, to give. Another means of overglorifying food is to consistently use it as a bribe or a peace offering. The mother who habitually appeases, silences or pampers a child with something special to eat must face the possible consequence that her youngster will value food as a prize out of all proportion. Making a virtue out of 'clean your plate' (regardless of the amounts piled on it) may also boomerang as the child grows older, by turning overeating into a habit. Many youngsters are overweight because they do not get enough *physical activity*. Every child needs to be encouraged to enjoy the social as well as the physical aspects of games and sports in order to develop wholesome interests, as well as wholesome eating habits."

Naturally, some children eat more than others for the perfectly normal reason that they enjoy food more, or burn up their energies more quickly and *need* more food, or because they are brought up in homes where it is the custom to "eat hearty."

When parents suspect that youthful overeating results from an emotional or physical condition, Doctor Bruch emphasizes the need for insight and special attention, because "wrong eating habits and neurotic attitudes developed in childhood and during adolescence offer the most difficult problems later on." In such cases, it is important to restore a child's feeling of security and help him develop self-esteem, *before* putting him on a diet. This sometimes requires professional guidance.

Are You Really Overweight?

In contrast to the psychological aspects of overweight, Doctor Bruch brings up an entirely different side of the weight problem, having to do with certain physiological factors. In doing so she speaks of your "preferred weight," a name she has given to the weight which your body "in its mysterious self-regulatory capacity *prefers* as its pattern of adaptation." It is a weight designated by Nature to help you maintain a peak in physical and emotional stability and it is as individually yours as the shape of your nose or the color of your eyes.

"Preferred weight" distinguishes itself from the so-called "ideal," "average" and "standard" weights (which we find charted in a doctor's office or near the scale in the drugstore) by being a weight which functions nicely for you no matter *what* the charts say. Doctor Bruch questions any unqualified acceptance of the weight charts because she says they are "figures derived through mathematical manipulation, while we all know that people in real life do not follow scientific calculations but have a stubborn way of clinging to their own figures."

One way to determine your natural weight is to close your mind (if you can) to all preconceived notions and outside influences which prompt you to feel dissatisfied with your weight. Forget, if you will, the size 10 sheath dress you'd like to squeeze into and the friend who is your height but who weighs fifteen pounds less. *Now* think about the weight which enables you to: work at top efficiency without becoming tired and irritable; be your most cheerful with your husband, children and friends; avoid frequent colds and headaches.

In other words, think about the weight which helps you wind up each day with your health, emotions and expression intact. *That is your preferred weight.* If it is exactly or within a few pounds of what you weigh now, you're lucky and should keep up your good eating habits. If it is ten, fifteen or even twenty pounds *more* than you weigh now, chances are your self-imposed diet is keeping you slim at the expense of wearing you out. Relax—add some weight and some cheer to your life! After all, a woman in a size 16 can be just as attractively turned out as a sylph in a size 7! (Helen Fraley discovered on her weight return that she felt and looked better at 150 pounds than she did at her reduced weight of 135.)

If, in being honest with yourself, you discover you weigh ten, twenty or thirty pounds *more* than your preferred weight, then try to recognize and correct the reasons you have let yourself go.

If you have ever defended your weight with the plaintive cry "everything I eat turns to fat," take heart in learning that Doctor Bruch and other forward-thinking medical scientists are less prone today to reject this possibility altogether. Recent investigation suggests that "*deviations in internal carbohydrate-fat metabolism* may be one cause in the development of obesity." In other words, it is not only the food you eat, but the way your body burns it up, that may determine the fate of your figure. This could explain why one woman maintains a high weight on meals that seem barely enough to keep a busy housewife alive, while



her neighbor eats circles around her and still boasts a flat tummy and a 24" waistline.

Doctor Bruch hastens to add that this new physiological approach to obesity may apply only to certain cases. She warns women against using the information as a signal to gorge themselves with the thought that Nature alone has the power to determine the outcome. The fact still remains that if you consume more calories each day than your body expends in energy, the "extras" pile up in superfluous fat. Our reason for bringing this interesting thought to your attention is to reassure *reasonable* eaters who feel frustrated about their weight that modern science is seriously searching for the reason "why."

Really Overweight? Try the Monotonous Diet!

Fortunately, many overweight people can reduce and stay reduced by following one of the conventional low-calorie eating plans which provide a wide choice of natural foods. Others, no matter how hard they try, cannot stick to a calorie-counting diet.

When such "business as usual" diets fail, Doctor Bruch believes a "monotonous diet" may be the helpful answer. "Monotonous Diet" is the unglamorous name she has given to the more restricting diets, *which contain all essential foods*, but which lay down the law, once and for all, about what a fat person should eat. (These diets are not to be confused with trick diets which starve you by supplying *too little* nourishment, or trick diets which stuff you with filling foods to give you a feeling of satisfaction but which actually are lacking in balanced nutrition. Such diets, if followed for any length of time, could cause harm.)

Doctor Bruch has found that many severely overweight people have more success with a diet which eliminates choice or self-denial at every meal.

"The Fabulous Formula Diet fits into this category," says Doctor Bruch, "because it avoids the social handicaps, the 'this-time-it-won't-hurt-me' attitude about dieting. It keeps you from constantly agitating over a little bit of this, a little bit of that or a little bit of the other thing." Doctor Bruch and other physicians have found in personal experience that the monotonous type of dieting is also a convenient method of short-order reducing. She recently prefaced a trip to Copenhagen, where she had been invited to participate in a medical conference on obesity, by using the Fabulous Formula Diet part time for two weeks. "I knew the deliciously rich Danish food would be irresistible," says Doctor Bruch, "and I had to lose some weight ahead of time if I wanted to come back with my preferred weight intact." We were glad to learn from such an eminent authority, whose opinions on nutrition are highly respected by her medical colleagues, that she has personally found the Fabulous Formula Diet to be a reliable and handy way to reduce.

Another supersimplified diet is the pound-of-hamburger-a-day diet. On this, you have ¼ pound of hamburger for breakfast, ¼ pound for lunch and ½ pound for dinner, with ½ grapefruit or a green vegetable for each meal. A salt-free diet may also work by the simple expedient of making the diet something different from ordinary family meals. The major value of these packaged diets is that they keep an overweight person from being obsessed with food. Reducing diets, regardless of type, should never be undertaken without the approval and supervision of a physician.

The timing of your diet may also have effect on its success. Doctor Bruch believes that dieting is especially hard at times of increased emotional or physical responsibility, or during periods when you are engaged in any sort of work that makes special demands on you. She says, "College students have told me they would gain as much as fifteen pounds during examinations which they could easily lose again during the following vacation period." In planning your diet, select a suitable time—the week your husband will be off on a business trip, the time *following* your spring cleaning, or early in the fall when the children are back in school and your daily life becomes more orderly and serene. Businesswomen might start "Operation Diet" when work is going especially well.

One final word. Avoid self-recrimination and self-pity and, instead, try to meet your weight problem with real understanding. Give it respect, treat it with courage, and rejoice in new self-esteem!

Detailed information on the problems of overweight is included in Dr. Hilde Bruch's book, The Importance of Overweight, published by W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.

AMERICA'S 10 RICHEST WOMEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

100 rooms and marble halls with millions of dollars' worth of paintings and lavish furnishings and started giving parties. She was a great success. At Playa she enjoyed introducing the Duke and Duchess of Windsor to Palm Beach society, though they were perhaps not unknown even there. This year she decided she could no longer maintain it with a suitable staff of servants, and she put it on the market. The only prospective buyer, a private school, was rejected by the Palm Beach zoning board. Mrs. Dodge then announced she would tear it down at a cost of $150,000, and auction off its furnishings. But before its demise she gave a party. It was like the old days. There were two orchestras, a champagne fountain, twenty pounds of Beluga caviar (at $35 a pound) served in a carved-ice swan. Mrs. Dodge, who sometimes decks her short chunky figure in a manner felt to be a bit overelegant, was her most distinguished in simple floating black chiffon relieved only by her diamonds and pearls.

No one speaks of us in our presence as he does in our absence. BLAISE PASCAL

She loves to dance and hardly gets a chance these days. That night she was seldom off the floor—hard stone floors that had many youngsters whipped early in the evening. The most formidable names in New York and Palm Beach society were there—more than two hundred of them; and when she bade the last of them good night well into the morning her eyes were streaming with tears for that unrecapturable, most glamorous period of her life.

Now most of the time Mrs. Dodge stays in a two-story maisonette apartment at the Everglades Club, seeing old friends and occasionally her son Horace II, whom she adores, and who is now married to former showgirl Gregg Sherwood, his fifth wife. Only occasionally does she go back to Detroit to reopen briefly the Grosse Pointe Farms mansion which she and Horace, Sr., built at a reported cost of $1,000,000, with solid-gold plumbing fixtures in the bathrooms, where the staff at one time included two men hired to do nothing but polish silver. Her yacht, the Delphine, when in full commission requires a crew of 78—which is the reason it is not in commission now. Among her jewels are the Empress Catherine of Russia pearls, said to be the most magnificent string of pearls in existence, bought for her as a present by Horace when he won his $40,000,000 suit against Henry Ford.

When Dodge died in 1920 he left her many holdings, but the largest single chunk was $141,000,000 in tax-exempt municipal bonds which even at a low annual interest rate of 1⅝ per cent makes a happy income to count on every year.

In 1926 she met Hugh Dillman, former actor and ex-husband of actress Marjorie Rambeau, in Italy, and a year later they married. Dillman, friends feel, taught Anna Dodge "how to have fun with her money." They traveled, went to parties, gave parties and didn't worry about a thing. They were

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178



Jinx Falkenburg McCrary — Star of NBC TV's "The Tex and Jinx Show"

Jinx Falkenburg McCrary

tells how to fr

"So many people think of a recipe as eating," says Jinx, "instead of 'do I have what I need to make it that good?' Yet I've found, particularly with chicken, that freshness is the key to how well the recipe turns out. That's why I'm happy about Acronized chicken. It takes the guesswork out of buying and cooking chicken. You don't have to worry because you *know* it's fresh when it's Acronized. All you have to do is find the chicken with the Acronized seal, and you're sure every recipe will taste deliciously different through real freshness and flavor."

The freshness and tastiness of Acronized chicken is not the result of a freezing or pre-cooking process. Rather, it is due to a processing agent that slows the growth of bacteria which cause spoilage and loss of freshness and flavor.

So next time you are shopping for chicken — look or ask for the one with the Acronized seal — it's your best buy for *reliably* fresh chicken. And remember, IF IT HASN'T THE SEAL, IT ISN'T ACRONIZED!

ACRONIZED *Trademark

look for this seal of freshness



gin as Jinx does, with Acronized chicken. Remove seal, sh and dry parts to be cooked.



2 Dip in melted butter; roll in flour seasoned with salt, pepper, paprika and oregano. Save flour for gravy.



3 Start the meatier parts first. Place skin-side down in skillet filled with ½" of hot shortening.



rown both sides well. Cover, reduce heat and cook owly for 45 minutes. Turn once or twice.



5 Uncover and increase heat for 10 minutes. Turn the chicken often to insure even crisping of the skin.



6 Remove chicken to tray covered with paper towels. To make gravy, pour off all but 4 tbs. of shortening.

hicken...and why it should be ACRONIZED*



Add 4 tbs. of the seasoned flour and stir till thickened. Then add 2 cups of milk and ½ cup of heavy cream.



8 Arrange chicken on a serving platter to complete your buffet. Now you can relax — confident of compliments to come for treating your guests to real eating pleasure — thanks to the fresher taste of your Acronized chicken.

AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY, FARM AND HOME DIVISION, NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

CYANAMID 50 1907 1957

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 176

divorced in 1947, and she resumed her former name of Mrs. Horace E. Dodge. She is sole administrator of the fortune for its next heirs, Horace II, his children and the children of Delphine, who died in 1943 after marriages to James H. R. Cromwell, socialite, who later became minister to Canada and husband of Doris Duke; Raymond T. Baker, director of the U. S. Mint in the Wilson-Harding administrations; and Timothy Godde, English bank clerk. This reponsibility has brought painful court actions from Godde, who sued for an amount he said was agreed on for his waiver to all rights to Delphine's estate, and from Mrs. Christine Cromwell "Cee-Cee" Asserson, who claimed she needed a greater portion of her inheritance in advance.

Anna Dodge is little interested in great sums of money, but fascinated by the idea of money, which she grasps more vividly in small amounts. She loves to play tampola ("little raffle") at the Everglades, and when a game is going she enforces a strict rule of silence at her table while she watches the cards intently, and gives little moans of dismay when other tables seem to gather most of the prizes. The top prize is seldom more than $50.

Mrs. Merriweather Post, on the other hand, is a combination of the old and new kinds of multimillionairess. A charming woman who spends lavishly on herself and those around her, she also has one of America's top business brains and perhaps has given away more money than any other woman in the nation's history.

When Marjorie Post was born in Springfield, Illinois, C. W. Post was still only a traveling salesman. By the time she was nine, he had invented the common plow blade, men's cummerbund suspenders and Post Toasties and was making a great success in Battle Creek, Michigan. He took her, while still in her teens, to company meetings with him and explained how business worked and invited her to ask questions. When he died in 1914 she became the already huge company's largest single stockholder and remained so until 1922, when with her second husband, Edward Hutton, she began to work mergers with other companies—Jello, Maxwell House Coffee, Log Cabin Syrup—eventually fifty products that became the General Foods Corporation, of which she is still a director.

She has been married three times. The first time was to Edward B. Close, an attorney she met shortly after she was graduated from a Washington, D. C., seminary, and with whom she had two daughters, Adelaide and Eleanor. The second was to Edward Hutton, businessman and father of her third daughter, Nedenia, who is now Mrs. Stanley Rumbough, Jr., of New York City, the mother of three small children and a part-time actress now appearing as Dina Merrill in a supporting role in the movie Desk Set. Her third marriage was to Joseph E. Davies, later U. S. ambassador to Russia. They are now divorced.

Mrs. Post's marriages have seemed to mark definite periods in her development. As Mrs. Close she became established socially. As Hutton's wife she became an avid collector, at first of businesses for the General Foods Corporation, then of possessions of all kinds: jewelry, houses, boats, rare furniture—everything for luxurious living on an almost incredible scale. With Davies, she became intensely interested for the first time in philanthropy and politics.

With Hutton she built the Sea Cloud, largest privately owned sailing yacht in the world and a breath-takingly beautiful sight under full sail—350 feet long, a four-masted bark-rigged vessel outfitted like a floating mansion. It had gold-plated washbasins, a $4500 set of bone china and cost $1,000,000 a year for maintenance alone.

The Huttons also maintained four huge homes: a 54-room Fifth Avenue apartment in New York City which rented for $75,000 a year and was said to be the nation's largest individual apartment; an estate near Roslyn, Long Island; Mir-A-Lago at Palm Beach, where she frequently gave parties costing $40,000 to $50,000; and Topridge, actually a private village in the Adirondacks approachable only by barge across a lake, accommodating 30 guests in individual houses with a staff of 40 servants.

At Mir-A-Lago she once hired the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus for three days—the first day for her guests, the next two days for orphans and underprivileged children she then brought in from the surrounding area.

During the depression she seemed to recall her father's words to her that "the duty of the rich is to give to the poor." She became interested in philanthropy and politics, particularly in the Democratic Party. During World War I she gave the Red Cross money to build what was then the largest base hospital of its kind in the world at Savenay, France. She financed and personally supervised a Salvation Army feeding station in New York's Hell's Kitchen which fed 1000 people a day from 1929 to 1935.

With mystery writer Mary Roberts Rinehart, she became interested in a giant women's crusade to abolish crime through small anti-corruption groups. Women could fight crime more effectively than men, they believed—"Their reaction to it is more violent. They have a faculty for organizing and pushing through."

She was decorated by the governments of Belgium, Luxembourg and the Dominican Republic for her relief work.

It was her interest in the Democratic Party that caused the final rift with Hutton, not a New Dealer. They were divorced in 1935. And in December of that year she married Joseph E. Davies in a $100,000 all-blush-pink wedding at the New York apartment, where caterers tinted everything from flowers to the 300-pound wedding cake to match a swatch from her wedding gown. The newlyweds sailed aboard the Sea Cloud to the West Indies. Shortly afterward Davies was named ambassador to Russia. His wife prepared for the move by sending over in advance two tons of frozen food, including 2000 pints of frozen cream, and a dozen electric refrigerators which she had heard were unavailable in the U.S.S.R. (General Foods had just taken over Birds-Eye and she was much interested in the new process.)

Drab, austere Moscow was a period of trial for the gay, social-minded Mrs. Davies. She bore up bravely, but made no secret of her delight when her husband was made ambassador to Belgium two years later: "Thank God," she cried, "it's got a king."

Back in Washington after the start of World War II, Davies served intermittently on diplomatic missions abroad and Marjorie Davies again entered into the lavish social life. At Tregaron, the Davieses became a noted capital waltz team. In 1950 Mrs. Davies introduced capital society to the square dance and Virginia reel, which became instantly popular. Davies never learned to square-dance. In 1955 Mrs. Davies was granted an Idaho divorce on grounds of mental cruelty and incompatibili

She resumed her maiden name, reopen Mir-A-Lago, moved into a new apartme in New York, bought a new estate, "H wood," in Washington and started givi parties again.

"Marjorie Post," said a friend, "has stamina that is very discouraging. She com into a room and everyone else looks e hausted." It would be humanly impossit for her to enter a room unnoticed, partly b cause of her bursting vitality, partly becau over a figure already slightly robust she som times wears large feathered and floppy ha grand fur pieces and sweeping gowns. T effect is, of course, overwhelming. She is r ported to own about 10 per cent of Gener Foods stock, among other holdings, and is the nation's highest income-tax bracket. S actively oversees all her interests, includi two counties of oil land in Texas, which mov the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembou to remark on meeting her, "I understand th your kingdom is bigger than mine."

Financial responsibilities have sat light on Marjorie Post and she seems to enjoy h money as much as anyone; but "wealth she has said often, "is a greater responsibili than it is a privilege."

No one could agree with her more than Mr Chauncey McCormick, of Chicago. Bo Marion Deering, she is heiress to two gre fortunes—the McCormick reaper and t Deering plow. Both have long been incorp rated in the International Harvester Cor pany. Mrs. McCormick still is acutely emba rassed by her election as Chicago socie queen. A friend explained, "It's just all out character for Marion. She *loathes* attention

When she visits the International Harvest offices, where Brooks McCormick, one of h three sons, is director of manufacturin "you'd think it was somebody's aunt fro Ohio wearing a well-cut but undistinguishe little suit." She devotes her days to meetin of the Antiquarian Society of the Chicago A Institute, where gifts from her and her hus

CONTINUED ON PAGE 181



Whether you have blonde, red, brunette or gray hair, there's a shade of TIZ-Mist that makes the *most* of your very *own* hair color. Not a tint . . . not a dye, TIZ gently kisses your hair with lustrous color casts.

Never, *never* is there a trace of "theatrical color" . . . just the ladylike loveliness of natural-looking, well-groomed hair . . .vitally alive and shining with color highlights. TIZ lasts from one shampoo to your next . . . and it's so *very* easy to use. Just spray on . . . brush in . . . and rinse.

At beauty salons or cosmetic counters for use between appointments.

$1.95 plus tax

Conditions, improves hair texture . . . leaves it wonderfully manageable.

More TIZ-Rinses are used in America than all other creme-and-color rinses combined.



LEARN MORE ABOUT WHAT TIZ CAN DO FOR YOU! SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET TO GET "QUICK FACTS ABOUT TIZ-MIST"

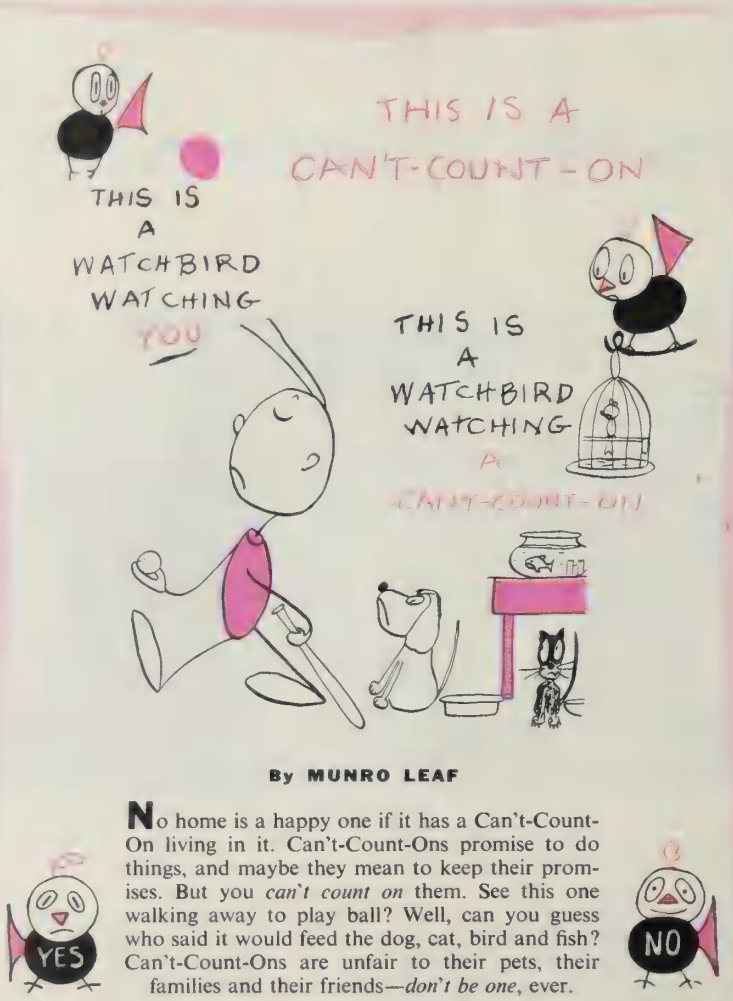
TIZ-Products, Inc.
Dept. L
P.O. Box 4977
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Please send me free booklet on what TIZ can do for *me*:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ *STATE* _____



By MUNRO LEAF

No home is a happy one if it has a Can't-Count-On living in it. Can't-Count-Ons promise to do things, and maybe they mean to keep their promises. But you *can't count on* them. See this one walking away to play ball? Well, can you guess who said it would feed the dog, cat, bird and fish? Can't-Count-Ons are unfair to their pets, their families and their friends—*don't be one*, ever.

WERE YOU A CAN'T-COUNT-ON THIS MONTH?

The Picture of Health for September



by MAXINE DAVIS

"Maybe I ought to join the Navy now and go to Yale afterwards," Tommy suggests drearily.

Now that he's really going to college his acne much worse. He wants to run and hide. The family doctor won't say, as he might ve even last year, that tension and exement are causing Tommy's pimples. He n't say, "Don't worry. You'll outgrow it." Because leading specialists now feel that n disease is often the *cause*, not the *result*, emotional disturbance; and that proper ention will save permanent scars on the rsonality as well as on the skin.

There's a new word—somatopsychic for s, meaning the effect of the body on the nd. This makes UTOL especially valuable. OL, an antiseptic antibiotic cream helps ieve the minor irritation and itching at keeps reminding the young of their ne, and prevents re-infection; *and* it's sh-tinted to hide as it heals—thus helping th skin and spirit. So you pack a semes-'s supply into Tommy's brand new aveling bag.

He's active regardless of season. So you so put OCTOFEN into his toilet kit. He's d several grim bouts of athlete's foot. ctivity makes his feet perspire, so he's an sy victim for this fungus disease.

If Tommy does have another attack he'll ve OCTOFEN Liquid to stop it promptly, it did when we used it before.

But we've learned the hard way that eventive treatment is best. That means ying the feet thoroughly after showering, sting them carefully between the toes, ith OCTOFEN Powder — and also sprinling it into shoes and clean socks daily.

Scientific findings indicate that no other ngicide is more successful in stopping thlete's foot or in preventing it. OCTOFEN the only athlete's foot medication approved by the eminent National Foot Health Council.

Getting the teen-agers off to school is lways tough for parents. The young are n a tizzy of excitement, and we try to gnore the prospect of the too-quiet house ney're going to leave us.

But we grown-ups who suffer from arhritis cannot put off the distress that ffects us after hours spent hauling out heir luggage and their heavy winter clothes. uckily now we have SURIN. It won't cure rthritis; nothing can.

But it will ease our muscle aches and heumatics. Apply a warm moist towel to he painful area and smooth on SURIN. It ets to work right away and relieves you.

With SURIN to take care of post-packing ches and pains, the only trouble left is ou're all damp, especially underarms.

You're preparing for winter but it's till summer, really, and you—well—*sweat!* Now's when you're glad to have New YODORA. You can feel as crisp and fresh or dinner as you look, because you know New YODORA stops the germs that cause he offensive odor of perspiration. Maybe Tom would like to have some, too.

For that wonderful

21 year old feeling!

If you need vitamins—give yourself the guaranteed high potency of Bexel Vitamins and Minerals...only pennies a day!*



Only McKesson's unique laboratory controls make possible this full potency guarantee!

You will look fresher—may even look a little younger—when your system gets all the vitamins and minerals it needs every day. Because these vital food factors—often missing in so many of today's diets—give your hair its luster, your skin its tone and color. As you look better, you feel better—more alive!

No other Vitamins are more carefully controlled to guarantee their full potency!

McKesson controls offer a remarkable integrity in vitamin preparations. Putting full potency into vitamins is our first step in manufacture. Keeping it there requires McKesson's most exquisite care. So McKesson controls make sure that Bexel Vitamins will not "fade" or lose potency on their way to you. Each batch of vitamins is carefully sampled. Then a supply of "control" samples is held, and given a long program of rechecks. As much as 5 years later, Bexel Vitamins still have the potency marked on the bottle.



GUARANTEE:
Feel wonderfully better! Either you do, in a month's time or less, OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED!

BEXEL

This scientific detective work includes both chemical and biological tests. Such refined scrutiny is why McKesson can guarantee to you, Bexel Vitamins with full potency—Vitamins that really do work toward giving you that wonderful 21 year old feeling!

There's a Member of the Bexel Family for Every Member of Your Family!

Not only for grown-ups—but special Bexel Vitamins, in tiny capsules or delicious syrup, for the Children too! Bexel Vitamins are sold by your registered, local druggist. Next to your doctor, he is the man most interested in your and your family's health. Ask your druggist about the different special vitamin preparations under the Bexel name, made for specific needs and people. Like all McKesson products, Bexel fulfills the pledge: *Better . . . by McKesson.*

* Don't endure nerves, fatigue, sleeplessness, poor appetite! These symptoms, when due to a vitamin deficiency, occur only when daily intake of vitamins B_1, B_2, and Niacin is less than the minimum daily requirement over a prolonged period. In themselves they do not prove a dietary deficiency, and may have other causes due to functional disturbances. *Bexel Special Formula Vitamins contain B_{12} and other essential B vitamins, plus 5 times your daily requirement of iron!*

BETTER ... by McKESSON

© 1957 McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

GARDEN-FRESH TASTE

from the heart of America's farm lands...

captured by Stokely-Van Camp!



PEAS WITH NATURAL SWEETNESS—
Tender, Green and Young

- **Stokely's Finest Early Peas**—Small, round, very young Alaska peas—subtly flavored with sugar and salt.
- **Stokely's Finest Honey Pod Sweet Peas**—Fresh, fresh peas in mixed sizes (just as they come from the pod).
- **Stokely's Finest Party Peas**—Fanciest, freshest-tasting peas—uniformly extra small. Picked at their most tender stage and packed promptly.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 178

and have totaled more than $1,000,000; the Illinois Home and Aid Society, where she has been a guiding force for more than thirty years; and to the Miami Corporation, one of the nation's wealthiest private holding companies with vast oil interests in the South, large blocks of downtown Chicago real estate and assets believed to run into the hundreds of millions. It is reported to be the largest single holder of International Harvester common stock.

She is a gifted hostess and when she entertains in her fourteen-room Lake View Avenue apartment—mostly at small dinners since her husband's death last year—"she *looks* like a McCormick." Out come the pearls and rubies, the soft gray chiffons sprinkled with brilliants. Her eyes sparkle and she is gay and laughing. "And then she'll disappear somewhere," said a friend, "and you'll see her off with someone she has noticed was a little out of things, and she will be trying to make him happy and comfortable. Marion is a most gentle, *simpatico* person."

But she never lets people forget that though she married a McCormick—a cousin of the late Chicago Tribune publisher Robert R. McCormick—"I myself am a Deering." She was reared in the tradition of great wealth on one of the most fabulous estates ever built in America—the $10,000,000 Florida home of her uncle, James Deering, "Vizcaya." Deering never married, and the chief joy of his waning years was planning Vizcaya as the perfect setting for art treasures collected over a lifetime. It took 800 men over five years to build, including several hundred special workmen in stone and mosaics brought over from Europe. The result was a 72-room mansion topping two great terraces that has been called the only modern construction comparable in splendor to the Versailles Palace. It contained uncounted priceless treasures in tapestry, furniture, porcelain and metalwork. The foundation was threaded with underground grottoes. Surrounding it were Chinese pagodas, canals, tea gardens, boathouses, and in front a man-made island 330 feet long and 165 feet wide, covered with lush tropical blooms and sunk in a huge stone-constructed basin. At night special lighting effects played over the island. The whole place required a year-around staff of 100 gardeners alone. After Deering died, the McCormicks maintained it, but finally turned it over to Dade County as a museum in 1952.

Besides occupying her luxurious Chicago apartment sheltering Goyas, El Grecos and rare jades, Mrs. McCormick spends appropriate periods of the year at a farm in Naperville, Illinois, where they used to raise prize-winning Guernsey cattle; at a new 18-room "cottage" in Florida; and at the family home in Seal Harbor, Maine. When she is not otherwise occupied she writes letters, dozens every week, to friends and to persons who have written her because they saw her name in the paper. She feels it a duty to answer every one personally; she would no more dream of turning this task over to a secretary than she would delegate the planning of one of her elegant "little dinners." Her son Roger teases her that she "would, if she ran out, I do believe, start answering the ads in the paper that say 'Do you have heart pains and falling arches?'"

Equally publicity-shy—"You can't get a *birth announcement* out of the Fords," say Detroit newspapermen—is Mrs. Edsel Ford, widow of the late Ford Motor Company president and mother of its present head, Henry II. Besides the Ford multimillions, she inherited as Eleanor Clay one of the Midwest's great department-store fortunes from her uncle, J. L. Hudson.

Since the death of the elder Fords, however, Detroit society has seen a change in Eleanor Ford, a new gaiety where before she was quiet and subdued. Indeed, during the elder Fords' lifetime the Edsel Fords' existence, business and social, was ringed about with Henry's rigid rules against drinking even a light glass of wine, or smoking, or excess merrymaking of any kind—"They didn't *breathe*," said an old-line Detroiter.

This known austerity plus the Fords' extreme desire for privacy gave rise inevitably to rumors of intrafamily difficulties—the report, for example, that the elder Fords refused to speak to their son and daughter-in-law for months after an all-night party for the then Prince of Wales, later Edward VIII, that ended in a 2 A.M. cruise on the Detroit River; and that Henry, Sr., personally perpetrated the theft of a $100,000 strand of pearls from the Edsel Ford home because he thought such baubles were too frivolous.

These are pure legend—gossipers were astounded at the richness of Clara Ford's own jewels when she died a few years after Henry—but it is true that the elder Fords were a reining, not to say sometimes depressingly restrictive, influence on the Edsel Fords' social life. "After Edsel died in 1943 Eleanor went into deep mourning. They were truly devoted to each other," people in Detroit feel. When Henry resumed the presidency Eleanor Ford became a vice president and for years, until her youngest son came of age, she went to board meetings and was Ford's largest single stockholder. For part of that period she controlled 54 per cent of Ford voting stock.

But lately "she's like a debutante," a friend said. "She goes to parties, she's gay, she does whatever she wants to—probably for the first time in her life, Eleanor Ford is really free. And it's changed her whole face. She looks pretty and young. She did the Charleston at a party in Washington. She's taken up the new fluffy hair.

"I don't mean she's *too* gay—Eleanor Ford could never be anything but a lady—but she's happy and she's having fun. Everybody had forgotten Eleanor Ford was a lovely woman. Now she sweeps into a room in a pink satin ball gown by Mainbocher, with that schoolgirl face and her tiny waist and a skirt out to here, and you *know*."

With her sons all officials of the Ford Company, she has resigned her own offices, and though she continues to fulfill a score of social and civic obligations, she also travels extensively, to Washington, New York, abroad. She winter-visits at the Sea Ridge estate of the Ernst Kanzlers in Hobe Sound (Kanzler was married to Mrs. Ford's sister, the strikingly beautiful Josephine Clay, who drowned three years ago in their swimming pool); and in summer goes to the Fords' 75-acre estate at Seal Harbor, Maine. In Detroit she stays on in the exquisitely furnished and architecturally prize-winning $3,000,000 English Cotswold house which she and Edsel built on Lake St. Clair, for which they themselves brought many of the materials and furnishings back from England. All her children are married and living in nearby Grosse Pointe Farms—Henry II, Benson, William and Josephine (who married Walter Buhl Ford; no family connection, one of the old investment families of Detroit. Old-line Detroiters still refer to the match as "a case of the old aristocracy marrying *nouveau riche*," the "car mechanic" Fords being the parvenus).

Mrs. Ford is thought to have tried very hard to raise all children with a sense of duty but also with a spirit of fun, feeling that Edsel Ford had too much duty, too little fun in his life.

In contrast to Mrs. Dodge, who spent little time in Detroit for years, and so is regarded as an expatriate, Mrs. Ford is generally loved. She is part of Detroit and her good deeds are legion and legendary. She is a foremost patron of the Detroit Institute of Arts, one of the nation's finest art collections. She founded entirely on her own inspiration the unique "Children's House," a tuition-free school where children are helped to see and appreciate beautiful things and express their reactions to them. She is active in Junior League, Women's City Club, and many other organizations, including the Franklin Settlement House where she did her first social-service work at the age of fifteen, teaching tap dancing to settlement youngsters.

There are uncounted "eyewitness" stories of her unpublicized personal acts of kindness and charity. A few years ago she was forced into the local political spotlight briefly when a change in boundary lines made her estate the only populated section of Lake Township, except for one neighbor; so that she, the neighbor, her chauffeur, groundskeeper and their wives were the only available candidates for the township board of review. They won a predictable landslide victory. Boundary lines since have changed again and a new board has taken over.

Most of Mrs. Ford's entertaining is done quietly, at home, although recently she gave an afternoon benefit party for 300. But more often she invites only family and close friends (which can mean 150 people in itself) to parties beside the swimming pool in summer, or for gala Christmas affairs in the Great Hall. For such occasions she may bring in an orchestra, caterer and decorator from New York to do over the entire hall. But also, she is blissfully happy with her grandchildren and loves to invite just them over for afternoon tea with her.

Mrs. Henry Ford II—the former Anne McDonnell, of New York, who was named to last year's best-dressed list of the New York Dress Institute—is credited with making her mother-in-law more style-conscious in recent years. Two things Mrs. Edsel Ford never does: drive her own car; appear on the street without gloves. She nearly always manages to have yellow tea roses around, wherever she is.

Doris Duke makes a farm her headquarters these days—the 2500-acre Duke family farm at Somerville, New Jersey—but it is only the jumping-off place for New York, Paris, Hawaii or South America.

Miss Duke is as passionately desirous of anonymity as Mrs. Ford, but where Mrs. Ford achieves her goal with an almost total news blackout, the "richest girl in the world," heiress to the multimillion-dollar American Tobacco Company fortune of her father, James Buchanan Duke, fails utterly. Probably there have been as many words printed about her as about any other woman in the history of the world.

All her millions have brought the blond heiress little joy, for reasons difficult to discover. She was reared in strict simplicity, according to her father's rule. She was privately tutored, then sent to private schools. James Duke died when she was thirteen, but her mother carried on his plan. Doris was introduced to Newport society in 1930 and later that same year was presented at court in Buckingham Palace.

She was a pretty, shy, honey-blond girl, unspoiled and likable, inclined to be bookish and retiring. In 1933 she came into the first of her inheritance and in 1935 she married James H. R. Cromwell, sixteen years her senior and the former husband of Delphine Dodge, of the Detroit auto maker's family. In 1937 she built the magnificent Shangri-La estate, an Arabian Nights palace at the foot of Diamond Head in Hawaii. It had walls of priceless Persian tiles, a fountain from Damascus, a jade-inlaid bathroom, a swimming pool with hydraulic-elevator diving board. Rare orchids grew indoors and out. Her own suite was of all-white alabaster, with appointments of pearl and dressing-room walls inserted with mirrors after the design of the Taj Mahal. One entire dining-room wall was the side of a glass aquarium containing tropical fish swimming in a setting of white coral. The Cromwells spent much time in Hawaii, living quietly, entertaining

NEXT MONTH

THE GIRL WHO WAS ELECTED QUEEN

She will have five castles, jewels worth millions, a yacht and a kingdom because the people of Denmark, by vote, repealed an ancient law that no woman could be their ruler. Next April, on her eighteenth birthday, the Royal Princess Margrethe will become Crown Princess of Denmark. Laura Date Riley describes the daily life and training for future responsibilities of this slender, blond girl who is "Daisy" to her family.

WHY CAN'T A WOMAN BE MORE LIKE A MAN?

Because, according to Arlene Dahl, Betty MacDonald, Mrs. Norman Vincent Peale and others, it is in so many ways so rewarding to be womanly. You'll know these celebrated women better after you read "Why I Like Being a Woman."

"SHE'S YOUNG, MADLY IN LOVE, JEALOUS . . ."

"But she's doing it all wrong!" Beth said. "Why must she always beg for attention that way?" Rika was the second wife of Stanley King, the novelist. Beth was his secretary. All three lived in the big house with the swimming pool, the series of inexplicable accidents—or were they? "The Troubled House" is a new novel of complex emotions and suspense by C. Kage Booton. Complete in this issue.

THE HOUSE WITH BIGGEST VALUE—COSTING THE LEAST

Are you planning a new home? Dreaming about one? "More House to Grow Up In" shows, in eleven pages of color photographs and architects' plans, a house designed to give the greatest values in space, convenience and beauty at prices which are reasonable for a growing family. Newest in the series of JOURNAL Portfolio Houses.

"BUT I WOULDN'T GIVE UP THE CHILDREN. I WOULDN'T!"

Fern Morlang, of Fallon, Nevada, was a widow fifteen hours after her husband felt the first pain of cerebral hemorrhage. With five children, aged from fourteen years to fourteen months, and no insurance, she learned the hard truth about what Social Security can and cannot do. "Suddenly a Young Widow," by Eileen Sharpe, presents facts which mothers everywhere will want to know.

MORE PAGES OF FASHION NEWS

Wilhela Cushman, JOURNAL Fashion Editor, shows the silhouettes, colors, fabrics and designs that will have greatest influence this fall and winter in "Enduring American Fashions." Eleven pages of photographs and news, including pages for the woman who likes to sew at home, and "How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing."

Also "Can This Marriage be Saved," Dr. Spock's page for mothers, short stories and many pages of recipes, menus and practical helps for homemakers, all coming.

IN THE OCTOBER JOURNAL

IS YOUR SKIN BEING ROBBED
OF YOUTH-GIVING MOISTURE?



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
New York • Paris • London • Toronto

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
FORMULAYER
MOISTURE CREAM

Don't let time, sun and wind rob your skin of moisture, precious essence-of-youth that keeps beauty alive. Use Formulayer, the wonder-working cream with the exclusive moisturizing ingredient, Ayerogen. Formulayer performs its magic without hormones, revives and revitalizes parched tissues. You'll be amazed at the way telltale lines, tiny wrinkles seem to smooth away! For the fresh, dewy look of youth, take advantage of this remarkable offer.

ONCE-A-YEAR SALE

3.50 Jar
NOW 1.75*



LIMITED TIME ONLY
* plus tax



JOHNSON, STEPHENS & SHINKLE SHOE COMPANY ▪ ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

friends. Occasionally they visited their homes at Newport, Lynnewood in North Carolina, the cottage at Antibes, a Palm Beach villa or the farm at Somerville. But they liked Shangri-La best. Then James Cromwell was named U. S. Minister to Canada, and Doris went along.

In 1940 she gave birth to a baby girl three months prematurely. It lived only twenty-four hours. Shortly afterward the Cromwells separated and in 1943 Doris Duke Cromwell obtained a Nevada divorce, although later it was disputed in long and painful court proceedings. Doris Duke then plunged into the United States' World War II effort.

She offered to take over the care of 500 refugee children for the duration. She gave Shangri-La as a base where officers could rest from Pacific combat duty. She turned over her 55-foot yacht to the Navy. She got her first real job, paying $1 a year, as a worker for the United Seamen's Service, helping American merchant seamen with various problems. She went to a U.S.S. school in New Orleans, then was sent to Egypt and, later, Rome. For the Allied air forces she interviewed servicemen in recordings that were sent back to their home-town radio stations. She looked vital and happy; and she said it was the happiest period of her life up to then—"I really feel that I'm doing something worth while and earning the right to be friends with a lot of swell, interesting people that I've somehow missed before," she said. "I've discovered, I guess, that it's fun to work." Afterward she took an assignment with International News Service, sending back interviews from the Balkans. She returned to the United States briefly in 1947, then having been named America's best-dressed society woman, went back to Europe as fashion editor for Harper's Bazaar in Paris. That same year she married Porfirio Rubirosa, Dominican playboy-diplomat, who had been the husband previously of French actress Danielle Darrieux and Flor Trujillo, daughter of Dominican President Rafael Trujillo. Rubirosa later briefly married Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton. The Duke-Rubirosa marriage lasted fourteen months; and with its breakup all the fine verve seemed to fade. "I'm not soured on marriage," she said. "I'm willing to try again." But she wept as she said it.

In recent years she has traveled widely and restlessly. In the United States she often commutes between New York City and the farm at Somerville, where Rutgers University now operates the world's most modern piggery with individual air-conditioned stalls, each equipped with special water sprays and deodorant atomizers. Her name has been linked romantically with several men. She has become an avid jazz fan and often visits Birdland and other Manhattan hot-music haunts.

She is still shy and awkward-seeming with strangers. She practices yoga, from which she had got some peace of mind. It has not been the complete answer, but it may have helped her over some of the rougher spots.

Jessie Ball duPont is now the wealthiest of a fabulously wealthy family that got its start in 1802 with a gunpowder mill on the banks of Brandywine Creek and rolled up huge fortunes for everybody connected with it. At one time the duPont family included 75 millionaires. When Jessie Ball entered the family it was boiling with feuds. Jessie, a gentle, soft-spoken schoolteacher, met Alfred Irénée duPont and they fell very simply in love.

Alfred had made a success of the company reorganization and fathered four children with his first wife when he decided to get a divorce. His astonished wife, Bessie, sweetheart of his youth, gave no opposition. He was forthright in stating his reason: "I've been married twenty years and at forty-two I feel like an old man. I hope it will be different when I'm single again."

Family members sided with the first Mrs. duPont. Their indignation was not assuaged a year later when he married young Mrs. Alicia Maddox, his second cousin, who had obtained a divorce from his private secretary, George Maddox. All Wilmington, Delaware, society was drawn into the warring camps.

Slander suits were filed. In 1913 Alfred became so exasperated he tried to get the Delaware legislature to pass a bill changing his son's name from Alfred to Dorsey duPont. Alicia's death a few years later did not heal the rifts. In another reorganization coup Alfred was forced out of control of the business in which, though he remained E. I. duPont de Nemours' largest single stockholder, he was never again able to seize an overriding role.

It was at this time, with family and business associations fragmented by feuds and bitter feelings, that Jessie met Alfred and was attracted, as many women were, to the nearly bald, half blind and deaf (from hunting accidents) but still handsome and fiercely vigorous man. They were married in 1921.

Alfred admired Jessie's mind and everything else about her, including the fact that he couldn't walk all over her. He encouraged her to use her quick intelligence, and set her up in an office next to his in Florida, where he forgot the duPonts and began to oversee his vast other holdings in real estate, railroads and banking. "Don't rubber-stamp these," he would warn Jessie in handing her a sheaf of letters. "Criticize them." He seldom made a decision without her. Gradually he softened; by 1925 word went out that the rest of the family had been won over, too, by the quick charming ways of the brown-eyed, gentle-voiced daughter of a Virginia attorney. The hatchet was buried for good.

STORM WARNING

By THELMA IRELAND

They now predict a hurricane.
Its course is charted, so
The people have some warning
Of which way it will go.
But there's a hurricane, age two,
Whose course begins at dawn.
You cannot tell which way
he'll go
But you can where he's gone.

Alfred became interested in humanitarian projects—treating crippled children, creating college scholarship funds, preserving historic Southern shrines. Together he and Jessie poured millions of duPont dollars into such worthy causes. They became interested in art and music, which Alfred learned to enjoy despite his deafness (he used an ear trumpet with exaggerated dramatic effect most of his life).

When the Delaware legislature failed to pass a bill establishing old-age pensions in 1929, Alfred set up his own pension system under which nearly 1000 worthy persons over 65 received payments from him until the state finally acted. He bought radium mines in Colorado and set aside large sums for research in the use of radium to treat cancer.

He and Jessie worked as such a close unit that when he died in 1935, one of the largest landowners in Florida, both his charitable and business interests went on without a break under her administration.

Mrs. duPont spends nearly eight hours every day at the St. Joe Paper Company in Jacksonville, where she is board chairman, attending to company business and her interests in the Florida East Coast Railroad and the Florida National Bank, parent organization of the Florida National group of twenty-two banks, of which she is a director. She is lifetime trustee of the Alfred I. duPont Estate, director of the Alfred I. duPont Institute at Wilmington, and president of the Alfred I. duPont Foundation in Jacksonville, and has given away millions of dollars to educational and charitable projects, particularly in Southern colleges and universities, where she supports at least seventy full scholarships every year.

Last year she finished serving a four-year term on the Florida State Board of Control, to

ich she was appointed by Gov. Fuller War- to consult on policy and conduct of lorida institutions of higher learning.

She maintains three estates: Nemours, in lmington, where Alfred is buried at the base a 210-foot carillon tower, and most of hich now has been turned over to a crippled ildren's free clinic; Ditchley, a small Geor- an brick house in Virginia; and Epping orest, near Jacksonville, where she spends ost of her time.

When not working, Jessie duPont likes to ear big floppy hats and sprinkle her conver- tion with regional expressions from her Vir- nia childhood. "In my kittenhood years," e will say, "my daddy used to ride me out in e countryside with him and I'd be his helper, llecting his fees. He was a lawyer." Her father lped develop her early business sense and terest in the intricacies of business relation- ips.

Jessie duPont has dozens of close friends d she has some of them over to dinner arly every night. "I love socializing," she ys, "in my own home, and not for the ciety pages. However, that's not my biggest orry; I've never really been received in ciety."

People seldom see the great jewels she owns. sually she wears two rings and a simple pearl ecklace.

"I'd love to wear some of my jewelry," she ghs, "but I don't even see it myself most the time. It's in the bank. It's not worth tting cracked over the head for it."

Mrs. Frederick E. Guest, fragile, white- aired, whose immense blue eyes show clearly e beauty that was a half century ago, might ave become the first woman to fly the At- ntic.

She failed because her family found out bout her plans.

But life has its compensations. She is a ving gold-encrusted improvement on the ap opera about the poor little girl from the Vest who grew up to marry England's rich- st, most handsome lord.

The chief variant from the legend is economic: Mrs. Guest inherited two huge fortunes. The other hardly counts, because Frederick Guest, if not quite a lordship, was certainly one of England's most handsome and wealthy noblemen. Nor has life held many baffling soap-opera complications for Amy Phipps Guest—it's been excitement and fun all the way. And it still is, though at 85 she has been pressured into listening to doctors who say she must begin to take care of herself.

Reluctantly she let her secretary take along a wheel chair last year when she insisted on going to the troubled Middle East personally to see what was causing all the difficulty. Mrs. Guest talked with leaders of many nations, including Israeli Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion and Egyptian President Nasser. She came back with no cure-all but with greater understanding, which "is always part of the solution. We have to start there always."

She has made many similarly motivated trips in recent years, several times to Europe, each time visiting heads of state. "People would have me take such care of myself I'd never do anything interesting"—an interference she tolerated only once, to her regret, and has no intention of allowing now.

Mrs. Guest is the custodian of two huge fortunes founded in iron and steel on two sides of the ocean. Her father, Henry Phipps, was a partner of Andrew Carnegie. Her husband inherited an equally large fortune which he left to her on his death in 1937. The holdings now extend into nearly every phase of the nation's economy; the real-estate holdings alone, in Florida, New York and along great stretches of the Atlantic coastline, are estimated to be worth $400 million.

Few lives have held the glamour and adventure that have been the lifelong lot of Amy Phipps. As a child she was surrounded by wealth and luxury, private trains, servants, famous, charming and distinguished people, homes in London, Paris, Africa, a castle on the Scottish moors and estates in New York, Long Island and Florida. Her wedding present from Frederick Guest, third son of the Baron of Wimborne and first cousin of Sir Winston Churchill, was the world-famed Park Lane, London, residence of Alfred Beit, a partner in Cecil Rhodes' diamond mines. Here she entertained for diplomats and government heads. She and Frederick shared a high sense of adventure and instilled it in their children. They took them along big-game hunting in the Kenya Colony; introduced them early to international society with its attendant interests in riding, horse racing and polo, in which both their sons became experts.

Especially the Guests shared a passionate interest in aviation. Frederick Guest served as British Air Secretary in 1921–22, and Amy was one of the first women to take an active interest in flying an airplane herself. She was laying plans for a pioneer flight across the Atlantic when her family got wind of it and blocked her flatly. Instead, then, she backed Amelia Earhart in her successful Atlantic flight in 1932. But it wasn't the same thing, and the years have not dimmed her acute disappointment that she didn't do it herself.

Amy Guest's next trip undoubtedly will be conceived, planned and got under way inside a week, or two weeks at the most. Until then the popular, unceasingly active lady will make her headquarters at Villa Armetis, the huge rolling water-front estate near Palm Beach which she lent to the Navy as a convalescent hospital during World War II. She may go up to New York for a few days to see old friends, take in some shows and discuss business with her sons, Raymond and Winston Guest. Her daughter, Diana, now the Countess de la Valdone, lives in a seventeenth-century château outside Paris and she may fly there to visit with her before returning to Palm Beach, where she enters actively into local society and civic life, has friends over for dinner and informal group singing, and paints and sculpts.

The Whitney family is as fraught with distinguished names as with money. Paynes, Vanderbilts, Hays; they have been over here since 1635, and fantastically wealthy since shortly after the Civil War, when William Collins Whitney—the present heirs' grandfather—acted as lawyer in disputes between the traction barons and city governments and earned large fees which quickly became astronomical when he invested them in oil and tobacco interests.

At about this same time his brother-in-law, Oliver Payne, was lining up alongside John D. Rockefeller in the Standard Oil Company. Later William became Navy Secretary under Cleveland, and John Hay, the present heirs' maternal grandfather, served as Lincoln's secretary, U.S. Ambassador to London and as Secretary of State under both McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt.

When Jock Whitney—now U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain, but still most often labeled "millionaire sportsman"—removed himself from the Social Register a few years ago, everybody waited for his sister to do the same thing. She retained her listing; but it is one of the few times that Joan Whitney Payson (Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson) and her brother have ever chosen to go separate ways. As children they picked blueberries together during summer vacations in New Hampshire to increase their allowances by one penny for every 100 berries picked. They indulged a mutual fascination for the movies and spent all their extra money to sit spellbound through as many as a dozen in a single week. And in 1927 they shared with their mother, Helen Hay Whitney, in one of the largest estates ever filed for probate—a fortune estimated at Payne Whitney's death to amount to nearly $300 million before taxes.

Mrs. Payson and her brother have continued to be of similar minds about how their money should be spent for charity, financial return and fun, so the sharing has gone on ever since. They, with their mother, gave the Payne Whitney gymnasium to Yale University. Together they donated the land and financed a large part of the building of the new North Shore, Long Island, hospital near their estate. Individual projects show their mutual concern, as Joan's Helen Hay Whitney Foun-



dation set up to study rheumatic fever after Jock was stricken with the disease.

They have backed numbers of theatrical and movie ventures and their friends include many of the outstanding personalities of the entertainment world: the Gary Coopers, Mary Martin and her husband Richard Halliday, the Sid Caesars. They were the first big financial supporters of Technicolor and formed their own company to produce color-showcase films. This company became Selznick-International and its productions included the biggest movie moneymaker ever made, Gone With the Wind. Later they backed Life With Father on Joan's insistence after Jock and his friend Robert Benchley rejected the original manuscript. Eventually they turned over all their earnings from the play and movie version to the Helen Hay charitable trust.

But the most familiar association with the Whitney name is through the black-and-pink silks of one of the world's most successful racing stables, Greentree. Now valued at some $11,000,000, Greentree has developed such famous Thoroughbreds as Easter Hero, Capot and Tom Fool. Its success, however, is attributable to the genius of its management under the Whitneys' mother, Helen Hay Whitney, who never missed a Belmont meeting (even when she had a broken leg) or an important race at any other track, and was known by every stableboy and racing fan as the "First Lady of the American Turf." She set up stables on Long Island, a stud farm in Kentucky, winter stables in New Jersey, and a spacious home at Saratoga where the family could cruise up the Hudson aboard their yacht and stay for the racing season.

Mrs. Whitney's main interest, however, was in improving the breed, not winning at the track. It was part of her basic conviction that life is lively and interesting to just about the same extent that it is possible to bring about improvements in it.

Accordingly, when Joan married and had her own children, and noted a dearth of good children's books, she started her own bookshop. She furnished it with books she liked, even clerked occasionally, and is supposed to have written several stories which turned up in print there, although she always denied this. While her children were still babies she and her mother every year held the Greentree Fete on their estate for the Babies' Milk Fund. Later when Joan started her valuable collection of Renoirs, Monets and Munnings and discovered the difficulty of a young artist in getting started, she founded the Country Art Gallery in an old church near her home. She and her friends hold monthly exhibitions and receptions there and the gallery is a helpful showcase for talented artistic newcomers.

If every person in the United States were asked to identify Mrs. Payson's picture, it is doubtful that more than a few dozen, her friends, could do it. And if she were put with a group of representative women, and the question asked, "Which has the most money?" she would almost surely poll the fewest votes. "She simply," said a friend, "doesn't look like a woman who is loaded." She wears dark prints and solid colors—"everything elegant, nothing stunning." Plain little hats sit flat or cap style on her medium-brown short hair. She seldom wears jewelry. She hates to be photographed. She diets periodically, being inclined to take on weight, but without lasting success. "Joan is very comfortable to be around and she likes to be comfortable herself. She would never suffer to be thin. But she's a darling, like her mother. Everyone adores her, and her children worship at her feet."

Charles Payson, an attractive red-haired Down Easter from Maine, inherited $1,000,000 in his own right. He and Joan share few outside interests—he is interested chiefly in business and is a director of several companies—but both are devoted to their family and home life together. When Jock inherited the family mansion near Manhasset, they built their own rambling French-colonial home on the same broad Greentree acreage, separated from the Whitneys' only by woods. It is in perfect harmony with its owners' character, being one of the few four-story domiciles anywhere that manage to look cozy inside and out.

The Paysons have not a great deal to do with North Shore society life, but when they throw a ball it is remembered. Often it is a masquerade on the Fourth of July, the eve of their wedding anniversary. They hire a couple of orchestras, deck the trees, the house, everything in sight, and invite hundreds of guests. The party goes on as long as the guests are able. Often they have been known to wind up at ten the next morning with people still in fancy dress playing golf on the Whitneys' private links.

When their five children were young, a familiar sight during Christmas vacations was Mrs. Payson taking them all to lunch at the Waldorf. The death of their son, Daniel, in the Battle of the Bulge during World War II, was a tragic blow, and came at about the same time Jock was reported in enemy hands. For a long time afterward they went out little, devoted themselves to war work. They are still inclined to fuss over John, the youngest, who is still in school.

Their three daughters are married and living in California, Texas and Italy. They see one another frequently. Mrs. Payson is determined that all her grandchildren shall get up on ponies as soon as humanly possible, a time that coincides roughly in her mind with their first faltering steps.

But for sheer drama, life holds no more thrills and suspense than Mrs. Payson experiences in her front-tier box at Belmont track

CONTINUED ON PAGE 187



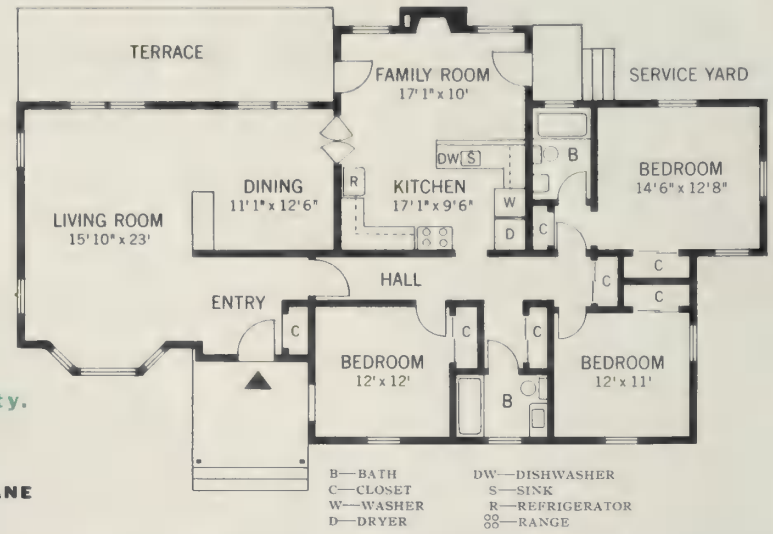
ARCHITECT: JOHN CHERRY; PHOTOGRAPHER: RODNEY MC CAY MORGAN

TOMORROW HOUSE

with a yesterday look

Its attractive colonial exterior encloses a house that's up-to-date in convenience and livability.

By CAROL L. CRANE



The snug little-cottage look of this one-story home gives no hint about the spacious accommodations within. But an imaginary tour through the floor plan reveals a happy blend of traditional charm and modern comfort. The wide, gracious entry hall leads with equal ease to the entertaining areas, the sleeping quarters and the family work-and-play kitchen. The formal living room, windowed on three sides, welcomes sunlight and air from dawn until dusk; its corner location discourages through traffic. A built-in china cupboard stretches halfway across the opening between living and dining rooms; crowned by a planter box, it provides just enough privacy for both rooms. Double doors leading to the kitchen swing back to allow easy passage with wide trays or wheeled serving carts.

Once inside the kitchen-family room, all formality disappears. Here the traditional big living kitchen is admirably preserved and adapted to contemporary requirements. Like the kitchen work zone, the family room is finished with easy-to-clean, carefree materials. The centered fireplace has a raised hearth for indoor steak roasts; it doubles for extra seating space when the children entertain. Doors on either side lead to service yard and terrace. The sink and dishwasher back up against a four-foot-high partition—low enough to let mother in on the family fun, high enough to shield the work counter and laundry.

Pull-down stairs in the bedroom hall give access to generous attic storage area augmenting the roomy closets on the living floor below. Trap stairs beneath the service porch lead to a partial basement which houses utilities and bulk storage room.

Estimates for building this house range from $21,700 to $28,000, depending upon local variations in material and labor costs.

Sorry, no plans available.



KING-SIZE TRADITIONAL LAWSON, six feet of sitting comfort and KING-SIZE mattress. Three cushions, channel arms, flounce. From $369 depending on fabric.

SIMMONS introduces new styles . . . new fabrics . . . new low prices for HIDE-A-BED® SOFAS

Custom-order just what you want at no extra cost!

Don't miss the new Hide-A-Bed sofas, value-priced for savings *now*. There are literally *hundreds* of possible style, size and fabric combinations.

Pick and choose from over 200 tweeds, nylons, prints, linens, bouclés, in 17 new colors . . . over 50 distinctively detailed styles . . . full, apartment, loveseat and extra-wide sizes.

Then Simmons makes your Hide-A-Bed sofa to order—in about 3 weeks!

Only Simmons gives you all these advantages

- *Wider arm to arm*—full-size sofa is a full 65 inches between arms.
- *Super-comfort cushions*—Beautyrest* (or foam rubber, slightly more).
- *Exclusive seat design*—lower height sloping comfortably toward back.
- *Easy opening*—bed comes out in seconds with bedding in place.
- *Simmons mattress* — full-length Deepsleep* (or famous Beautyrest mattress, slightly more).
- *Exclusive all-steel sofa frame*—not just the bed frame! Can't warp.



SHELF-ARM MODERN shown in green tweed. Six other colors available including the new oriental blue, charcoal and Burma gold. Special value at $279.50.

EARLY AMERICAN with wing back, kick pleat and cut-back Lawson arms. Many new prints and tweeds. Approx. $299.50 depending on fabric chosen.



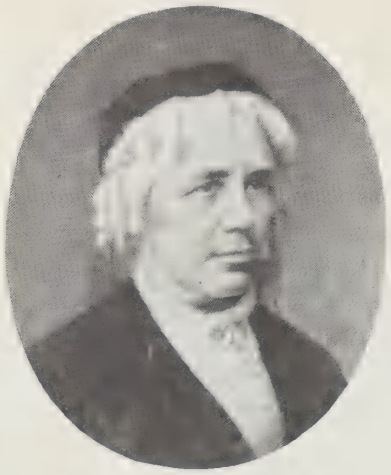
Look! It opens to a full-size bed, comfortable for two!



ONLY Simmons MAKES Hide-A-Bed SOFA

See all the famous Simmons convertibles at your favorite store, $89.50 to $495.00 . . . Convenient terms

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office, Copr. 1957 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.



The Unladylike Behavior of Maria Mitchell

In a quiet house in Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1889, an old woman lay waiting for death. "Well," she said in amused wonder, "if this is dying, there is nothing very unpleasant about it." And the book closed for one of the most remarkable of the many remarkable women America has produced.

Her story began on a night very long ago when, as a Quaker girl in Nantucket, Maria Mitchell discovered a comet—and got a gold medal worth 20 ducats from the Danish King.

Overnight she became a celebrity. But many people, wedded to the popular notion of woman as a "household ornament," regarded Maria as an unwelcome phenomenon and her discovery as only an accident.

That was because they didn't know Maria Mitchell. At 12 she could regulate a ship's chronometer; at 17 she understood Bowditch's "Practical Navigator" and was studying science in self-taught French, German and Latin. In time she would become the first woman member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the first woman astronomy professor—in Matthew Vassar's Female College—and a member forever of New York University's Hall of Fame.

Moreover, all her adult life she was to work with growing success in the crusade to make American women free.

No one these days would question the rewards of Maria Mitchell's crusade. Women today enrich every level of public life. And, in family life, they guard financial security two times out of three. One reason, probably, why their families have more than $40,000,000,000 saved—in guaranteed-safe United States Savings Bonds.

Women know there is no *safer* way to save. Trust them. Through Payroll Savings, or at your bank, start *your* Bond program, too. Today.

Now Savings Bonds are better than ever! Every Series E Bonds purchased since February 1, 1957, pays 3¼% interest when held to maturity. It earns higher interest in the early years than ever before, and matures in only 8 years and 11 months. Hold your *old* E Bonds, too. They earn more as they get older.



PART OF EVERY AMERICAN'S SAVINGS BELONGS IN U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 184

hen a Greentree horse is running out in front. Mrs. Payson doesn't get up and holler," the ableboys say—"but she stops talking and ets quiet and just looks tense and pale all ver." She sometimes looks this way when a reentree horse isn't even running. This eans only one thing: she has her little tor-oise-shell pocket radio in the box with her, it's rned on to the ball game and the Dodgers re in a tight spot out at Ebbets Field.

Mrs. Mary Roebling, of Trenton, New Jer-ey, is reputedly one of the smartest women in he United States. She is lso handsome and almost errifyingly able. Though he inherited vast amounts rom two husbands who ied before she was 31—Arthur W. Herbert, a anker, and Siegfried Roeb-ing, whose family money ncluded that of the great Roebling engineering firm that built the Brook-yn Bridge—she undoubtedly has increased er wealth many times through her own alents as a banker.

Mary Gindhart Roebling grew up in Moorestown, New Jersey. Her father, Isaac Gindhart, was commercial manager of the Keystone Telephone Company. She studied merchandising at the University of Pennsylvania and afterward worked briefly for a Philadelphia investment firm. Then she married. After her second husband, Siegfried Roebling, died, she took over his place on the Trenton Trust Company board. A year later, in 1937, she was named the bank's president. Since that time she has been named additionally its board chairman and member of the executive committee, and has increased its total resources from $16,000,000 to $74,000,000. She has also accumulated trusteeships or directorships of 25 other organizations—about half of them commercial, the other half devoted to public service, like the National Lay Committee of Churches of Christ, three Trenton hospitals, the New Jersey Conference of Christians and Jews, the American Immigrant Association, the Women's Committee of the National Safety Council, the Westminster Choir School.

Mrs. Roebling speaks, always pithily, before business executives, women's clubs, citizens' groups in places as far away as Texas, San Francisco and Chicago in a single two-week period. One of her most fervent views is that the time is ripe for election of a woman Vice President of the United States. Before the last election she declared her "firm belief that the political party that selects for its vice-presidential candidate an able woman will be assured of the election by an overwhelming majority."

Anger blows out the lamp of the mind.

—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

"It's absurd to think you can't have a job and raise a family as well," she retorts to criticism, and her own children "have always been devoted and perfectly well behaved."

Her outside time consists of leftovers from a business day that is ten to eighteen hours long from Labor Day to June. She handles her time with an art that conceals art, and when she breezes into a dinner of business executives or fellow bankers after a day's work there is no sign of strain. There is more likely to be an all-but-audible whistle, because tall, slim, red-blond Mrs. Roebling, who thinks businesswomen should wear inconspicuous clothes during the day, feels they should dress to the hilt after hours. And she has the Christian Dior-Traina Norell gowns, the Tiffany jewels, the sable wraps and the poise "to take everybody's mind off banking for a minute," an associate remarked. "She *looks* rich," a friend describes her.

She has fewer homes than any of the other "richest" women—only a hotel suite in Trenton and a three-bedroom country house and guesthouse near Stockton, New Jersey. When she entertains, therefore, it is in private parties of ten to thirty at places like New York's Stork Club, El Morocco or the St. Regis roof. Her son, Paul Roebling, is an actor, and her daughter, Elizabeth, is married and the mother of four young children. They all see one another often. She has many escorts, but "it isn't fair to have a husband and a job as demanding as mine," and unless she finds one who takes her mind off her work more than anyone has recently she says she will not remarry.

"I love people. I love clothes and hats and beautiful things. I am a very feminine woman," she reflects. "But I would honestly rather curl up with the Wall Street Journal or a good financial statement than any novel."

In 1952 she was named Trenton's Woman of the Year.

There is probably no more fabulous success story than Helena Rubinstein's: rags to riches; an unhappy youthful romance; banishment across half a world; success and acclaim; beautiful women; marriage with a prince; all the accouterments of wealth—homes, paintings, jewels, travel—and the zest to enjoy it to the fullest. It has every element of good fiction except credibility.

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 78 & 71

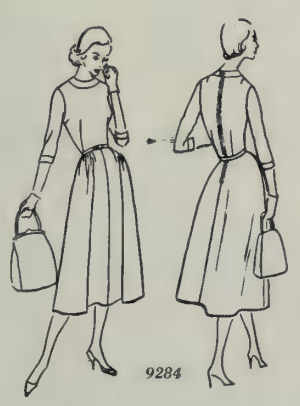
Vogue Design No. 9284. One-piece dress; 12 to 20 (32 to 40). 75c.

Vogue Design No. S-4822. Coat; 10 to 20 (31 to 40). $1.00.

Vogue Design No. 9052. Skirt; 25 to 34 waist measure. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 9028. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 75c.

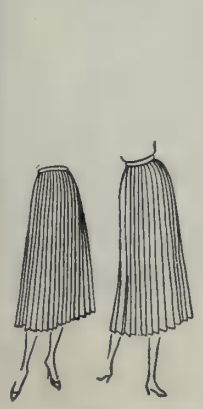
Vogue Design No. 9285. Suit; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 75c.



9284



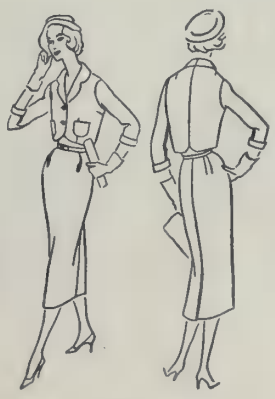
S-4822



9052



9028



9285

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

THESE ADVERTISERS WILL BE GLAD TO SEND BULLETINS AND ARRANGE PERSONAL INTERVIEWS. IN WRITING, MENTION YOUR REQUIREMENTS.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 555 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

Special School

Mary Pogue School, Inc.

Founded 1903. For retarded girls and boys of all ages who need special care and teaching. Year round.

14 Geneva Road, Wheaton, Illinois (near Chicago)

Dramatic Arts

American Academy of Dramatic Arts 73rd Year. Thorough preparation for the Theatre, Radio and Television. In Senior Year public performances on B'way. 2 yr. day courses approved for Korean Veterans. Part-time evening courses. Saturday teen-age groups. **Rm. 195, 2461 West 52nd St., N.Y. 19.**

Vocational

BE A HOTEL HOSTESS



ENJOY YOUR WORK! Fascinating positions and a sound future await trained men and women in hotels, motels, clubs, apartment house projects: Lewis graduates "making good" as Hostess, Executive Housekeeper, Manager, Social or Food Director, and 55 other types of well-paid positions. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Lewis Training qualifies you at home or through resident classes in Washington. Lewis National Placement Service FREE. Mrs. C. F. Shiners writes: "After graduating became Hostess-Housekeeper in a hotel. My position offers everything I had hoped for." Write for fascinating Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity."

Course Approved for ALL Veteran & War Orphan Training.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL
Sta. CO-501, Washington 7, D. C.

41st SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Home Study Schools

Chicago School of Interior Decoration

Home study training. Approved and supervised. Fine starting point for career. No classes. No wasted time. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Send for free booklet. **Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 1376, Chicago 14**

Calvert School You can educate your child at home with famous Calvert School-At-Home Courses. Kindergarten—9th grade. Accredited. Easy-to-follow teaching manual; lessons, books, supplies. No experience needed. Guidance by Calvert teachers. Start any time. 52nd year. Catalog. Give age, school grade. **Calvert School, 859 E. Tuscany Rd., Baltimore 10, Md.**

HIGH SCHOOL at HOME

You can still finish High School—at home, in your spare time. No interference with job, or social life. Win more pay, a better job, social recognition. Take only the subjects you need. Complete lesson and answer service. Personalized instruction. Low cost. Diploma to graduates.

I.C.S. is oldest and largest (257 courses). Write today for 3 free books: (1) 36-page "How to Succeed," (2) sample lesson (Math), (3) Career Catalogue—indicate course desired.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
SCRANTON 9, PENNA. DEPT. 39112H

American School High School at Home. Many Finish in 2 Years. Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. Free Bulletin.

American School, Dept. H63, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

ACCOUNTANT BECOME AN EXPERT

TO THE WOMAN WHO WANTS TO ENJOY AN ACCOUNTING CAREER

FREE SAMPLE LESSON

Thousands of firms need women accountants. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for well paying accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of CPAs and expert accountants. Placement counsel. Write for sample lesson and illustrated free book, "Opportunities in Accounting" which describes the opportunities for women in this profitable field.

LASALLE Extension University, 417 So. Dearborn St.
Correspondence Institution, Dept. H 819 Chicago 5, Ill.

Boys' Schools

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY

"At the Nation's Shrine" Prepare your boy to enter leading colleges and at the same time be trained for a commission in the Armed Services. Small classes, highest academic standards. Prep. School and Jr. College, fully accredited; ages 12-20. All sports. Arty., Cav., Infantry, Band. Senior Division ROTC. **Catalog. Radnor Rd., Wayne, Pa.**

Croydon Hall

For boys, Grades 3 through 12. Sound college preparation. Small classes. Strong remedial education program. Individual guidance and testing. Team sports. Riding, tennis, golf. Field trips. 45 acres. 40 miles from N.Y.C. Summer Session.

Dr. John J. Carr, Pres., Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey

Judson School in Arizona

A ranch school for boys 6 to 18, in healthful, warm, dry climate. Small classes. Accredited. Riding & polo included in tuition. Tennis, swimming, pack trips, fishing, rodeos, riflery, music. 30th yr. Also co-ed Day School. Catalog.

H. J. Wick, D. M. Ashley, Dirs., Scottsdale, Arizona

New York Military Academy

Develops today's Youth for tomorrow's world by building mind, body, character, leadership. R.O.T.C. Graduates all colleges. Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery. Band scholarships. Grades 1–12. Catalog.

17 Academy Ave., Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Ohio Military Institute Ohio's only military academy. Brings out the best in your boy. Large faculty—small classes. Upper school certifies to colleges. Lower school for boys 7–11. High, healthful, wooded 52-acre campus. Est. 1832. Sports, music, rifle club. Moderate tuition. Catalog, write: **5571 Belmont Avenue, College Hill, Cincinnati 24, O.**

Fine & Applied Arts Schools

Art Institute of Pittsburgh

More jobs offered our graduates than we can fill. 18-month Diploma courses in Commercial Art; Fashion Art; Dress Design; Interior Design. Veteran approved. Co-ed. 35th Year. For King Size Factbook, write

Willis J. Shook, Director, 635 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

Ray-Vogue Schools

Commercial Art, Photography, Interior Decoration, Dress Design. Fashion Merchandising with Modeling. Fashion Illustration. Coed. Attractive residence for girls. Enter Sept. 4; Oct. 7. Write Registrar, Room 706. Specify course.

Ray-Vogue Schools, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11

New York School of Interior Design

Four Months' Practical Training Course starts October 2nd. Faculty of leading N. Y. decorators. Period and modern styles, color schemes, all fundamentals. Send for Catalog 7R. Home Study Course for those who cannot come to N.Y. Starts at once. Catalog 7C. **29 East 72nd St., N. Y. 21**

Medical Technology

Franklin School of Science & Arts

Nationally famous for excellence in training in Medical Technology—12 months; X-Ray Technology—6 months; Medical Secretary—12 months. Top paying positions waiting. Coed. Free Placements. Approved. Founded 1919. Send for Catalog A. **251 S. 22nd St., Phila. 3, Pa.**

Business & Secretarial

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS

Write 120 Words Per Minute. Age No Obstacle—LOWEST COST

Famous SPEEDWRITING shorthand. No symbols; no machines; uses ABC's. Easiest to learn and use. Fast preparation for better position. Nationally used in leading offices and Civil Service. 120 words per minute—50% FASTER than Civil Service requirements. Over 350,000 taught at home or through classroom instruction. The very low cost will surprise you. Typing available. 34th Year. Schools in over 400 cities in U. S., Canada, Cuba and Hawaii. Write for Free Booklet to: School of

DID YOU SEE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE ON

© **Speedwriting** ®

Dept. 9909-7, 55 W. 42 St., N. Y. 36

Now available is a booklet of information on academic and vocational schools, two-year and four-year colleges, and summer camps. It is a handy reference directory of more than 100 announcements appearing in spring and summer issues of the Journal's school section this year. To secure your copy without charge or obligation just send your name and address, plainly written or typed, to: **Schools, Colleges, and Camps, Ladies' Home Journal, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.**



"As a novel it would be too much to be believed," says the short, dark woman whose business acumen and knowledge of feminine psychology have rolled up one of the nation's largest personal fortunes. "Sometimes when I think back I can hardly believe it myself."

Actually, it is only the end result that is fantastic. Her career's beginning and every step along the way have been logical and natural; at no point does luck play any extraordinary role in Madame Rubinstein's—or Princess Gourielli's—success.

She did not start actually with rags but in a middle-class family in Cracow, Poland, with a father who wanted her to be a doctor. She tried her best, but two things went wrong: she fainted at the sight of blood, and she fell in love with an unsuitable young man. Her father, thoroughly put out, sent her to visit relatives in Australia. "I was so unhappy there," she recalls. "Every night I went to bed with swollen eyes from crying." Suddenly things improved.

Australian women, their skins roughened by the dry winds, noticed Helena's clear complexion and the face cream she had brought from home. Helena generously let them try it. Then she sent for more and sold them the second jar. "Soon I had a little shop, and so many beaux I forgot the boy in Poland." She made enough money to go to London and set herself up in Lord Salisbury's house there. She married Edward Titus, a chemist, and came to the United States.

Fifteen years later her business had succeeded—her salons were running throughout Europe and America—and she had two young sons. But her marriage was not happy. In 1937 she and Titus divorced, and a year later she married Prince Artchil Gourielli-Tchkonia, a Georgian nobleman, who headed Rubinstein's House of Gourielli cosmetics for men (shaving lotion, and so on) until his death two years ago.

The business now has factories and salons all over the world, and markets hundreds of varieties of creams, lotions and cosmetics. And Madame Rubinstein—who says she still uses the same herbal cream she brought from Poland years ago—has a three-story penthouse apartment on New York's Park Avenue. In it she has collected some of the world's finest examples of modern art, African sculpture, jewels and antique furniture. She also has an apartment in Paris overlooking the Seine; a country house in France at Combe-la-ville; and another country house in Greenwich, Connecticut.

She sees a little—but only a little—of all of them; keeping in personal touch with her far-flung operations keeps her traveling six months out of every year. But "I like to work," she says; "in fact, it does not seem like work to me." In further fact, she cannot understand less dedicated folk, and so had difficulty finding people she feels she can depend on in business. Absence from work because of illness puzzles her. "I've been sick the last few days," she says wonderingly, "but I have stayed home."

She resembles an exotic hummingbird as she darts from room to room in her fashionable Fifth Avenue salon, her 4'10" figure garbed in vibrant hues, heavily jeweled, chin held imperiously upward, jet-black hair pulled severely into a bun, the total effect heightened by her own vivid coloring. Photographs invariably show her with a grim expression because she is incapable of smiling on command. The imperious attitude is also deceptive—"I know I frighten people," she acknowledges; "it is because I am short that I look haughty that way." She talks little; that, too, upsets nerves strangers.

Madame Rubinstein has netted an estimated $50,000,000 from her beauty business alone. Other investments have probably doubled that figure. She knows exactly what all her money is, and talks with her brokers several times each day. Several years ago in Rome she became ill with double pneumonia. Doctors put her under an oxygen tent and feared the worst. The next morning her secretary crept into the room to find Madame sitting under the oxygen tent indignantly reading the financial page of the New York Herald Tribune. "Why did you not tell me —— was falling?" she demanded. "Sell immediately!"

Her biggest coup came after she sold control of her company to an investment firm in 1928 for $7,500,000. She returned a year later to find company policy changed and income down. Meanwhile the market had crashed. She bought back control for $1,000,000 and never has relinquished it since. She says she can run her business better than anybody: "I make mistakes," she acknowledges, "but very few mistakes." Besides, she honestly enjoys every phase of her business—the competitive creation of new products, inventing advertising appeals and, by no means least, helping women to look their best. The possibility of actually creating, in a sense, beauty in a human being is an idea that fascinates her.

"Beauty, of course, is always worth while but in a human being —— Some people beauty helps. Some people it spoils. A beautiful woman can achieve a lot—or destroy a lot." She muses a moment. Then, "However"—she shrugs off responsibility—"what a woman does *with* her beauty is up to her, not to me."

D D D D D

Reform only yourself; for in doing that you do everything. MONTAIGNE

D D D D D

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MAN'S HISTORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

one at a time, but many, simultaneously, and of many types. When the Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, spoke of "massive reprisals" in case of a Soviet attack on any part of the free world (and Mr. Khrushchev has also threatened such reprisals), neither of them, certainly, was thinking of one H-bomb, or of a few shots from atomic artillery. A *massive* attack, if it means anything, means letting loose a whole arsenal.

And on the effects of this neither the atomic scientists, the military men nor the geneticists have differences of opinion. Millions would perish and the seed of survivors be contaminated in perpetuity. It would be a war against the race, or races, as such.

May we ponder a little further?

Thermonuclear weapons are the invention of white, Western men. The white (or Caucasian) race is only a fraction of the world's population, a small minority. If an atomic war occurs within the white world, which alone possesses the power to wage it, will it not hasten the demise of the white race as such? Biologically enfeebled, how will it, in a not very long run, manage to hold its own against the millions of Asians and Africans?

No country, no matter what its scientific achievements, is stronger than the physical and mental strength of its population. If that fails, its scientific achievements will dwindle from generation to generation, along with all its other strengths, including the capacity to survive.

Out of hundreds of thousands of quite ordinary but generally normal individuals, Nature has always produced occasional geniuses who have led their nations and the world forward into new and greater dimensions of understanding, revelation, wisdom and beauty. Will they be produced out of a population which is largely or in greatly increased proportion subnormal? They never have been. There are such populations, retarded by unfavorable aspects of physical nature, and they have not produced geniuses or much of anything else.

The human race, and especially the white Western races to whom the Russians (the Eastern Slavs) belong, is on the wrong track. These peoples must beware lest, like Lucifer having brought down fire from heaven, it consume them, slowly at first; utterly in the long run. EN

"I wish Grandma would call me today"

"I miss her a lot. And Mommy always feels happier, too, after she's talked with Grandma."

• • •

Is there someone in your family who lives too far away to see as often as you'd like? A regular telephone visit is something nice to look forward to; something warm and satisfying to remember.

It's easy to telephone out of town. And you can talk as long as you like. The cost is low. Someone would like to hear your voice right now.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

	Station-to-Station Calls	
For example:	First 3 Minutes	Each Added Minute
Buffalo to Cleveland	55¢	15¢
Detroit to Milwaukee	70¢	20¢
Los Angeles to Phoenix	85¢	25¢
Atlanta to New Orleans	90¢	25¢
Chicago to New York	$1.20	30¢

These rates apply every night after 6 and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

Printed in U.S.A



Modess . . . *because*

DISCOVERY! DISCOVERY! FEMININE FABRIC!

sheerest luxury . . . . perfected protection

make Modess your discovery this month



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

COMBINATION OFFER OF CREME RINSE WITH A BRECK SHAMPOO

Each one of the Three Breck Shampoos – for dry, oily or normal hair – is now offered in combination with Breck Creme Rinse. Select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair clean, fragrant and beautiful.

Breck Creme Rinse, used after the shampoo, adds softness, lustre and manageability to your hair. It makes combing and arranging easy. Breck Creme Rinse is helpful in the care of dry, brittle hair. Enjoy fragrant Breck Creme Rinse after your next shampoo.

A 2½ oz. bottle of Breck Creme Rinse with a $1.00 bottle of one of the Three Breck Shampoos – both for $1.00 plus 3¢ federal tax.

Instructions for making a distinctive jeweled mirror similar to the one shown above are available on request.

JOHN H BRECK INC · DEPT L 115 DWIGHT STREET · SPRINGFIELD · MASSACHUSETTS

Copyright 1957 by John H. Breck Inc.

...OME
...OBER
... · 35c

JOURNAL

THE MAGAZINE
WOMEN
BELIEVE IN



ARGRETHE WILL BE QUEEN—WHO WILL BE HER CONSORT?

What Causes Third-Day Blues?
GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?
She No Longer Needed Him

Why I Like Being ...
DAWN ...

CONDENSED BOOK COMPLETE-IN-THIS-ISSUE


NOT A
WHISPER OF
BAD BREATH
WITH NEW IPANA
..its distinct taste tells you so
• New Ipana® Tooth Paste with germ-killing WD-9 prevents bad breath. Use it regularly. Ipana's distinct taste and refreshing after-taste tell you it cleans your entire mouth.
• Ipana with WD-9 actually has twice the decay-germ killing power of any other leading tooth paste. So it can help your children fight tooth decay effectively, too.
ipana®
TOOTH PASTE
Look for the BIG cap— only on NEW Ipana
Product of Bristol-Myers

YVONNE DE CARLO co-starring in "BAND OF AN...LS"
A WARNER BROS. PROD...ION



If you'd like to have a *"second look" complexion*

. . . one that's soft and smooth
. . . then always use Lux.
"That's what I do," says
Yvonne DeCarlo

A complexion that looks prettier and prettier the more he looks—that's the kind you want. And that's the kind Lux can help you have.

With its rich *Cosmetic lather*, its mildness and gentleness, Lux can do as much for you as it does for any Hollywood star. Then there's the Lux fragrance—the best-liked soap perfume in the world. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees that you'll decide Lux is absolutely wonderful for your complexion—or you can have your money back. *For a complexion you'll love—and he'll love, too—use Lux, just as the stars do.*

9 out of 10 Hollywood stars depend on LUX





Now Lux comes in 4 lovely pastels, as well as white. Buy new color Lux by the color of its foil wrapper!

Ladies' Home Journal

CONTENTS

VOL. LXXIV NO. 10 OCTOBER, 1957

JOURNALITIES



John MacDonald

If you can bear almost unbearable suspense, start reading JOHN MACDONALD'S two-parter, *The Executioners*, on page 74 *right now*. (Oh, well, finish this column, then read it.) The common fate of good writers is that few readers care about them—they care about the people in their stories. But if you can, you might like to remember that John MacDonald is, in his own words, "happy, energetic, balding, bifocaled, forty-one, father of one, B.S. from Syracuse, M.B.A. from Harvard, lieutenant colonel in the Retired Reserve," and will, on January 23rd of 1958, celebrate his twelfth year of writing for a living. He has written thirty books and nearly five hundred short stories. Four of his novels are in various stages of preparation in Hollywood. Many of his stories have been made into television plays. One of his novels, *The Damned*, sold one million seven hundred thousand copies. He has made "somewhere close to four hundred thousand dollars and saved very little of it." Hopes to do better in the next five years.



Brunella Gasperini

In *My Wife's Husband* (page 62), BRUNELLA GASPERINI has performed an amazing feat. She has seen herself as her husband sees her—or, rather, she has seen herself as her husband might see her if he were Brunella Gasperini. Sounds complicated, but it's only hilarious. The facts: she is a graduate of the University of Milan, Italy, with a degree in literature; her husband's wife has two children—a boy of ten and a girl, six. The whole family loves to ski and does, including the six-year-old. In the summer they have a villa on Lake Lugano where they fish—or at least the wife's husband does. The wife hunts for the children, paints ceramics, decorates gourds and writes. Her first story was published in 1953; she plans to write hundreds more, but *My Wife's Husband* is the sort of story a wife can write only once in a lifetime and feel absolutely certain the plot will work out as neatly as it does.



Cynthia Wheatland

What *can* we say about our Decoration Editor, CYNTHIA MCADOO WHEATLAND? "Don't," she says, "say I 'have' a husband—I do have a husband, but it's like saying I 'have' two children and a Welsh Corgi. I do—or at least they 'have' me—but do I? Let's all just *be*, and hope for the best." We have never known Cynthia to be other than good to look at and in a good humor, and the rooms she plans have those same characteristics (see page 85). She was graduated from Barnard, where she majored in government and economics. At the time she wanted to go on to law school and get into politics—imagine that! Not that bright young women aren't needed in politics, but like her husband, her Corgi and her children, we are glad to have her—*oops*—we're glad she be with us.

Printed in U.S.A.

Book Condensation Complete in This Issue

AMID MY ALIEN CORN, *Betty Lussier* . 68

Stories

MY WIFE'S HUSBAND, *Brunella Gasperini* . 62
THE SUBLET, *Anne Homer Warner* . 66
SCENT OF CLOVES (Second part of four), *Norah Lofts* . 70
THE EXECUTIONERS (First part of two), *John D. MacDonald* . 74

Special Features

IS THERE A RIGHT TO BAD TASTE?, *Dorothy Thompson* . 11
THE CHILD VIEWS GOD THROUGH PARENTS' EYES, *Benjamin Spock, M.D.* . 24
TEEN-AGERS WITH TIME ON THEIR HANDS . 41
GIRLS LEARN SKILLS TOO, *Margaret Hickey* . 41
CHOSEN TO BE QUEEN, *Laura Date Riley* . 64
CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?, *Dorothy Cameron Disney* . 84
WHAT YOU EAT TELLS WHAT'S EATING YOU, *John E. Gibson* . 137
WHAT CAUSES THIRD-DAY BLUES?, *Gladys Denny Shultz* . 141
HOW AMERICA LIVES: SUDDENLY A YOUNG WIDOW, *Eileen Sharpe* . 177
DIETING DOESN'T ALWAYS DO IT, *Carol L. Schlesinger* . 188
WILLIAM AND BROKENNESS, *Polly Toland* . 202

General Features

OUR READERS WRITE US . 4
ASK ANY WOMAN, *Marcelene Cox* . 20
DIARY OF DOMESTICITY, *Gladys Taber* . 34
UNDER COVER, *Bernardine Kielty* . 48
THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE, *Harlan Miller* . 56
MAKING MARRIAGE WORK, *Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D.* . 58
FIFTY YEARS AGO ▪ JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN . 61
THIS IS A SITTER-SULKER, *Munro Leaf* . 158

Fashion and Beauty

WHY I LIKE BEING A WOMAN, *Dawn Crowell Norman* . 72
BEAUTIFUL, TIMELESS CASUALS, *Wilhela Cushman* . 76
MY ONE BUY THIS FALL, *Ruth Mary Packard* . 80
PATTERN WITH A FUTURE, *Nora O'Leary* . 82
HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING, *Bet Hart* . 210

Food and Homemaking

CORINNE GRIFFITH'S COOKBOOK, *Corinne Griffith* . 51
THERE'S A MAN IN MY KITCHEN . 96
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS: HAMBURGER . 98
"WHEN I ENTERTAIN," *Mrs. Nathan Pusey as told to Nancy Crawford Wood* . 127
MRS. WIZARD, THAT'S YOU, *Mary Jane Engel* . 192

Architecture and Interior Decoration

JOURNAL'S PORTFOLIO HOUSE No. 6: A House With Room to Grow 85
The Patio Grows Out of the Living Room 86 • The Living Room Has its Own Elegance 88 ▪ A Distinct and Distinguished Small Dining Room 90
A Cheerful Kitchen That Knows its Way Around 92 ▪ And There 'are Two More Whole Levels 94

Poems

Elizabeth Henley 33 ▪ *Janet Henry* 106 ▪ *Margaret D. Collier* 115
Henry Rago 120 ▪ *Dorothy Lee Richardson* 125 ▪ *Elizabeth McFarland* 128
Ann Gibbons 134 ▪ *Georgie Starbuck Galbraith* 205 ▪ *Oliver Hale* 212
Byron Buck 221

Cover: Mark Shaw, Photographer
Tina S. Fredericks, Picture Editor

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

At least ▪ days before a change is ▪▪ take effect please send your complete name, new address and a mailing label from ▪ recent issue. If this is not possible, write out your old address and send it with the ▪▪▪ one, including ▪▪▪ number. Address the Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide necessary postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Ladies' Home Journal, © 1957 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published on last Friday of month preceding date by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is ▪ coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada—1 Yr., $3.50; 2 Yrs., $6; 3 Yrs., $8.50; ▪ Yrs., $11. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $4. All other countries—1 Yr., $7. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company. Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Richard Ziesing, Jr., Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of Ladies' Home Journal. The Company also publishes The Saturday Evening Post, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

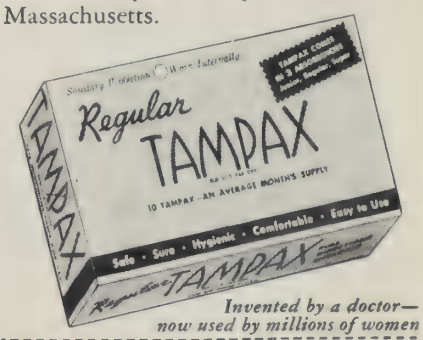
Let me tell you why



You *owe* it to yourself to give Tampax a trial, this *very* month . . .

- **Because** it was invented by a doctor for the benefit of *all* women—married or single, active or not!
- **Because** with Tampax® internal sanitary protection, nothing can show and no one can know your secret!
- **Because** Tampax is so *comfortable*—you hardly realize you're wearing it! No chafing pads. No chance of odor forming.
- **Because** Tampax is the last word in *daintiness*. Easy to use, change and dispose of—your fingers *never* need to touch it!
- **Because** it helps you forget about differences in days of the month! Gives you so much *freedom! Poise! Confidence!*

For so *many* reasons—so *important* to you—*try* Tampax. *Use* Tampax. In Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name_____
(Please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____

You'll like Borden's biscuits best...



from start...

The easiest-to-open package!

Exclusive with Borden's . . . No strings, no twisting, no cutting. Pull Easy-Grip Flap... new all-foil package *pops open* and out come 10 biscuits. The "pop" means they're fresh!



...to finish!

The finest texture and flavor!

Just bake Borden's Buttermilk Biscuits 10 minutes and they're ready, all golden-brown. So rich in buttermilk, they even *smell* butter-y... taste extra light and fluffy!

Try Borden's Sweetmilk Biscuits, Too!

Borden's

For 100 years folks have been saying, "If it's Borden's it's got to be good!"

Borden's Milk • Fine Cheeses • Ice Cream • Starlac

See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice," "Queen for a Day" and "Fury" ©1957, The Borden Company

OUR READERS WRITE US

Fan Letter

New Orleans, Louisiana

Dear Sirs: At last my JOURNAL subscription has expired and you may be sure I *won't* be renewing. Your magazine hasn't been worth the paper it's printed on for years. The stories are poor, the articles are boring, and worst of all, you editors are so smug. You know everything. In fact, I'll bet you eleven million dollars you won't even read this letter.

MRS. D.H.B.

▶ *You forgot to enclose check. ED.*

They Read an Article, and——

East Orange, New Jersey

Dear Editor: The letter by Ruth A. Crosson, R.N., on deplorable conditions in homes for the aged in New Jersey (February JOURNAL) has produced action.

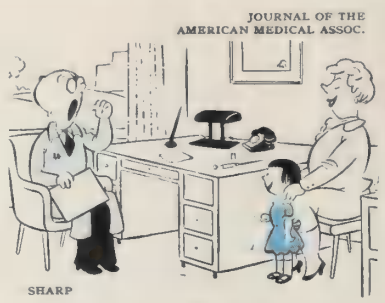
Almost as a direct result of Nurse Crosson's statements, the League of Women Voters of East Orange, at its April meeting, adopted as its program for the coming year "the study of facilities available for the senior citizen in East Orange." It is the policy of the League of Women Voters to first study a situation and then take the findings to governing bodies and ask for new legislation where needed. The league's study will cover all phases of this subject.

In June, Hon. William M. McConnell, mayor of East Orange, appointed a Council on Senior Citizens to "find out the needs of the senior citizen in our community." This council will be comprised of representatives from the Welfare, Health, Library and Recreation departments of the city, United Community Fund, U.S. Social Security, Retired Business and Professional Men's Association and the League of Women Voters.

We hope this information will help prove to Nurse Crosson that she was not pleading in vain and that she won't have to continue "nagging and persuading" to get help for mothers, fathers and others, over 65—not in East Orange, New Jersey, anyway.

Sincerely yours,

MARGARET McLOUGHLIN
President,
League of Women Voters of East Orange



"Let's settle this here and now. Who is your pediatrician . . . me or Dr. Spock?"

Ounce of Prevention . . .

Somewhere in U.S.A.

Dear Editors: Since the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is supposed to be for us women—why don't you admit about 90 per cent of divorces are because of trifling husbands?

Name Withheld

▶ *Some husbands stray. We urge wives to make "home" a place in which men stay. ED.*

Prakatst Makes Perfect

San Bernardino, California

Dear Editors: My husband is more impressed, I think, with our six-year-old daughter's literary efforts than with mine, and asked me to send you a verbatim, "verspellim" copy of her tale of Being Booing (pronounced Bing Bong), who is a seal.

BEING BOOING'S PLAY AT THE ZOO

Girls and boys came to the zoo and Being did his turiks but he did not no hew to boons a ball on his noos and then when the zoo man was goon he prakatst boonsing a ball on his noos and then he now hew to boons a ball on his noos and all the peeple laughed at Being Booig bekose he is so funny love Kay

Sincerely,

HARRIETT ARNOLD NIEMEYER

Need for Understanding

Somewhere in U.S.

Dear Editors: I suffered a nervous breakdown two years ago after the death of my two-month-old daughter. It took six weeks in a mental hospital and all our savings to cure me. But I have never felt better in my life, mentally or physically, than I do now.

However, after my hospitalization I had to re-enter my former life and that was harder than the cure of my depression. The doctors had told me that people would pay no more attention to a nervous breakdown than to a broken leg; but in my small town I was treated as a freak by intelligent people. I am now employed as a bookkeeper and also hope to substitute-teach in my "spare" time this fall—not because I am anxious to work outside my home but because I feel compelled to show I can do these things and not suffer a breakdown again.

Can you help to wipe out the stigma attached to mental illness?

Name Withheld

Brother-and-Sister Act

Binalbagan, Occidental Negros Philippines

Dear Editor: I have seen many pictures of cute babies from different countries in the JOURNAL, so I thought perhaps you would want to see my kids too.



Out for a ride.

Roselita, although only two, is already showing an interest in the JOURNAL.

With her in the picture is her brother, Ramon, seven and a half months old.

Sincerely,

FELISA VIAPLANA DEPRA

Report From Dean Gildersleeve

Bedford Village, New York

Dear Mr. Gould: I think you may be interested in a brief report on the letters I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

NO FOOLIN', FOLKS!

No other rice is this easy!



Pour Minute Rice in!

Just add to boiling water, cover
. . . remove from heat.
No cooking! No steaming!

Pour perfect rice out!

Because it's already cooked,
Minute Rice is
always fluffy and delicious!

Another favorite
from General Foods

Minute Rice is perfect every time!



THE AMERICAN GIRL SHOE

THE NEW IN FASHION WHEN IT IS NEWS

Styles for every hour, every woman . . . ask at the store near you, that has American Girl shoes.

Street shoe, dress shoe, and walking shoe;
missile toe, tapered toe, or open toe;
spear-thin high heel, slim medium heel, sturdy walking heel, or demi-low heel.

$8.99 TO $10.99*
other styles from 6.99

*prices slightly higher South, West and Canada. For name of store nearest you, write: American Girl Shoe, 288 A Street, Boston, Mass.
Div: Consolidated National Shoe Corp. Also made in Canada by Ludger Duchaine, Inc., Quebec.



© NORCROSS, INC.

QUEEN-SIZE GREETING CARDS

To say the things you want to say and in a great big way!

There's a colorful 12-inch Norcross QUEEN-Size Card for every occasion! You'll find just the *right* message—for birthdays, anniversaries, congratulations, get well.

See the many new and different QUEEN-Size cards now being featured in their own special racks at your Norcross dealers' . . . the better greeting card shops and department stores everywhere. Such a big and queenly buy . . . for 50¢.

NORCROSS
GREETING CARDS
Say the things you want to say

Always a special need...now a special laxative



for women only!

At last a miracle laxative formula made for feminine use! Correctol's relief is sure, gentle, more normal... even after childbirth and during menstrual periods.

Constipation presents special problems to a woman. Her system is complex and sensitive. It repeatedly undergoes cycles of change during which constipation may make discomfort even more severe. So it's almost unbelievable that science never until now has developed a special laxative for women's special needs!

But only a major medical discovery could make such a laxative possible...and today it's here! You can get it by asking for Correctol.

How Correctol is different

The secret of Correctol is a new miracle *non-laxative regulator*—with a wonderful harmless action that simply softens waste. Along with this, you get just enough mild laxative to start you toward normal regularity.

So Correctol acts promptly but unhurriedly. It gives the relief a woman wants and needs... but it's gentle, more natural relief. And thanks to its miracle regulator, Correctol gives these results with far less laxative medicine than other preparations using the same ingredient for their effect.

Enjoy relief this new way

You'll want to try this new feminine laxative! So while you're shopping today, pick up a bottle of these tiny pink tablets and put them in your medicine chest to have when you need them. See how much better you feel with Correctol... and how much more naturally it brings relief! 30 tablets, only $1.00—any drugstore.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF PHARMACO, INC.

Correctol *the first laxative especially for feminine use*

ALSO AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE IN CANADA





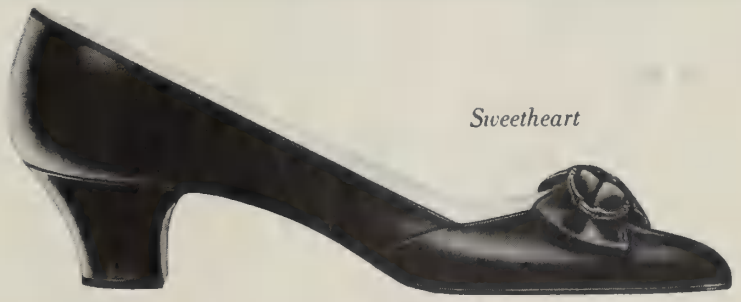
Midway

Moderne

plus

the fashion look you want

You must see today's ENNA JETTICKS on your feet . . . experience how wonderful today's ENNA JETTICKS feel . . . to believe that such fashionable-looking shoes can give you such marvelous fit and comfort. Try them on at your favorite store carrying ENNA JETTICKS. You'll be amazed that they actually cost so little!



Sweetheart

today's

Enna Jetticks

The Shoes You Love To Live In

still only $9.95 and $10.95

Some Styles $11.95

ENNA JETTICK SHOES, INC., AUBURN, N. Y.



At last—a spray-set without the alcohol and gummy fixatives that can give your hair a dry, dull look.

New! The only spray-set with no alcohol

–builds beauty as it curls!

Such silky, soft curls! Never dry-looking.
Such shiny, springy curls! Never stiff, sticky or flaky.

Real dream stuff. this fabulous new Beauty Curl. Sets beauty . . . holds beauty . . . *builds* beauty! And without a drop of drying. burning alcohol that can rob your hair of the natural oils that protect its precious lustre.

No sticky lacquer or gummy fixative. either. Yet you can use it to set and to *hold!* And every time you spray it on. you can *see* an added glow. That's because Beauty Curl builds beauty from within. No wonder you get those soft. shiny curls that keep their joyous bounce even on the dampest day. Better get new Beauty Curl today!



A NEW **Richard Hudnut** DISCOVERY

Beauty Curl

SPRAYS IN BEAUTY . . . SETS AND HOLDS NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS

© 1957 Lambert-Hudnut Div.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
EDITORS

IS THERE A RIGHT TO BAD TASTE?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Harper's Magazine's recent controversy between two architects (John J. Burchard and Albert Bush Brown) and a critic of modern architecture (Henry Hope Reed, Jr.) entertained me not a little. America has produced some modern architects of genius, and I find some contemporary building beautiful, delightful and practical. But I find some of it boringly stereotyped.

There have always been fashions in architecture as there are in clothes—fashion being something other than style. The buildings of the 1870's through the early 1900's have no "style" at all. Some pressure of fashion made them attractive at the time, but the time was quickly transient. On the other hand, Georgian public and domestic architecture ("Colonial") retains its comeliness to this day. It was a true "style" and remains so even though not "stylish."

The architects contributing to the debate, obviously modernists, are greatly annoyed at those members of the public who feel themselves free to have personal opinions about what is best and not best in architecture. They complain that in a democracy there is "a feeling that every man's taste should somehow have equal weight."

As a technician, the architect is indispensable. But a good architect also aspires to be an artist, and here we enter quite another realm. No academy of art and no college of architecture can create an artist.

From an aesthetic viewpoint, the essence of good architecture is proportion. There are rules about proportion (as there are rules about the composition of paintings) that, if followed, will produce generally satisfactory results. But it is not all a matter of measurements. Light is a factor. So are color and the furnishings of rooms. And many amateurs possess a natural or cultivated sense of proportion that trained architects (judging from their works) notoriously lack. Some of the most beautiful houses I have ever been in have been designed by their owners—amateurs in art and architecture.

Architects are not the only people who have spent much of their lives studying buildings and proportions. An interest in art is common to thousands of Americans who practice professions quite unrelated to it. Their quarrel with *some* modern architecture is aesthetic. And a great many people are sour on architects because the architect wants to build a house to please himself, without consideration of the family which is going to live in it.

In a democracy, if every man's taste does not have equal weight in planning his own home, the democracy will presently cease to be. Democracy implies that there are *some* areas of private life, and the place where Americans most seek and cherish it is in their homes. They want homes adapted to the way *they* live; reflecting their *own* tastes; and catering—if one wishes so to name them—to their particular prejudices. They don't want only a house, however interesting. They want a *home*—which is something else.

The modern architect not only wants to design your house; he also wants to design its interior—color, curtains, draperies and furnishings. He thinks of the whole thing as a unit. God help you, if you ever had a grandmother who left you a mahogany dresser or a set of Chippendale chairs! He'll have them in an auction room before you can stutter your protest. He tells you they don't fit into a modern house. But it will not occur to him to *design* a house that your lares and penates will adorn. He will say, "The modern architect cannot design well in the Georgian style." Does he mean he can't or does he mean he won't? If he can't, he's incompetent.

Suppose you *like* eighteenth-century English or French furniture, whether original or in reproduction? What's wrong with it? It was one of the finest styles ever developed, and one of the most comfortable. Suppose you're a collector of Early American? Haven't you got a right?

Every real *home* contains things that one cherishes purely out of association. In my home in the country I have a heavy, Italian walnut table, six feet long, which I've used as a writing table for thirty years, abroad and at home. The room is large enough to accommodate it (in a perfect light) but it doesn't suit the other furnishings at all. Yet I have a crazy idea that I can work better at it than anywhere else. Haven't I a right to my crazy idea? After all, it's *my* room. Who of us has not kept (and displayed) gifts from our children, presented at a time when their taste was, to say the least, underdeveloped?

What, for that matter, is "taste"? In furniture it embraces a lot of things—design, quality of material and craftsmanship—but, on the whole, it's largely a personal matter. It isn't a violation of the Constitution *not* to like posture chairs and furniture of wrought iron and plastic—or to like them.

Architects and interior decorators (who now prefer to call themselves interior architects) cannot successfully be rigid arbiters of so personal a matter as "taste"—or of other personal matters of living.

Color is a very personal matter. Nowadays we have rooms in "decorator colors"—whatever that may mean. There are a limited number of colors in the spectrum. How one reacts to them is strictly personal. But in homes or buildings they run in fashions. I can remember when "Burgundy" and "puce" were favorites for carpets. Now (I seem to observe) those who know what the well-dressed home will wear go in for pale shades of carpeting, even in the sootiest city, that can be washed on the floor. Fine, but by whom? By you? By me? If by somebody else, how often and for how much?

During the past few years there's been a rage for chartreuse, terra cotta, and pink walls that are just one paint drop from magenta. You see these colors on the walls of new high schools and colleges from Maine to California. Why these singular predilections? I have seen art classrooms with a southern all-glass wall, the rest of the room painted in "shocking" pink! Are students supposed to paint pictures in such an environment? Or is it just to make it harder? All artists want a neutral, uncolored north light, and neutral off-white grayish walls, because colors in the light and environment enter into and destroy the colors one is applying to canvas.

And are these violent hues, in general, conducive to student concentration? I seriously doubt it. No previous school designers have ever believed so, and have chosen neutral shades, and avoided vast expanses of glass to which youthful eyes stray.

Coral is a pretty shade, if you happen to like it. But some don't. Some greens make one feel bilious (chartreuse does me). Others are soothing, for some. There are yellows and yellows. Some like blue, and some (I am among them) find that blue walls of any shade give one the blues. Why argue? There are allergies of the soul as well as of the body. It's a personal matter.

Fluorescent lamps boxed in around the ceiling diffuse an even light around CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

Executive Editor: Mary Bass
Special Projects Editor: Laura Lou Brookman
Associate Editors: Hugh MacNair Kahler, Bernardine Kielty, Wilhela Cushman, William E. Fink, Richard Pratt, Louella G. Shouer, Mary Lea Page, Dawn Crowell Norman, Margaret Davidson, Nora O'Leary, Glenn Matthew White, Donald Stuart, Tina S. Fredericks, Helen Everitt, Peter Briggs, Anne Einselen, Margaret Parton, Cynthia McAdoo Wheatland
Contributing Editors: Gladys Taber, Gladys Denny Shultz, Margaret Hickey, Ruth Mills Teague, Barbara Benson
Assistant to the Editor: Nelle Keys Perry
Editorial Associates: John Werner, Ruth Mary Packard, Ruth Shapley Matthews, Alice Conkling, Joseph Di Pietro, Elizabeth Goetsch, Nancy Crawford Wood, Jean Todd Freeman, Eileen Sharpe, Betty Coe Spicer
Assistant Editors: Victoria Harris, Alice Kastberg, Virginia Price, Dorothy Anne Robinson, Albert Serwazi, June Schwartz, Carol Crane, Liane Waite, Joyce Posson, Neal Gilkyson Stuart, Ruth Imler, Elizabeth Hart
Editorial Assistants: Lee Stowell Cullen, Patricia Martin, Flora Casparian, Alberte Wright, Simone Smith, Hazel Owen, Corinna Wildman, Isabel Blythe, Helen Olchvary, Olivia Donovan, Abbot Mills, Sally Platt, Marley Marseilles, Dorothy Markinko



SINGER presents

the greatest sewing machine ever built

This is the SINGER* Slant-O-Matic. Excitingly new. New in its almost unbelievable ease of operation . . . new in the fine, sure beauty of its stitching . . . new in introducing convenience features never before built into a machine. The only zigzag machine for home use designed and made in America . . . it outsews any machine you've ever used for both straight and fancy stitching.

First automatic with a slant-needle and gear motor drive for easiest seeing, smoothest sewing ever. No stalling.

First automatic with a "drop-in" bobbin in *front* of needle. Fingertip control lifts throat plate for embroidery.

First automatic with a snap-up stitch chart on top, that lets you "tune" knob for all kinds of fancy stitches.

12 SINGER exclusives! See them at your

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

Listed in your phone book under SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO. *Trademark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.



Slant-O-Matic shown one-third larger than actual size.

Here's an *advertisement* about reducing in Hollywood



"Steverino" and his glamorous wife, Jayne Meadows. That person at the other end of the phone conversation certainly isn't getting Steve's full attention.

One of Hollywood's happiest families—Mary Cummings, her husband Bob, star of his own TV show, and four up-and-Cummings youngsters—Patricia, Bob Jr., Baby Laurel and Melinda.



How the stars stay slim

By CAROL MILLER

LOVELY Alexis Smith, lunching recently at a Hollywood restaurant, watched curiously as her companion devoured a rich, calorie-packed dessert.

"Envy her?" she was asked.

"Not at all," Alexis replied. "I keep in shape the easy way, the way Nature intended me to—by not overeating. Whenever I start to put on extra pounds, I take these," and she reached into her purse and held up a wrapped caramel candy. That's right, a piece of candy!

Now there's probably no place in the world as weight-conscious as Hollywood, or where as many different ways to lose weight have been tried. Turkish baths, Swedish massages, Epsom Salts, stretch machines, jiggle tables, pills, protein diets, salt free diets, bulk cellulose—these are but a few of the methods.

Of course, there's a very good reason for Hollywood's concern over calories. Apart from the absurdity of an ingénue with a double chin, the camera itself adds pounds to one's normal appearance. But even though screen stars watch their weight—studios and press agents soft-pedal the subject. They prefer the public to believe their stars have sylph-like figures without any effort. To set the record straight, Hollywood stars need help—just as the rest of us.



It's an old American custom—stopping to enjoy the scenery. The viewers here are Alexis Smith and her husband, Craig Stevens.

Well, what kind of help? Publicity releases to the contrary, dieting alone isn't the answer. Most of us know only too well what a mountain of will power it takes to stay on a diet. And it's that much tougher in Hollywood. Well then, what is the answer?

Just this: they eat candy. Not ordinary candy, but a special low-calorie, vitamin- and mineral-enriched candy called Ayds.

As June Havoc says, "Even for dancers and actresses like me, staying in trim is sometimes difficult—until you discover Ayds. It has done amazing things for my figure."

Another case in point is Juanita Hansen. Many readers will remember her as a top star for Mack Sennett during Hollywood's infancy. She was a slim, blonde beauty. She lost out in the movies and began gaining weight till she tipped the scales at 196.

She decided to do something about it. Today she is 127 pounds and looks like a new person. "I couldn't have done it without Ayds," she said.

The secret of this candy-reducing plan is that it's utterly different. It's not like old-fashioned methods, some of which were dangerous. Neither is it a fad diet or a "pill." Doctors call Ayds an "Appetite Depressant." Taken before meals as directed, Ayds curbs your appetite. You naturally eat less and lose weight.

What started the trend in Hollywood was a clinical investigation by six doctors at a medical center in Cambridge, Massachusetts, reported in one of the leading medical journals. It was a comprehensive study to determine the value of appetite depressants in achieving weight loss. The leading weight-reducing products were tested. And the doctors discovered that Ayds Reducing Candy gave by far the best over-all results. Other doctors recommended it to their patients, and the word soon spread throughout Hollywood.

In a world where appearance is so important, both husbands and wives have taken up this easy way to lose weight.

Mary Cummings, for example, wife of the popular star Bob Cummings and mother of four, admits, "Sure I lost weight with Ayds, without dieting or feeling hungry."

What seems to appeal to these people who can afford the costliest salon treatments is its ease and simplicity. They know from experience that exercise alone isn't effective. Skaters like Sonja Henie and Donna Atwood ("Ice Capades" star) rely on this miracle candy and, surely, they get enough exercise. But, says Sonja, "I keep myself in trim all the time with the help of Ayds."

When Steve Allen was in Hollywood making "The Benny Goodman Story," he was exposed to the local pre-occupation of fighting fat. When he returned to New York, he decided to try the Ayds Plan. His lovely wife, actress and TV panelist Jayne Meadows, went along with him. "We don't agree on everything," report Steve and Jayne. "But we do agree that two can reduce easier than one. We both take Ayds and losing weight together is fun."

Druggists report that Ayds sales lead in America's continuing "battle of the bulge." Grandmother must have been right when she warned you as a child that eating candy before mealtime would spoil your appetite.

Before you too start reducing with Ayds,® see your doctor and have him write for a reprint of the Medical Journal Report. The Campana Company, Box MD, Batavia, Ill.

Doll by Madame Alexander



Yardley products for America are created in England, and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

To make you feel especially feminine

YARDLEY fragrances . . . of course



Which of these lovely, lingering scents is for you? The vibrant sophistication of Bond Street? Delicately exotic Lotus? Perhaps it's April Violets, rain-sweet and incurably romantic. Or is your one and only love the fresh, lighthearted gaiety of Lavender? Not an easy choice to make—but a delightful one. These toilet waters and colognes from $1.35 plus tax.



Million dollar holdup..."*Good News*"™ by Warner's

the one strapless bra that always stays up

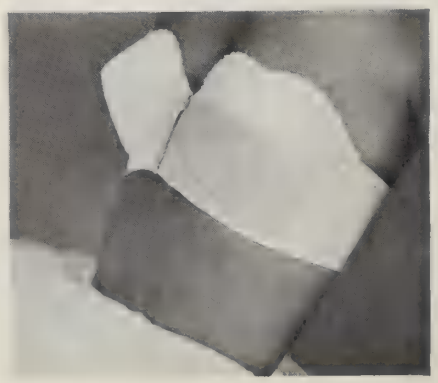
Only thing criminal about this holdup is that nobody ever committed it before! But here it is at last (from Warner's®, famous bearers of all the best news in foundations)—a strapless that can't twist, slip or turn, can't ever be anything but beautifully comfortable. Its secret? A latex back, lined with comfy cotton, that hugs you gently, so you can be active as you like.

Choice of two styles: both in this elegant black and gold package. #P1031 (above), hook-and-eye front closing, with delicate scalloped trim. #P1041 (right), front zipper closing, with heart-shaped dip. Either, in white embroidered cotton . . . $6.50

WARNER'S

BRAS • GIRDLES • CORSELETTES





new MAX FACTOR CURL CONTROL makes straight hair stay curly

...without permanents...without sticky sprays

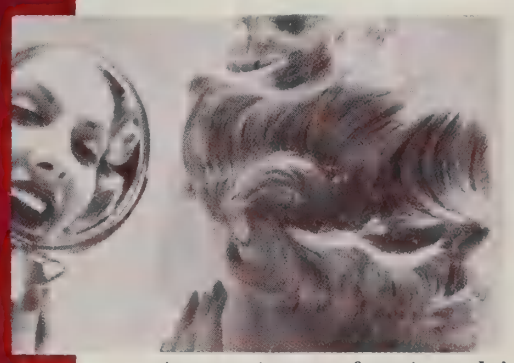




Spray FIRST!



...Comb it through



...Arrange in your favorite style!

Now we announce a whole new idea in making the curls you love. An idea that makes every hair spray you've ever seen just plain old-fashioned.

It's new Max Factor Sof-Set Curl Control!

Spray it on...comb it through...set your curls to stay! Beautiful curls that last and last!

Only Curl Control, with fabulous Protein Polymist, must be sprayed on *first*, to go deep down all through the hair, giving it new body, new flexibility, new natural wave tendencies you never knew you had!

Now for the first time each and every hair holds in place naturally where you want it—just like you'd been born with curls.

And here's a big plus—Protein Polymist not only holds beautiful curls...it also gives you lovelier, more lustrous hair.

Curls Even Stubborn Hair

For extremely resistant hair, Curl Control creates pin curls that last longer than ever before...hold in damp or humid weather. That's because Curl Control is sprayed on first! It gets all through the hair before setting and you get that exclusive deep down curls-from-within action that no old-fashioned hair spray could ever get. You'll set curls that can last from shampoo to shampoo.



Spray FIRST...! Comb it through... Set pin curls!

Formulated In Two Types–"Fine" or "Medium"

We all know that "fine" hair is much more difficult to control...but until spray-first Curl Control was created, nothing could be done to solve "fine" hair problems. Now Max Factor creates Curl Control in two formulas...one for the special needs of hard-to-manage "fine" hair, in the smart pink foil container marked "FINE".

For all other types of hair from medium to coarse, Max Factor makes Sof-Set Curl Control in the "MEDIUM" formula, in the plum colored foil container.

Get the Max Factor Curl Control made to suit YOUR own hair...at all cosmetic counters. Only $1.50 for the large size ...super economy size now only $1.89.



COPYRIGHT 1957 BY MAX FACTOR & CO.



Time to be the woman you've always been at heart. The woman who *does* things. The gracious hostess, hub of the family circle.

All you need, really, is *time*. And here you have it—time for living—in tangible form: a new KitchenAid dishwasher, by Hobart. Nothing frees your hands quite so beautifully as this, the finest dishwasher made. None other offers you such performance features as Hobart's new Timed Spray Cycle that "warms up" tableware and dishwasher interior, clears plumbing lines of cold water before the wash action starts...the no-guess loading racks...the Hobart revolving power wash system that gets your tableware *hospital-clean*...exclusive dual strainer system...the separate blower that dries everything to perfection.

Best of all, your new KitchenAid asks only 24″ of space, *the standard cabinet width*. You'll find just the model to go with your kitchen, as surely as it goes with your way of life.

See the new KitchenAid! Write The Hobart Manufacturing Co., Dept. KL, Troy, Ohio. In Canada: 175 George Street, Toronto 2.

time for a KitchenAid®

The Finest Made...by Hobart

The World's Largest Manufacturer of Food, Kitchen and Dishwashing Machines

IS THERE A RIGHT TO BAD TASTE?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

the room. But when one burns out, who is going to replace it? And how? You'll need a six-foot stepladder if the ceiling is of average height—and where are you going to keep it? Who is going to unscrew the old lamp and replace a new one from an insecure step? Your husband? Suppose he has lumbago? You're going to call in the electrician to change lamps, and he will cost much more than they do.

And are you going to drag a vacuum cleaner up the ladder to clean the boxes, where dust settles? You may be the world's best housekeeper, but you will just let it invisibly accumulate to drift, eventually, around the room.

"Recessed" lights have been a passion of architects. In homes they are all right in places where they are seldom used. But to replace a simple bulb, one must mount a ladder, unscrew the frame and then screw it back, after lying on one's stomach, searching the floor for a screw one has invariably dropped. And if in a darkish hall, where they burn much of the time, perpetual removing of the box will soon damage the plaster, requiring replastering and repainting.

Decorators don't like marbelized, splattered or otherwise patterned kitchen linoleums or floor tiles. They should be of a single color: white, or black-and-white, is beautiful. Beautiful for anyone except the cook, or the cookless housewife! Maybe decorators just love to mop kitchen floors.

You have not lived a perfect day, even though you have earned your money, unless you have done something for someone who will never be able to repay you.
ANONYMOUS

I think I'm a good, even finicking housekeeper, and our kitchen floor is swept and wiped up with a wet or damp mop every day, and thoroughly washed and thinly waxed once a week. But it is not washed every time the laundryman walks in and out, or whenever a drop of something cooking spills on the floor. I had one of the prettiest kitchen floors you ever saw—from a decorator's viewpoint. But I cherished my cook more than the floor and relaid it in a marbelized pattern. (If I had been caring for the kitchen myself, I'd have done it earlier.)

The trouble with architects is that they want to remodel your life, your habits, your country, your nature and your domestics. It is important to remember that decoration, of itself, has nothing to do with creative art, and that great creative artists are notoriously indifferent to the "taste" of their surroundings.

Architecture is good in so far as it is honest and reasonable. A house must fit into its natural surroundings and use its natural (which are also usually its most economic) materials.

The "Cape Cod" or "salt-box" house was, and is, entirely rational. It originated in New England, a land of long and severe winters. It was built of wood, not only because wood was plentiful in a forested country, but because wood is the warmest of natural materials.

So people go on buying and remodeling old houses, not because remodeling is cheaper, but because, if one can still find a good carpenter and stonemason, the result is often pleasanter.

It just isn't true that most Americans love innovation and change. Most, I am quite sure, seek in their homes stability, tranquillity and tradition—of course with automatic heating, up-to-date kitchens and all the gadgets. Private life shows a formidable resistance to radical change. As long as an American's home is his castle, he'll go on insisting that he (or she) and preferably *they* are masters of one little place in the world. And until we are all thoroughly collectivized, brain-washed and psychologically conditioned we'll even insist on the right to bad taste. END



rhythm step

JOHNSON, STEPHENS & SHINKLE SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

UNHAPPY WITH YOUR PRESENT HEARING AID?

Hearing aid too weak? . . . not clear enough?

Then follow the lead of other experienced hearing aid users. *85% of those who buy the new, super-powered Radioear 850 have switched from less powerful hearing aids!* Here are some of the features they like:

POWER. Your present hearing aid may be too weak to give you the hearing you need. The new Radioear 850 is so powerful you may *never* use its full volume.

CLEAR, UNDISTORTED HEARING. Maybe you have to put up with annoying *distortion* in your hearing aid. The new Radioear 850 reduces distortion to 2%, comparable to expensive Hi-Fi sets.

NEW TELEPHONE CONVENIENCE. Do you have to fuss with volume controls when phoning? Radioear's Equavoice Phonemaster—in the new 850—gives you full volume telephone hearing at the flip of a switch. Wonderful for radio and TV.

Learn all about the new, super-powered RADIOEAR 850. Mail this coupon for FREE BOOKLET No. 520.

radioear
CORPORATION
Pittsburgh 16, Pa.

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
NO. 520



Evenings the Dallas Raneys like to relax in the family room where Mrs. Raney often plays the electric organ. Telephone here is important since the family spends so much time in this room.

Busy homemaker enjoys the convenience of

"telephones where we need them"

A busy homemaker with a family on the go, Mrs. Dallas P. Raney of Little Rock, Arkansas, finds her new modern home makes her day easier. It includes practically every homemaking convenience—among them, telephones right where the family needs them most.

"They're part of the way we live," says Mrs. Raney. "We all depend on the phone a lot. I rely on it for all my grocery shopping, in church committee work and visiting with friends.

"That's why we have phones in the kitchen, family room, master bedroom and our daughter's room. Their colors complement each room's furnishings. Wiring is concealed in the walls, and portable phones serve little-used rooms and the outdoor patio."

You and your family can enjoy the convenience of telephones where you need them. Reach, don't run, for your phone. The cost is low. Ask your telephone business office for all the details.

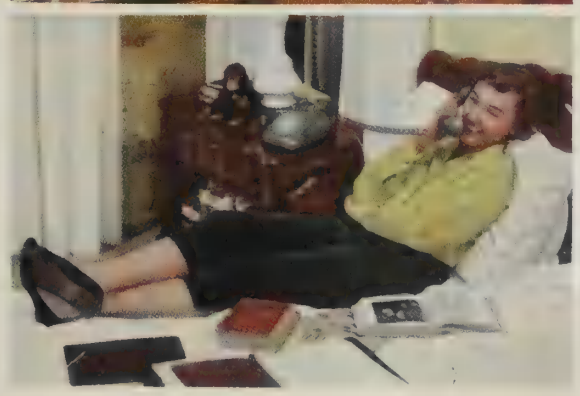
Working together to bring people together
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Mrs. Raney especially enjoys having a telephone in the master bedroom, finds it especially convenient for chatting with friends.



She finds her kitchen telephone the "most useful." It's placed between sink and cooking areas for easy reaching.



Teen-age Sharon has her own separate telephone line and directory listing. This keeps the other line free for family use.

Hot home-baked biscuits in just 9 minutes

(perfectly delicious every time)



More biscuit lovers reach for Ballard than any other brand

At your grocer's dairy case - only pennies per can

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

It is easy to tell who is the head of a family: it's the one to whom bad news is relayed.

An extravagance is anything purchased yesterday.

"Well, mother, I'll tell you exactly what he's like: on the second date you fall violently out of love with him."

"Those young parents," observed my neighbor, "have no routine with their children; only a ritual."

Above and beyond the call of duty: husband fixing something.

Compulsory education: getting dad to help with the homework.

By the time some parents get around to putting a foot down, the children are already following in their footsteps.

One man's opinion: "A woman will go to any length to concoct something new to spread on a cracker, then give a party to use it up."

An elderly lady confides her formula against loneliness: "Put on an old house dress, let the dishes set—and someone is sure to come by."

These days, before a woman can leave footprints in the sands of time, she has to "do her toes."

A beloved colored lady says, "I never lets myself carry more worries than I'd be miserable without, if I gets rid of them."

Perhaps the reason we never hear about a self-made woman is that she usually bestows the credit on some man.

A family wants a house to be cleaned the way it is in church: when those who make the work are not around.

One thing our grandmothers might miss, were they to have a return visit to our modern world, would be lines of clothes drying in bright sunshine under blue skies.

After dispensing several of the boss' messages over the telephone, on her first day in a new job, a young girl concluded her title should be changed to deceptionist.

The perfect mother-in-law visits only upon invitation; brings her own bed linen, towel—even washcloth; and stays no longer than a banana stays delectable.

One thing that goes as far as it once did is dirt tracked in by a family.

Nearly every letter received by a mother from her young son vacationing in the West described his location as follows: "I can see six miles in every direction, including down."

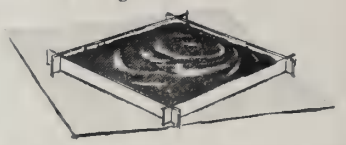
Social strata of sweetening: molasses, sugar, saccharin.

In our neighborhood, a jet plane crashed the sound barrier and all the mothers ran outside to see what the kids were up to.

END



1. World's *fastest* fudge! No cooking! No beating! No testing! It's new "Junket" Quick Fudge Mix . . . the only pre-cooked, pre-creamed fudge mix.



2. Real old-fashioned flavor! You've never tasted fudge so smooth . . . so creamy . . . so heavenly. Makes a luscious treat for everyone!

FREE! To introduce you to New "Junket" Fudge Mix. Handy fudge setter, shown above. Forms perfect fudge squares on wax paper—no pan needed! Send top of package "Junket" Quick Fudge Mix to: "JUNKET," Little Falls, N.Y.

New! **"JUNKET" Quick FUDGE MIX**



Chocolate • Penuche • Coconut

HEAVENLY HAMBURGERS



Spoon on a little GRAVY MASTER for that luscious "Charcoal Broil" effect. See how it seals in the juices, how it tenderizes, how it accents flavor – how appetizing in appearance and taste. Even better on your outdoor grill!

The Cook's Friend – Saves Money too

GRAVY MASTER does much more for GRAVIES & MEAT DISHES

New! Exciting **GIFT WRAP BOOK**

"How to Gift Wrap" is just off the press and features sixteen full-color pages of helpful, easy-to-follow gift wrapping and bow tying instructions.

Available at Variety Stores everywhere. If not available yet in your store, send 25¢ and coupon below.



BEN-MONT PAPERS, INC.
Dept. B, Bennington, Vt.

Please send your gift wrap book. I enclose 25¢.

Name_____

Address_____

New idea! VINYL in a floor wax

and the beauty of it is – *it's childproof**



***Never before such a high gloss!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax with *vinyl* in it, gives you higher gloss than you've ever known. On *any* kind of floor—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile or finished wood! Throughout the house!

***No wax easier to apply!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax polishes itself. No buffing. No rubbing. It spreads evenly —without streaks—quickly sets to a tough, beautiful, *vinyl* gloss!

***Wet spills won't harm gloss!**

Splashes and spills—so common with children—won't hurt the tough vinyl surface —or shine. Simply wipe them up. *New* Simoniz Floor Wax is water-repellent.

***Never before such protection!**

The miracle of vinyl—and only Simoniz has it—gives you the toughest floor surface. The kids won't scuff it, or harm the gloss with their roughhousing. No doubt about it—it's *childproof!*

***No finish so easy to maintain!**

Simoniz Floor Wax with vinyl has a gloss that lasts and lasts. You can even damp mop your floors freely without dulling the shine. Without spoiling the wax finish.

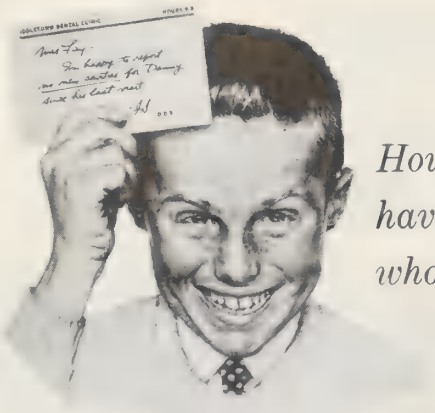
***Good news about re-waxing!**

Here's the *one* floor wax you can remove *evenly* before re-waxing. Simply use your regular household detergent and warm water. The beauty increases with re-waxing. You'll be amazed, once you try it.



Simoniz® Floor Wax

For all floors—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile and finished wood



How two Midwestern communities have brought new hope to everyone who has ever suffered from a cavity

Two Towns Named Bloomington That Helped Lick Tooth Decay

By MARGUERITE HIGGINS
Noted Journalist and Pulitzer Prize Winner

TWO MIDWESTERN TOWNS – both, by coincidence, named Bloomington – have proved there is a new way to help prevent cavities in your teeth.

I know it works because I investigated – and got these facts.

For a long time scientists have known that cavities usually begin on soft spots – weak or vulnerable areas on tooth surfaces. Then, I found, an exciting discovery was made.

A toothpaste with stannous fluoride would strengthen those soft spots – thus preventing them from turning into cavities. The toothpaste is Crest with Fluoristan.

I found that in Bloomington, Indiana, over a thousand men, women and children volunteered to test this wonderful new way to prevent decay.

Half the volunteers brushed with "Toothpaste X"—actually Crest. The other half used "Toothpaste Z"—regular toothpaste.

After a year's time, dentists examined the teeth of all the volunteers. The results made history.

Grownups who brushed with Crest had 42% fewer new cavities than those who brushed with regular toothpaste.

Children who brushed with Crest had 49% fewer new cavities.

Full reports of these tests were published in official dental journals. The results aroused such interest that another test was made.

This one was in Bloomington, Minnesota, a thriving Minneapolis suburb. Almost all third-grade and fourth-grade school children in town took part. And again, the results made exciting news.

Again, children who brushed with Crest had far fewer new cavities than those who brushed with regular toothpaste.

Many children who used Crest had no new cavities at all during that year. This is the great event that Norman Rockwell has dramatized in his picture opposite.

These tests gave Crest a record of decay prevention never approached by any other toothpaste —for *both* grownups and children.

I think we owe our thanks to the towns that proved this new way to help lick tooth decay.

• • •

For an informative, attractively illustrated booklet of 30 pages, "How to Take Care of Your Teeth," send your name and address with 10 cents to: Director, Division of Dental Research, Procter & Gamble, Dept. B-1, Box 182, Cincinnati 1, Ohio.

Questions you've asked us about CREST

How does Crest work?—*Mrs. F. M. C., San Antonio, Texas*

Crest with Fluoristan actually combines with and strengthens teeth themselves against decay. This is particularly true of the soft spots on teeth—the places where cavities usually start.

What is Fluoristan?—*Mrs. J. P. R., Wheeling, West Virginia*

Fluoristan* is a stannous fluoride formula especially developed for Crest. As you brush, Fluoristan strengthens teeth against decay. Fluoristan works for grownups and children.

Please tell me how many people, in all, tested Crest.—*Mrs. C. J. C., Pasadena, Calif.*

About 5,700 grownups and children took part in repeated tests of Crest over a 4-year period. This is the greatest "in-use" testing ever done on any toothpaste.

Does Crest stop mouth odor?—*Mrs. F. L. C., Denver, Colorado*

Yes. Crest freshens your mouth—sweetens your breath. Crest gives you the most effective protection against mouth odor available in any toothpaste.

A DENTAL HEALTH MESSAGE FROM PROCTER & GAMBLE, MAKERS OF CREST TOOTHPASTE



Norman Rockwell

"Look, Mom—no cavities!"

Crest Toothpaste stops soft spots from turning into cavities—means far less decay for grownups and children. And Crest freshens your mouth—sweetens your breath.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

*Fluoristan is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter.

© 1957, The Procter & Gamble Co.

for the world's most precious heads!







EAGLEKNIT®

THE NAME BRAND IN KNITTED HEADWEAR

• Only the world's finest knitted headwear belongs on "the world's most precious heads". *Eagleknit*, of course, say millions of mothers, because it's knit to fit, warm and cozy, and beautifully styled in many new shapes and colors! At stores everywhere.

EAGLE KNITTING MILLS, MILWAUKEE 4

The child views God through parents' eyes

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M. D.



SPERRY LEA

What the church means to the parent will be felt by the child.



DR. SPOCK.

"The foundation for a love of God is the same as for love of parents. A baby is born to be affectionate."

I'd like to talk about the phases of emotional development in a child as they affect his attitude toward religion. Then I can mention a few of the problems in religious education that parents have asked me about.

From a psychological point of view I'd say that the foundation for a love of God is the same as for love of parents. A baby is born to be affectionate, as is shown by the fact that he smiles warmly by the time he's a month or two old, long before he can sit, walk, talk or even use his hands. If he is cared for by loving parents, his love for them and his trust in them increase each month. If there is no one to love a baby (as was true in certain cold, understaffed orphanages in the olden days), he grows up with a shallow, irresponsible personality and with little or no capacity to love anybody, including God.

It's particularly in the three-to-six-year-old period that a child comes to realize how much his parents mean to him. He's warmly affectionate toward them. He thinks they are the wisest, the handsomest and the most powerful people in the world. He asks them anything he wants to know and believes what they tell him. All day long he's trying to be more like them, in activities and in character.

If they tell him about God, he accepts their picture, literally. Parents in speaking of God to a child tend to emphasize the attributes which appeal most to them. The stern father will probably speak of a stern God. The gentle father will speak of a gentle God. The parents will show that they look up to God, the way the child looks up to his own father. As a result, the child comes to think of God as being somewhat like his father, only more idealized and on a grander scale. He will have feelings of love, of trust, of awe, of fear in somewhat the same proportions as he has these feelings for his father. If he has a father whom he cannot love at all, I doubt whether he will be able to love God. I remember being told once, by a priest who had studied such cases, that the boy who grows up thinking his father is a hypocrite in his religious practices is the most difficult of all to win to the church.

The child who hears little or nothing of God between three and six will of course form no concept of Him. But the attitudes he is developing toward his father will have a great influence on any religious attitudes he develops later.

After the age of six or seven it is the nature of a child to try to outgrow part of the excessive dependence and closeness he previously felt toward his parents. Though he continues to love them deeply underneath, he's apt to stop copying their diction and their mannerisms. He wants no longer to be considered their good little boy, but rather to be a rough, independent man of the world. He senses that he must get over the idea that his parents are all-wise, so he argues with them about everything and he quotes his teacher as a superior authority. He directs a lot of his emotional energy, that was formerly spent in adoring and copying his parents, into impersonal channels such as learning about the Three R's and science and manufacture. Since he feels the need to be more independent and critical of his father, he won't idealize him to the extent that he used to. Instead he turns to less close, less personal models. He finds that Superman and other heroes of the comic books are very satisfactory in regard to powerfulness, bravery, righteousness. And some of the reverence he previously felt for his father is now more comfortably accorded to God, if he has learned about Him.

But there is another aspect of the change in a child's nature after six which has a bearing on religion. He wants very much to be like the other children he knows—in clothes, in language, in haircut, in the TV programs he watches, in the school he goes to. Other things being equal, he'd like to go to the same Sunday school and church. But this need to turn away from his parent as a model and to pattern himself after his contemporaries is mainly concerned with superficial matters such as personal appearance and manners. Deep underneath he is still devoted to his parents and quite willing to share their beliefs. He is not at all ready yet—as he may be in adolescence—to question their religion or their ethics or their politics. If he finds there's a difference between the beliefs of his family and other families in these respects, he'll feel more security in lining up loyally with his parents. In a political campaign he wears the same button as his father. He accepts his parents' convictions about what is morally right and wrong, and he will stick to his parents' church if they indicate that they have feelings about it.

In the six-to-twelve-year-old period, it appeals to the child to belong to a church and to revere God, but in most cases the relationship is a relatively unemotional one—it doesn't involve very intense feelings or very personal feelings. In adolescence there is a real change. Now the young person's relationships—with parents, with friends, with members of the opposite sex—all acquire considerable intensity. The adolescent who is at all religious is apt to think about God as a real person Whom he knows and Who knows him. Almost every adolescent becomes at least somewhat introspective and concerned about himself: Am I normal? Am I acceptable? What are my ideals? What do I want to do with my life? He expects to find some guidance from his church and his God. In this sense his religion acquires real personal meaning for him, for the first time.

Now let's turn to religious education. It doesn't usually present problems to the mother and father who both belong to the same church and who have a comfortable belief in their church's teaching. When their child in his early years asks questions about God, they find it easy to convey their sense of Him—in a way that is understandable—much as if they were talking about a mortal to whom they are devoted. When he is ready for Sunday school, he usually goes without question, just as he goes to day school without question. The only advice that I would want to give to such parents would be to emphasize the positive teachings of religion, to emphasize the loving aspects of God, and to minimize the punitive aspects, particularly up to the age of six or eight.

A minor problem in religious education occasionally arises in the age period between six and nine years in the case of parents who do not attend church themselves and do not give their child any specific religious training, though they have very definite ethical and spiritual

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

NEW! *Only child's home permanent with* SQUEEZE-COMB EASE...

gives curls that last a year!

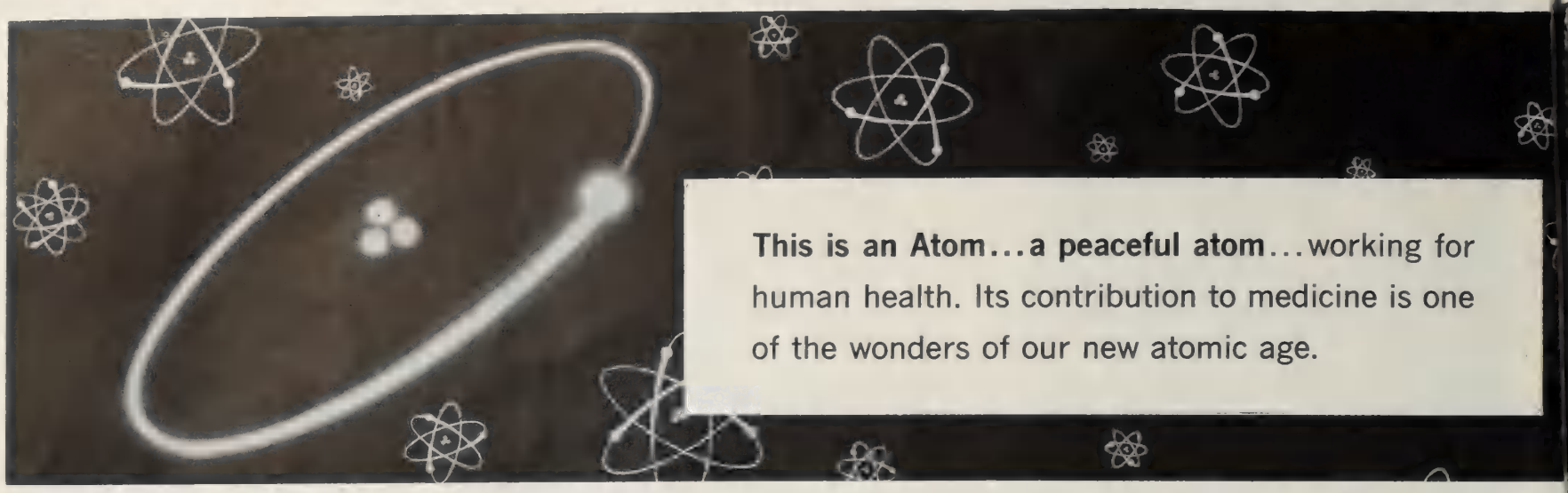
Curls really take because comb-tip squeeze bottle saturates hair far more thoroughly than any other way.

Now, no need to take chances using Adult Permanents on your child's hard-to-curl hair. Lilt Party Curl really overcomes problems of curling young hair. And Party Curl is so much easier, faster for you to apply on a fidgeting child. "Squeeze-Comb Ease" ends messy dip-dabs for you. Now just squeeze on lotion from comb tip on bottle. Hair is so thoroughly saturated, soft curls last even a year!

©1957, Procter & Gamble Co.







This is an Atom...a peaceful atom...working for human health. Its contribution to medicine is one of the wonders of our new atomic age.

NEW LIGHT ON COLDS...

ATOM TRACER TESTS ACTS FASTER, LONGER THAN

These atom tracer tests prove Vicks VapoRub is already treating your nose, throat, bronchial area while aspirin and cold tablets are still in your stomach. And VapoRub keeps bringing relief hours after these tablets have stopped working



When your child has a cold, rub VapoRub over the area of lungs and heart...throat...back...and neck where so much cold tension is. VapoRub acts *instantly!*



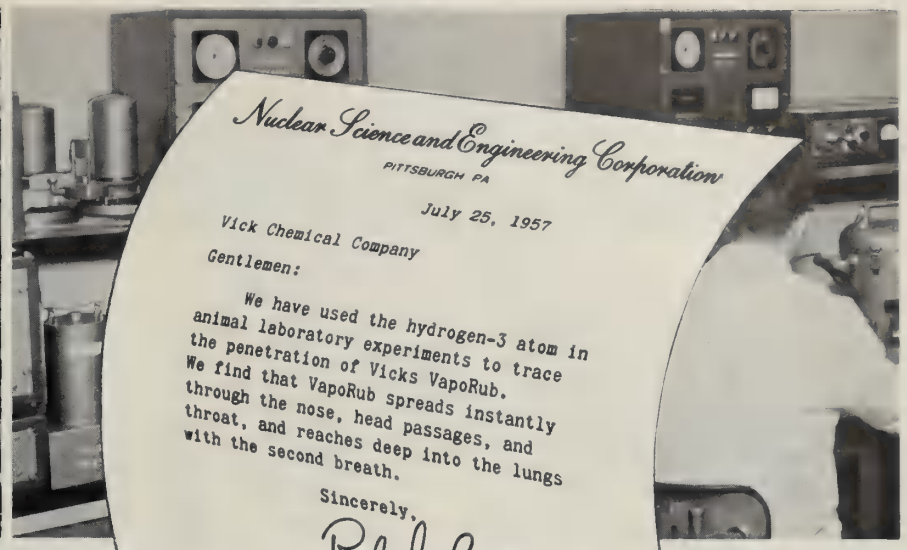
Now...from the laboratories of atomic medicine comes *new proof* of a more effective way you and your family can get relief from miseries of colds.

For scientists have used atom tracer tests to check the action of cold medications...and found that Vicks VapoRub acts faster and longer than aspirin or any cold tablets.

These atom tracer tests prove VapoRub is already treating your nose, throat, bronchial area while aspirin and cold tablets are still in your stomach. And VapoRub keeps on bringing relief hours after these tablets have

"Vicks" and "VapoRub" are registered trademarks of the Vick Chemical Co., Greensboro, N. C.





Nuclear Science and Engineering Corporation
PITTSBURGH, PA

July 25, 1957

Vick Chemical Company

Gentlemen:

We have used the hydrogen-3 atom in animal laboratory experiments to trace the penetration of Vicks VapoRub. We find that VapoRub spreads instantly through the nose, head passages, and throat, and reaches deep into the lungs with the second breath.

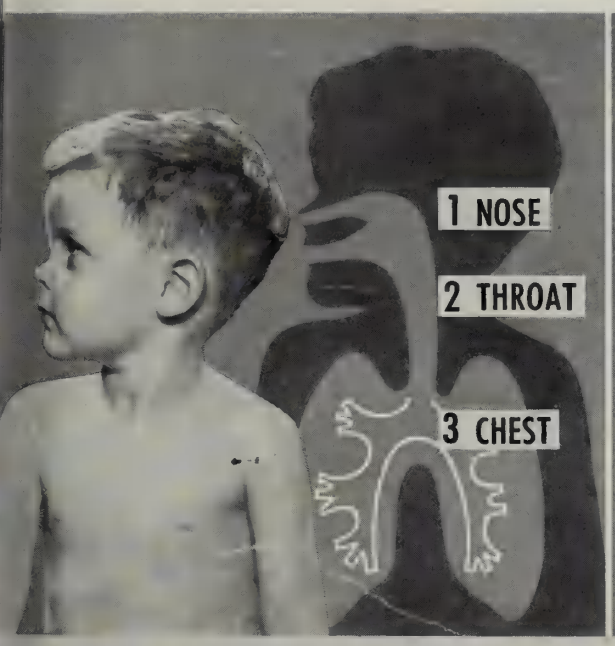
Sincerely,

Ralph L. Ely, Jr.

Ralph L. Ely, Jr., Ph.D.
Technical Director

In medicine, this atom's job is to trace how medicines act in the body...where they go...how fast...what they do.

PROVE VICKS VAPORUB ASPIRIN OR ANY COLD TABLETS



No other type of treatment relieves all three cold areas...nose, throat, chest...directly...all at once...hour after hour...with every breath ...without internal dosing.



VapoRub loosens muscular tightness, soreness ...while medicated vapors relieve stuffed-up head, irritated throat, cough, upper bronchial congestion. So your child feels good again *fast!*



Grown-ups and elderly people throughout the world also use more VapoRub than any other product to relieve cold miseries. It acts faster, works longer than aspirin or cold tablets.

stopped working...to clear stuffed-up nose, soothe irritated throat, clear local chest congestion. So you can breathe better, sleep better, feel good fast.

No other type of cold medication treats all 3 cold areas all at once...for as long as 10 hours...with every breath...without internal dosing. Not just nose alone...or throat...or chest...but *all 3* at the same time.

So it's no wonder that more mothers throughout the world depend on Vicks VapoRub than any other cold medication. Why don't you turn to VapoRub, too? Enjoy the fast relief...the peace of mind...VapoRub can bring.



World's most widely used colds medication

...as a rub
...in steam
...in the nose

"Us men like Gibbs PJ's the best"



After all—Gibbs' pj's (and underwear, too) are made of exclusive British-type "Royal 50"—the softest, springiest, comfiest, coziest, nicest-to-wear fabric there is. And "Royal 50" keeps its dreamy, creamy feel (won't fuzz up, either) no matter how much it's washed. The styles are pretty special, too—in the perkiest prints and colors—in sizes for boys and girls from toddlers through teens—all thriftily priced! See them at your favorite store—or write and we'll tell you where.

"I-Dress-Myself" Sleeper (above) with easy snap-front and embroidered bedtime motif. Blue, Pink, Maize, Aqua. Sizes 0-4. About $3.



Boys' Heathertone Ski PJ with embroidered emblem to match trim on neckband and cuffs. Blue with Navy, Gray/Black, Tan/Brown. Sizes 3-8, about $3; 10-18, about $4.



Snug Plastic-Soled Sleeper for boys or girls with tri-color striped collarette, matching trim. Aqua with Pink, Pink/Blue, Blue/Navy, Maize/Brown. Sizes 2-8, about $3. Same style with regular ski pants (no foot) for boys or girls. About $3.



Girls' Sissy-Front PJ — with Ivory top daintily ruffled and collared to match ski pants. Rose, Gold or Turquoise. Sizes 3-6X, about $3.50; 8-16, about $4.

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED

Royal 50 Gibbs

NATIONALLY KNOWN

Gibbs Underwear Company, Philadelphia 34, Pennsylvania

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

convictions. Let's say, for example, that they are disinclined to believe in the kind of God and heaven that are spoken of in the Bible or from the pulpit, but that they are more content themselves with the belief that God is the goodness in men's hearts and that heaven is the happiness which a man gives to others and for which he is remembered after he dies. However, they find that their young child picks up the remarks about religion of neighborhood children and brings them home to his parents for clarification. "Do we believe in God and heaven?" "Do people who don't go to church go to hell?" A conscientious parent of this sort is on a spot. He wants to be honest, he would like to explain his philosophy, yet he realizes that it is too vague for a seven-year-old. Of course he has to translate his beliefs into terms his child can comprehend, just as he has to simplify the facts of life or Santa Claus or the atom bomb. If I were he, I would answer, "Yes, we believe in God and we believe in heaven." I think this is a close enough approximation for a seven-year-old.

S S S S S S S

UP TO SNUFF

Tobacco was among the major curiosities found by early explorers in the New World. Smoking was introduced to Europe as a medicinal practice, became popular within a few generations. Snuffing of powdered tobacco into the nose caught on more slowly.

Yet the use of snuff eventually became all but universal. Dandies and great ladies liked their snuff ground on the spot, so went about equipped with silver and ivory graters. Lesser folk had to be content to buy ready-ground mixtures. Some mixers of snuff added spices and perfumes to their wares—while unscrupulous dealers didn't hesitate to adulterate it.

So it came to be proverbial that it took a sharp fellow, not easily deceived, to tell the quality of snuff from a single whiff. Many a self-styled expert was described as "up to snuff"—or wise to its ways. Transferring to other areas of activity the odd title came to name any state of skill, confidence or fine fettle in general.

WEBB B. GARRISON

S S S S S S S

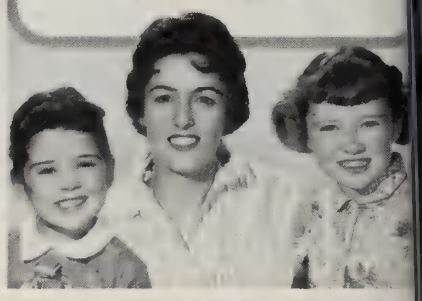
He isn't interested in the subtleties. He very much wants a definite answer. He really wants to know, "Do we have beliefs, as other people have beliefs? Are we on the same side as the others, or are we different?" It seems wise to me, as a first step anyway, to emphasize the similarities. Otherwise the parents are, in a sense, insisting that the child think of himself as different from his friends just because of the parents' special philosophy. There will be plenty of time for him later to decide whether he wants to come to a regular or an unorthodox religion. If the child asks next, "Do we believe in hell?" the parent might well answer, "No, we don't," because severe punitiveness is not part of his philosophy and perhaps because he senses there is anxiety in the child's question. Then if the child asks, "Why don't we go to church?" the parent could answer, "Some people have a religion that makes them want to go to church and other people have a religion that doesn't make them want to go to church." If the child asks to go to Sunday school, I myself think the parent would be wise to encourage him to do so on the assumption that it would be beneficial educationally and spiritually. It would help him to some degree in the long run to find his own beliefs.

Next I want to mention the occasional problem in which the two parents have sharp differences in their religious views. More commonly it is the mother who is a strong believer in her own church; and the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

MRS. M. CARTWRIGHT, *Los Angeles, says:*

"I trust St. Joseph Aspirin For Children because my doctor does"

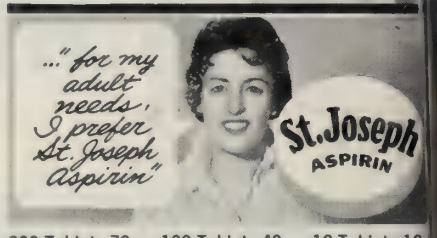


This specialized tablet is approved by more doctors than any other brand. Mothers trust it for accuracy of dosage and safe, gentle action. Children like its pure orange flavor. No wonder St. Joseph Aspirin For Children is America's mother-and-child favorite!

World's Largest Selling Aspirin For Children

ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN

A PLOUGH PRODUCT



200 Tablets 79c • 100 Tablets 49c • 12 Tablets 12c

Helps You Overcome

FALSE TEETH

Looseness and Worry

No longer be annoyed or feel ill-at-ease because of loose, wobbly false teeth. FASTEETH, an improved **alkaline** (non-acid) powder, sprinkled on your plates holds them firmer so they feel more comfortable. Avoid embarrassment caused by loose plates. Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.

Corns, Callouses Go Fast, Pain Gone, Forgotten!



All this now yours one of the quickest ways known to medical science

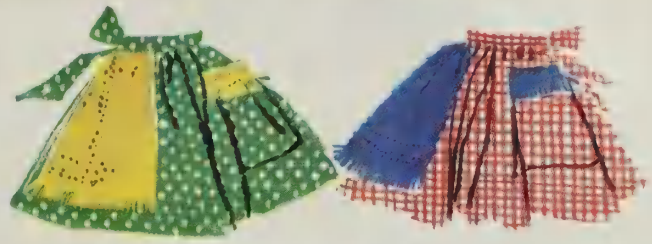
No waiting for action when you use soft, soothing, cushioning, protective Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on corns, callouses, bunions or sore toes. You get super-fast nerve-deep relief. And when used with the separate *Medications* included, corns or callouses soon lift right out! Zino-pads also stop corns or callouses *before* they can develop! New skin matching color, stay on in bath. Try them!



Super-Soft Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

SPECIAL OFFER from JOHNSON'S BABY SHAMPOO !





choice of 2 colors

TOWL-APRON

$1.59 VALUE

YOURS FOR ONLY **75¢**

with box top from Johnson's Baby Shampoo

- Thirsty-thick terry cloth towel stitched right on to apron.
- No more wet hands! Towel is at your side when you need it.
- Roomy terry-trimmed pocket, too.
- Choice of meadow green with white polka dots, sunny yellow towel. Or pink gingham check with French blue towel.

HANDY FOR SHAMPOOING, HOUSECLEANING, DISHWASHING ETC.



Your Towl-Apron makes a perfect helpmate at hair-wash time with Johnson's Baby Shampoo.

Try this wonderful shampoo that won't burn or irritate eyes . . . leaves hair silky soft.

Bottles come in 3 sizes.



THE "NO MORE TEARS" SHAMPOO

Send for your exclusive Towl-Apron Today. Limited offer. Use this coupon or get one at your drug store or supermarket. Or send name and address with 75¢ and box top to address on coupon below.

Towl-Apron, P. O. Box 10, Snow Shoe, Pa.

Enclosed is 75¢ and one Johnson's Baby Shampoo box top (any size) for each Towl-Apron.

Check color choice below.

☐ Meadow green apron, white polka dots, yellow towel

☐ Pink gingham check apron, blue towel

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ **Zone**____ **State**_____

Offer expires January 31, 1958. Refund guaranteed when supply is exhausted. Good only in Continental U. S. A., Hawaii and Alaska. This offer is void in any state, territory, municipality where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Allow 2 to 4 weeks for delivery.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

father is a nominal member of another church, or he is a nonbeliever, and he objects to the child's being indoctrinated in a religion of which he does not approve. Of course most couples who come from different religious backgrounds find, usually before they marry, a compromise that is agreeable to both, because their love for each other makes them want to. One can suspect, when the arguments continue, that it may not be religion which is coming between them, but that for neurotic reasons they have to quarrel and they find religion a very handy weapon.

I think that one parent who is at odds with the other is mistaken if he thinks that he alone can permanently direct a child toward one church or away from another by insisting on attendance or forbidding it. There is no doubt that a child brought up in a united family that adheres to an orthodox religion, in a neighborhood that adheres to that religion, will be strongly influenced for life. But it's very different if the parents are setting an example of unorthodoxy or if the parents are divided in their views, for then the child feels no deep obligation to follow any one creed and will probably decide for himself in adolescence or adulthood, on the basis of his fundamental attitudes toward life and on his special relationship to each of his parents.

I would guess that the children, or at least the grandchildren, of people who didn't attend church find their way to church eventually, in much the same proportion as other people do, provided they are reasonably well adjusted. For, though it is impossible to prove the existence of God, at least to a skeptic, it is easy to show that human beings are naturally religious. A majority of those who have grown up with love and respect for their parents have always wanted to express similar feelings of dependence and devotion and obligation toward a Deity.

I would advise parents who have sharp religious differences to make every effort to leave the child out of their arguments, and to come to a compromise which leaves the least tension between themselves. Otherwise the child will only be made miserable. I'd tell a father who was trying to keep his child from adopting a certain religion that he was courting defeat. And if a mother explained that she wanted her child to experience the beauty and the consolation of her religion, but that her husband objects violently to her taking her child to that church, I'd suggest that the inspiration which the mother receives from her church will be felt clearly by the child and will have a potent indirect effect on him in childhood even if he himself does not attend. This will draw him toward that church later when he can make his own decisions.

There are two reactions to religion in adolescence that sometimes worry parents. An occasional child is so churned up by the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

ARE YOU MOVING?

If you are moving to a new home, the best way to be sure that your subscription to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL *reaches you promptly is to send us the new address at least 30 days* before *you move, together with the old address label cut from your magazine.*

■ Each year about 2,300,000 subscribers to Curtis magazines change their addresses and ask us to send the magazines to their new homes. We are happy to do this, but equally unhappy when delays occur. Sending us the label from your magazine will cut in half the time required to place the new address on our lists. Please send the old label and the new address *at least 30 days before you move.*



. . . the shoe that thousands of beginners at the business of walking start out in, and *stay* in. The shoe that doctors recommend, and mothers trust . . . for its fine fit, fine quality and fine respected name. You can choose it with confidence, always . . . for the first walking years, on through every year of childhood.

THE STRIDE RITE *Firstie*

Green Shoe Mfg. Co.,
Boston, Mass.

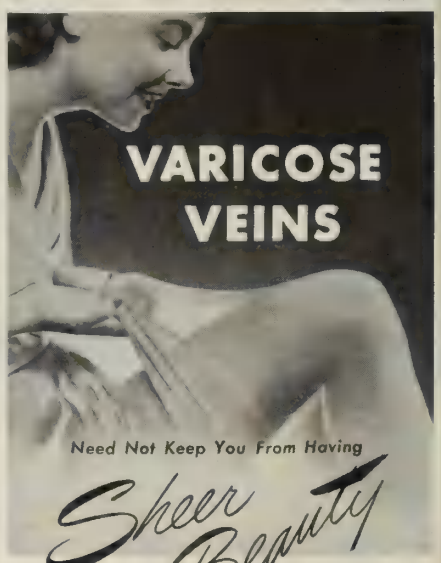


FANDANGO. Satin panels slim hips unbelievably. Back slit allows bending without up-pull. Waist adjusts snug or easy, front panels flatten tummy. White or black nylon power net 16.50. For store and free figure beauty booklet write Olga, Dept. J107, 7915 Haskell, Van Nuys, Cal.

MORE CASH?

EARN extra money by selling subscriptions to Curtis publications and other popular magazines in your free time. For details write to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
237 Independence Square Philadelphia 5, Penna.



Need Not Keep You From Having

Sheer Leg Beauty

See the new Super Extra-Sheer Bell-Horn Tropical Weight Elastic Stockings at all Department, Surgical and Drug Stores. Tropical Weight Stockings are the sheerest made which give the correct support for varicose veins.

BELL-HORN
TROPICAL WEIGHT
ELASTIC HOSIERY
BELL-HORN, 451 N. 3rd St., Phila. 23, Pa.
Send FREE BOOKLET: VARICOSE VEINS
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____Z

Leading Makers of Elastic Hosiery for Over 100 Years

bringing up baby®

Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, mother of five...





When to lend a helping hand

Did you ever stop to think that when baby gets an out-of-sorts spell it may be that he's trying to accomplish something—like trying to turn over—to sit up—or to reach something that's out of reach? If you can't determine just what it is that baby wants, an extra helping of friendliness and affection often works wonders in getting baby over the rough spot.

"Strengthening influence" for baby

"Proteins," say the experts, "are the great strength-givers, the important 'growing tools' of the body." Gerber Strained Meats, of course, are rich in complete proteins as well as iron and B-vitamins. Made from succulent, selected Armour cuts, they're specially processed to remove most of the fat and coarse tissue. As for texture, Gerber Strained Meats are pureed to a smooth-on-the-tongue consistency that babies like.

ARMOUR

How to increase mealtime zeal

Forcing never made a baby a bigger or better eater, but these "tried and true" tricks help create a desire to eat.



Lots of fresh air and sweet sleep.

Reasonable exercise and play.

Reasonable regularity about mealtimes.

A goodly variety of good-tasting food.

A pleasant, un-hurried atmosphere.

New idea in baby food

Something special in the way of flavor—something extra in the way of nourishment. Gerber's new High Meat Dinners have 3 times as much meat, and therefore much more protein than regular vegetable and meat combinations. This extra meat is combined with selected vegetables and cereal for brighter flavor and a varied assortment of nutrients. And with all this nourishment in one main dish, they're economical to serve. 3 varieties in both Strained and Junior versions. Beef, Veal or Chicken—all with vegetables.

Halloween Surprise

SWEET POTATO & APPLE CUSTARD



*1 container Gerber Strained Sweet Potatoes**

*1 container Gerber Strained Applesauce**

½ cup whole milk

2 tablespoons sugar

2 eggs, slightly beaten

**9 delicious Strained Vegetables and 9 tempting Strained Fruits make menu planning easy.*

Combine ingredients and pour into greased custard cups. Set cups in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325°F.) until firm. About 60 minutes.

Fact or fiction

"Is there really a Mrs. Gerber?" That little question pops up in many of the charming letters from mothers who follow this column. Well, there's nothing fictional about me or my family. I'm a very much alive, proud mother of 5 and a delighted grandmother of 6. It's a busy, but rewarding life and the lot of us love every minute of it.

Nutrition notation



No matter what the age of your baby, cereal plays an important role in the infant diet all through babyhood. Gerber Baby Cereals are specially prepared to meet many of your baby's nutritional needs. All 5—Rice Cereal, Barley Cereal, Oatmeal, Mixed Cereal (formerly Cereal Food) and the new High Protein Cereal are fortified with iron, calcium and B-vitamins for strength and sturdy growth.

Gerber Baby Cereals are famous for bland but distinctive flavor and the smooth-on-the-tongue texture wee ones like. They're pre-cooked and ready to serve with milk, formula or other liquids.

Babies are our business... our only business!

Gerber® baby foods

FREMONT, MICHIGAN

5 Cereals • Over 75 Strained & Junior Foods, Including Meats



all dressed up for the evening

Far as the kids are concerned, Nitey Nites are just the thing—comfortable, good-looking . . . *they like 'em!* You're happy, too, because: snug, knitted Arctic Cloth is soft, fleecy-warm, washes and dries fast, needs no ironing . . . and it's Perry-ized to keep its fit. Left to right: Cupid print with plastic-sole bootee foot, elastic ankle, sizes 0 to 4; check-trimmed Skier, sizes 4 to 14; Winter Sportsman with patented H-Neck, fly-front, plastic-sole bootee foot, 4 to 8; and Tuck Grow-Sleeper with patented bootee foot, sizes 0 to 4. Solid Pastels, prints on soft pastels; some prints on white. Nitey Nites are priced from 2.25 to 3.98. New Nitey Nite Doll drinks, wets, has beautiful Saran hair and is dressed to match many styles.

they're so snug and elegant
in new Arctic Cloth sleepers by

Nitey Nite®

©1967, NITEY NITE SLEEPERS, PERRY, N.Y.

LESTER



Betsy Ross Spinet
One of AMERICA'S FINEST PIANOS
used in SCHOOLS
CHURCHES
HOSPITALS
GOVERNMENT AGENCIES
and thousands of HOMES
Official Piano of The Philadelphia Orchestra
LESTER PIANO MFG. CO., INC.
LESTER 13, PA.

PROTECTED AND SAFE



because it's moved by
American Red Ball
CERTIFIED PERFORMANCE!

In all the nation, only American Red Ball offers you a *written guarantee* of complete satisfaction . . . the famous Certificate of Performance! Because of this exclusive feature, all your possessions receive extra-careful, individual attention from pickup to delivery. And remember, it's Certified . . . in writing!

Excellent storage facilities everywhere.

AMERICAN RED BALL

FOR A FREE WRITTEN ESTIMATE CONTACT YOUR LOCAL AMERICAN RED BALL AGENT — LISTED IN THE YELLOW PAGES OF YOUR DIRECTORY

AMERICAN RED BALL TRANSIT COMPANY, INC.
1000 Illinois Bldg., Dept. L-10, Indianapolis, Indiana

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

changes in his body and feelings that he almost loses the sense of who he is and where he is going. This is a frightening feeling and it may lead him—in his search for security—to an unusually intense, an almost frantic devotion to religion. I wouldn't worry about a levelheaded child who turned more to the church at this age in a serene mood. I would try to get expert guidance for the one who had become anxiously obsessed with religion.

The other adolescent reaction that bothers parents is quite different. It may show itself in objections to the parents' particular church or in resistance to going to any church at all. Of course the adolescent is trying hard to free himself from the remainder of his childhood dependence on parents and to prove that he can chart his own course through life. But rather than admit his doubts about his ability to accomplish these aims, he prefers to picture his parents as blocking his path. He finds all kinds of faults in them: they are still treating him like a baby or they have lost touch with the finer things of life or their religious beliefs are pathetically conventional. In one evening he believes he could formulate a religion that was more inspired and at the same time more in accord with the truth. Another reaction is to feel that religion is just one of those things, like schooling and family rules, that parents impose on their children. I remember in my own college days thinking that a majority of my friends (who came from normally religious families) had turned against religion for good. I was quite surprised a few years later to find that they were all having their babies baptized and that later still some of them were becoming pillars of their churches.

As soon as the adolescent feels convinced deep inside that he is an independent adult—it may come when he joins the service or when he takes a job or when he marries and has a child—then he can stop complaining about his parents and begin, happily, to behave very much like them, in churchgoing as in everything else.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

THE LITTLE DARK ONE

By ELIZABETH HENLEY

Steve is Davy Crockett—
His cap of cobweb coonskin—
And Johnny is a Ranger
On a nonexistent roan—

So round and round the garden
Where Captain Hook and Tinker
And Hopalong and Robber Joe
And all their sort are known.

But Catharine—but Catharine
Walks softly through the roses,
Her baby doll in crook of arm—
She rides no role nor horse.

"And who are *you*, with roses crowned?"
She answers with her grave eyes round:
"I'm Catharine—just Catharine,
I'm Catharine, of course."

So round and round the garden
They travel in the shadows
Of things that seem and things that are
(Like people who are grown)
But Catharine, just Catharine
Already knows the mystery
And magic and enough-to-be
Of Catharine alone!



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

New MUM DEODORANT stops odor... without irritation

So gentle for any normal skin you can use it every day

If you've ever worried about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—or right after shaving or a hot bath—you can set your mind at ease. New Mum Cream is so gentle for normal skin, you can use it whenever you please.

Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can't possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way. Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor . . . contains no astringent aluminum salts. And it keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum's wonderful hexachlorophene that destroys *both odor* and *odor-causing bacteria!* When Mum is so effective—yet so gentle—isn't it the deodorant for *you?* Try new Mum Cream today.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
CERTIFIED AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING
WON'T DAMAGE CLOTHES

MUM® contains M-3 (*bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene*)
...stops odor 24 hours a day



Only Royal

Gelatin Dessert Gives You the "Fresh-Fruit Vitamin"-C

And Tastes So Delicious—Like The Fresh Ripe Fruit! New ROYAL Gelatin Dessert gives your family the vitamin so important to sturdy bodies, good teeth and bones. There's actually more Vitamin C in each package than in three ounces of fresh raspberries or five ounces of tomato juice. *No other Gelatin Dessert does this for you!* Get ROYAL today. 8 Favorite Flavors!



FOR SCRUMPTIOUS DESSERTS EVERY TIME...

Always Reach For Royal



TWO FINE PRODUCTS OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

DIARY of DOMESTICITY

By Gladys Taber



JILL

Holly has such a look of virtue that we stop to laugh.

The fire burns brightly on the ancient hearth, the leaves on the sugar maples are brighter than the sunset, wisps of sweet hay stick out of every barn door. Goldenrod and a few late asters have survived the frosts, but the reaped fields are cinnamon and amber. Days are golden, nights are dark velvet pricked with stars.

There are other signs, too, that autumn walks the countryside. Comes the morning when the house is so chilly that even *two* sweaters are not enough. One year, in a brave showing of independence, I said we would not *give in* and start the furnace until we had to. We held off until Thanksgiving, but we never tried it again. Lugging wood for two fireplaces, and the old range, and my Franklin stove, proved to me that we are much weaker than our forebears. We got tired out!

It gave me a fine feeling of being able to battle the elements, and it also gave me a bad sinus attack and a head cold. For we have no heat upstairs without the furnace, and taking a bath meant leaping hastily into scalding water, then jumping out and shivering.

At some earlier day, the upstairs fireplaces in Stillmeadow were knocked out. Probably at the time the picket fence was used for firewood. There was a stove in Cicely's bedroom, for those tenants stored their ashes in her closet, and as the hot ashes piled up on the floor nature took her course, and the house nearly burned down.

But long before that, the people in our house did have a corner fireplace in one bedroom upstairs, and I often think of the children putting their copper-toed boots in front of the good heat as they popped into the feather beds and reached for the warming pan.

I was in the yard this morning, picking up fallen branches from the last storm. Holly and the cockers were helping. Holly got a fine branch, much too big to get through the door, but she worked at it. Finally she got it in and put it, properly, on my bed.

In autumn, the sense of the past is strong within me. As the leaves fall, time becomes suddenly very real. Not just what shall I do tomorrow, but what has been in the yesterdays, and what will be?

I remember going to Provincetown to see the Mayflower come in. It was a bitter foggy rainy day, with the dunes hidden in a bank of silvery gray. The wind was biting. Provincetown itself looked like a lost land, for the swirling fog hid the accouterments of civilization.

We went into a restaurant at the shore's edge, and waited, along with a crowd of other people. The waitresses flew about, giving the wrong orders to everyone. The guests were chiefly honeymoon couples, most of them looking, on that grim day, as if they feared they had made a mistake. But one couple ordered one bowl of clam chowder for Her, and He just dipped his spoon in and ate with her.

"He will be president of the company one day," predicted Jill.

A few couples on what we used to call "the shady side of middle age" when we were in school sat eating lobster and not paying too much attention.

Suddenly someone cried, "There she comes!"

The whole assemblage rushed to the windows. We had binoculars, and passed them around. Half an hour later a pretty little waitress said, "Who owns these?"

"I do," I said mildly, and got a look myself. But I always have to shut one eye when using binoculars, so it didn't do much good.

There she came, indeed, a tall ship, with an odd squarish front. The sea was rough, the fog heavy. We made out the flags flying, and we saw the whippet shapes of the cutters escorting her.

And suddenly I was back all those years, seeing the narrow shore from the deck of that tall ship. What hopes and dreams were riding with her then, and what a bleak, lonely harbor to anchor in! And yet from this came our country. As we drove back through spitting rain, I was glad we saw her coming in. I didn't care about the costumes, the speeches, the fanfare to come in Plymouth. All I wanted was to see the ship coming with difficulty around the end of the land, and see her finally come to anchor.

Then I thought, as the sand beat on the windshield, no, the best was the way everybody in the restaurant gathered together and talked and shared ideas and were uplifted with excitement. From the harried olive-colored Portuguese waitress to the pale elegant woman in a fabulously simple little gray knit, from the little hostess in her full hand-printed skirt to the honeymooners, peeling and doubtful, everyone knew a moment of unity. We shared the arrival of a ship that really was a symbol.

Two days before, we were sitting on the grass visiting with Art and Audrey Baines. And talking dogs. Art was rolling around with Holly, while Audrey moved the newest grandchild from her playpen. "Holly is a sweetheart," said Art. I sighed. We had been commuting to Art's for Holly to go to a show, meeting him late at night on a parkway somewhere—meeting him at one-thirty at Black Rock Turnpike—and Holly had nine points on her championship. But I didn't give a fig for a championship. It seemed to be an obligation to her breeding. I wondered, coming back from seeing the Mayflower rocking dizzily in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



Bewitching dishes:

New kind of breakfast and timely new recipes enriched with Quaker Oats



Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are exactly the same

HALLOWEEN OATMEAL "LOLLIPOPS"

High-protein Quaker Oats adds nourishment and nut-like flavor to cookies.

- 1 cup sifted flour
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ½ cup brown sugar
- ½ cup shortening, soft
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 tsp. water
- 1 cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old-fashioned, uncooked)

Sift together first 4 ingredients into bowl. Add brown sugar, shortening, egg, vanilla, water. Beat until smooth, about 2 minutes. Stir in oats. Shape into balls; place on ungreased cookie sheets. Flatten; insert wooden skewers. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Cool slightly; remove from sheets. Decorate with confectioners' sugar frosting, coconut. Makes 4 dozen.

MINIATURE HAMBURGER APPETIZERS

Quaker Oats makes hamburgers juicier, tastier because it holds the good beef juices in the meat.

- 1 lb. ground beef
- ½ cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
- 3 Tbsp. chopped onion
- 1½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- ⅔ cup tomato juice

Combine all ingredients thoroughly. For each tiny hamburger, shape scant tablespoon of the meat mixture into a ball; flatten slightly. Pan-fry or broil to desired doneness. Fasten on toasted bread squares with toothpicks. Dip in your favorite barbecue sauce. Makes about 50 tiny, juicy hamburgers.

APRICOT-BLENDED OATMEAL

Here's a brand new kind of oatmeal! And a new taste delight! It's an intriguing new way for youngsters (and grownups) to get the high-protein benefits of good hot oatmeal. The tangy flavor of fruit—blended into the oatmeal *during the cooking*—deliciously flavors every spoonful of creamy oatmeal. Try it!

Follow oatmeal recipe on package for 4 to 6 servings. During cooking, stir in 1 cup cooked, sweetened apricots. Cover and let stand as directed. Garnish each serving with additional apricot halves if desired. Serve with milk or cream.

WATCH "SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON" ON CBS-TV



ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE, **JET BON AMI** CLEANS WINDOWS, PORCELAIN, PAINTED

...THROUGH HOUSEWORK!

YES, A NEW METHOD NOW SIMPLIFIES CLEANING
AS MUCH AS CAKE MIXES SHORTCUT BAKING. IT'S

A New Way To Clean House ...Without Water

CUTS THE JOB TO A
SIMPLE 2-STEP METHOD



LACY FROTH SPRAYS ON.....



DIRT WIPES RIGHT OFF.....



Jet Bon Ami does away with pail, soap, water, tiresome polishing. Hands don't even get wet.

This is what every woman who's ever cleaned house has waited for! A method that simplifies cleaning as much as cake mixes shortcut baking! Now, with Jet Bon Ami, a lacy froth sprays on...dirt wipes right off with a *dry* cloth or paper towel. (You'll find Scot Towels ideal.) No waiting, no rinsing. No tiresome rubbing to bring up the shine. Porcelain, painted woodwork, chrome–all through the house–sparkle almost instantly. And imagine! On windows, Jet Bon Ami not only cleans glass, but sills as well! And on refrigerators! My, what a shine–with no waxy build-up. A stingy bit of froth cleans better than a lot–spreads as you wipe–very economical.

SPECIAL OFFER to show you the magic of this new waterless method. Buy one can of Jet Bon Ami. If it doesn't shortcut your cleaning or give your house all the sparkle and shine you desire, we'll refund your full purchase price. Just write your name, address, comments and price you paid on back of the label. Mail to: The Bon Ami Company, 445 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



©1957 The Bon Ami Company—an affiliate of United Dye & Chemical Corporation.

WOODWORK, CHROME, TILE...QUICK AS A WINK—ESPECIALLY WITH SCOT TOWELS.



quick, easy way to better broiling

Three parts melted butter to one Lea & Perrins. Heat, pour on meat while cooking—and enjoy the most delicious steak you ever tasted! L & P adds a zip and zest to meats, fish, soups, gravies—a hearty flavor men look for. Try it!

LEA & PERRINS *the original* WORCESTERSHIRE

FREE—"Dishes Men Like". 168 recipes! Write to Lea & Perrins, Dept. L-10, 241 West St., New York 13

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

the rough sea, if obligation doesn't move more than mountains.

Maybe some of those people did not want to go across the unknown oceans either. Their courage is more than I could envision. But they sailed, they took the heavy, awkward ship across the sea, and they managed.

Now and then there are moments that are like a sapphire in the hand. The Mayflower gave me enough to think about for a year, but having dinner with Shirley Booth made me pinch myself to be sure it was real.

"How is Little Sister?" she asked at once anxiously. "And how is Hollyberry?"

It turned out we both love Siamese cats too. As well as cockers. I felt as if she had lived next door all my life. Theater people always seem to be in a world apart, but not Shirley Booth. She is the kind of woman who would call up and say her roses looked a little weak and what could be the matter? And her dogs did not like the new dog food, should she change back?

I suspect the reason she is a great actress is that she lives completely, and it probably has nothing to do with the fact that when she sets foot on the stage the air suddenly becomes incandescent.

At dinner, I noticed that her voice is just the same, a little flat and very honest and with a sudden rise when she is moved. Very much like the voice that called, "Come back, Little Sheba."

Helen Beals, our hostess, said we might never get fed, for she was *not* going to miss any of the conversation, which was like birds flying by then. But dinner was excellent and Helen's black cocker, Peter, was a very happy boy in a roomful of dog lovers.

I asked Shirley how she worked on "Come back, Little Sheba," the line which was an echo of all women calling all lost dogs. "Very simple," she said. "I saw a shabby little woman walking a shabby little dog one night on the street in New York. And I thought of her, and it just came out that way!"

When we asked her how it felt to win her Oscar, she said the main thing was she had a very full, elegant gown, and told the designer she could never walk in it. "Do not worry, madame," said the designer, "it will just float around you."

"It didn't float," said Shirley dryly. "I put my foot through it right away and fell on my knees on the steps."

Now in October, everyone in our valley is busy. It is what I call a last month. Last time to clear the garden, time to prune, time to fill the woodshed, time to winterize, as they say, the car. Time to wash everything washable while it can dry on the line without freezing solid. For I know of nothing more discouraging than trying to part a frozen sheet from a frozen line. It is about like managing a section of wallboard. In the end it invariably falls on my face, crackling.

Erma wants to freshen up all the curtains. They blow on the line in the wine-sweet sun. And the dust of summer vanishes.

Holly loves activity. She helps with everything. She is always ready to nip up the clothespins, tear off with a towel, or swing on the dragging end of a blanket. Then after a hard day of helping, she stretches out comfortably in her chair in the family room and has such a look of virtue that we stop everything to laugh.

The soup kettle comes out. We like simmered soup, long over the open fire. Veal, beef, chicken bones are good. Plenty of seasoning, including five or six cloves. Then when the stock is rich and robust, we toss in any number of things from onions to celery leaves (never underestimate the value of celery leaves), carrots, beans, rice, peas, whatever we have. A bit of leftover tomato paste is helpful, as is some gravy from yesterday's roast. This thickens it a bit, which is all to the good. And then, if we are gilding the lily, I pop in dumplings with parsley flakes or grated cheese and lots of paprika. We always make a big pot because the cockers and Irish like it as well as we do. Jonquil especially loves carrots and onions.

Twilight comes sudden and soon now. The moon climbs above the old apple trees in silver beauty. The dogs take a last sniff around while I just look at the moon, and think of how many times the moon has risen over those old apple trees.

The moonlight is cool now, and the air smells of windfalls that have been frosted. The trees are giving up their red and gold leaves, so some of the branches are charcoal in the pale light.

All over my valley, I reflect, children are again battling with homework. The world has been an uneasy one for so long. But the children are still struggling with two times eight is —— and what is the capital of Argentina?

And I wonder, as I walk back to the lighted house, what have I learned of value, in the schools I went to and the bigger school of life?

Possibly not much, except that love is more important than hate, that lovingkindness makes for happiness. For hate is a kind of sickness that is worse for the one who establishes it than for the object, whether it be a neighbor, a race, a religion or a country. "Let us love one another," I say to Holly, as she races past.

"No problem for me," her tail says, "I love the world!"

The hills are strong and dark against the moonlit sky. Smoke feathers from the chimney. Jill is reading Agatha Christie and the logs in the great fireplace have fallen apart.

As I come in with a bevy of dogs, I hear the old house breathing. It is a quiet sound of settling ancient beams and sills.

"My, what a fine day," says Holly.

"How about just one more carrot?" asks Jonquil.

And one more day is over. END

PEDIATRICIAN RECOMMENDS "FENCING IN" TODDLERS

An Evanston, Illinois, pediatrician has recommended that preschool children be separated from "adult gadgets and trouble" for at least half of their playtime.

Dr. E. Robbins Kimball said this will help the child in his adjustment and adaptability by allowing him to escape the adult "no" for part of his time and by slowing down the expansion of his world to the point where he can handle it.

A child does not really understand what belongs to him and what belongs to his parents until he is four years old. Until then he should be relieved of the responsibility of not touching the possessions of adults for half of his playing hours (four hours a day), Doctor Kimball said in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Because parents cannot live in a nursery, Doctor Kimball suggested that the child be separated from the adult world by means of a playpen, gated room or porch, fenced yard or nursery school, depending on his age.

Such "compartmentation" gives nervous mothers relief and decreases the number of household accidents. In addition, it prevents the child from developing habitual patterns of resistance to adults as they try to direct him.

So strong, a single sheet of regular-weight ALCOA WRAP aluminum foil pulls water skier 30 MPH!

This is an actual photograph taken in beautiful Cypress Gardens, Florida

think what this strength means in your kitchen:

STRONG NEW ALCOA WRAP

seals more juices, more flavor in every roast you buy

Because strong new Alcoa® Wrap resists ripping, you can wrap your roast really tight to hold in tantalizing flavors and rich, natural juices. Even inexpensive cuts of meat stay juicier, tastier, more tender when you roast them in *strong* Alcoa Wrap. Store leftover roast in Alcoa Wrap, too. Its extra strength seals air *out*, freshness *in*.



IT'S SO EASY... HERE'S HOW:

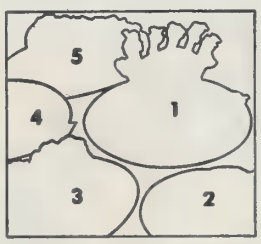
Simply place roast on Alcoa Wrap sheet. Fold foil above roast in double fold, pull sides up; place on rack in shallow pan. Add no water; *do not cover*. If meat thermometer is used, insert through Alcoa Wrap. Roast in preheated 425°F. oven. 45 minutes before meat is done, open foil for browning. A 3-lb. rare beef roast, for instance, will take only 1½ hours.



NEW! "ALCOA THEATRE"
Exciting Adventure
Alternate Monday Evenings



Five Fall ways to



Brighten the plate with Ocean Spray

1. Regal Roast Pork. Fill crown roast with favorite stuffing, cover bone tips with foil and roast in 350° oven, 30 minutes per pound. Before serving, add a cap of ruby-red Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce.

2. Sitter's Night Supper—cold chicken and sassy Jellied Cranberry Sauce. Write names with cream cheese!

3. Lamb Chops with Game Sauce. Serve tangy Ocean Spray Whole Cranberry Sauce as is. Or heat with two tbsp. butter, 3 tbsp. lemon juice, dash cayenne, ½ tsp. cloves and 1 tsp. salt. When blended, add 1 cup cider or port wine. Serve immediately.

4. Carousel Casserole. In round baking dish alternate thick slices of canned ham and Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce. Sprinkle with brown sugar and Cranberry Juice. Bake ½ hour. Even at 350° Jellied Cranberry Sauce won't melt.

5. Sauerbraten, New England Style. Brown pot roast. Add 1½ cups water, 1 can Ocean Spray Whole Cranberry Sauce, ½ tsp. cloves and 2 tbsp. vinegar. Cover, cook till tender. (Add more water during cooking if necessary.) To serve, remove roast from pan. Crumble 10 gingersnaps into liquid remaining. Cook 5 minutes till smooth and thick, and pour over roast. Serve extra hot Whole Cranberry Sauce on the side.



Save 10¢ on Cranberry Juice Cocktail

Refreshing Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail is yours for less during fresh-cranberry season. Look for Ocean Spray Fresh Cranberries with the valuable juice coupon.



JELLIED OR WHOLE BERRY

Now in Canada, too

Teen-agers with Time on their Hands find Boys' Club the Answer



GUY GILLETTE

Parents always know where to find these teen-agers. Members of Park-Holm Boys' Club, they spend many an hour in the workshop under the leadership of Tom Hastings, fourth from left.

Girls Learn Skills Too

By MARGARET HICKEY

Anyone who has ever visited a boys' club will tell you it is an invigorating experience. Boys who once played in the streets swarm, laughing and shouting, into their new-found funland, team off for boxing, baseball, basketball or hammering in wood and metal shops. Among them are boys who never had an adult friend, but who now find in their leader someone they can look up to and be pals with. Many are growing up with ideals and outlook they might otherwise never have had.

The same conditions—crowded neighborhoods, overworked mothers, lack of recreation—that show the need for boys' clubs also point up the need for girls' clubs. For these are youngsters who do not belong to other youth organizations, either because they cannot afford even small fees or because such groups do not exist in their communities.

By contrast there are only 65 girls' clubs with a membership of 41,379, but 400 boys' clubs with 375,000 members. Girls' club workers often find it hard to dramatize for the community the homely, yet wonderful, skills their girls are acquiring every day.

A typical example is the Winter Haven club, the only Girls Clubs of America member in Florida. Many of the members are children of migratory crop workers who toil all day in hot fields and come home too tired for anything but rest. Nine years ago these girls had no place to go, often gathered on street corners late at night. Miss Matilda Heinrich, director of the local welfare department, worried about this—until one day in 1948 she rounded up 20 girls for a club meeting in a school cafeteria. Over the years Miss Heinrich, as unpaid club director, has hounded the community to come to the club's aid. Today, five afternoons a week, some 200 girls aged six to sixteen jam their own clubhouse to make friends and picnic together, and also, under the direction of able volunteers, to learn to cook, knit, sew, garden, groom themselves and even to dance.

Clubs in other communities have grown up with the backing of civic groups, among them Soroptimists, Junior League, Kiwanis, as well as sororities and business groups. Some meet in old houses, some in streamlined concrete buildings, at least one in a converted garage. But all have a single aim—to help girls; and a common need—for more volunteers, more citizens' committees, more money. Counsel, advice, program help and training opportunities, however, are available to all through Girls Clubs national headquarters in Springfield, Massachusetts. END

Mrs. Hetland was stacking away supper dishes when it happened—a crash, then a shower of splintered glass from the kitchen window. Outside, there were sounds of scuffling feet. A moment passed. Mrs. Hetland, a little shaken, stepped cautiously to the door and peered into the darkness. But all was quiet now on the walk that separated the one-story frame buildings of the housing project.

"It's those boys again," she muttered, "always making trouble."

William Donovan, director of the Park-Holm project in Newport, Rhode Island, listened with concern as Mrs. Hetland told him what had happened. It was a story he had heard many times before.

Park-Holm, a low-income neighborhood of neat green, white and blue units surrounded by trees and clotheslines, is on the fringe of town and served by a bus that runs only infrequently. There was nothing for lively teenagers to do, that January of 1954, except stir up trouble. Evenings, older boys at Park-Holm gathered on the open back porch of the meeting hall. Usually they just stood around and talked after supper, but sometimes they forced the door open, crowded inside for a smoke. And there always were complaints from tenants—about rowdiness, milk bottles thrown at roofs and windows, fruits and vegetables strewn around the grounds.

In the hope of keeping the boys out of mischief, Mr. Donovan decided to let them in the hall. But after an hour, a janitor found the boys chucking water-filled paper bags at one another. That was the last time they used the hall—with permission.

William Donovan was surprised, a few weeks later, when a dozen teen-agers—among them boys tenants had complained about—filed into his office. A short, freckle-faced blond boy was spokesman.

"I guess you know, Mr. Donovan," he began hesitantly, "that there isn't much for us guys to do around here, and, well, we're tired of the same old routine of coming home from school, eating supper, then just standing around the back porch. Sometimes it gets pretty cold. Could we—that is, would you let us use the hall if we organized a club?"

William Donovan called on one of his own tenants, a tall, husky former marine, for advice. Thomas Hastings, barely thirty, then with three youngsters of his own, had a degree in social work and was a juvenile consultant with the Newport City Welfare Department. Furthermore, Tom Hastings knew something about boys' clubs—he had first joined one in Worcester, Massachusetts, when he was in second grade. Would he be willing to help?

Tom Hastings, remembering the five youngsters charged with vandalism he had encountered in an "out-of-court" case, felt a boys' club which combined recreation with guidance was sorely needed. Many parents he talked to agreed. "I try to do my best, but I have to work," a widow told him. Her son was one who had been throwing stones. Robert Barrows, though his son was too young for a club, knew what it would mean to others. "I've kicked a ball out there with some of the kids. You know, it's big news when a *man* plays with them. They need someone to show off to, get tips from." All parents wanted their boys to get out of the cramped apartments and have a good time. But they also wanted to know where they were and who their friends were.

That was the beginning of the Park-Holm Boys' Club. The twelve boys rounded up a half-dozen others for the first meeting in March, 1954, held in one small room of the community hall. Nobody knew exactly what to do at first, so Tom Hastings, as volunteer leader, explained parliamentary procedure and how it works. Election of officers then got under way.

"I saw this in a newspaper," a bright-eyed boy called out, holding a program of a boys' club in Providence active in community-fund drives and cleanup campaigns. The Park-Holm boys determined they, too, would have a service committee, to work for juvenile decency—as well as athletic and social committees.

Organizing the athletic activities was easy. Everyone wanted to play. But first they needed a place to practice. Park-Holm had a baseball diamond and a basketball court, but both were in need of repair. The service and athletic committees decided to recruit members to do the necessary work—level the ground on both areas, resurface them with clay and loam the Housing Authority promised to provide. The basketball court would get new backstops; the diamond, its base paths straightened.

Evenings, the boys, wearing their oldest clothes, got down on hands and knees and scraped floors CONTINUED ON PAGE 43



How many forkfuls of *no vitamins* do you eat in a day? Some of the most delicious things on your table supply little more vitamins than an ice cube.

It makes a problem, because you want to eat and drink what you like. Can vitamin supplements set you free to eat and drink what you like without endangering your health? That depends.



There are things vitamins can do and things they cannot do.

You can easily get the facts: just ask your pharmacist for Squibb's free leaflet "Hidden Hunger." Make a note: Vitamins... Drugstore... "Hidden Hunger."

And if you are sick, see your doctor. Let him use his skill and judgment to decide what you need.

SQUIBB

The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

The Shoe That's KIND To Your Troubled Feet!

Dr. Scholl's

Combines Style Distinction With Perfect Foot Ease



Sizes, Some Styles
2½ to 13
AAAAA to
EEEEEEE

Dr. Scholl's Shoes are ever so kind to your feet by letting your toes have their own sweet way . . . by helping keep your arches in place and by snugly, comfortably hugging your heels. For everything your heart desires and your feet require in a shoe—it's Dr. Scholl's.

Dr. Scholl's Shoes are made in all sizes for *all types of feet*. Expertly fitted at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops in principal cities and selected Shoe and Department Stores. If not obtainable locally, write for catalog to **DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. J 107, Chicago 10, Ill.**

TRICKLING . . . NOISY? TOILET



GET THE GENUINE **WATER MASTER**

America's Largest Selling **TOILET TANK BALL**

Noisy running toilets can waste over 1000 gallons of water a day. Stop this annoying noise, waste and expense. The efficient patented Water-Master Tank Ball instantly stops the flow of water after each flushing, stops the flow everytime, not just some of the time.

75c at hardware stores EVERYWHERE
Higher in Canada

PICK ANY *Morning Glory* PRODUCT



and you've picked the finest!

TAYLOR MADE LAYER-BILT BATTING

Easy-to-handle . . . easy-to-quilt . . . Morning Glory Batting adds extra warmth without extra weight . . . perfect for fluffier, more luxurious quilts and comforters and dozens of household needs at LOWEST cost. For America's finest line of ready-made quilts, comforters and mattress protectors, ask your dealer for Morning Glory . . . filled exclusively with Taylor Made Layer-Bilt Batting.

At your dry goods or department store

Taylor Bedding MANUFACTURING CO. Since 1903 Taylor, Texas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

in the hall with steel wool; when that was done, they applied a coat of gym finish to make them good and smooth for future dances.

Next the boys painted their clubroom lounge blue with chartreuse trim. Chairs and lamps begged and borrowed from families and neighbors added a "homey" touch.

It was just a matter of time before the Housing Authority gave the boys another small room. By November, 1955, club members were building and redecorating again. This time they had a library in mind. With lumber purchased from their club treasury they constructed five-shelf-high bookcases, a dictionary stand, and a low case for children's books—for the membership was soon to include youngsters aged six to twelve. When residents of Park-Holm learned—through a mimeographed community newspaper club members left on doorsteps—what the boys were up to, donations of books started pouring in. Mrs. Raymond J. Lynch, a young mother and former librarian, volunteered her services and immediately put the boys to work cataloguing the books.

Now the boys have the entire hall for club activities. Drop by any evening except Tuesday. If you're early—a few minutes before six—you can see Tom Hastings and Joe MacDonald through the lighted window. They're getting out equipment and setting up games. Outside, on the steps, ten-year-old Mike Edwards waits patiently to get in. He's the youngest of four boys and often left out of things at home. But at boys' club there are "thousands of games," he tells you. he can

Quarrels would never last long if there were not faults on both sides.
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

play with fellows his own age. As soon as the door opens he runs to the table where Joe has started a list of players. "I'm in the checkers tournament," Mike shouts. Joe writes down his name, then reminds him to hang up his coat in the closet. By now four more youngsters have come in and a fierce game of table tennis gets under way. The hall is soon filled with younger boys and they jump into their places around the checker and chess boards and begin playing with intense concentration.

Twenty-year-old Joe MacDonald, one of the charter members of Park-Holm club, just about makes it by six on Monday evenings from his job at a supermarket. ("Dinner can wait—I look at food all day.") Joe is one of four assistant leaders who take charge under Tom Hastings' direction one evening a week. The assistants earn $1.00 an hour, paid out of a fund collected by mothers of club members.

Joe tells you proudly that tenants hardly ever complain about teen-agers in Park-Holm nowadays. And he is backed up by Inspector Paul Sullivan, who can remember when two or three police calls a week to Park-Holm were routine. The boys make their own rules of discipline, but with Tom Hastings quietly guiding and directing.

President "Bing" Coen has learned to "throw the ball to the guy that's clowning around" during meetings with the comment, "Let's hear your suggestion." The immediate reaction is a red face and a desperate attempt to contribute something to the discussion. Richard H. Fullerton, a member of the club's advisory committee, hopes his own seven- and nine-year-old sons will follow President Bing's example and develop leadership, learn to make decisions and organize. He, like a number of other parents, has found the club a means of strengthening points he makes at home.

Tom Hastings is always on the lookout for the little danger signals that indicate a boy needs special attention. There is the overactive youngster who can't work out his feelings at home; the shy, withdrawn child who needs reassurance and encouragement to take part in things; the boy without the guidance of a

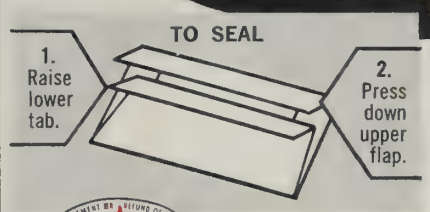
CONTINUED ON PAGE 46



A good habit to pick up...

Self-Seal ENVELOPES

They seal without licking



They cost so little, you'll want to use them for all your personal correspondence. Look for SELF-SEAL the very next time you're near a variety store stationery counter!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Self-Seal Envelopes were originated by
UNITED STATES ENVELOPE COMPANY • Springfield 2, Massachusetts
World's Largest Manufacturer of Envelopes

Can you tie this?

You certainly can . . . with versatile

Sasheen®

Brand Ribbon





The radiant Rose Bow, once you know its secret, can make your gifts the green-eyed envy of all your gift-wrapping friends. We'll admit it's not a whistling snap to tie (as is our famous "Magic Bow"), but you *can* learn how the easier new Sasheen way. Write for your free instruction folder. Then make roses "bloom" from the gardenful of Sasheen reds, yellows, pinks and pastels aplenty . . . at your favorite store.

"Magic Bow" and method of making patented U. S. Pat. No. RE 23835

Sasheen RIBBON

For a free Rose Bow instruction folder, write "Sasheen", Dept. J, at address below.

PRODUCT OF 3M COMPANY RESEARCH — MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, St. Paul 6, Minnesota © 3M Co.

Walnutty-wonderful! Two great new desserts!

Bake 'em with Diamond Walnuts





FUDGY WALNUT PUDDING!

Beat 2 eggs, ½ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, ¼ cup butter, melted, ¾ cup dark corn syrup. Add ¾ cup chopped Diamond Walnuts; pour into ungreased 9″ sq. pan. Top with 2 cups Betty Crocker Chocolate Devils Food Cake Mix batter; bake 40 min. at 350° (325° for glass pans). Cut in squares; invert. Top with whipped cream and walnut halves.

For fresh flavor, use DIAMOND WALNUTS! These are the very choicest from California—with every tempting, golden kernel fresh and crisp and full of goodness. Get Diamond Walnuts in the shell in cellophane bags. Thin-shelled, fun to crack—two full cups of plump kernels from every 1-lb. bag. Or, fresh-shelled Diamond Walnut halves and pieces come in handy vacuum cans.

You can work wonders with your imagination and **Diamond Walnuts**

and Betty Crocker Cake Mixes!





CARAMEL WALNUT CAKE!

Melt ⅓ cup butter. Bring to boil with ½ cup brown sugar, 1 tsp. light corn syrup. Pour into ungreased 9″ sq. pan. Arrange 1 cup chopped Diamond Walnuts over mixture. Top with half of Betty Crocker Yellow Cake Mix batter. Bake 35 min. at 350°. Invert immediately, leaving pan over cake 1 minute. Especially good served warm!

"Aren't you the clever one! Thinking up luscious desserts to please the family you love and slipping in extra nourishment, too! Ever think about cake? Cakes you bake with Betty Crocker Cake Mixes give your family the proteins, vitamins, and minerals of fresh eggs and wholesome milk. Tonight, try one of these ideas . . . for an old-fashioned treat with extra energy in every bite!"



"I guarantee a perfect cake—*cake...after cake...after cake!"*

Yes, every mix we make for you is guaranteed to come out perfect, or send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.

Betty Crocker

WORKS LIKE A BEAVER

—the detergent specially designed to clean FLOORS, WALLS, WOODWORK!

Soilax works fast . . . actually picks up and holds all the dirt from your floors. You never have to scrub . . . just an easy wipe-up leaves floors spotless.

No rinsing, either! Surfaces wash bright, dry bright with Soilax. It's a natural for cleaning walls, woodwork, too. Try it today. Now in 1 lb. and economical 3 lb. packages.



Another Famous Product of ECONOMICS LABORATORY, Inc.

Keep cakes luscious

AND FRESH-AS-A-DAISY IN

EVEREDY CHROME CAKE COVERS



Ask for these beautiful Everedy chrome cake covers at your favorite housewares counter. Kake-Savers are also available in real Copper finish. If your store is out of stock, write us at once . . . ask for free booklet showing over 50 popular-priced Everedy Housewares.

*TM Reg. App. For

Prices higher in West and South

EVEREDY

THE EVEREDY CO. • FREDERICK, MD., U. S. A.

Craftsmen in CHROME • COPPER • STAINLESS



KAKE-TOTER*

An ideal cover for home or outdoor use at picnics, barbecues, outings. Generous, he-man-size, polished chrome cover joins to shining chrome base plate with just a twist of the carry-type handle. Base plate is useful as serving tray. All-chrome unit is easy to clean. 13¼" dia. In Gift Carton. No. 9920. **$4.95** in East



KAKE-SAVER*

King-size, wipe-clean chrome cover fits snugly into groove on decorated glass plate. Beautiful service piece keeps cakes fresh, moist for days. 12½" dia. In Gift Carton. No. 9910. **$4.35** in East

KAKE-SAVER Jr.* Standard size chrome cover with 11¼" dia. plate, holds 8" cakes, pies. In Gift carton. No. 9905. **$3.60** in East

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

father who constantly teases older boys to get attention ("Ya oughta be in a cage" is one of the current name-calling favorites that Tom tries to discourage). Often all it takes is a special job to make these boys feel needed and important. One very quiet lad soon had a lot to say at meetings after he was appointed circulation manager of the community newspaper; another, a tease, no longer had time for mischiefmaking once he accepted chairmanship of Park-Holm cleanup day.

Tom Hastings frequently calls on parents of boys who consistently get into arguments at the club or disrupt the games. He will start off by bringing out one of the boy's good qualities, such as "Rob has a good sense of humor; everybody likes his jokes." Almost always the mother will open up with what has been troubling her: "Yes, but he's not doing well in school. He seems so restless." Tom then sees to it that the boy takes some job, such as supervising tournaments, to help him feel more settled.

The club, now with its new wood-and-metal-crafts workshop, boxing nights, fishing and stamp clubs and athletic teams, hasn't solved all juvenile problems in the Park-Holm area. But, through leadership and guidance, many boys have been helped who otherwise would have been left to shift for themselves. There was the boy who spent $25 he had helped collect for the club in a fund drive. Tom Hastings, convinced that stealing is a symptom of some problem or disturbance, treated it that way. He talked with the boy, got him to agree to work afternoons to pay back the money—and no one was the wiser.

Sometimes the older boys help. One youngster, whom we will call Jim, had been hanging around with a group of roughnecks, finally was brought into Juvenile Court for damaging a neighbor's property. After Jim was released in his mother's custody, Joe MacDonald, well liked for his easygoing manner, persuaded him to come around to the club. Jim's mother, a widow, now goes to work calm in the knowledge her son has made friends with the right kind of boys and is taking part in supervised activities in the evening.

The influence of the Park-Holm Boys' Club has not been limited to its 317 members, but now is reaching out to every boy in Newport County. The first seeds of expansion were sown when in January, 1956, Park-Holm Club wrote to the Boys' Clubs of America in New York City for help in bringing after-school recreation to other parts of the city where no youth groups existed. As it does in any interested city or town, the national group sent its regional representative to make a study of the youth situation. If a need existed, advice and assistance would be available free of charge to help win community support for a boys' club. Mr. Edgar W. Rylander, the New England regional representative, did find such a need. Of Newport's schoolboy population of 3977, he counted 2566 with no place to play after school except street corners and back alleys. Those who did belong to Boy Scouts, Y.M.C.A. or a community center, he learned, were not the youngsters who most needed recreation and guidance to keep them out of trouble.

Armed with this report, Tom Hastings called a meeting of representatives of local service clubs, churches and city government to tell them about Park-Holm Boys' Club and the need for more such clubs. Tom Hastings' talk about how a "gang" with proper leadership *can* be a positive influence in a boy's life got results. Out of this meeting came a steering committee to study the possibilities of a county-wide boys' club. Within a few weeks a new permanent "Boys' Clubs of Newport County" was formed, affiliated with the national organization. Thirty-one leading citizens were elected to a board of governors and $6000 was pledged anonymously to underwrite the first year's salary of an executive secretary. Tom Hastings, with his proved ability to absorb noise and fights, was the unanimous choice for the post. In addition, the Rhode Island Foundation, which manages gifts and endowments for community betterment, earmarked $4000 to provide a unit director for Park-Holm Club. Community fund-raising drives will help provide the operating budget.

Today Newport County has five boys' clubs and will soon have a centrally located headquarters where all clubs may come for tournaments and games. "I never see Bobby any more," one Park-Holm mother sighs, "but the important thing is I *always* know where to find him." END



"He is not talking about me!"



Bottled in glass they'll taste just as good tomorrow

In shining glass, your favorite juices not only look fresh and inviting . . . they stay that way. That's because glass is so perfect for storing things you don't use up first time round.

When you serve what's left, all the flavor and freshness are intact. Glass is so pure, it never, never tampers with taste. Tell your dealer you prefer juices in clear, clean glass bottles.

GLASS CONTAINER MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, 99 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK



TOGETHER... WIFE reduces hips, while HUSBAND trims waistline...

REDUCE
your hips, his waistline at HOME!

FREE...Home treatment and booklet about "How to Reduce Inches at Home"... MAIL COUPON BELOW.

Do your reducing at home this new way... without diet or weight loss. Do it alone or together... only 30 minutes a day. No diet, no pills, no salons, no heat, no vibration.

Relax-A-cizor makes inches vanish almost like magic...while you read, watch T.V. or just REST... at HOME! No effort.

Makes muscles and contours of abdomen, hips, waist firmer, trimmer... more youthful looking. No sagging skin like dieting. Both men and women use for firming, tightening, slimming exercise. Pleasant. No effort. Relaxing.

This is the safe, convenient, easy way to slenderize just where you want. Why spend time and money in salons? Do it the Relax-A-cizor way... at HOME!

Let us prove – AT NO COST TO YOU – that you can lose inches from hips, waist, abdomen, thighs and other parts of the body. More than 200,000 delighted users. Praised by Vogue, Esquire, Coronet.

Users say: *"4" removed from abdomen"– Mrs. M. F. "3 inches from hips."– M. A. "Dress size was 16, now 12."–C. P. You may lose less or more... many lose an inch or two the first few days!*

Telephone **Relax-A-cizor office in your city for FREE TRIAL TREATMENT... or MAIL COUPON BELOW for illustrated folder.**

TELEPHONE TODAY

NEW YORK CITY	MU 8-4690
NEWARK	MA 3-5313
PHILADELPHIA	LO 4-2566
BOSTON	KE 6-3030
DETROIT	WO 3-3311
CHICAGO	ST 2-5680
CLEVELAND	PR 1-2292
SAN FRANCISCO	SU 1-2682
LOS ANGELES	OL 5-8000
HONOLULU	9-5276
MEXICO CITY	14-68-16
LA CRESTA, PANAMA	3-1899

Representatives in most cities and rural areas

FREE! *Mail today*

Relax-A-cizor, Dept. LH-3

980 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles, Calif.
OR 711 Fifth Ave., New York City.
OR Suite 800, 17 N. State St., Chicago.

Please send complete information about "Reducing at Home."

☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐ Mr.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

☐ Telephone me at number_____

LH-3

UNDER COVER
By Bernardine Kielty



REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION. © 1951 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"That's the last time I introduce anybody to anybody!"

Is the "teen-ager" a new figure pirouetting down our mid-century? Is she just the "bobby-soxer" with a pony tail? Or yesterday's "adolescent"? Is she perhaps more of an individual than her elders are inclined to think she is? Three novels about teen-agers—all good books in their way—make one speculate.

GIDGET, by ***Frederick Kohner*** (Putnam), is the story of a summer on a California beach, of a girl getting on to 16, and a gang of boys who are experts at the dangerous sport of surf riding. Gidget herself cuts the waves with a clean swift stroke; she's under four feet tall, and wears a pink bathing suit. Told in rock 'n' roll vernacular, this little novel is saved from complete cheapness by a pert and vigorous personality, and some terrifically big breakers.

DRIVES MY GREEN AGE, by ***Josephine Carson*** (Harper), is the opposite approach—quiet and delicate. Chris is only 12, a somewhat gawky little girl in a small Kansas town. But she is "aware"—of the feel of life, of the differences in people, of nature. She thinks about love, but observes without comprehension some of its manifestations. Whereas Gidget might suggest a fresher Françoise Sagan, Chris will remind one of *Member of the Wedding*.

THE SCORPION FIELD, by ***J. L. Musser*** (Appleton-Century-Crofts), is bitter. From the jaded angle of an adult it tells the tawdry little affair of two adolescents: a girl of 15 and a boy of 17 were found in an abandoned automobile making love. We never get close to the boy and girl, but we see with devastating clarity the ensuing tragedy that could have been averted but for the perfidy of a neurotic mother and the closed eyes of a weakling father.

"Children should look up to their parents," said cynic Bernard Shaw, "not as an example, but as a warning."

A pointer for the parents and teachers of teen-agers (and for anyone else with her future ahead of her) is the National Vocational Guidance Association, which gets out excellent pamphlets of information and advice on colleges and careers. Write for full information to National Vocational Guidance Association, 1534 "O" St., N.W., Washington 5, D.C.

●

No one who loves the Maine coast, the small firs and rocks and the salty tang, should miss **THE WORLD OF CARRICK'S COVE** (Norton), a nostalgic novel by ***Gerald Warner Brace***, in which he looks back on the old days of simple island living, probably of his own youth.

●

But the finest American novel I have read in many a year is **BY LOVE POSSESSED**, by ***James Gould Cozzens*** (Harcourt, Brace). This is set in a small Eastern city, a county seat, with its judges and the local law firms, its citizens of integrity, its weaklings—a close-knit town where the generations intermingle and keep old memories alive. It is the kind of town in which the white Nordic old-family Protestant (preferably Episcopalian) is still in the saddle; where the one large family of Negroes is hard-working, respected and socially at ease, where the Jewish lawyer from New York is an outsider and the Catholic district attorney is ever so slightly suspect; where in fact the attitude of Protestants in power toward the Catholic Church is still nineteenth century. If you take the lid off the inner life of any town—especially an old town—you are sure to find scandal and romance and tragedy, and so it is here, breathing and sighing and shuddering under the come-and-go of everyday life. Beneath the surface of the most worthy lie such deep-covered layers of deceit and wrongdoing; below the calm exterior, such sickening fright. Slowly, as in real life, these many people of the town, held in bondage by as many kinds of love, become known to us in their rounded personalities. Their stories are logically and dramatically intertwined. Yet for all this diversity, the novel has a satisfying unity that lies in the sane philosophy of its creator. It takes place in a single weekend, and it never moves outside the city. Once caught up in it, our attention never strays. We stay to the end.

By Love Possessed *will be compared, by many, to the best of Henry James—for its intensity, its infinite care and patience in delineation of character, and for the delicate balance in matters of conscience. But the canvas is wider than any ever conceived by James, and the world portrayed is, after all, our world today.*

●

A really funny book is **WARM BODIES**, by ***Donald Morris*** (Simon and Schuster)—a Navy yarn with a happy ending and a riotous wedding. A "Warm Body" is a man with at least one arm and two fingers who can pick up something when he is told to. "Warm Bodies can carry boxes, sort small objects, turn on lights, chip paint and sweep."

●

Unfortunately only too useful, YOUR FAMILY WITHOUT YOU, by *N. R. Caine* (Crown), is about the sound practical importance of making wills. . . . "After all, you can't take it with you," said the exasperated salesman who was trying without success to sell a grand piano to a wealthy old lady. "I can take it with me easier than a grand piano," she answered.

COLLIER'S



"Your book has done more for my husband than all his doctors put together... and their sleeping pills."

Now we've gone the circle and are back to babies. A nice lighthearted gift book for the expectant parents—among the dozens of silly ones they're likely to get—is **THE DAY I WAS BORN**, in which they fill out for their child what was happening in the world on the day that he was born, with space for family photos, newspaper clippings, weather, fashions, best movies, song hits (Greenberg, 201 E. 57th St., N.Y.C.).

●

Jack and Jill, Curtis magazine for children, has announced a serial-story contest for which the prize will be $1000. Manuscripts due January 15, 1958, competition rules to be had by sending postal-card request to Contest Editor, Jack and Jill, Curtis Publishing Co., Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Stop dry skin problems in these 5 "DANGER ZONES" with moisturizing Woodbury Dry Skin Cream



★ *Frown lines!*
★ *Crow's feet!*
★ *Flaky patches!*
★ *Expression lines!*
★ *Crepey throat!*

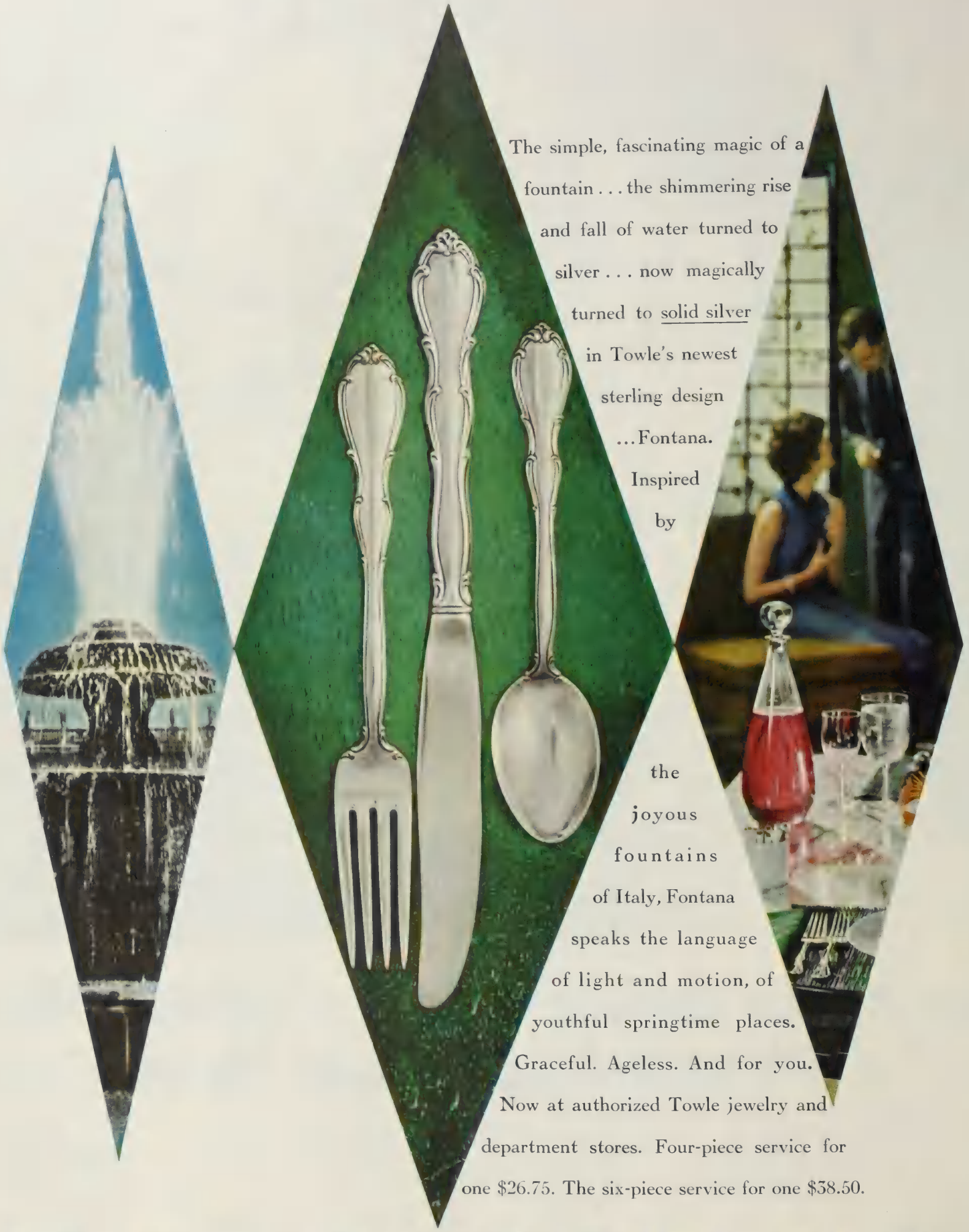
Now age-telling "danger zones" that threaten your beauty need hold no terrors for you!

Deep-moisturizing – that drenches dehydrated skin – is the remarkable beauty-action of this famous "look younger" cream. Woodbury Dry Skin Cream is an exclusive blend of super-rich emollients, plus beauty-giving lanolin. It penetrates deeper than ever before to overcome skin dryness. Moisture – so vital to the young look – sinks deep into the skin.

Even after one treatment, parched skin revives to dewy freshness. It glows with youthful sheen. Little dry lines seem to fade away. Skin feels and looks fresher.

As a beauty extra, use this rich cream as a moisturizing *cleanser*, too! Give your skin daily Woodbury moisturizing – and your dry skin problems will end. Start tonight! Money back if you're not satisfied. 25¢ to $1.





The simple, fascinating magic of a fountain . . . the shimmering rise and fall of water turned to silver . . . now magically turned to solid silver in Towle's newest sterling design ...Fontana. Inspired by the joyous fountains of Italy, Fontana speaks the language of light and motion, of youthful springtime places. Graceful. Ageless. And for you. Now at authorized Towle jewelry and department stores. Four-piece service for one $26.75. The six-piece service for one $38.50.

Towle's FONTANA

The Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Massachusetts

Corinne Griffith's COOKBOOK



"Wherever we traveled, I gathered recipes."

Eighth in a series of her round-the-world favorites.

If you like a cup of hot chocolate occasionally as much as I, try the following recipe:

HOT CHOCOLATE MOCHA

Heat 3 cups milk with 5 small milk-chocolate bars over boiling water until the chocolate is melted and well blended. Whip ½ cup heavy cream, adding gradually 1 teaspoon powdered sugar and 2 teaspoons instant coffee. Place 1 tablespoon heavy cream in each cup. Pour in chocolate milk and top with coffee-flavored whipped cream. Makes 5 to 6 servings.

•

Extra special!

HONOLULU SHRIMP

1st step: Shell and devein 3 pounds raw shrimp. Cook in water enough to cover, adding parsley, a slice of onion, 3 whole mace (or ¼ teaspoon ground), 1 clove garlic, 3 stalks celery, ½ bay leaf, 6 whole peppercorns, 1 slice lemon, 1 tablespoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Simmer until tender—about 15 minutes.

2nd step: Mix the following dry ingredients: ¼ teaspoon curry powder (no more), ¼ teaspoon cayenne, ¾ teaspoon salt and 1½ tablespoons cornstarch. Blend with 2 tablespoons cold water (or ½ cup sherry, if you prefer). Bring 1 quart heavy cream to a boil. Add the cornstarch mixture, cook and stir until thickened. Add the cooked and drained shrimp.

3rd step: Serve the shrimp sauce over 6 cups hot cooked rice. Have the following ingredients in separate bowls: 4 slices cooked ham (cut into small cubes), 10 ounces peanuts, chopped fine, ½ coconut (grated), and 6 hard-cooked eggs (chopped fine). Put a little of each over rice-shrimp combination. Serves 12.

•

Potatoes done this way are wonderful with a roast-pork dinner.

GREEN POTATOES FROM SWEDEN

Boil 6 large potatoes (about 3 pounds). When tender, peel and put through ricer or mash. Add ¾ cup light cream, 1 teaspoon sugar, ¼ pound butter, 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Beat until light and fluffy. Now add 2 tablespoons chopped chives, 2½ tablespoons chopped dill leaves (or 1½ teaspoons dried dill) and 1 package frozen chopped spinach which has been cooked according to directions on the package and seasoned to taste. Beat again until mixture is blended. Taste for seasoning and add more salt and pepper if needed. Place in a 1½-quart greased casserole. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., for about 20 minutes or until thoroughly heated through.

•

Simple, but good.

ORANGE COMPOTE

Peel 4 seedless oranges and slice ⅓" thick across the sections. Arrange slices in deep dish. Cook ¼ cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice and rind of 1 orange, grated, until sugar has dissolved and liquid comes to boil. Cool and pour over orange slices and serve with sugar cookies. This is the perfect way to end a heavy meal.

•

Although this onion-rye bread would be approved by women as well as by men, still this recipe is primarily for the men. For a stag dinner or for the night when the Master Mind invites a few friends over to watch the fights on television, try this:

A MAN'S WORLD

(Onion-Rye Bread)

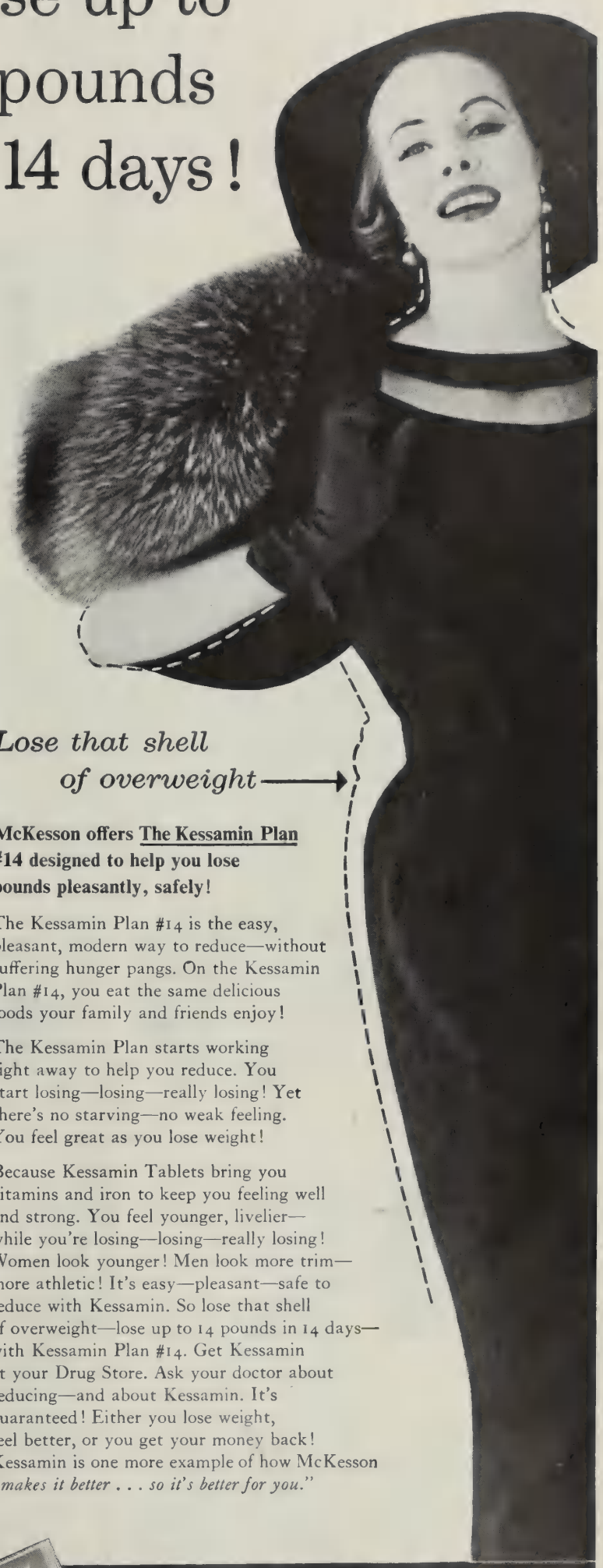
Scald 1 cup milk. Put in mixing bowl 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons salt and 2 tablespoons shortening. Add scalded milk. Cool to lukewarm. Dissolve 1 package yeast, compressed or dry, in ½ cup lukewarm water. Stir until softened. Add to lukewarm mixture. Add 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour. Mix until smooth. Sprinkle 5 teaspoons caraway seeds on dough. Add 3 tablespoons chopped onion and enough rye flour (1½ cups unsifted) to make a firm dough.

Knead until elastic to the touch on rye-floured board. Place in a greased bowl. Brush top of dough with salad oil. Put in warm place to rise double in size. Knead again on a lightly rye-floured board until free from air bubbles. Shape into a loaf and place in a well-greased loaf pan. Brush top of dough with salad oil. Cover and let rise until double in size. Bake in 350° F. oven 45 to 50 minutes. When taken from oven, brush with butter or margarine and let cool on wire rack.

Editors' Note: Corinne Griffith, the motion-picture star, has collected recipes in many countries—from famous hosts and hostesses and from obscure (but superb) cooks.

Copyright, 1955, by Corinne Griffith. Corinne Griffith's cookbook, Eggs I Have Known, is published by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York.

Lose up to 14 pounds in 14 days!



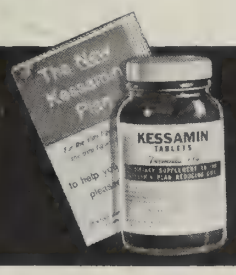
Lose that shell of overweight

McKesson offers The Kessamin Plan #14 designed to help you lose pounds pleasantly, safely!

The Kessamin Plan #14 is the easy, pleasant, modern way to reduce—without suffering hunger pangs. On the Kessamin Plan #14, you eat the same delicious foods your family and friends enjoy!

The Kessamin Plan starts working right away to help you reduce. You start losing—losing—really losing! Yet there's no starving—no weak feeling. You feel great as you lose weight!

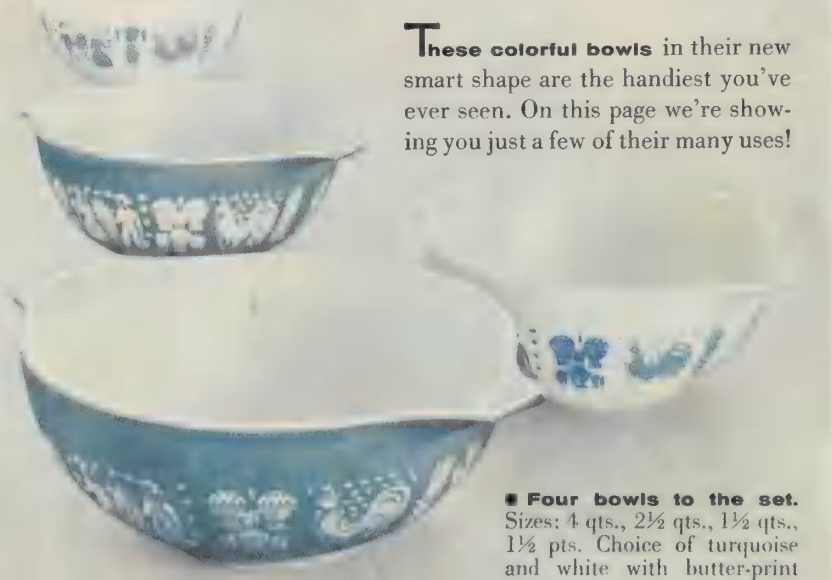
Because Kessamin Tablets bring you vitamins and iron to keep you feeling well and strong. You feel younger, livelier—while you're losing—losing—really losing! Women look younger! Men look more trim—more athletic! It's easy—pleasant—safe to reduce with Kessamin. So lose that shell of overweight—lose up to 14 pounds in 14 days—with Kessamin Plan #14. Get Kessamin at your Drug Store. Ask your doctor about reducing—and about Kessamin. It's guaranteed! Either you lose weight, feel better, or you get your money back! Kessamin is one more example of how McKesson *"makes it better . . . so it's better for you."*



KESSAMIN
BETTER... by McKESSON

Exciting...New *Cinderella* Bowl Set by PYREX

Each bowl has handle and spout ...and many, many uses!



These colorful bowls in their new smart shape are the handiest you've ever seen. On this page we're showing you just a few of their many uses!

Four bowls to the set. Sizes: 4 qts., 2½ qts., 1½ qts., 1½ pts. Choice of turquoise and white with butter-print pattern, pink and white or yellow and black with gooseberry pattern. Colors and patterns alternate in each set. **$4.95**



For convenience! Handles allow you to grasp bowl securely, prevent slipping.



For pouring! Spout makes it easy to pour accurately without any splattering.



For mixing! Clean, round inside contour makes mixing much more thorough.



For cooking! These bowls are right at home when used as baking dishes in the oven.



For serving! Perfect for casseroles and salads. They enhance any table setting.



For storing! Whatever the food, PYREX ware lends no taste—borrows no flavor.



For space-saving! Bowls nest together, regardless of way handles are turned.



For decoration! They add a bright note to any room when used to hold flowers.



For entertaining! Just right for popcorn, cookies, candies and hors d'oeuvres.

THERE'S ONLY ONE PYREX BRAND WARE, A PRODUCT OF CORNING GLASS WORKS, CORNING, NEW YORK

VISIT THE CORNING GLASS CENTER, CORNING, N.Y. CORNING MEANS RESEARCH IN GLASS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

have received about my article (Wanted—Women to Help) in the June JOURNAL. One letter that impressed me was from Michigan:

> "Do you know that I have called places like churches, etc., and offered to do this sort of thing and not once have I been called. I wanted to just go in and give someone a helping hand, possibly wash, clean up, cook a hot meal—all the things you mentioned—and people were surprised, didn't know anyone who would need this sort of help. I was not asking for any pay. Some years ago when I was seriously ill, had two children, and not one soul to help me, I'd have given anything if someone could have run the vacuum, done dishes and changed the beds. I know there must be many people who need this sort of help, but I feel so helpless not knowing who to call."

At the other extreme is an excellent letter from the president of the Homemakers Service of Middlesex County, New Jersey, which describes a highly organized service set up with the encouragement of the state Division of Chronic Illnesses and also with the approval of the state and county medical societies—all under voluntary auspices so far. This service sends out women who help with housework at $1.25 an hour. They do not do any nursing. Possibly in a good many other localities it has been possible to establish this sort of service. (In my own county, some organizations attempted to set up a service, but could not secure women to undertake the work.)

A letter from New Hampshire suggests that the state put out a program of home study courses so that mothers who have the time and qualifications could earn a degree for elementary teaching or for practical nursing at little or no expense. Several letters from older women say they have been stimulated to seek training now in these fields.

On the problem as a whole I have received very little light. But it strikes me that the churches are not doing all they might to solve this home help part of the problem. Sincerely yours,

VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE

How to Get a Pen Pal

New York City

Dear Editors: Would you like to tell your young readers about the Pen Friends Division of the English-Speaking Union?

Americans between the ages of nine and sixteen who are anxious to establish pen friendships with young people in Britain (and there are a few on the Continent) may send a post card direct to the English-Speaking Union, 16 East 69th Street, New York City. They should give name, age, address (printed clearly) and mention one or two hobbies.

Teachers or group leaders need merely state the number of names required in desired age groups and we shall gladly send them for distribution and acknowledgment. There is no charge for our services.

Very sincerely yours,

A. B. GRANT, *Chairman, Pen Friends Division*

▶ *Young adults who wish pen friends may write to Letters Abroad, 45 East 65th Street, New York 21, N.Y. ED.*

Correction

New York City

Dear Mr. Fink: We thought you would want to know that the captions and biographies were switched for two artists in the June and July JOURNALS. [Page 11 in each issue. ED.]

Leonard Pytlak's original serigraph, Hilltop Vista, has been listed as McEvoy's Dam by Emil Ganso; and Mr. Ganso's work was credited to Mr. Pytlak.

Sincerely,

MARTHA DICKINSON, *Manager, Weyhe Gallery*

A New Life After Breast Cancer

Brooklyn, New York

Dear Editors: I was twenty-seven when I learned I had cancer of the breast. When my doctor told me I must undergo a radical mastectomy (surgical removal of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

New Miracle Tea!

NESTEA®

Instant Tea

(Equal Parts of Tea and Carbohydrates)

- Modern! Delicious!
- No tea bag mess... no brewing time!
- Just add hot water and serve!

MAGIC GRAINS OF TEA— Pre-brewed from the heartiest leaves



At My Expense



For school luncheons try FLUFF with peanut butter in sandwiches. If the kids aren't delighted, just send me the FLUFF label — I'll personally refund your purchase price. *Send for my FREE Dessert Recipe Book in full color.*

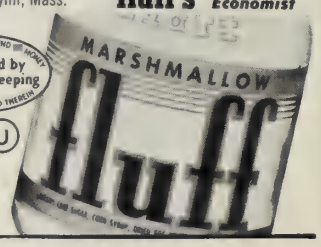
Lynne White, Dept. L10
Box 470, Lynn, Mass.

Lynne White Home Economist

fluff's

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE



Autumn's Sauciest Sauce

ADD 5 DROPS FOR THRILLING FLAVOR

Puts new zest in turkey dressing, hash, duck, beans, stews—almost any food.

Write for FREE booklet. Dept. J
The Frank Tea & Spice Co.
Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Frank's RED HOT SAUCE



KEYSTONE MUSHROOMS

There's a difference in the quality of mushrooms. See and taste the difference. Serve...

KEYSTONE MUSHROOMS

"—it's the Quality Pack"

Want a treat? Serve Mushroom Meat Loaf. FREE Recipe Book for this and other nutritious dishes made with low-calorie mushrooms. Write Keystone Mushrooms, Coatesville, Pa.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Now Quick Cooked

Open your cookbooks to the part about vegetables, and you know what they all say: *Cook quick!* Quick-cooking keeps vegetables crisper, more flavorful, brighter in color. Saves vitamins, too.

And now the Green Giant has discovered a way to quick-cook corn! Niblets Brand corn.

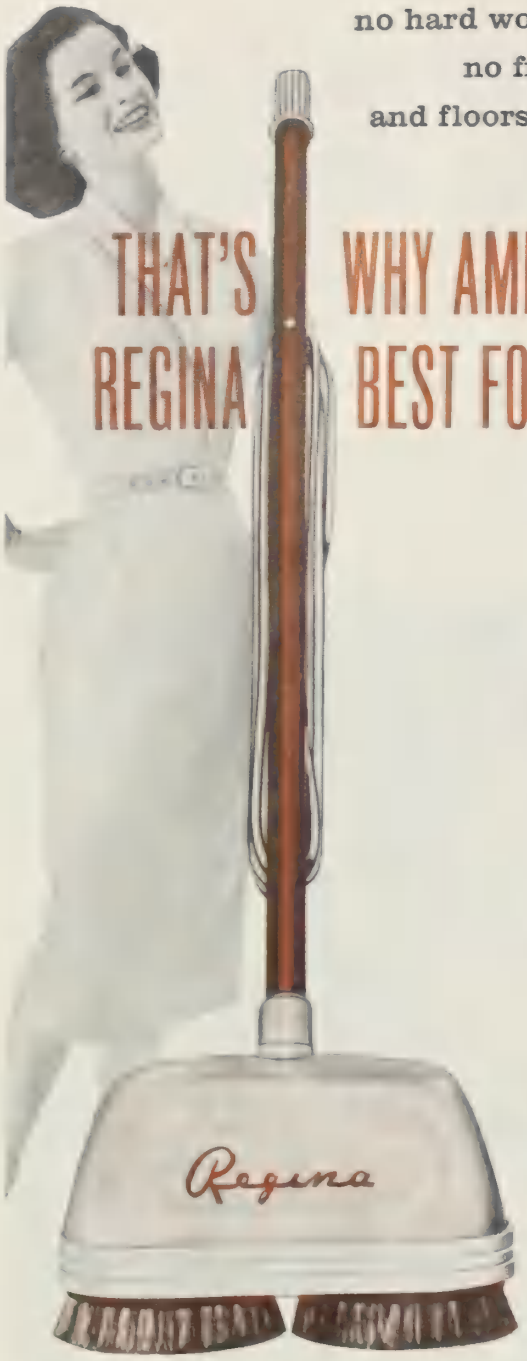
The secret is a very special pressure cooker. The corn goes whirling through in high heat under split-second automatic control. Swoosh! It's tender.

No can of corn ever brought you flavor this fresh before. New quick-cooked Niblets. Just heat and have yourself a ball!

NIBLETS BRAND CORN—*the quick-cooked corn*

Choice of two family sizes: 12-oz. can, serves 4 to 5; 7-oz. can, serves 2 to 3.

Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota. Green Giant of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario. "Niblets" Brand Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © GGCo.



no hard work
no frequent waxing
and floors shine every day

THAT'S WHY AMERICA LIKES REGINA BEST FOR FLOOR CARE



Scrubs in a jiffy! No more knee-work! Twin scrubbing brushes get your linoleum, asphalt tile, any washable floors spotless. You're ready to wax and polish in minutes! And Regina polishes with special brushes, free from caked wax and dirt.



Polishing is easy . . . you rarely wax! *Regina's the lightest weight polisher possible for a really professional job!* Twin brushes glide along at your touch in wide 12" sweeps . . . go right up to baseboards and into corners . . . without marring woodwork



Beauty daily . . . with minimum care! Take a few minutes to spark-up table tops, as well as floors, with twin buffing pads. You get results that stay beautiful—and you buff only now and then! No frequent waxing! Ask your dealer for a quick demonstration.

Once you own it,
you'll never give it up!

REGINA

TWIN-BRUSH

POLISHER
and
SCRUBBER

Throughout the years, America's first, best, most widely used polisher
— thousands still giving trouble-free service after 25 years

Available with optional rug-cleaning and sanding-refinishing attachments

Find your Regina dealer in the YELLOW PAGES under "Floor Machines"
If not listed—mail coupon

FREE! Send today for informative booklet!

The Regina Corporation, Rahway 35, N. J.
Please send free "Bulletin 44—Care of Floors," and name of nearest dealer.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

In Canada, Switson Industries, Ltd., Welland, Ontario.

By the world's largest manufacturers of twin-brush polisher-scrubbers . . .
also makers of famous Regina Electrikbroom

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

the breast and adjacent underarm tissue), everything in me cried out against it. I wasn't married, hadn't even a steady beau, and I couldn't believe that any man could want a wife with only one breast.

My particular type of cancer was a fast-growing variety which, unchecked, would have been fatal within six months. But it had been detected early—there was hope for me if only I would take it.

It is no exaggeration that I was on the verge of suicide. I feared cancer, death, the operation itself, but most of all life as an amputee. Even if the miracle happened and I did find love and marriage, could I ever have a child? Old wives' tales of mutations took root and helped spread the fear that could have cost my life. In sheer desperation I finally consented to surgery—if I must die, let it be quickly.

That was five years ago. I have been married for four of them. Throughout this time I've had the prescribed medical checkups, and there has been no metastasis (transfer of disease from one part of the body to another). Today I am numbered among the "cured." My husband and I have just returned from an extensive European tour and are now happily planning a family.

The hardest lesson for me was how to cope with fear. For months *after* the mastectomy I lived in a new kind of terror. I had lost a part of myself for which there could be no compensation—an integral part of femininity. I hid away in my room, feeling like a criminal every time I put on my new foam-rubber breast. It seemed a sort of deception I was perpetrating on the general public because it allowed me to pretend to be a whole woman. I would have preferred losing an arm or leg—something that could be discussed publicly without flinching—anything unconnected with sex. I cringed at magazines featuring bosomy cover girls, plunging necklines and bathing beauties. (But now I am tanned and relaxed after basking in the sun of a Mediterranean beach, where no one could have suspected a surgical "falsie" beneath my smart, halter-top swim suit.)

I became a recluse, refused invitations from my friends, refused to see my own mother! I emerged only after dark to buy groceries. I believed that everyone felt sorry for me, and I hated it. I never stopped to think that *I* was feeling sorry for myself.

Then, late in my convalescence, a married couple in another state asked me to visit them. I leaped at this opportunity to "get away from it all," and it was the best thing that could have happened. My friends didn't let me mope about the house; they took me to every social function their community had to offer. I found myself dating again, and my self-inflicted seclusion was over. Later, back at work, I met the man I was to marry.

Love had come into my life, but even this promise of happiness was quickly overshadowed. It was too late. How could I tell him about the mastectomy? Wouldn't his love disintegrate into horror? If I shuddered at the sight of my own body, how could I inflict myself on the man I loved? I tortured myself with questions—and how wrong I was!

"Darling," he said when I did tell him, "we all have scars of one sort or another. Yours happen to be physical. That operation saved your life. If you hadn't had it—well, I don't like to think I might never have met you."

In spite of his reassurances, I was still terrified about my wedding night. But scars *do* heal with time, love and understanding—the mental as well as the physical ones. When our wedding took place that winter, it was the happiest day of my life.

I did need more reassurances, in those early days of our marriage, both from my husband and my doctor, but as time went on I was able to see how foolish and unfounded my panicky outbursts were. When a young movie star died after a long bout with cancer, I wept uncontrollably, but my husband's gentle patience helped a great deal. I was on the road to a healthier outlook.

Cancer's symptoms are now well known to all of us. Should you discover any of these symptoms, don't let fear prevent an early diagnosis. If you fight that fear, you may learn, as I did, that you can live, love and be happy as a "whole woman" after a cancer operation.

Sincerely,
GENEVIEVE ZEISS



for the safe cover-up of a blemish insist on medically recommended

SPOTSTIK

there is only one Spotstik... there is no substitute

Quickly covers skin eruptions, discolorations, broken veins, bruises, dark circles and brown and white spots. Waterproof, sunproof, in all skin shades. At finest department and drug stores. Only **$1.50**

Lydia O'Leary

Creator of famous, medically recommended **COVERMARK**; new **L.O.L.**, the wonder lotion © for troubled skin; and **COLORLES** Finishing Powder to keep all foundations from changing color.

Write Department J LYDIA O'LEARY, INC., 41 E. 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.



INCREASED INCOME?

YOU can earn extra cash to meet expenses by selling subscriptions to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Holiday*, and *Jack and Jill*, and other popular magazines. Earn generous commissions in your spare time. We'll send details without obligation. Write

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

BUNIONS



DOCTOR'S FAST RELIEF

You never tried anything so wonderful as Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer of soft rubber. Relief is immediate. Hides bulge. Preserves shape of shoe, helps reduce enlargement. 75¢ each. Sold everywhere. If not obtainable at your dealer's, order by mail. Mention shoe size and width and if for Right or Left foot. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. SCHOLL'S, Inc., Dept. BR, 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago 10, Ill.



***NOW!* Save Up to 50% on Nationally Advertised Gifts**

Use this big, new FREE CATALOG to buy all kinds of gifts and merchandise for yourself, family, friends, neighbors. Terrific saving on big-name items. Also, make money spare time taking orders from others!

EVERGREEN STUDIOS
Dept. 37 Box 846 Chicago 42, Ill.

NEW FRIGIDAIRE WASHER RATED NO. 1

Rated No. 1 for Cleanest Clothes!

Rated No. 1 for Lint Removal!

Rated No. 1 for Driest Spin!

By U. S. Testing Company, Inc.*



Sheer Look Design! Choice of four lovely colors—sold by Frigidaire at price of white!

3-RING AGITATOR

Gets clothes up to 50% Cleaner than other leading washers—by Test

Yes, America has a great new Number One washer – already proved to outperform, out-clean any automatic known to date.

Its name—*Ultra-Clean*—from Frigidaire! See it – see an entirely different washer with a 3-Ring Agitator that gets clothes up to 50% cleaner—and freer of lint—than other leading makes. See *all fabrics* washed perfectly, in fastest time—and the driest clothes that ever left a laundry tub. All this, with greatest over-all savings in hot water, detergent—*and* a built-in Suds-Water-Saver *in every model* can save you still more!

Combine it with a new Frigidaire Fabric-Master Dryer for the fastest, "savingest," "cleaningest" washday pair known. See your Frigidaire dealer.

New Frigidaire Ultra-Clean Automatic Washers for as little as **$229.95**
(MODEL WS-58) Manufacturer's Suggested Price

*In tests of six leading washers under controlled laboratory conditions. Tested and verified by U. S. Testing Company, Inc., largest, most diversified independent textile testing organization in the world. Founded 1880. Reports #29123 and #29123-A dated May 2 and May 10, 1957.



New—Automatic Tinting! Another First! In Frigidaire Custom Imperial and Imperial Washers. Easiest, safest way. No boiling bother, no spotting or streaking. Matching Electric Dryer has Filtrator, controls lint and moisture without plumbing.

New — "Wrinkles-Away" Drying! Frigidaire Imperial and DeLuxe Dryers have the "Wrinkles-Away" Cycle. Removes wrinkles from synthetics "Drip-Dry" garments. Cuts ironing, hanger drying. Freshens like new "washables" mussed through use.

Lint Chaser Ring "sweeps" out more lint, dirt, scum automatically —than washers with filters that must be cleaned by hand

Circulator Ring keeps clothes separated, keeps them always moving under water, opens folds, guards against tangling.

Energy Ring—power-pulses water into surging currents that gently flex clothes, open fabric "pores" to whisk out deep-down dirt.

Below Turquoise Cap is a special dispenser that releases detergent, bleach or tint evenly, safely mixed, under water.

SudsWater-Saver in Every Model Cuts washday costs almost 1/2

Save up to 3500 gallons of hot water—plus 40 good-sized boxes of detergent—in a year.



Get the one that's No. 1

'58 FRIGIDAIRE

ULTRA-CLEAN WASHER with Matching Electric Dryers

Frigidaire—Built and Backed by General Motors

THE NEW

51 Gauge

Elastic Stockings



So like regular nylons that the woman with varicose veins *will never again feel "different"*

These are the stockings that have removed the dread of varicose veins.

These are the new 51 gauge elastic stockings by Bauer & Black – full-fashioned, full-footed with threads twice as thin and twice as light.

Yet, sheer and glamorous as they are, they hide your veins. And they give you the same scientific support that is built into every pair of Bauer & Black hose.

A style for every occasion

Whether you want ultra-sheer 51 gauge or stockings for informal everyday activities, you'll find them in the complete Bauer & Black line.

Women choose this brand more than all others combined. (Your doctor probably recommends them, too—more doctors do.) At drug, department, and surgical supply stores . . . from $6.90 to $16.95 the pair.

Bauer & Black

Division of The Kendall Company
Leader in elastic stockings

MAIL COUPON FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION

Bauer & Black, Dept. LH-10
309 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill.

Send me a copy of your free booklet on the care of varicose veins with Bauer & Black Elastic Stockings.

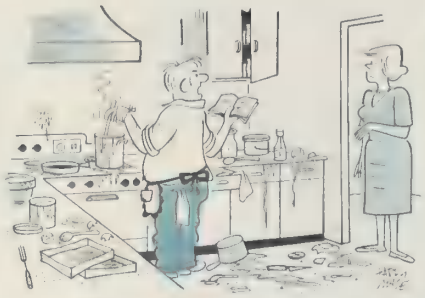
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



**"Not yet! Not *yet!*
I'll call you when it's ready!"**

In our town's newer suburbs all the little ranch houses, split-levels and cottages gleam in bright tints and pastels, with garage doors ingeniously decorated; and as I flew over the lake the other day I noticed even docks painted coral and turquoise.

Recently I've lunched twice and dined once with Miss Universe, and even had my picture taken with her, without kindling my Royal Consort's jealousy. I'd sum it up in one sentence: She thinks Miss Universe has better fish to fry.

"Us girls," says Betty Comfort, deliberately ungrammatical while pruning her grapevines, "spend hours comparing notes on our mothers' foibles, especially the ones in their eighties. Grandmas are a breeze by comparison."

Our lunch-table Beau Brummell in the cafeteria basement swears that the whole world is overheated. "This winter," he vows, "I'm going to wear only summer suits, with maybe an old raccoon coat for the dash from warm car to warm entrance."

Among our town's semi-intellectuals a rumor has spread that Somerset Maugham has pruned his choice ten "greatest novels" to half their length. "Now," says our local Mme. de Staël, "is the time to read War and Peace, and Crime and Punishment, clear through."

In blushing modesty, I have hung only three copies of the photo snapped with Ike (and the editor of L. H. J.) in strategic spots where people might see it. After all, I nominated Ike for President in 1948, four years early.

I found a scorecard on the golf links with only one hole recorded—the first, a 7 and a 10. They'd decided not to keep score after all and threw the scorecard away; smart dubs.

In our twenty-nine-times-remodeled homestead, we have thirty-some small motors powering thirty-some appliances, none of which I fully understand. I advocate a high-school course to prepare young husbands for the unreasonable repair demands of their frantic young wives.

Our neighborhood's stateliest Victorian house got rid of its ancient accumulations with an auction sale in the front yard; a shameless attic exposé. Oddly, some of the more avid buyers were young newlyweds in our block, eager to get quaint.

As my spy among our region's eager beauties, my Dream Girl discovered that the Miss Universe aspirants dab petroleum jelly on their teeth, to make 'em glisten. Boo, it shines so it almost frightens you!

I ran into Bob Feller the other day, and though I had seen him only two or three times in fifteen years, he greeted me easily: "Hello, Harlan!" He still looks fit to pitch and he's the man I buy my next insurance policy from.

My researchers report that a family's milk and gasoline bills go down sharply when the kids are away at school or off for the summer. (They add that the average youngster consumes one quart of milk for each gallon of gasoline, their liquid diet.)

"One mark of the well-bred girl," muses Peter Comfort, turning his "Welcome" mat upside down for the weekend, "is that when she goes for a stroll on the links at the country club at night she takes off her high-heeled shoes to walk across the greens."

My Princess of Sheer Delight is a mixture of modern and old-fashioned: her latest passion in furniture is a combination rocking and swivel chair of metal, wicker and plastic, with all the best traits of the 1890's and the 1960's.

We try to behave nonchalantly about it: our town's most fashionable banker has bought a Rolls-Royce, and often his wife drives with her chauffeur to the neighborhood drugstore for a fizzy drink. Everybody tries to act casual, as if she were in a jalopy.

A hashery at the lake we go to for weekends (my wife's family built their cottage in 1878) gives you all you can eat for $1. Best customers: musicians from the famous orchestras who come to play each week for the dances; three meats and seven vegetables at a meal.

Our neighbors, the youngest gramps in town, have put off replacing their twenty-five-year-old davenport another year. Instead they've bought their married daughter some carpet and a back-yard fence, so their new grandchild can have it soft and safe.

I watched the judges at a nearby beauty contest wrangle and fume till they chose a complacent corn-fed beauty instead of her rival, an elegant, delicate creature. I conclude some people like cabbage, some broccoli, some Brussels sprouts.

Our local highbrow, palpably an intellectual and aesthete, bawled me out for speaking well of small-town Jean Seberg in Otto Preminger's breezy version of Shaw's St. Joan. Well, Shaw wrote his endless monologues in a talkier era; we're edgier now, impatient, won't listen after 10:30. Few people miss the lost verbiage.

From my barber I have the last word on haircuts: a man should never look as if he needs a haircut, nor as if he's just had one; he must appear always in the middle.

This year at home-coming I'll try a new technique on my Dream Girl's ardent old beaux at the state university: I'll pretend to recognize 'em as her old professors, call 'em "sir," and offer 'em my chair.

I envy gardeners who specialize proudly in iris or gladiolus or roses or begonias; how I yearn to brag also about a specialty, something exotic, yet sturdy and easy to grow. Like orchids, maybe?

Our young lieutenant now has his bride and infant Harlan III with him in Japan. When he returns from a fifteen-hour flight along the coast of Asia she allows him, as a reward, to give baby his bottle.

Some of our town's supermarkets stay open until 10 P.M., and I suspect that shopping for the groceries has now overhauled night baseball and gossip as the great American pastime.

. . . When my daughter sends me a floor plan of her new house, with front and rear snapshots and an arrow aimed at the guest room,

. . . Or my son-in-law writes me a four-page single-spaced letter explaining the viewpoint of the young exec,

. . . And my son gives me a frank analysis of his Air Force finances, and boasts how much he'll be able to save—next year,

. . . Or my daughter-in-law makes me a bush jacket of Japanese shantung,

. . . And my Lady Love warns me not to run up the stairs,

. . . Then for an instant I seem to have played all my cards right; I've got it golden!

Gossamer soft and petal pink—the dream of a negligee cascading in a froth of French lace and silk chiffon. Specially designed for Scott, it matches to perfection the luxury of Soft-Weve—Scott's superb "facial quality" 2-ply bath tissue. Five exquisite Soft-Weve colors for your bath or powder room.

Probably the most noticed luxury in your home...

Soft-Weve® *by* **Scott**



How necessary are "equal privileges" to a wife's happiness?

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

"Betty is sociable and outgoing, interested in a wide range of activities. She enjoys entertaining friends, likes sports, takes part in welfare work. Nora finds such things pallid fare, but enjoys all-night parties, and off-beat amusement places.

"Betty avoids unnecessary risks, like driving a car at high speed or walking alone at night along a dark street. Nora rather enjoys the thrill of danger, but worries lest her reckless behavior cost her the good opinion of her friends.

"Betty is calm, cheerful, rarely fights to get her own way. She is not easily irritated, doesn't get upset when callers arrive unexpectedly or other minor annoyances crop up. Nora is moody, high-strung, often depressed, likely to 'blow her top' when she has to stop for a red light or stand in a crowded bus.

"Betty has a firm set of standards and values, but is otherwise flexible in her thinking, willing and able to change her mind. Nora's personal philosophy is not clearly defined, yet she is opinionated and somewhat intolerant.

"Betty's parents were happily married, and she enjoyed a close, confidential relationship with them both. Nora grew up in an atmosphere of quarreling and conflict; she does not love her father.

"In her own marriage, Betty expects (and prefers) her husband to 'wear the pants'; she wants at least two children, and plans to work hard for happiness. When Nora marries, she expects her husband to put her wishes ahead of his own, to grant her privileges equal to his, and to provide a liberal personal allowance."

It is not surprising that Betty has found happiness as a wife and mother, Nora has not. But if you are more like Nora than Betty, it does not follow that your marriage is doomed to failure. Instead, study Nora's traits as we have described them for clues to your own defects as a marriage prospect. Then set about improving your qualifications. Whether you are a single girl or already a wife, your efforts now can greatly increase your chances of future happiness.

WHO CAN BE HAPPILY MARRIED?

Can a person's chances of married happiness be reliably predicted while he or she is still single? Can the traits and characteristics favorable to a happy marriage be identified and described? To find out, we at Penn State have been carrying on an extensive research program for more than fifteen years.

In general, we can answer both questions affirmatively. Certainly our tests are not infallible, nor do we expect them to be. But they are highly indicative, and of established value in counseling practice.

In developing our data, we interview college students, both men and women, first before marriage, and then again some time afterward. In the first interview we investigate personality and character traits, family background and relationships, and other pertinent factors. The follow-up tests (many individuals are reinterviewed several times) are designed to evaluate the quality of the marriage adjustment—that is, the degree of happiness the couple has found in marriage. Favorable scores on the premarriage interviews have proved to be significantly associated with a good marriage adjustment.

Then, by studying the individual factors which combine to produce a favorable score or prediction, we can pinpoint the personal qualities which most often foretell a happy marriage. Married happiness must still be achieved (it cannot be conferred, like a college degree), but the person's capacity to do so is indicated by the presence or the absence of these factors.

From our thousands of records of premarriage interviews, we have selected two. From our follow-up interviews, we know that one is now a contented wife; the other is on the point of seeking divorce. Here are summaries of our original findings. See if you can identify the success and the near-failure.

HOW NOT TO SOLVE PROBLEMS

In any month I can expect to hear two clients say something like this: "I planned to come long ago, but I kept putting it off, hoping things would take care of themselves." This is a discouraging beginning, for problems in human relations, like physical ailments, are most readily treated before they become chronic.

To be sure, minor or infrequent complaints are often best ignored. Only a hypochondriac seeks professional attention for every fleeting symptom, only a neurotic thinks every petty difference between husband and wife must be discussed, analyzed and resolved. Talking about a problem too much, too seriously and too soon may actually precipitate trouble instead of averting it. But recurring severe discomfort, emotional or physical, deserves prompt attention. Very often, in the heat of a quarrel, a wife will inwardly resolve to take action. But when calm is restored, she decides (or hopes) that "things will take care of themselves." This sequence may be justified once or twice, but continued refusal to face the issue can be disastrous.

Consider this example: A young wife wrote for an appointment, saying, "I'm faced by a critical decision and feel counsel would be helpful. I think my mind is made up, but would like your reaction to my plans."

Three days before the scheduled appointment came another letter: "It won't be necessary to see you after all, as I've thought the problem through and decided to go ahead."

In ten days she telephoned: "I've started to carry out my plans, but find myself worrying about the outcome. I need general counseling as well as marriage counsel. When can you see me?" A date was set, but canceled a week later by telegram.

Next came another telephone call: "I must have help. Things have changed—for the worse. Will you see me tomorrow?"

She had still told me nothing about herself or the nature of her problem, and it seemed unlikely that she would ever follow through. Still, her distress was so obviously acute that I arranged an emergency weekend conference. ("Tomorrow" was impossible.) She did not appear. A special-delivery letter next day expressed apologies, but made no explanation except that matters were going smoothly once more.

In two weeks, another letter, another plea for an appointment. Replying, I urged her to consult either of two able counselors in her own city whom I had recommended earlier. She replied by wiring for an appointment.

Once more the pattern was repeated—a date set, a last-minute cancellation, profuse apologies, and the old refrain:

"I've made my decision."

After four months, a final letter arrived: "I thought I was in love with another man. I believed him when he told me he was getting a divorce, and left my husband. Now I have nobody, and I'm at the end of my rope." The envelope was postmarked two thousand miles from her original address, with no return address.

No one can say what would have happened if this wife had followed through on her original plan to seek help. The outcome might have been the same, it might have been different. But this much is certain: she sensed a threat, otherwise she would not have sought counsel. By failing to act when she saw the need, she denied herself even the chance to avert disaster.

If you are troubled by some continuing difficulty in your marriage, admit it, think it through and make a decision. You may decide on positive action, or simply to accept the situation as it is and make the best of it. But make up your mind, then stick to your decision, until and unless you have definite reasons for charting a new course.

When you find yourself thinking again and again, "I'm going to *do* something about that," it's time either to do it or to forget it, whether the problem is a leaky faucet, a child's unruly behavior or some deeper conflict with your husband. But wavering between "I'm going to" and "I'll let it go" can lead only to confusion, discomfort and perhaps heartbreak.

ASK YOURSELF:

Do I Know What Love Is?

Love is a feeling, both subtle and profound. Because it is so personal and so variable, it is difficult to define. Yet it can be expressed in many tangible ways. Perhaps your answers to these tangible questions can help you appreciate the intangible nature of love.

Do You:

1. **Often tell your husband you love him?**
2. **Plan menus around his taste?**
3. **Have some endearing name for him?**
4. **Eagerly prepare for his daily homecoming?**
5. **Glow inside when he praises you?**
6. **Like to make him smile?**
7. **Want him always to look his best?**
8. **Comfort him when he feels bad?**
9. **Often think how wonderful he is?**
10. **Miss him when he's away on trips?**
11. **Praise his good qualities to your friends?**
12. **Gladly try to match his moods?**
13. **Do your best to please him?**
14. **Feel closer to him as time passes?**

If you answered "Yes" to eleven or more of these questions, it is not necessary to define love to feel sure that you love your husband, and that he knows it. With fewer "yes" answers, you may still love him, but he probably doesn't feel certain. Finding more ways to show your love might add new meaning to marriage for him.

BOB HOPE, NOW STARRING IN THE COMEDY-DRAMA **BEAU JAMES** IN TECHNICOLOR AND VISTAVISION



"Linda was always the best table-setter and unsetter in the San Fernando Valley," says Bob Hope. "I figured she deserved her own sterling."

Bob Hope's gift to his daughter Linda . . . a lovely new Heirloom* Sterling design called Flower Lane. "It's a perfectly heavenly pattern," says Linda. "Very simple but with such an *unusual* kind of charm." See *all* the beautiful, fresh, young-spirited Heirloom Sterling patterns at your favorite jeweler's or silver department. Basic 4-piece place settings from $20, Federal Tax included! Easy terms, if you wish.

HEIRLOOM STERLING

CREATED IN THE DESIGN STUDIOS OF ONEIDA SILVERSMITHS



*Trademarks © 1957, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

New Palmolive Soap Gives New Life to Your Complexion!



JUST ONE BAR WILL PROVE IT! BECAUSE NEW PALMOLIVE BRINGS OUT BEAUTY WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!



New Lather!

Think of the softest, creamiest lather!
It's *yours* in New Palmolive. Rich, white lather that actually soothes as it cleanses . . . helps your *true* complexion beauty come through!



New Fragrance!

Think of the most fabulous French perfumes!
They were the inspiration for Palmolive's haunting new fragrance. So fresh, so clean, so heaven-scented!



New Color!

Think of the fresh green of spring!
That's the color of New Palmolive . . . all pretty and new for a prettier you!



New Wrapper!

Wrap them all up in gleaming emerald foil
—*and there* you have the exciting New Palmolive Soap . . . the best news your complexion ever had!

There's never been a beauty soap like this before... **NOT EVEN PALMOLIVE!**

Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know,
editors you like,
and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

A run on the banks caused a Wall Street panic in October, 1907, and the Knickerbocker Trust closed its doors. Women could no longer dress unassisted since their clothing began to be hooked and buttoned in the back. Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown was written; Socialist leader Eugene Debs was making his fiery speeches, and Marconi talked on wireless from Nova Scotia to Ireland.

***Remarks Editor Bok in the October, 1907,* JOURNAL: "*Because a boy has the 'gift of gab' does not necessarily mean he should be a lawyer; if he has neither will nor brains, does this point to the pulpit? Because he is sharp and greedy, a career in the stock market?*"**

"Twenty-five millions of records for talking machines were sold last year," continues Editor Bok. "Many of them trashy melodies of vulgar slang and coarse innuendo, morally dangerous and musically misleading."

The First Rule for a Husband and Wife, according to William Jennings Bryan, is to live within their means.

Economies: "Old hot-water bottles should not be thrown away. They make excellent traveling bags for toothbrushes or round mats to put under house plants."

"On one day a month let the whole family improve the house by staining furniture, or making sofa pillows, bureau scarves, picture frames or shirtwaist boxes covered with cretonne."

Household hint: "Number your flatirons on the stove with chalk 1–2–3–4 and use them in rotation when ironing."

Writes Laura A. Smith in What I Found Out as a Business Girl, "Cling to your womanly ideals, keep your heart young and envy no one. Show the men you work for that you feel they will treat you fair, protect you and look out for your interests."

"Although I am quite stout my figure is very hollow around the armholes," confesses a reader who is advised by Mrs. Ralston to wear padding under the arms.

"*A good pair of shoes at $3 will often outwear two pairs of cheap ones.*"



ABBOT MILLS

Vickie Harris: a slice of toast for every taste.

Considering that in this country we consume 300,000,000 slices of toast a day—38 per cent white, 37 per cent whole-wheat, 14 per cent rye, then raisin, graham, cinnamon, protein, in that order—it wasn't surprising to come on *Vickie Harris* in front of the Homemaking Department's formidable control panel, testing various types of breads for toasting speeds, and setting up a fine fragrance. "Say a wife likes whole-wheat, which is medium slow," said Vicki; "the husband wants white, which is fast; the children wish raisin, the fastest toast of all." A three-slot pop-up was Vicki's recommendation for that family. Raisin takes one pop-up; white takes two; whole-wheat takes three. Children get three pieces to mother's one; husband gets two; but mother knows best: she isn't taking out all her calories on toast.

*In Scotland, this summer, **Bruce and Beatrice Gould** visited friends, in residence as the queen's representatives, at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh. They were much impressed by pipers wearing plaids (long shawls over the shoulder) as well as tartan (plaid to us) kilts, tootling their eerie wailing bagpipes at dinner; by the small stone room where Mary Queen of Scots supped with Rizzio just before his murder; and by Mrs. Gould's real Victorian bedroom, complete with steel engravings of horses, dogs and squirrels, a writing desk stamped V R, and a marble-topped washstand, equipped with bowl and pitcher. They later visited **Dorothy Black**, beloved* JOURNAL *author, in her charming house in the Scottish hills near Aberdeen, hard by Balmoral Castle. There they were impressed by Dorothy's concession to American taste, a modern bathroom to each bedroom, unlike Holyrood Palace, where bathrooms, though magnificent, were so few that guests had to nip in fast before a distinguished fellow guest got there first.*

Week by week each month, under the ministrations of art editor ***William Fink*** and assistant ***Albert Serwazi***, the JOURNAL emerges from bud form to flower on the walls of their department, and we must say it is a pretty eye-opening process to watch as monotone photostat layouts gradually give way to the final full color you see right now as you turn the pages. Each week the ***Goulds*** come back to hold a rehearsal, shifting page positions to improve the JOURNAL's performance when it reaches the reader; maybe replacing a regional house from New England with one from the South that better fits the mood of the magazine that month; bringing one story forward, putting another farther back. Then the day of the dress rehearsal, when the last-minute fashion pages are in place, when the finishing touches and final O.K.'s are given, and you can sidle back and forth three times along the two wide walls and take in the entire next issue. It would be a wonderful time and place to have a party, but we're afraid it's not much use suggesting that.

Al Serwazi and Bill Fink with this month's Journal in formative stage.



ABBOT MILLS

Motor scooters are all over town here. Like Japanese beetles, somebody said. But even so, we still give a double-take whenever we see a fellow editor buzz by on one, as when *Tina Fredericks* in a wide skirt and broad straw hat went scooting across Rockefeller Plaza behind *Ruth Orkin*, the photographer, on their way to the Metropolitan Museum for luncheon. "That trip was nothing," Tina said when Ruth returned her to us. "We met two girls from the public library who went scooting out to California and back last summer." We asked Tina how it felt to breeze along alfresco. "Conspicuous," she acknowledged. "What's tiresome are the same three questions everyone asks when you stop for red lights. . . . Do you have to have a license? Yes, you say. . . . How many miles to the gallon? A hundred and twenty, you yell. . . . How much do they cost? But by now you're machine-gunning off again, so you hold up four fingers, and they just nod up and down and wave good-by."



JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Ruth Orkin and Tina Fredericks scooting out for lunch.

My wife's husband

She was a rag of a girl
with a nose like a comma,
and when she took off her glasses
it made her no prettier.
It did something
lovelier than that.

By BRUNELLA GASPERINI

Translated from the Italian by Elaine W. Senigallia



I know I should go home right now; it's nearly dinnertime, but the bar is cool and I'm tired. Then, too, I'm fed up. My office is a torment; maybe all offices are, but mine is even more so, taking orders from an idiotic boss—I who dreamed of a great legal career, the courtrooms resounding with my imperious voice, "Gentlemen of the court ——" Look at me now. Maybe I'd better fortify myself with another vermouth before going home. If you knew my home, you'd understand. Or even if you knew the cashier at this bar.

She's not just the cashier. She is the owner's daughter, twenty-two years old and named Floretta. When she gives me my receipt she smiles at me, drawing a melodious tinkle from the cash register and caressing her eyes with her eyelashes.

"Ninety lire," she murmurs lovingly.

You should know that girls like this have always been my type. When I was at the university I had a positive harem of girls like Floretta, beautiful, soft, perfectly turned out, with dreamy eyes and lots of money as well. I had only to choose—speaking just between ourselves—but I was careful not to do it. I had to be free. Free professionally, free in every way. And thus I should have remained if one summer day of my twenty-third year (I had graduated from law school the month before) the sky hadn't fallen on my head.

She wasn't beautiful. She wasn't soft. She wasn't perfectly turned out. Her eyes weren't dreamy and she hadn't a lira. She was a rag of a girl, thin as a nail, with a nose like a small comma above a slightly larger comma that was her mouth, with hands covered with ink, and wearing glasses. Furthermore, she wrote abstract poetry.

The first time I saw her I thought, "*Mamma mia*, what a disaster!" And I continued to think so, fiercely for months, asking myself why someone like me, followed by so many soft, restful blondes, should waste his time following, in his turn, a disheveled girl who wore glasses, who never said what I thought she would say, who dreamed of going around the world on a bicycle.

I called her Dante Alighieri and she called me Bob Taylor and we hated each other atrociously until suddenly a sort of painful numbing cloud surrounded me and from that cloud I uttered broken, subdued sounds incomprehensible to anyone but to her or me. Still inside that cloud, I held her in my arms and she took off her glasses. It was



Here is my wife writing one of her stories, with her green handkerchief for headache, her ski pants for inspiration, and supper not even started.

only a tiny gesture and yet so intimate that in front of her bare little face I felt my legs become like piecrust. I believe it was because of that gesture that I married her. The idea that someday she might take off her glasses for someone else drove me completely crazy.

Thus, just because of the glasses, I gave up waiting for my great career, took the first steady job that I found, and married her. Her and her glasses and her disorder and her butterfingers and her poetry. To all this add four children one after the other. Four, do you understand? "Oh," she says, "one more or less—what difference does it make? Anyway, every baby arrives with its own little basket." I've never seen any of those baskets. I've seen only diapers hung up across the dining room, bottles on my wife's desk, talcum powder in the cheese dish, safety pins everywhere. Perhaps you're beginning to get the idea. Perhaps you're beginning to understand why I am as fed up as twenty fed-up people, why I must reinforce myself with vermouth before going home. You begin to understand, but you are still far from the reality.

You should know that my wife no longer writes poetry. Good, you'll say; in all this sorrow there's a silver lining. Just a minute. My wife no longer writes abstract poetry but she writes stories, not in the least abstract, and what's more they get published in large-circulation magazines. And people read them. Our janitor's wife reads them. The other tenants in our building read them. They read them and cry. They read them and laugh. They read them and talk about them—oh, how they talk about them!

And then there are the letters. Mountains of letters. Not satisfied with reading, laughing, crying and talking, my wife's admirers write her letters. She reads them to me, her glasses misted with enjoyment. She smiles like ten smiling people and then she puts them in the first place that occurs to her. Whatever drawer you open in our home, you can be sure of finding at least one safety pin and one letter from an admirer. The best ones she pins to the wall of the living room-dining room-nursery-studio with thumbtacks and every once in a while rereads them, feeling herself very much Dante Alighieri while the children bite one another and the roast burns.

Eight o'clock! How worried Minni must be. A cute name, Minni, isn't it? It makes you think of a feminine little mouse. I don't mean that my wife is a feminine little mouse, nor even that she is cute. In fact, I don't even call her Minni. I call her Wife or Dante Alighieri CONTINUED ON PAGE 219



ANNA MARIE LINDGOUST

Margrethe and her sisters, Benedikte, 13, and Anne-Marie, 11, grew up in a minimum of "royal" atmosphere—for years they didn't even know they were princesses. With their mother, Queen Ingrid.



UNITED PRESS

Every winter Margrethe, her mother and sisters go off for a week or two at a Norwegian skiing lodge. Such moments of freedom are becoming rarer.



With her grandfather, Sweden's King Gustav VI, Margrethe digs in ancient Etruscan ruins near Rome.

Frederik IX is a gentle, understanding royal teacher who can take over when his daughter is unexpectedly offered a lively squealing piglet at the Bellahoej agricultural fair. He gave Margrethe the nickname "Daisy."



NORDISK PRESSEFOTO

CHOSEN TO

Margrethe was not born to rule—1000 years of tradition stood between her and the throne of Denmark.

Her people wiped it out in a single day.

For a girl whose destiny includes five castles, three hunting lodges, a yacht, stables, and millions of dollars' worth of jewels—including the Danish crown jewels—Margrethe Alexandrine Thorhildur Ingrid is remarkably casual about it. She bicycles through the streets of Copenhagen with blond hair flying. She digs with her grandfather in the ruins of an ancient Etruscan street. Newspaper snapshots show her unflatteringly down on all fours in a pit of relics, dirt under her fingernails and smudges on her face—and Margrethe doesn't care at all.

She is far more concerned when her two younger sisters act *impossibly* childish and silly. At such exasperating moments, Margrethe gets out her binoculars and heads for the woods alone, to watch birds and take notes for the Danish Ornithological Society, or simply to sit thinking long thoughts about life. Then, having accomplished something serious, she returns to her sisters refreshed—and may fall in with their whispering and giggling as though she were a child herself.

But these moments of freedom are becoming rarer. Last summer, Margrethe was carefree—and all the summers before. Next April, with a twenty-one-gun harbor salute to mark her eighteenth birthday and coming-of-age, Royal Princess Margrethe will become Crown Princess Margrethe of Denmark, namesake of one of the most fearsome women in history—and abolisher of the oldest tradition of the oldest ruling house in the world.

So perhaps it's a good thing she's had time for fun and freedom.

Margrethe (pronounced Mar-grā'-tuh) didn't set out to break tradition. Neither did her parents. In 1952, with three adored daughters and no sons, King Frederik IX and Queen Ingrid were perfectly willing to let the throne go to Frederik's brother Knud and upon his death to Knud's son Ingolf, in accordance with the ancient Danish law saying no woman can become ruler of the Danes.

But the Danish people—who greet each Fourth of July with fireworks, bands and speeches in admiration of American independence—are fiercely independent themselves. They saw nothing sacrosanct in a thousand-year-old tradition that denied Margrethe the throne; so Minister of Justice Helga Petersen proposed a constitutional change giving the right of succession to the ruling sovereign's eldest child—regardless of sex.

Some parliamentary gentlemen, however, were inclined to be cautious. After much debate, it was agreed that the king's eldest daughter should take the throne provided she had no brother either older *or* younger. When the proposed amendment was finally ready for the vote, it was weighted down by three other proposals of uncertain popularity: to abolish the upper house of parliament; to authorize surrender of some national authority to certain international bodies (NATO and UN); to change Greenland from a colony to full partnership in the Kingdom of Denmark.

Amending the Danish constitution is a long process. First parliament (the Folketing) must approve. Then a plebiscite must be held and the changes endorsed by 45 per cent of the country's total registered voters—more even than turns out in many U. S. elections! (But Danish people are so fervently interested in public affairs

BE QUEEN

By LAURA DATE RILEY

that failure to vote is regarded as disapproval.) After popular endorsement, the proposal goes back to the Folketing for final approval.

In the days before the plebiscite, women's clubs rallied to support the proposed change. Callers went from door to door explaining and discussing it. There were speeches and rallies. But there was really no need for such activity. No Dane who remembers the German invasion of April, 1940, could ever forget the sight of week-old Margrethe in her carriage, wheeled through the streets of Copenhagen by gallant Queen Ingrid—while ships blew up and sank in the harbor, tanks exploded in the square in front of Amalienborg Palace, and the palace itself was bombarded. And no Dane is likely to forget the bleak years of occupation when the happy, golden-haired little princess was the one bright image on the public scene; when she stood in their minds and hearts as a symbol of hope for the future. So, given the chance to show their regard for her, they responded overwhelmingly; on May 28, 1953, Margrethe was elected the potential future Queen of Denmark by grace of God and will of the people.

Eight days later King Frederik signed the new constitution at Christianborg castle. In celebrating, twenty-five criminals were amnestied, and—after Queen Ingrid called to ask permission—Margrethe got the day off from school!

In the same vote the little land of 500 islands and a peninsula, dotted with its ice-cream-colored houses and only a third as large as Pennsylvania, suddenly became the fifth largest country in the western hemisphere. For Greenland, with its 850,000 square miles and 26,000 people, was now Denmark too.

Already Margrethe's new status has brought her both pleasure and pain. Pleasure—because it's fun to be liked, and no monarch could be more sure than she of popularity and approval. Still, she has given up certain joys. As crown princess she must stay home and be tutored privately for depth-knowledge in the suddenly important subjects of Danish history, economics, international law—while her sisters Benedikte, 13, and Anne-Marie, 11, continue to tear off on their bicycles every morning to Zahle's, the girls' school in downtown Copenhagen which Margrethe attended for eight years. These days, when her father and mother perform state functions, Margrethe must do more than accompany them: she must watch and listen intently, and gradually assume a more important part herself; one day these duties will be hers alone.

No longer are parties and dances quite so exciting. Boys who had lost their timidity before the warmth of a princess who smiled, was always friendly and was called "Daisy" by her family, suddenly were awe-struck all over again at the idea of holding a future queen in their arms. And Margrethe knows that she will never again dance with a boy and think ordinary girlish thoughts about how nice he is, and if he likes her, too, and will she see him soon. First she must consider his station. If he's a commoner—well, she might as well introduce him to her prettiest girl friend; *she* must marry a person of princely blood.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130



UNITED PRESS

It's fun being crown princess when the crowd shouts with obvious love, "Margrethe! We want Margrethe!" It's not so much fun when boys who used to cut in at parties are awe-struck at the idea of dancing with their future queen.

The Suite

Sam did not know Constance,
but because he lived
in her apartment
he knew a great deal about her.
Did he have the right
to use this knowledge?

By ANNE HOMER WARNER

"The real-estate agent phoned me yesterday," Gary said. "Apparently it belongs to one of those career girls. You know, the kind who want to live their own lives in the big city, and study interior decorating or something."

"Sure," Sam agreed, looking about him with interest. He'd been skeptical when Gary told him he'd heard of a place. But now he surveyed with approval the nice blue curtains in the living room, and the compact but spotless red-and-white kitchen. "We won't find anything better than this," he said. "Let's take it."

Gary nodded. "The sublet is for only six months," he said. "But later on we can probably renew."

They went back to the real-estate office and signed the lease, and the next day they moved in. It was a simple process. Shirts in one drawer, socks in another; a few personal possessions, but very few. Miraculously, they didn't have to buy anything, for the place was exceptionally complete. Foraging around the kitchenette, they found glasses, ice bucket, an efficient array of pots and pans. Sam felt warmly grateful to the unknown young woman who had provided for them so thoughtfully.

After a week or so, they gave a party, a sort of housewarming. Gary had a job with World News, Inc., and Sam was with an engineering firm, so between them they had quite an assortment of friends and acquaintances. The party was a success, and the apartment greatly admired.

"Where did you find it?" Bill Saunders asked. "I wish you could see the place I'm holed up in!"

And Ernie Blake said, "Let me know when they draft you, Sam, and I'll move right in."

Sam grinned. "I've already finished my job in the Army," he said. "I'm here to stay." And he meant it. Not for years had he felt so at home, so rooted, somehow. Whenever he walked through the door and saw this square-shaped room, with the big windows, and the ivy in green-and-white pots, something inside of him seemed to settle down in a nice little cocoon of contentment.

He knew quite a few girls in New York, whom he liked more or less equally. But he limited himself to about two dates a week, and often brought work home from the office. As a rule he worked in the living room, but one evening, when Gary had a couple of friends in, he retired to the bedroom. It was quiet there, and the lighting was good, but the desk was far too small. His knees hit the underside, and when he tried to straighten them there wasn't room for his feet. To remedy this, he pulled the drawer out altogether, and as he did so a piece of paper slid through the back and fell on the floor. Automatically he picked it up, and started to toss it into the wastebasket. But for some reason a line of writing at the top of the page caught his eye: "I wish I didn't have to write this, Peter. It is dawn now, and I've been awake all night. . . ."

Sam frowned, feeling vaguely puzzled. What did that mean, anyhow? It was certainly an odd way to start a letter. Yet apparently that's what this was. And who had written it? The girl who owned this apartment and had used this desk? After a moment's reflection, he sat down on the edge of the bed and read it through.

"I wish I didn't have to write this, Peter. It is dawn now, and I've been awake all night. It is very hard to know how to phrase it, but maybe that is the trouble. If you are to marry someone you must be able to communicate, with words, and without words also. And that is something we've never been able to do. I promised you a long time ago, and our families are so close that I'm not even sure I'll have the courage to send this. But lately a lot of things have changed for me. I've found a new awareness, a new understanding of what love can mean. If only you will try to understand, and not think I'm just a flighty, inconstant sort of person. Perhaps I'm too sensitive about hurting other people. I can imagine just how they will feel, almost as though I'm experiencing it myself. And I do value your friendship, Peter. That's why I'm so torn now, and why it's so hard to write this letter, and even harder to send it. And yet I've been awake all night. I can't sleep for thinking ——"

That was as far as the letter went. There was no signature. Sam read it a second time, even more confused now, bewildered by this intimate glimpse into an entirely unknown life. Had she sent another draft of this letter? And what was her name?

Later in the evening, when Gary's friends had left, he asked him. "What's the name of the girl we rent this apartment from?" he said. "Do you happen to know?"

But Gary shook his head. "Maybe it's on the lease," he suggested. "We can look."

And so they got out the lease and discovered that, though they were paying the rent direct to the real-estate agent, the owner was a Miss Constance Shipley.

Which told him exactly nothing.

And yet it was strange the way phrases from that letter kept cropping up. He took Alma Phillips out one evening. She had red curls and brown eyes and danced perfectly. But then he remembered that sentence: "If you are to marry someone you must be able to communicate, with words, and without words also." It was something he had never actually thought about before, and now it bothered him. Finally he tried explaining some of his feelings about life to Alma. But they didn't get across.

Then there was a girl at the office, Penny Duryea, whom he liked a lot. But the day he took her to lunch he found himself mentally repeating those words: "A new understanding of what love can mean." They were vague and inconclusive, certainly, yet it came to him suddenly that probably a good many people never did discover what love could mean. Yet you shouldn't settle for less. Not if you could help it.

And then one evening, toward the end of the month, he had an unexpected phone call from Greenwich, Connecticut. The voice on the other end of the line was commanding, in a modulated, well-bred sort of way. "This is Mrs. Shipley speaking," it said. "Are you Mr. Bixler, or Mr. Garrick?"

"Mr. Garrick," Sam said. "Mr. Bixler is out."

"Well, that will do, as long as you're one of the tenants. Mr. Garrick, my daughter left a few things she needs in a box in the back of the hall closet. She's being married next week, and I was wondering if you would be good enough to leave a key with the superintendent so we can stop by tomorrow and pick them up."

"Of course, Mrs. Shipley," Sam said. "I'll be glad to." He thought fast. "Come to think of it," he added, "I'm CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. HARRIS



She hesitated and Sam thought
of a phrase from her letter:
"I've found a new awareness of what love can mean . . .
that's why I'm so torn now."



AMID MY

By BETTY LUSSIER

Betty Lussier soon learned that life on the Lukus farm included more than farming. To Arab and Spanish workers she was teacher, doctor, social worker, friend, guest, and el oum— *their beloved "Little Mother."*

The author spent much of her childhood on a farm in Maryland. She became interested in planting hybrid corn in Spanish Morocco while living, with her husband Ricardo and their four sons, in Madrid. Here is the true story of the three seasons she spent farming in the Lukus River valley—compressed, for convenience in telling, into one summer. ED.

Spanish Morocco is truly a foreign country. It is tall eucalyptus trees with spotted trunks casting a leprous shade over the roads and bringing a momentary relief from the burning of the sun into the sand; it is towering, fat-leaved cactus spreading out over miles and miles of desolate, unpopulated hills. It is thick-walled-against-the-heat villas, whitewashed and set into picture-card orange groves. It is the occasional camel harnessed with a burro to a wooden plow. It is the Arab man padding along a sandy road huddled inside his heavy brown hand-woven woolen jelab to protect him from the hot summer sun, followed at a respectful distance by his plodding, inferior *fatima* swathed from head to ankle in a white haik and veiled carefully so that all that is visible are her eyes and one gnarled, brown paw clutching the halter rope of the family burro. It is also the Spanish farmer, himself a foreigner in Morocco, but as a rule as poor as the native Arab and just as proud.

Yes, Morocco is foreign, unlike our United States in physiography and character. And yet, because I lived and worked there, an American woman alone with four small children among backward Arabs and crude Spanish laborers who were accustomed to treating a woman as a chattel on the same level with the burro, the very thought of returning to Morocco always gives me a great feeling of returning to a homeland.

I had farmed in Spanish Morocco only a short time when the enormous difference between man and woman, and the still more pronounced difference which exists between the native woman and the foreign woman, was thrust upon me.

I was out riding, accompanied by two of my Spanish foremen. Marron, Pepe and I were examining a new parcel of land we intended to plant for the first time that spring. It was late afternoon, with the sun dropping and the long shadow of the Rif Mountains lengthening across the vast Mehasen Valley, giving the flat part of the valley an eerie darkness, while farther away, toward the Mehasen River, out of the mountain's shadow, it was still relentless sunshine.

Our work was done. We three could start for home, across the river. I slapped the bridle reins gently across the neck of my mare, Quimera. Marron rode close beside me, but my tractor chief, Pepe, remained behind on the narrow path, engaged in serious conversation with a strange horseman who had come out of nowhere.

The new horseman was a lean and wiry Arab with a pock-marked, chocolate skin, set off handsomely by a beautiful white woolen jelab—the all-purpose Arab garment—and a yellow silk turban wound artfully around his head. His arms, sticking out of the jelab sleeves, were sinewy and his slender fingers clutched the reins like the best English jockey. His saddle was the bulky Moroccan type, lined with a whole crude sheepskin, and he was astride a small white Arab mare. In the Arab custom, her tail and mane had been left untrimmed and her tail swept the ground most dramatically. Now and then the rider removed a brown hand from the rein to gesticulate wildly in the air.

"What does he want, Pepe?" I asked.

"He wants to race," Pepe blurted out.

I hesitated. "It is not the best thing for your horse at the end of a long, hot day. But if you want to defend your reputation as the fastest rider in the valley, go ahead."

Pepe smiled slyly. "You don't understand, Señora Betty. It's not me he wants to race against. It's you."

"Me?" I echoed, startled. Why should this Arab want to race against me?

"Yes, you," insisted Pepe. "It's something about the honor of the Arab male—they cannot have a woman riding in their territory without knowing that they can better her."

The Arab jerked his mare closer to mine and peered curiously into my face, his black eyes snapping wickedly as he jostled up and down on his saddle. I smiled at him politely. I had no intention of racing across the plain like an insane one over some vague point of honor. I spoke to Pepe in Spanish: "This is silly. Who wins such a race depends upon which mare is better and which rider is more adept, not upon whether the rider is male or female. Explain that to our visitor in his language, will you, Pepe?"

Now Marron shook his head. "He would not understand it. He only understands that you are female and that you have invaded male territory, therefore you have to stand his challenge."

The Arab suddenly loosened his rein and let his mare flash directly across the path

THE JOURNALS
COMPLETE
IN ONE ISSUE
CONDENSED
NON-FICTION BOOK

© 1957 by Betty Lussier

AMID MY ALIEN CORN
is soon to be published in book form
by J. B. Lippincott Co.

ALIEN CORN

"You won't last long in Morocco," they warned her.

But she was a woman with a dream—

and the courage to make that dream come true.

past Quimera. At the same time, he flung one arm above his head and let out a terrifying high-pitched, enduring shriek—his challenge—which faded across the plain as he dashed away.

Before he was ten yards off, without realizing, I lashed Quimera with the loose ends of the reins, dug my heels into her belly and flattened my body along her neck.

"Go, go, go!" I yelled in her ear, and instantly we were plunging after the Arab. His little mare with her slim legs fairly skimmed over the rough ground, but Quimera was steadily gaining by right of her longer legs and more powerful body. She drew up, neck and neck, with the Arab horse. For a second or two the mares raced along together, no sound on the air except their labored breathing, the creaking of our saddles and the clink of the metal bits. The two swerved even closer and my ankle was caught in a painful crush against the heavy stirrup of the Arab saddle. Suddenly the Arab let out another of his wild screams and surged out in front in a cloud of dirt lumps and dust, the winner.

I came to a less spectacular stop beside him. His mouth spread into a gleeful grin, his black eyes sparkled happily, and in his exuberance he dropped his reins, stretched out both his hands and gripped my shoulders in brotherly fashion.

"You good, you very good," he said in broken Spanish, and with no further communications he yanked his mare around and raced back to his *kabila*—the local Arab village.

I sat there on Quimera, catching my breath. I looked off across the plain at the graceful billow of the white jelab whipping out behind the little Arab mare, as it burst from under the mountain shadow into the sunshine again. He was content, that Arab; he could tell all the village that this new foreign woman was only a woman after all, with no superpowers. He had defeated her in fair combat.

And suddenly it struck me that this race against a challenging Arab on a desolate plain in Spanish Morocco was a long way from the leisurely, social life I led in Madrid. What had brought me to this lonely African valley? *What am I doing here, anyway?* I asked myself.

Once one has farmed, one always misses a farm. Farmers have a way of setting aside their tools of trade for long periods and for various reasons—we get discouraged with the land, we get enthusiastic about something else, we get tired of being very poor. We go away for all these reasons, but at some time or other we come back again to farming. We come back sheepishly sometimes and we would rather not have to explain why, but we do come back.

I went away from farming for many of these same reasons; I needed to go back to farming because of the too comfortable life we led in Madrid. I had begun to feel I was not doing all that I could do, not using my capacities to their fullest. I am sure that no one else noticed this inner slackness, but I felt it strongly. The empty, getting-nowhere idleness of my life in Madrid weighed upon me. I wanted to do something with my hands and brains, I wanted to do something basic.

Farming is the most basic of all work and the work I knew best, and that is the real reason, under all the reasons I was to conjure up in my CONTINUED ON PAGE 146



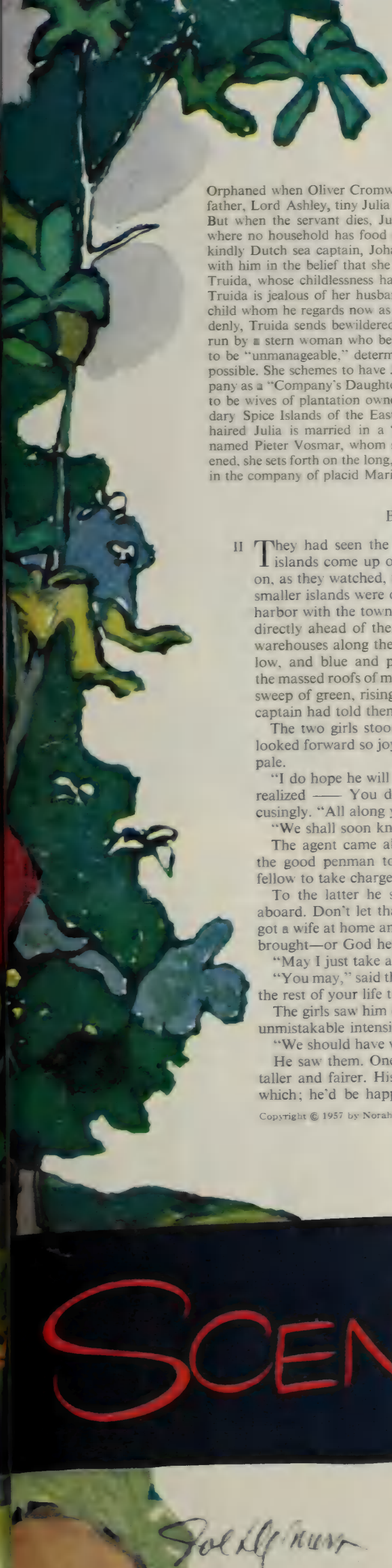
"My sons accepted their new life without question. Arabs believe that children should be allowed to do whatever they want, and not be punished. This suited the boys fine."

Betty's Arab mare, here seen with Betty holding son Jay, took her through cornfields where station wagon could not go. Horses and burros were daily play companions for children.



She kissed him for luck,
for gratitude,
for good-by,
with a kind of
innocent passion.

Now she would know the worst—or the best—of all she had feared and hoped of this strange marriage.



SYNOPSIS OF PART I

Orphaned when Oliver Cromwell's army destroyed the castle of her father, Lord Ashley, tiny Julia is saved by a devoted family servant. But when the servant dies, Julia is left alone in a war-ruined land where no household has food or shelter to share. She is found by a kindly Dutch sea captain, Johannes Belderdik, who takes her home with him in the belief that she will be warmly welcomed by his wife Truida, whose childlessness had been a source of deep sorrow. But Truida is jealous of her husband's love for the pretty eight-year-old child whom he regards now as a daughter. When Johannes dies suddenly, Truida sends bewildered, grief-stricken Julia to an orphanage run by a stern woman who believes Truida when she claims the girl to be "unmanageable," determines to rid herself of Julia as soon as possible. She schemes to have Julia accepted by the East India Company as a "Company's Daughter"—girls who are trained and sent out to be wives of plantation owners and workers in the remote, legendary Spice Islands of the East Indies. So, at fifteen, lovely golden-haired Julia is married in a "glove marriage" ceremony to a man named Pieter Vosmar, whom she has never seen. Reluctant, frightened, she sets forth on the long, seven-month voyage to her new home in the company of placid Marie, another "glove marriage" bride.

SCENT of CLOVES

By NORAH LOFTS

II They had seen the island of Banda and its little satellite islands come up out of the water, blue blurs which took on, as they watched, the shape and substance of reality. The smaller islands were out of sight now; the ship lay in Banda harbor with the town of Banda Neira, Marie's future home, directly ahead of them. There was the circle of houses and warehouses along the water front, white and cream and yellow, and blue and pink and ocher-colored, and behind it the massed roofs of many houses, and behind them a climbing sweep of green, rising up to a sharp conical peak which, the captain had told them, was the Fire Mountain.

The two girls stood alone together, and Marie, who had looked forward so joyously to this moment, suddenly turned pale.

"I do hope he will like me—that I shall like him. I hadn't realized —— You did, didn't you?" she asked almost accusingly. "All along you knew how dreadful it would be."

"We shall soon know the worst," Julia said.

The agent came aboard. He had brought two assistants, the good penman to make the cargo lists and the strong fellow to take charge of boxes addressed to the agent's wife.

To the latter he said, "Yes, I know you've got a wife aboard. Don't let that take your mind off your duties; I've got a wife at home and she's waiting for what the captain has brought—or God help him!"

"May I just take a moment to look at her, Mynheer?"

"You may," said the agent, "but only a minute. You've got the rest of your life to look at her. God help *you*."

The girls saw him coming, shouldering his way along with unmistakable intensity of purpose.

"We should have worn our gloves," Marie said.

He saw them. One small and plump and dark; the other taller and fairer. His heart rose. He didn't care which was which; he'd be happy with either of the girls as his wife.

Copyright © 1957 by Norah Lofts

Just short of them he stopped and made a bow, clumsy to begin with and ruined by someone behind him brushing against his hindquarters. To keep his balance he had to take two steps forward, but as he straightened he smiled and said good-naturedly and somehow endearingly, "That *would* happen to me! May I bid you both welcome to Banda and ask which is Mevrouw Oltman?"

Marie said, "I am," and then he knew that she was the one he had favored all along. He threw his great arms round her. "Oh, I'm lucky," he said. "I never thought you'd be so pretty."

"And you're handsome," Marie said.

Julia had taken a step away and stood looking at them. It was just right; exactly what Marie had expected and exactly what Mevrouw Helmers had foretold. The good God had made men and women and put them together. He'd made Marie and Hendrik and had—with a little help from the East India Company—brought them together and for them all was well. *But for me—the man isn't born to whom I could take so instant a fancy . . . and somewhere here a man is coming who will ——*

She felt sick and turned away and looked over the rail.

Coming in toward the ship's side, very noticeable among the other boats, was one painted white with a yellow canopy. It was rowed by two brown men who wore short drawers of the same yellow and had metal collars around their necks. They brought the boat alongside, and one took hold of the ship's ladder. As he steadied the boat a small man, dressed entirely in pale gray, came out from under the awning and began to climb.

"That must be somebody very important. What a fine boat!"

Julia was surprised to find Marie beside her.

"Hendrik has some work to do, so I have to wait. Julia, don't you think he's *nice?* I do hope yours is too."

The small man in gray had gained the deck and now came toward them, and whereas Hendrik had had to push his way through, everybody stepped back to allow this man free passage.

"It must be the governor himself," said Marie, "and he's—yes, he is—coming to welcome us."

And it seemed so. He came straight toward them. He was, despite his short stature, an impressive figure, very upright and taut. His hair, worn long and elaborately curled, was as near as could be the color of his clothes; fine lace frothed whitely at his wrist and breast. He halted, looked at them both in a way only just saved from insolence by its seriousness, and then asked:

"Mevrouw Vosmar?"

"I am, Mynheer."

He bowed. "I am Simon Vosmar. My son was unable to meet you himself. I trust you had a pleasant voyage. And now, if you are ready ——" He turned and offered her his arm.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

Why I like being

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

We asked thirteen outstanding women to express their feeling about the special rewards of womanhood. Straight from their hearts come the answers that will give you a lift—or a laugh!

Have you ever stopped to think of the special satisfactions in life that come to you because you are a woman? If you are like most of us, you are probably so busy just *being* a woman—doing a woman's work and delighting in a woman's pastimes—that it has never occurred to you to appraise your unique place in the world. Following are some thoughts on this fascinating subject from a variety of women whose names will be familiar to you. Just like a woman, though, we'll begin with what a famous *man* once said about a member of our sex:

> *The reason firm, the temperate will,*
> *Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;*
> *A perfect Woman, nobly planned,*
> *To warn, to comfort, and command.*
>
> WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Though Wordsworth's celebrated paragon may be no more than a "phantom of delight," her Creator endowed her with an immortal beauty that lives through the ages to enhance the ways of women, stir the hearts of men and grace the lives of children.

"Being just biologically a woman isn't enough," says ***MRS. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE***, "but being a spiritually conditioned woman is a joyous experience. For then, certain built-in qualities may be used to invest life with extraordinary meaning. For example, at dinner one evening I was seated beside a famous psychologist. A plate was served and the man on the other side of me touched it. Finding it very hot, he drew back with an expression of pain. I reached forward, picked it up and held it for him. 'How can you hold a hot plate like that?' he asked. The psychologist overheard and answered, 'Don't you know that a woman is so constituted nervously that she can handle hot things better than men?' I like to think that as a woman I can handle the heatedness of life and bring serenity, quietness and emotional control into situations. A spiritually integrated woman can be a center of quietness in the family and a creative influence in the world about her."

All life is brightened by woman's special talent for creativeness. "I believe women are able to create beauty out of anything," says ***ARLENE DAHL LAMAS***. "Examples of her feminine ingenuity are everywhere: in the gay curtains made from a scrap of cloth to cheer up her kitchen; in the tempting buffet supper concocted from leftovers; in the charm of her own appearance brought out by something as simple as a fun apron or a ribbon in her hair. With no more than a bouquet of field flowers, a few bright pillows or a bowl of polished fruit, a woman can turn a drab place into a haven of delight. I believe these are the kinds of things that glorify a woman, day by day, and prompt the man in her life to kiss her lovingly and sigh contentedly, 'It's good to be home!'"

The rich and intimate communication a woman has with her family and friends comforts her with warmth and stands her in good stead as time goes by. A woman never waits for a "right time or place" to cultivate friendships. It is part of her nature to be always "getting to know you": over the dinner dishes; across the yard, when you meet unexpectedly; in the hours she spends with you when you are ill or lonely and need her. All through the day a mother stops to share a "just-between-us" moment with her child—and in the quiet of their closeness, in the clasp of their hands, in the exchange of big and little ideas, new bonds of love and understanding are stored in both their minds and stamped on both their hearts.

"Enjoying the opportunities a woman has to receive and appreciate friendship is one of the biggest joys in life," says ***LILLIAN GILBRETH***. "Perhaps a widow who tries to bring up a large family of small children and at the same time carry on her husband's work has special reason to be grateful for the generous and willing help she receives. A neighbor asks if she may not enter my daughters in the dancing class, see that they get there appropriately dressed, and are returned home. A man phones to ask if he might take one of my sons, along with his own child, to a father-son Boy Scout meeting. A whole community of people make a social life possible for a mother and her family who need it, but who have little to offer in return hospitality. I am deeply grateful for so many friends who have given *this* woman and her family a full, rich life."

A husband was asked, on the occasion of his twentieth wedding anniversary, what he considered to be his wife's most appealing qualities. Unhesitatingly, he answered, "Her femininity. Everything she does spells w-o-m-a-n. Her walk is light and graceful, her voice, too—and she uses her hands prettily. Her ideas are usually as sound and solid as a man's, but when she offers them she does it with the graciousness of a hostess serving tea. In a way, there's a selfish



BERN KEATING

a Woman

Oh, small and lovely
With the still unblemished heart,
What will your part be?

RUTH MARY DuBOIS

motive about my loving her femininity. You see, it sets *me* up—makes me feel important as a man!"

What woman *doesn't* delight in her ability to so charm a man? All we have to do is *look* at the clothes we choose, *taste* the food we cook, *smell* the perfume we wear, *hear* the way we talk, and *feel* the beat of our hearts, to know that it's *the man* who inspires us to flavor life by making the most of our senses!

"Being a woman makes it possible to enjoy men so much more!" says ***MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN FARROW***. "In a house full of men—husband and three sons—I speak from experience! I enjoy the company of men. I like the way their minds work. Most of all, I like the way they treat us—as though they really believe we are the weaker sex, and at the same time as though we are a superior being. When I have looked into the little face of my newborn baby and found, in the tiny frown and fleeting expressions of this unbelievable little being, the spirit of the man I love, I know there could be no greater joy on earth. I am glad I am a woman! I am even glad it is a 'man's world'!"

The woman who is blessed with a good sense of humor—who makes up her mind to live on the sunny side of life despite its stormy intervals—is *truly* nobly planned. If you can cheerfully shrug off a disappointment, find the funny side of a maddening situation, laugh even when the world *doesn't* always laugh with you, chances are this special quality of personality has won you a life full of friends and good times.

"There are so many reasons why I like being a woman I don't know where to begin," says ***BETTY MacDONALD***, whose sense of humor brings as much cheer into her own life as it does into her stories. "Of course I could start with the right to vote, but the fact that this is not one of woman's exclusive franchises is pretty obvious if you have ever been around at election time and heard, 'Jim, honey, is it Acheson or Dulles we despise?'

"No, I'm thinking in terms of more truly womanly things. For instance, take Mother's Day when we had a roundup. Was I out in the cool green dawn saddling and currying horses; was I riding over these beautiful hills; was I leaning against the fence drinking Corral de Tierras, and exchanging anecdotes pointing up my bravery, skill with animals and general quick-wittedness? Of course not. I spent the day in that cozy old-fashioned little groove between stove, sink and kitchen table, with occasional sorties to the freezer and garbage cans. And where am I after a dinner party when the door has shut at two A.M. on the last guest? Do I yawn out of my clothes and fall wearily to bed? I should say not. I limp right out to the kitchen where mountains of dirty dishes, a bottle of soy sauce spilled inside the refrigerator, and wilted salad await me. I look forlornly around—and then, almost overcome with my good fortune in having been born a female, I kick off my high heels, wipe my tears on a crumpled napkin marked 'Having fun with Betty and Don,' tie on a big apron and put the old coffeepot on to heat!"

For any of you who are sometimes tempted to think that "career women" live only for fame and self-centered glory or get more pleasure out of punching clocks than pinning diapers, listen to what *these* famous personalities have to say about the satisfactions of being a woman:

MARGARET MEAD underscores our own belief that children are the greatest source of pleasure in the world by saying, "More than anything else, I have cherished my close association with my daughter. I've loved teaching her the things I knew, reading to her the books I'd read. All through my own childhood I enjoyed younger children more than I did most adults, and a lifetime of studying children has therefore been a lifetime of delight. Though I sympathized with administrators who thought women were a nuisance on expeditions, still I felt comfortable in asking to go because what I wanted to do—study how children learned to be members of different cultures—needed to be done by a woman anthropologist. Primitive men frowned upon male intruders into the lives of their women. But I was also relieved when the former administrator of New Guinea said I might go anywhere I liked in the interior, 'because you have proved you don't get killed in New Guinea.'"

The following world-famous career woman might understandably pin her reasons for liking to be who she is on the fact of her personal popularity and the glamour it brings to her life. But ***ETHEL MERMAN SIX*** says quite simply, "I like being a woman because I like to have children. When I look at my two youngsters, Ethel and Bobby, and realize that they are a part of and belong to me, I can think of nothing in this world that is more important or precious."

MILDRED McAFEE HORTON, former president of Wellesley CONTINUED ON PAGE 125



"What kind of man are you? It's your family he threatens. *Do* something about him!"

They had been civilized p

THE Exe

FIRST OF TWO PARTS

By JOHN D. MACDONALD

Sam Bowden lay on his back under a high Saturday sun, eyes closed, aware of the nearness of Carol. Digestion of the picnic lunch was proceeding comfortably. Jamie and Bucky were thrashing around on the beach, and Sam knew that it would soon be time for eleven-year-old Jamie to send six-year-old Bucky to ask if it wasn't time they could go back into the water. On other years Nancy would have been racing and whooping with the younger kids.

But this year Nancy was fourteen, and this year she had brought a guest along, a fifteen-year-old boy named Pike Foster. Nancy and Pike lay baking in the sun on the foredeck of the Sweet Sioux III, with a portable radio tuned to the odd offerings of a progressive disk jockey. The Sweet Sioux was moored a hundred feet down the curve of beach, her bow ten feet off the sand, and the music was barely audible.

Sam Bowden lay with the sun coming red through his eyelids and tried, almost with desperation, to tell himself that all was right with his particular world. Everything was fine. This was the first expedition of the year to the island. The Bowdens would make three or four trips to it this year, the same as every year since 1950, when they had found it. It was a ridiculously small island twelve miles out into the lake, northwest of New Essex. It was too small to have a name. It merited a single dot on the charts and a warning of shoal waters for the benefit of wandering boatmen. It had a hill and a beach and reasonably deep water just off the beach.

Everything was under control. The marriage was of the very best variety. Everybody was healthy. He had been a partner in the law firm ever since 1948. Their house, just outside the village of Harper, thirteen miles from New Essex, was more house than he should have purchased, but he could console himself with the constantly increasing value of the ten acres of land. They had no savings to speak of, a very few shares of pale-blue-chip stocks. But his hefty insurance program gave him a feeling of security.

He told himself that there was absolutely no need to fret. No point in getting hysterical. Think of it as just another problem that could be taken care of neatly, quietly, with dispatch and efficiency.

"Hey!" Carol said, breaking in on his thought.

"Uh?"

"Wake up and look at me, you inert mass."

He rolled up onto one sharp elbow and squinted at her. "You look just fine," he said. And she did, indeed. The pale blue swim suit set off her dark coloring. Her hair was black and shiny, a heritage from the remote fraction of Indian blood that had provided the inevitable name for the three boats they had owned. Her eyes were fine and dark and large. Her thirty-seven years showed in the weather wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, and possibly in the veins on the backs of her hands, but not at all in the long lithe figure, the round and agile legs.

"I was not fishing," she said firmly. "This is a serious matter. Pay attention."

"Yes, ma'am."

"It started on Thursday when you came back from the office. You were physically present, but spiritually among the missing. And yesterday the same. And today, more of it. Fifteen years of marriage, my remote friend, gives a girl extrasensory equipment."

"That sounds provocative. The equipment looks good on you!"

"Hush! No smart talk, Samuel. No covering up. I want to know. Just now you were scowling more than the sun requires. I know when something is nibbling at you."

"In all of New Essex, I am known as Subtle Sam. Nobody knows what I'm thinking. They cannot probe my Gioconda smile. I can draw and fill an inside straight without a tremor. But you have an uncanny ——"

"Please," she said in an entirely different voice, and he knew that he would have to tell her.

"All right. But understand that I'm a natural-born worrier. Everything is so good that I'm superstitious. I want to keep this very precious applecart of ours standing on its wheels."

"I can help you worry."

"Or maybe laugh me out of it. I hope so. A weird thing happened when I came out of the office on Thursday. But that isn't the starting place. It starts on a certain trip overseas you might possibly remember."

He knew she could remember. There had been only the one trip, back in 1943, when First Lieut. Samuel B. Bowden, of the Judge Advocate General's Department, took a lengthy cruise on the old Comte de Biancamano, which was being operated by the U. S. Navy. He had embarked wearing his Pentagon pallor, and had eventually ended up in New Delhi in Theater Headquarters of the CBI.

"I'm not fixing to forget it, lover. You were gone a good chunk of time. A good chunk out of my life. A bad chunk, I should say."

"You haven't heard me go through the Bowden symposium of side-splitting war stories for some time, but do you happen to remember my anecdote about Melbourne? It wasn't very funny."

"Sort of. Let me see. You got off there and you got mixed up in something and the ship went on without you because you had to be a witness, and you never caught up with that foot locker we packed with such loving care."

"I was a key witness at a court-martial. Rape."

"Yes, I remember that. But I don't remember how you came to be a witness."

"It was a June night, and cold. I decided to walk back to the ship. It was two in the morning. As I was getting myself thoroughly lost, I heard a whimpering in an alley. I thought it was a puppy or a kitten. But it was the girl. She was fourteen."

He knew that that night would never leave his memory. The great stone city with its wide deserted streets, just a few lights burning. The sound of his heels echoing from the empty walls. He was humming Roll Out the Barrel. It became nicely resonant when he was opposite the mouths of the alleys.

He decided a puppy or a kitten could be smuggled onto the ship. And then he had stopped and stared without comprehension at the pale tumbled legs, the brute rhythm of the attacker, had heard the animal whining, heard the meaty crack of his fist against her face. With comprehension had come a high wild anger. He had pulled the soldier away from her, and as the man had scrambled up, had struck wildly and with all his strength, and had hit the hard shelf of jaw. The man had grappled with him weakly, then slid down, rolled onto his back and, to Sam's astonishment, had begun to snore. He ran out and a few moments later hailed a Shore Patrol jeep.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 195

© 1957 by John D. MacDonald

safe and civilized world. Now, suddenly, the law they must live by was the law of the jungle.

utioners

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

BEAUTIFUL

TIMELESS

CASUALS

to wear

anywhere,

everywhere . . .

for life

in town or

in the country.



WILHELA CUSHMAN



A jersey dress with a tweed jacket in this year's moss green, by Leonard Arkin, $69.95. Corduroy hat by Miss Ruth, bag by Morris Moskowitz.

Universal fashion of the easy tweed suit with a straight jacket, slim skirt, around $47.00. In sapphire blue by Ted Fell, worn with a deep blue silk blouse, around $15.00; matching hat by John Frederics, bag by Gucci, shoes by Perugia.

This easy, colorful, comfortable way of dressing has become identified with the U.S.A. For women who are equally at home in a station wagon, an office, a restaurant, a four-engine plane or their own living rooms, this creed of the jersey dress, tweed suit, coat-that-goes-over-anything is the most adaptable, long-lasting, becoming and certainly the best-loved fashion of the generation. It goes for all ages from the teens to their grandmothers. From huge-knit great-sweaters and flannel coats to crepe shirtwaist dresses, we show you the newest, most universal of these casuals . . .

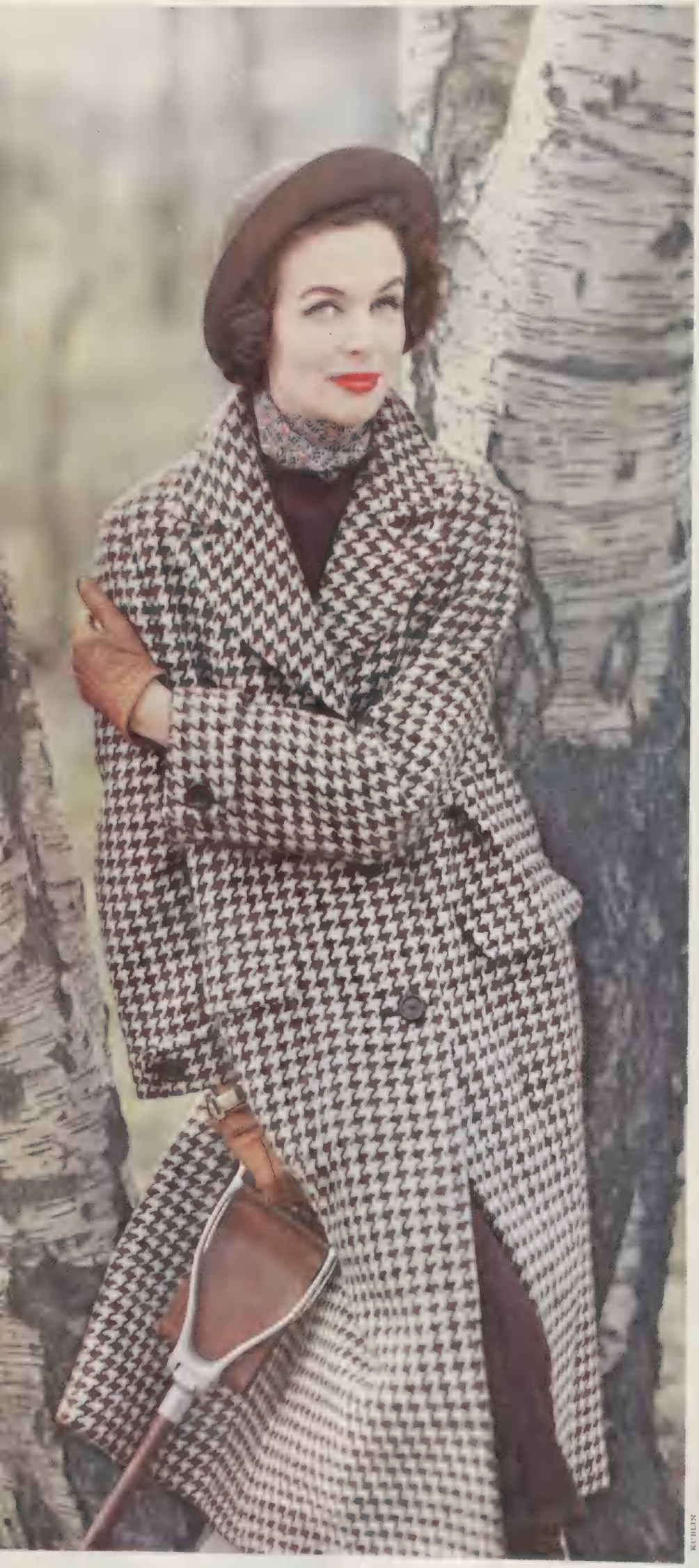
By WILHELA CUSHMAN *Fashion Editor of the Journal*



Royal-purple country sweater in ■ giant stitch, by Christian Dior, tweed skirt by Mr. John, bracelet by Seaman Schepps.



This plaid wool with soft pleats, $59.95, by Anne Fogarty, has a career in town or country, with cherry calfskin belt by Ben King. To wear with sweaters in either color or a tweed coat.



KUBLIN

BEAUTIFUL TIMELESS CASUALS



A simple beige wool dress has become a basic. This one by David Crystal. $29.95. Knitted hat by John Frederics.

The perfect spectator coat in oversized shepherd's checks, to wear over sports clothes in the country, town wools in town, around $139.75. Shown here with a dark brown skirt and sweater, casual felt hat, short pigskin gloves.



The short checked reefer, so comfortable in a car, has the look young America loves. By Monte Sano and Pruzan. Worn with beige or brown, or with bright blues and greens.



Everybody in the world loves a shirtwaist dress. This rayon-and-acetate crepe with brass buttons, by David Crystal, at $17.95 is simple, inexpensive, versatile as the day is long. Also in black, beige, blue and red. Wear it with a new giant necklace.

WILHELA CUSHMAN



New fashion in a flannel coat worn with an opossum hat by Mr. John. Paisley printed corduroy dress.

The big sweater is a big fashion. Natural wool cable-knit, by Pembroke Squires. $25.00. The tweed skirt by Toni Owen, $17.95.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.



my one "BUY" this fall

So many women depend on one sparkling new costume each season to add fashion and zest to their wardrobes . . . a skillful, dollar-wise plan that keeps their clothes continuously current and exciting. This year the significant one may be a fur-trimmed suit, a winter print, a silk in a blazing color, a jersey with imperative usefulness, a coat with nine lives, that wonderful "something with a jacket"—each one perfected with the right accessories . . .

By RUTH MARY PACKARD

Every wardrobe needs a red coat—it goes with everything, contributes brilliance. This one with the draped collar and big easy sleeves is by Dan Millstein, $125.00. Softleopard-cloth hat from Lilly Dache's junior collection: the matching bag by Morris Moskowitz.



Essential black jersey suit, by Harry Willis, about $55. Big bright corduroy bag by Morris Moskowitz; fur-rimmed felt hat, John Frederics.



This belted suit in a fabric that looks hand-knit is significant in any locale, $159.75. By Philippe Tournaye. Green moleskin muff and hat by Miss Alice.



The fur-trimmed jacket costume is a fashion keynoter. This brown tweed with black jersey top and fox collar, $125.00, by Ben Barrack. Bag by Greta, shoes by Margaret Jerrold, hat by Miss Colby.

The black silk-crepe dress is so versatile that it is any woman's one best buy. This one by Ben Barrack, $69.95; pale beaver felt from Mr. John's junior collection, Christian Dior's necklace, bag by Lucille.

WILHELA CUSHMAN



PATTERN WITH A FUTURE



EMMA GENE HALL

Yes, all seven of these suits have been made from the very same pattern. The jacket is designed to become all figures; and as for skirts, there are two—one straight and one with all-round pleats. Right now, you'll probably be thinking in terms of wool jersey like the blue one above. The paisley silk of the blouse (Vogue Design No. 9227) also lines the jacket. Or in tweed like our lavender one with jersey trim. Later, make it in dramatic white lamé or in an all-beige satin-and-chiffon combination, adding a mink collar. In the spring what could be prettier than this same suit in black silk faille; and for summer think of it in turquoise linen with shorter sleeves. ALL versions, Vogue Design No. S-4832, 10 to 20.

By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor of the Journal*

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 112. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn., or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.



BEADED BAG BY FRANCES HIRSCH

This slim, lovely silver-and-white lamé is a perfect theater costume. Sparkle with rhinestone buttons and crystal beads.



What could be lovelier than a combination of silk satin and chiffon in the same pale beige? We have added a detachable ranch-mink collar; and why not make a chiffon blouse to match the skirt?



FUR ACCESSORIES BY JULES LEITMAN

Black silk faille makes this "good little suit" all women long to own. We have added two ½" fabric bows at the waistline for detail.



Wide-wale corduroy comes in the most magnificent colors. Ours, in avocado green, is brightened by a red print blouse (Vogue Design No. 9318). Note that the fabric is cut cross grain for added interest.



This printed velveteen abstract plaid design in shades of pink and red is enhanced by a pink jersey blouse with a cowl neckline. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 9317, 12 to 42.

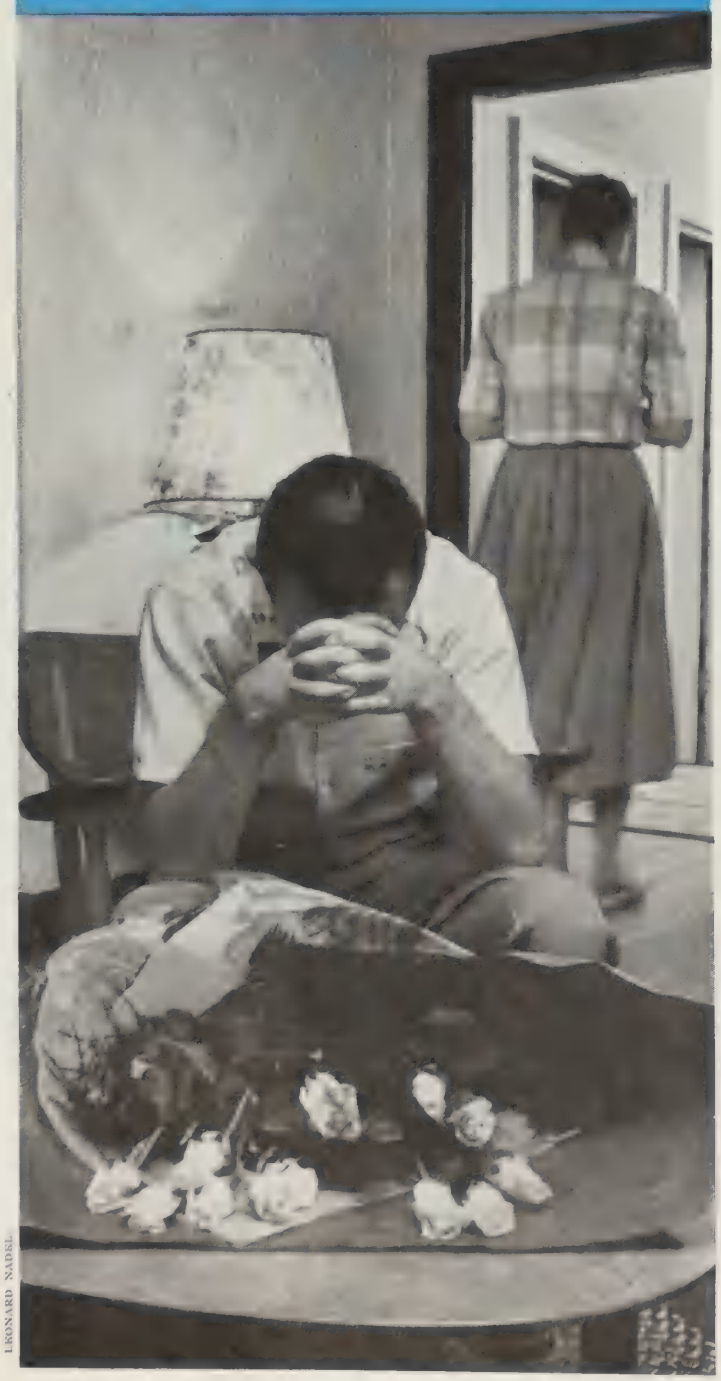


We like the look of this jacket worn open and easy without buttons and buttonholes. Could be belted too. Pick up the mauve of the tweed in the jersey blouse, collar, cuffs. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 9072, 10 to 18.

Can this Marriage be Saved?



The more two persons have in common, the easier they are likely to find the many adjustments of marriage. Yet everyone knows of marriages in which husband and wife started almost as far apart as the poles, in religion, culture, race, education—any important trait you can name—yet have had a happy and productive partnership. The secret of success lies not merely in accepting but in sympathizing with the differences, seeing the value in each one. The secret of failure lies in disparaging the differences and trying to force change; in continual assertion that "I'm better than you are," not in exactly those words but in many thousands of other words to the same effect. Marriage counselors have to help their clients to give themselves some re-education for this purpose, in most instances. Fortunately this is not too difficult, if two persons loved each other enough to marry in the first place. The counselor in this case was Mrs. Iris K. Richardson. PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., General Director



LEONARD NADEL

SHE: "On the day Max returned from Korea our peace was ended. He was fiercely critical of the house my earnings had bought. He objected to my friends and my new clothes. He demanded that I quit work and I refused."

HE: "Jenny has become mercenary in spirit and intolerably penny-pinching. She took a job while I was overseas and now declares our boys need the money she earns. What they need is more of her company."

JENNY TELLS HER SIDE: "I don't know why I let you waste my time," Jenny said to the marriage counselor in the emphatic accents of Western Oklahoma. The year was 1954 and Jenny was then thirty years old. She had soft, dark hair, close-cropped, a robust but not-an-ounce-too-heavy figure, smoldering blue eyes that defied the world.

"At present I'm working twelve splits at the telephone company—splits are four-hour shifts scattered irregularly through the week—and I'm painting and papering my seven-room house. I'm keeping up with the weeds in a half-acre garden and I'm freezing and canning my produce to cut expenses and meet the payments on my house. In addition—and this I consider my real job—I'm cooking and doing the washing and looking after my three sons. I intend to see to it that Bill, Bob and Jack grow up to be fine, strong men.

"I don't want to learn how to polish up my personality and be a better wife. To be honest, I can't see I need improvement. And so far as my boys and I are concerned, it's too late for their father to improve. Six months ago I asked Max to move out of the house and allow his sons and me a little peace. Four months ago, after much turmoil, he did move. Our marriage is done for. It's his fault, not mine. For twelve years he bullied and abused me and the boys.

"By now you must be wondering why I came here to talk to you. I came solely to oblige Max. Last night he begged for another chance. He climbed down off his high horse, he crawled, he even shed tears. I have no love left for Max, not one particle. Still and all, I guess I have my share of common humanity. And more than my share of imagination. Words have always made pictures in my head that please or trouble me. Say 'summer' and I see a hot gold sun shining on a long road. Say 'autumn' and in my mind I hear rain splashing on the roof. I *hate* the word 'divorce,' really hate it. Possibly because my parents were divorced the word seems gray and ugly; glad as I am to be separated from Max, I shrink from the idea of being a 'divorced' woman.

"Max is a steady visitor in my house. When he stopped by last night he didn't bring a stick of candy to his sons, but he brought me a big bunch of flowers. Roses, hothouse roses. I'm fond of flowers, but my back yard is in full bloom and anyhow Max can't afford hothouse flowers. That made no never-mind to him. Max is Austrian-born—he escaped from Vienna just before World War Two—and apparently it's a European belief—anyway, it's his belief—that a bouquet or an extravagant gift will bedazzle a woman and bury years of insults and meanness. That type of reasoning doesn't go with me. A freight car loaded with orchids wouldn't take care of what I took from Max in the days before he went off to Korea and the boys and I learned the joys of freedom and I found out to my surprise how easy it was to stand on my own feet.

"Well, I declined the bouquet politely but firmly. My refusal infuriated Max. At once he and I became involved in one of our whing-ding disputes. Suddenly, in the midst of the uproar, Max leaned against the wall and his bouquet slipped to the floor. It was then he put his hand over his face and he cried. I saw my grandfather cry like that at my grandmother's funeral, and though I was only seven years old I still remember. I started toward Max. Perhaps it was in my heart to comfort him. The impulse was short-lived, I assure you. Before I took two steps Max straightened up and snarled at me. Immediately we were fighting again.

"Ordinarily Max is quiet-voiced—I'm the noisy one in the family—but he is a master of the taunting, sarcastic remark. Max is better educated than I am; he has a Ph.D. in European law; he has a degree in psychology CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

"I declined the bouquet, politely but firmly. My refusal infuriated Max."

RICHARD PRATT
Architectural and Garden Editor
WILLIAMS AND WELLS
Designers
MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor
CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND
Decorating Editor
CAROL L. CRANE
Architectural Assistant



The house and its setting, like their style and utility, are perfect companions. EZRA STOLLER

PHILOSOPHY OF A JOURNAL PORTFOLIO HOUSE

JOURNAL Portfolio Houses are designed to give our readers MAXIMUM VALUE AT MINIMUM COST. In value we include space, convenient livability, taste and beauty. Cost by our standards calls for prices that are reasonable and consistent for a growing family, with no sacrifice of quality or longevity of materials, with no innovations that add outrageously to cost. In keeping our main effort centered on the cost problem, sound inner structure and pure outer beauty stay paramount. If an innovation functions, and is in line with a practical budget, we include it. We do not include it unless it provides *economy plus excellence*.

A Portfolio House has to be tried, true and ready to stand the test of time—as does anything you recommend to a friend.

THE EDITORS

A HOUSE WITH ROOM TO GROW

What gives the house such livability and value
How landscaping frames the house like a picture
Why the living room is such a success
Things that make the dining room so special
Designing delightfulness into the kitchen
Plus features in large basement and bedrooms

● **A hundred things** about this house make it better and better as it goes along. ● **Its cost is a fascinating feature** in view of its looks, livability and lasting value. ● **Construction estimates** of the house itself—five bedrooms, two baths and a half, full basement, along with family dining room, living room, kitchen and lobby—range between $22,000 and $29,000, depending on your local prices. ● **For 15 per cent less** you can leave the second floor and basement unfinished until you need them, yet enjoy a generous small-family house. ● **The house is a picture,** and, like a picture, it is set off by its frame of JOURNAL fencing, which is fine for its outward appearance and for the feeling of privacy and security it provides. It multiplies the effectiveness of newly planted shrubbery and trees from the very start. ● **Exterior walls** are vertical tongue-and-groove siding, painted a soft turquoise. ● **Attractive contrast** is the slate-blue trim which emphasizes the horizontal ground-hugging lines of the house. ● **White asphalt roof shingles** work as well as they look—for a cooler house (they reflect the sun's heat), for a more carefree house (their built-in color





The plan tells the story of the house and garden at a glance; but wander through it in your mind's eye and see how well it works.

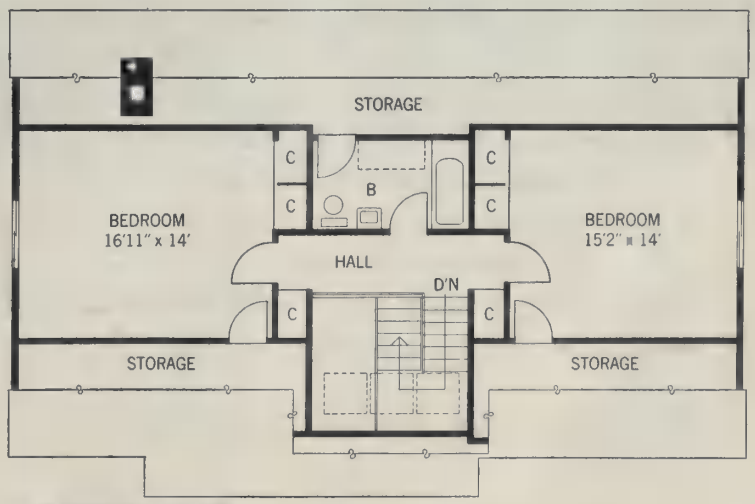
never requires repainting). ● **Aluminum sliding window sash** is factory-finished, permanently bright. ● **Frosted-glass skylights** over stair well and second-floor bath give more light and air than old-fashioned dormers, cost less to build.

From its sheltered entry path to its expansive rear terrace, the outside is as livable as the house itself. ● **Brick-paved entry path, front and rear terraces** are utilitarian as well as attractive; they place the planting away from the house where it belongs, looks better, grows better. ● **The paving**—brick laid in sand over a gravel base—functions perfectly as an exterior floor in all weathers. ● **Paved areas** lead onto a fine lawn frame for the house, cool and quiet. ● **Lawns of rougher grass** beyond the boundaries of the fencing are for play, protection and easy maintenance. ● **Weather-wise terrace furniture** of rattan peel and woven willow is as practical as it is pretty; the hourglass stools separate at the center to become individual snack tables, or child-sized chairs. Legs of the willow-seated tripod stools detach and store within the basket-shaped seats; stools can stack on a basement shelf out of season.

These outdoor pleasures hint at the many features of livability to be found within. . . .

The patio is wrapped around with rhododendron and Journal fencing, planted for spring and summer with pansies and geraniums, made livable and lovely with furniture of rattan peel.

The patio grows out of the living room. The whole garden grows out of the house.



SECOND FLOOR

Plenty of space for studies and fun in large second-floor bedrooms.

MORE PLEASURES IN THE JOURNAL'S HOUSE WITH ROOM TO GROW

The dappled and secluded terrace you viewed from outdoors can now be seen from inside the house. Here you see how it actually adds to the guest capacity and beauty of the home.

THE LIVING ROOM

● **Outdoors carries indoors** from blossomed patio right into a flower-touched **living room.** Here the scheme is simple elegance. ● **Wallpaper of petal pink** is laced with a white design, subdued and charming for a room like this, and picked up boldly by **twin couches** and their vermilion flowers on cloud white. The advantage of these small sofas, beautifully scaled, is that they can be put together to form one long sofa or combined to make a corner grouping. The room stays versatile with a capacity for change and growth all through the years. ● Between sofas, a **marble coffee table** on an imaginative base is one of the handsomely lustrous and wearfree surfaces of the room. ● Background for the whole grouping is a fire in a slate-faced hearth against a **fireplace wall of chalk-white random-board paneling.** And note storage possibilities—above the paneled wood box set into the wall, game cabinets run almost to ceiling. The wall itself provides gallery space for an art collection added to over the years. ● Almost an echo of lawns outside are the **green velvet armchairs,** and they, with a nest of plastic-topped polished-wood **stacking tables,** form a conversational group all their own.

● Farther on toward the window you see an **ebony-black, plastic-topped game table,** a perfect spot to set a tray of cool drinks on its trip to the outer terrace. ● Beside it, **geranium-painted chairs** are part of a whole new genus of furniture that comes prepainted, harbinger of all our more colorful homes ahead. ● The colors, a joy in themselves, call for only the subtlest of framing to tie all their bouquet beauties together. ● And so the rug is a **rosy-beige wool,** moderate of price and buoyant of tuft underfoot. ● **Draperies in slim beige-and-white stripe** are a synthetic mix, of pearly translucence. ● For **extra storage,** far end of the room, not shown here, holds two commodious low chests of scarlet with brass fittings. ● And there you have it in a garden setting . . . a gemlike room that can seat at least ten, take an overflow of as many more outdoors, can beckon to an impromptu garden party or close out the world for a gentle evening around the fire. Create it with few and vivid furnishings at the beginning and it can be added to at ease later.



HAROLD FOWLER

The living room



Living room is on side of house away from road, from all distractions. Outdoor terrace "doubles" this room's capacity all summer, gives a pleasing view at any time of the year.

has its own elegance

and extends into an entertaining patio beyond.

Dining room faces front of house, views bricked terrace sheltered by low fence, looks beyond it to tree-screened road Its placement deepens sense of spaciousness.

A distinct—and distinguished—
small dining room, a rarity today,
invites relaxation at mealtime.



HAROLD FOWLER

Leaving the living room, you cross the central foyer to the opposite side of the house which has a terrace all its own.

THE DINING ROOM

■ What most homes don't provide today, and what this one does, is a **separate dining room.** ■ As you see by the plan, it adjoins the kitchen, and across its 10′4″ width can hold a dinner party of eight with a long view of far horizons. The room itself could be highly formal, casual, or a combination of prized antiques and practical modern. ■ The **table of glowing teakwood** is a two-leaf extension at an astoundingly budget price as tables go, proof that judicious choice need not break the bank. ■ Around it go congenially two Louis XIII chairs upholstered in yellow-and-charcoal checkerboard that is actually sunproof and mildewproof sailcloth, and expansive **contemporary tub chairs** in natural beech lacquered a brilliant flame color. ■ **Black-and-white wallpaper** is a soothing repetition of Persian flowers. We see it framed by a flame-colored strip above and lit by curtains of **sheer yellow linen** with the cast-iron wearability for which linen has long been loved.

■ **Full-wall windows** open at the bottom for a scent of the grassy fields outside, are scaled upward to stop at a washable height even teens can manage. ■ The **pegged oak floor** armored by wax is handsome enough to spend a lifetime with no floor covering. ■ **Side walls need no accent** except soft-glow lamp fixtures, here nineteenth-century white glass and iron flanking a wall shelf of lacy reed and wood. ■ In practical terms, the room looks complete, and is from the first day its table and chairs and few essentials are set in place. ■ **Ruggedly individual dinnerware**—grass mats, ceramics, walnut-handled stainless flatware, tole and ironstone—all merge in a warm play of color.

■ At the far end of the room we allowed for **two storage closets** to hold an entire stock of partyware and linens. **Hidden hardware** lets them open at a touch, click tightly closed, with no break in the white planking design. ■ Between them, **serving cupboard** can be built in, or, as here, be an **antique buffet** of polished pine with the patina of generations. A seventeenth-century still life goes above it. Taking part in twentieth-century not-so-still life below are an antique brass ladle, Limoges coffee set, flowered tureen. ■ If you close your eyes you can decorate the same nook a dozen other ways, from Shaker simplicity to modern brilliance and a Braque painting. ■ The convenient **swinging door to the kitchen** is about four steps to the left of the buffet.

WHAT KIND OF KITCHEN?

For our house we planned a kitchen to handle all the busy work the rest of the house is shielded from. Informal meals, breakfasts, afternoon snacks can be served at its counter to free the dining room from odd-hour traffic that would interfere with dinner plans. But that is only one of the kitchen's skills. . . .

MORE PLEASURE IN THE JOURNAL'S HOUSE WITH ROOM TO GROW

End of room opposite windows holds serving center. Dish closet at right ends at hall, where a separate big coat closet takes over.



A cheerful kitchen that knows its way around takes the clutter out of domesticity

MORE PLEASURES IN THE JOURNAL'S HOUSE WITH ROOM TO GROW



For informality, there's a soup-and-cereal counter.



Directly behind it is laundry end of the room.

One action-packed side wall faces the big row of windows.



A ROOM WITH MANY TALENTS

A whole control center for family living, it channels so much action because of the precise way its centers are grouped in the 8′11″ x 19′ room. Count them—cooking, washing, serving snacks, laundering, ordering, home-business-agenting. The kitchen (see plan on facing page, photo at right) is strategically next to garage, delivery drive, service court and play area. **A high-visibility row of windows** views all entering trucks and cars. **Back delivery door** is a step past the washer-and-dryer corner. Pretend you moved in. Open the **roomy row of honey-colored cupboards** and see how they take everything in sight *out* of sight, tidy as a pin. Beneath them a **one-piece sink plus drainboard** holds pails of flowers or quantities of home-grown vegetables awaiting a rinsing, husking or shelling. Next sink, turn a switch and an **automatic dishwasher** hums at its work. Slide out its racks, top one turns lazy-Susan fashion, so dishes can be loaded by the time the grocery truck unloads. A cold-storage closet in itself is a **big refrigerator double-decked inside,** with a top that manufactures ice in crescents and keeps turning it out so the bin stays full. Everywhere in the **base cabinets of sand-beige metal** are hidden assets, shown, for example, in the small photo at far right. These are **adjustable sliding trays** you can set shallow or deep, high or low. The drawers directly above have **no handles at all** to hit a hip or catch an apron string—with smooth finger grips below, they pull out silently. Farther on in the honey-and-beige scheme, down at the cooking end of the room and under the wall clock, is a **cooking top dropped into the counter.** Of its four burners, one takes over on a chowder or stew or rarebit with automatic control while you move on at your work. You can check the browning of an apple pie in the **eye-level glass-doored oven** on the way to the phone, as you'll see at lower left. This is the side wall that faces the windows. At the phone counter, too, countless monthly chores check off. The **counter of white satiny plastic** here, as in the rest of the room, is soft to the eye and strong on wearability. Use it for gift wrapping, toy mending, party planning, cake decorating, or setting out desserts for service to the dining room. A swivel-wheeled table fits under the counter for wheeling late refreshments to the lamplit terraces outside. The family bulletin board above is **cork that comes precolored,** soft gray-blue for this room, with white shelves carpentered around it. Along same wall is a **tall cleaning cupboard** at right of the oven, and beyond that **a garage for the mixer.** This ingenious little home is a

STUART-FOWLER

Windowed wall views driveway, with cooking center at left.

panel that swings right out of the wall when mixer is needed, swings it back out of the way and free of dust when its work is over.

● Even the two far ends of the room, near the garage entry, are put to use. ● Lined up on one wall is a **complete laundry,** a washer and dryer in soft glossy yellow with all dials out of children's reach, and above the appliances a **soap shelf with its perforated panels enameled in blue, yellow and red.** The washer can soothe even temperamental synthetics with cool waters and slow spinning time. The dryer is an extra-speed gas model. ● Across the room is the **breakfast counter.** Under it you see a **wide clay-tile footrest** for absolute comfort, scuff-free too. The same tiles, soft blue-gray, 2″x4″ size, make a basket-weave pattern for a **long-wearing kitchen floor.** Nothing was forgotten. There is even a file under the breakfast counter for the morning newspaper—just one reason why people enjoy themselves in this room.



Open cabinets show slide-out comfort.

Section 1 is breakfast nook; 2, laundry;
3, work desk and oven wall; 4, cooking and sink walls.



The whole top floor can be left unfinished, or turned now into teen rooms, later into guest rooms. There are two of them, airy and spacious, with gallery and bath between.

HAROLD FOWLER

and there are two more whole levels to grow on—

MORE PLEASURES IN THE JOURNAL'S HOUSE WITH ROOM TO GROW



While children are still too young for rooms of their own, whole space can be turned into a family room.

UPSTAIRS

Cork-floored rooms on the upper story are natural havens where teens or their adult relations can get away from it all. **Good books and soft music** are built into the walls. Plan takes complete advantage of knee walls on this level, which means that there is **under-eave storage space** accessible at either side of the room you see here. **Both upstairs rooms are linked** by a wide gallery hall and bath between, yet **each can close off** for complete privacy. **Tall ceilings** erase all stoop hazards, give imposing height for built-ins up and down the side walls.

Over the cork floor, inexpensive **red cotton scatter rugs** are the only carpeting needed, since noise is already baffled, a budget-saving note. **Stanch plaid slip covers** in marine white and blues can take teen buffeting and steady laundering without blanching. **Matching curtains** are brass-poled at the side window. **Hanging lamps are frosted Venetian glass** of tropical blue, make no demands on floor space and are safely out of way of games. For teen rooms, we like **foamy floor cushions** that tuck into plastic envelopes and withstand moccasin heel and toe marks. On **studio beds that fit under bookshelves,** smaller-cousin pillows of foam are covered in cottons and sailcloths. The big **white circle table** at center is plastic with all the durability of marble at a third the cost. At the far end of the room **television and phonograph** are built in under record racks, and consider here the excellent disguise possibilities for old sets the family below has outgrown. White wood **storage wall** gives a gleaming newness, can hide the motley souvenirs of high-school years, schoolbooks and diaries, sewing equipment, photograph albums, address and year books, and eliminate the whole problem of disordered student rooms. The privacy floor itself is an incentive to good order, serving as drawing room and entertaining center for its inhabitants. And both upstairs rooms have a steady future, **doubling as guest rooms** for family and friends.

DOWNSTAIRS

The full basement is a perfect under-cover spot for small children's play. And it safely houses the **comfort-giving utility equipment** of the home. A compact **air conditioner** stands in the background (its condenser unit is concealed in shrubbery out in the service court), supplies clean and filtered air, is controlled by thermostats that automatically set warmth in winter and coolness in summer. This installation can be used **even in locations which limit use of water.** And it's good news for home builders faced with budgets that the **heating unit can go in first—cooling section can be added later** with no major changes. (If you plan it this way, be sure to have original ducts sized for the future.) **Automatic gas water heater** is the tall cylinder in front of it, guaranteeing a steady supply for baths, dishwasher and laundry. The tall square unit beside it, a **water softener,** removes minerals that waste soap, clog pipes and make rings in tubs, and is another quiet work saver sending benefits upstairs all year. This tank has an electronic control that regenerates it when needed.

teen apartments above . . .

. . . hobby and play space below

STUART-FOWLER



Basement holds all utility needs of house. Space remaining is big enough to build a boat in—or a dollhouse.

Once or twice a year, depending on how hard the water is originally, a fresh supply of salt will be needed. For a dustfree basement floor, we used cement enamel in grassy green. Walls were coated with white latex paint. **Color coding** makes ducts and pipes easier to identify.

The dollhouse, small-scale model of the house itself, was built for a toddler's rainy-day housekeeping play. Its size shows height and proportions of basement. **All the rest of the room can grow with the family** as woodworking area, hobby or game room, home-style gym, table-tennis-tournament center, garage for toys, vast storage for family treasures, or indoor dance and barbecue room. The final picture—yours.

If you counted with us, you'll find a hundred and more ways to enjoy life in a house plan like this.

Blueprints are not available from the Journal, but can be secured from designers Williams and Wells, 32 E. 57th St., New York, N.Y., at $10 a set.



Liane Waite's husband, Ralph, has cooked since his bachelor days. First home, he starts dinner. Who wouldn't want to sit down to Ralph's beef stew with "slumgum" noodles? Generous, tender nuggets of beef in a spicy tomato sauce and homemade noodles to sop up the succulent juices. Carrots and peas ring the platter, and avocado-and-grapefruit salad makes just the right finishing touch.

"We've always enjoyed cooking together. Ralph gets home earlier than I do and starts things rolling." LIANE WAITE

Ralph Waite is an all-out cook. "No short cuts for him," Liane reports. "Most of his specialties are of the long, slow-cooking variety—baked beans, stews, *lasagne*, and so on. One Saturday we devoted the entire day to making *lasagne*. First we shopped in all the Italian stores and brought home enough groceries to feed twenty people. The cooking took the rest of the day."

Like most men shoppers we know, Ralph frequently gets lost at the delicacy counter when he occasionally accompanies Liane. As Liane says, practically, "I buy the staples, the meat, vegetables and other important things, leaving Ralph free to poke around the rest of the market. I've often left the store to do other shopping, come back to find him still reading the sardine labels." As in many households where both husband and wife work, week-night dinners would be much later than they are if Ralph didn't enjoy cooking. He has things well started when Liane gets home at six. A favorite meal revolves around his delectable beef stew with homemade noodles which he calls "slumgums."

Slumgum Beef Stew ▪ *Any Green Vegetable*
Grapefruit-and-Avocado Salad • *Coffee*

Dessert is skipped with dinner. After the dishes are done—about ten in the evening—they enjoy a sweet nibble, cookies or cake with a second cup of coffee.

Slumgum Beef Stew. Dredge 3 pounds top round cut into ½″ cubes in well-seasoned flour. Brown in a heavy kettle on all sides in a little shortening or salad oil. Remove the meat from the pan and add 2 minced onions and ¼ cup minced green pepper. Cook until tender. Re-add the meat and 1 No. 2 can tomatoes, ½ cup condensed onion soup and ½ can tomato paste. Season with 1 clove garlic, crushed, and ½ teaspoon each salt, basil, orégano and chili powder. Add a pinch of crushed chili pepper. Cover and simmer for 3 hours or until the meat is tender. Thicken the stew if needed by adding a little flour paste. Makes 6–8 servings. Serve with "slumgums."

Slumgums. Mix together 1 egg, ⅔ cup flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Turn out onto a pastry cloth and knead until quite springy. Wrap well in aluminum foil and allow to stand ½ hour. Roll quite thin on a pastry cloth and let stand about an hour to dry slightly. Cut into 1″ strips about 2½″–3″ long. Cut a slit down the center of each and turn one end through the slit. Drop the noodles into a pot of boiling, salted water and cook until tender. Drain.

A recent survey of 700 men from all parts of the country turned up the evidence that 71 per cent of this number cook at one time or another. We discovered that husbands of three JOURNAL *editors do all or most of the cooking. One male* JOURNAL *editor cooks on occasion.*

There's a man

STUART



When Abbot Mills gets in the kitchen to make his sizzling-hot sauce and Hopped-Up Chicken, Jody moves out so he can be as lavish with seasonings as he pleases. Both blend into a divine dinner with a hot vegetable, salad and fresh fruit.

"Abbot is a soup, sauce and meat man. He is more the executive-type cook. He gives the orders and likes everything done just right—is really very neat and orderly when he cooks." JODY MILLS

Abbot and Jody have come a long way in matters culinary since they were married. Neither one had ever cooked before. "We learned together," Jody reports. "Scrambled eggs were our limit at first. I cook with the least amount of effort. Abbot likes to fuss."

"I prefer to be in the kitchen alone when I cook," Abbot confides. "I enjoy fussing around with herbs and spices—like to experiment with flavors. I go down the line on the spice shelf and keep adding things until it tastes just right. If Jody is in the kitchen, she is apt to stop me because the children don't care for such highly seasoned food. But if we are having company she lets me go to it." Two excellent results of Abbot's "fussing" are his sizzling-hot sauce and what he calls "hopped-up chicken." They fit into their favorite menu nicely.

Sizzling-Hot Sauce for Raw Vegetables ▪ *Hopped-Up Chicken*
Green Beans—Baked Potatoes ▪ *Chocolate Lime Pie* • *Coffee*

Sizzling-Hot Sauce. Mix together ⅔ cup catchup and 1 can anchovy fillets, chopped. Use the oil and all. Season with ⅛ teaspoon cayenne, ¼ teaspoon celery salt and ¼ teaspoon garlic powder. Stir until all is blended. Chill and serve with cooked shrimp, raw-vegetable sticks or hot sausages.

Hopped-Up Chicken. Remove skin from 4 chicken breasts and 4 thighs. (You may use the thawed, frozen kind.) Skinning the chicken permits the seasonings to get to the meat more thoroughly. Mix together 1 tablespoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon each of the following herbs: rosemary, marjoram and orégano. Sprinkle over the pieces of chicken. Sauté the chicken in a little butter until golden brown. Add ¼ cup lemon juice, ⅔ cup canned chicken broth or, if you prefer, white wine. Cover and simmer until tender. Makes 6 servings. Serve hot or cold.

in my kitchen



"Johnny's Shrimp Marinara is his best dish," Nora says, "though his curries are good too." Young Steve, just home from Scout meeting, watches with fascination as his father seasons his specialty, which he serves with rice and a salad. The fruit dessert is Nora's department.

"Johnny cooks the main dish—I help with sauces and desserts." NORA O'LEARY SMITH

Johnny and Nora Smith cook dinner more or less as a team. Nora gets the dinner for their three children when she gets home from the office. Johnny and Nora cook and dine later, after the three children are bedded down for the night. Johnny loves to try new recipes. Like Mary Lea, Nora comes in on the KP end of the meal. "Johnny uses many, many pots and pans when he cooks, but he likes a clean place to work—that's where I come in! Our best recipes," Nora explains, "have evolved from good things we have tasted in restaurants. Johnny has a way of wangling the know-how from either the chefs or the waiters. Our favorite meal is evidence of this. The cheese-pie appetizer came from a little Swiss restaurant—the shrimp marinara from an Italian one. I like fresh fruit for dessert—and since dessert is my department, that's what we have." Thus the pet Smith menu evolves into:

Cheese Tart as an Appetizer (only if there is to be company)
Shrimp Marinara with Rice • *Green Salad with French Dressing*
Fresh Fruit • *Coffee*

Cheese Tart. If guests are invited, Johnny makes his pie the night before so it may be served cold in slim wedges. Make enough pastry for a one-crust 9″ pie. Line piepan with pastry, crimp edges, and so on. Toss ¼ pound Swiss cheese, grated, and ¼ pound Gruyère cheese, grated, with 1 tablespoon flour. Sprinkle over the bottom of the pie shell. Peel and slice 2 medium onions thinly, separating them into rings. Arrange over the cheese. Mix 3 well-beaten eggs with ½ cup light cream, ½ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon each salt and pepper. Pour over cheese and onions. Sprinkle with ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderately low, 325° F., and bake 30 minutes more. Serves 8–12.

Shrimp Marinara. Sauté 2 onions, minced, in 6 tablespoons olive oil. Olive oil is essential for the true Italian flavor. Add 1 No. 2½ can tomatoes. Johnny uses the canned, peeled Italian tomatoes and breaks them up with his fingers before adding to the pan. Add 1 cup tomato sauce. Season with 1¼ teaspoons salt, 2 teaspoons orégano, ½ teaspoon basil, ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Cover and simmer for 20 minutes. Add 1½ pounds cooked, cleaned shrimp (3 pounds unshelled), simmer another 10 minutes or so. Serve with rice. Makes 4 servings.





DI PIETRO

Tim Page is a meat cook par excellence. His roast beef is pink to the edges and gives tender, juicy slices every time. With it he serves a zesty horseradish sauce and a vegetable casserole of his own design—green beans in a mushroom sauce topped with crisp, French-fried onion rings.

"I'm the carrot scraper and the washer-upper. Tim does all the cooking." MARY LEA PAGE

Tim Page, Mary Lea's husband, has done the cooking ever since they were married Though he was never able to interest Mary Lea in the art, their married daughter is a fine cook, trained by her father.

Tim and Mary Lea's kitchen in their new home is a model of perfection—every detail planned just as they want it. Tim buys all the kitchen equipment. At Christmas he would rather have a kitchen gadget than a necktie. "We have a freezer so we can plan meals way ahead. But if we get up too high, we have to eat down." The Pages call their kind of eating, Mary Lea confides, "plain-elegant." Good-quality meat, fresh vegetables and a salad are the nucleus of their menus. They rarely have potatoes or a dessert, though Mary Lea occasionally makes an apricot or prune soufflé.

Mary Lea says she despairs of ever getting any of Tim's recipes on paper. "He fiddles with lots of little bottles. He cooks everything slowly, uses almost no water in cooking vegetables. People often drop in before dinner and it doesn't upset Tim a bit as things can easily wait.

"When we have guests we prefer to have a sit-down dinner. If we have over six I get in a helper, but she never has much to do before dinner other than make the butter balls. We've planned everything and Tim has everything started in the kitchen. He arranges the platters. At the end of the meal, I take over. We never let our guests in the kitchen."

So let's get on to Tim and Mary Lea's menu for a roast-beef dinner!

Tim's Roast Beef—Horse-Radish Sauce • *Green-Bean Casserole*
Salad Bowl—Croissants • *Apricot Soufflé* • *Coffee*

Tim's Roast Beef. Not all ovens go down as low as 200° F., but Tim likes to roast his at this temperature. Here's the way he does it: He buys a boned and rolled rib roast usually weighing anywhere from 4 to 8 pounds. Preheat oven to moderate, 350° F.; insert meat thermometer (he always uses one) in center of roast. Place roast in an open roasting pan. Season with salt and pepper. Add some chopped onion and ½ cup water to the pan. Turn down oven to 200° F. Put roast in oven. Allow 1 hour per pound. Keep your eye on the thermometer; toward the end of the roasting when the temperature reaches 135°–140° F. the meat is at the rare stage. The oven, at this point, if it is an electric one, as Tim's is, can be turned down to warm and the roast will remain hot for an hour or two. This allows plenty of time for delays.

Pan Gravy. Add a little water, steak sauce, salt and pepper and, if you like, red wine to taste to pan drippings. Bring to boil over direct heat. Skim off fat.

Horse-Radish Sauce. With the beef, Tim serves this sauce: Mix equal parts commercial sour cream and prepared horse-radish. Season with salt, pepper, chopped chives and Worcestershire sauce.

Green-Bean Casserole. For 6, cook 2 packages frozen green beans, French cut, according to package directions. Drain. Gently stir in 2 cans condensed cream-of-mushroom soup and, if you like, 2 tablespoons sherry. Pour into casserole. Sprinkle 1 can French-fried onions over the top. Bake, uncovered, in the oven with the roast about ½ hour. If you take the roast out ahead of time, turn oven up to 300° F. and bake 20 minutes.

Collector's Items

The Hamburger, at Home, Abroad

FROM THE JOURNAL KITCHEN



STUART

Tiny meat balls sauced with sour cream and faintly flavored with herbs—the Swedish way.

The best things often come in little pieces as well as little packages, and beef—preferred stock in all the kitchens of the world—is no exception. As early as the eighth century, beef was being chopped by the fine Italian hand, and the medical men of that country were prescribing it as a sovereign remedy for the common cold. So popular has it been from that day on that it is to be marveled at that no one has recommended it for broken hearts.

Lasagne, or the Three Graces: In this dish, three choicest ingredients—cheese, *pasta* and hamburger—meet in a melting mood. Brown 1 pound crumbled hamburger in a skillet with 2 tablespoons salad oil and 2 cloves garlic, crushed. Add an 8-ounce can tomato sauce, a No. 2 can tomatoes, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon orégano and ¼ teaspoon pepper; cover and simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Meanwhile, cook ½ pound very broad—1½" wide—special *lasagne* noodles in boiling salted water until tender (about 15 minutes). Drain and rinse. Fill a rectangular casserole, if you have one—an oval one is almost as good—with alternate layers of the noodles, sliced *Mozzarella* cheese (you'll need about ½ pound), *ricotta* cheese (you'll need about ¾ pound), tomato-meat sauce, grated Parmesan (you'll need, in all, about ½ cup), ending with a layer of sauce and Parmesan. (These Italian cheeses are available in chain stores throughout the country, but if you can't get them, two other very mild cheeses, like Swiss Gruyère and cottage, for instance, will turn the trick.) Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 15 to 20 minutes. It might well have been of this the sirens sang.

Italian Risotto with Sausageburger Topping: Although beef and potatoes are almost as inseparable as Jack Benny and his violin, the possibilities of rice and hamburger are not to be ignored. Take 1 pound hamburger, add 1 hot Italian sausage, very finely chopped or ground, 1 egg, slightly beaten, 1 cup fresh bread crumbs soaked in ½ cup milk and squeezed dry, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 small onion, chopped and sautéed in 2 tablespoons butter, and make into tiny meat balls. Brown quickly in olive oil, and serve atop your favorite *risotto*. Or, if you prefer, they will also grace the appetizer tray as hot hors d'oeuvres—with red, green and white tooth picks.

Flemish Carbonnade: In Flanders fields the poppies stood—and also, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Spanish. This combination of cultures produced a distinguished stew. Forward! Take 1 pound ground round steak and brown in 3 tablespoons butter. Core and peel 2 tomatoes. Cut them into quarters and add to the meat along with 1 large onion, cut into rings, 1 clove garlic, crushed, and ½ cup canned, whole or sliced mushrooms. Brown and cook until the tomatoes are tender. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ¾ teaspoon brown sugar, ½ teaspoon seasoned salt, ¼ teaspoon saffron, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Add 1 cup cooked rice, a 10-ounce can whole-kernel corn, ½ cup finely sliced green pepper and a 10½-ounce can beef consommé. Cover and simmer about 10 minutes. Serve at once.

Spanish Picadillo a la Catalana: Not to be confused with peccadillo, or small fault, for this is a great Mediterranean dish. Take 1 pound ground round steak and brown it in 3 tablespoons butter. Add 1 onion, chopped, and brown this also. Coarsely chop ½ cup pitted ripe olives and add to the meat along with ½ cup canned or cooked *garbanzos*, or chick peas, ½ cup seedless raisins and 2 cups tomato juice. Season with 1 teaspoon each salt and monosodium glutamate, ¼ teaspoon each thyme and marjoram, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Simmer gently until heated through. If it is not moist enough, add ¼ cup water.

Swedish Meat Balls in Sour Cream Sauce: If the sirens sang of *lasagne*, perhaps the Swedish nightingale had this dish in mind. (Why not? Caruso was inspired by spaghetti.) Soak 2 cups bread cubes in ½ cup milk. Squeeze dry and add to 1½ pounds ground beef. Add 1 onion, finely chopped and sautéed in 2 tablespoons butter, 2½ teaspoons salt, 2 teaspoons nutmeg, 2 teaspoons paprika, 1 teaspoon dried mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon pepper and 3 beaten eggs. Mix well and form into 48 small balls. Brown in a skillet, using ¼ cup butter. Add ¼ teaspoon crushed garlic and 1 more tablespoon butter if needed. Blend in 4 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons tomato paste, 1 teaspoon beef concentrate, 2 cups bouillon made from 1 can bouillon with enough water added to measure 2 cups. Stir over low heat until sauce is thickened. Just before serving, stir in 1 cup thick commercial sour cream. Blend well, heat and serve with buttered noodles.

English Beef-and-Bacon Loaf: One beefeater at least has described bacon as "the food of kings"; together, washed with mushroom sauce, beef and bacon make a royal dish. Mix together in a large bowl 1½ pounds ground beef, ¼ cup milk, 1½ cups soft bread crumbs, ¼ cup chili sauce, 3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 unbeaten egg, 5 slices bacon, cooked and crumbled, 3 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon thyme. Pack into a 9"x5"x3" loaf pan. Lay raw bacon slices over the top. Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven, 350° F. Serve with mushroom sauce. *Mushroom Sauce:* Season 1 cup thin cream sauce with ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ small clove garlic, crushed, and 1 beef-bouillon cube dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water. Add ¼ pound chopped mushrooms which have been sautéed in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Simmer 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Lavish on the loaf.

Stuffed Mushrooms Italienne: "Mushrooms: capital thing!" says Dickens; and indeed their magical culinary properties are celebrated the world over. The zesty ground-beef filling makes these extra special. Wash and peel—if you must—about 3 dozen large, firm mushrooms, and separate the stems from the caps. Chop the stems and sauté them for 5 minutes in ⅓ cup butter. Add 1½ pounds finely ground raw beef, 7 fillets of anchovy, chopped, 3 cloves garlic, mashed to a pulp, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon Nepaul or red pepper and a little salt (the anchovies are very salty). Pile the mushroom caps high with this mixture, put a few drops of wine vinegar on each, sprinkle with bread crumbs and dot with butter. Into a shallow baking pan put 2 tablespoons each of water and olive oil and arrange the caps in it. Bake in a fairly hot oven, about 425° F., for 15 minutes, then brown a few minutes under the broiler.

Hungarian Stuffed Cabbage Rolls: "High deeds in Hungary to pass all men's believing": Parboil 8 to 10 large outer leaves of cabbage 5 minutes, just long enough to wilt them. Also cook ⅓ cup washed rice until tender. Drain. Mix ½ pound ground beef and ½ pound ground pork. Season with ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon thyme and a dash or two of pepper. Add the rice, 1 large onion, minced, and 1 beaten egg. Mix well. Shape into 8 to 10 small rolls. Wrap each in a cabbage leaf and tie securely with string. String holds them together better than toothpicks. Put in a skillet with 1 cup tomato juice, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon meat paste or powder or 3 bouillon cubes. Add 1 tablespoon shortening, 1 onion, chopped, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and a little salt. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Turn rolls occasionally. Taste sauce for seasoning, then thicken sauce slightly with a little flour-and-water paste—about 1½ tablespoons flour blended smooth with cold water. Remove strings. Serve rolls with gravy poured over them. A "famous harmony of leaves."

The final word on hamburger is yet to be written, for ingenious and dedicated cooks will always be tempted to experiment and perfect new combinations of this ubiquitous blessing. Words, in fact, cannot do justice; and we close with Samuel Johnson's preface to his famous dictionary: "I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven." A thought most appropriate to our subject. Onward, fair readers! To market!

END

Red, hot 'n rave dishes– Tomato Soup Specials!



RED, that Campbell's Tomato Soup red. It gets its rich color and goodness from specially grown, sun-ripened tomatoes! **HOT,** good 'n hot. That's what these dishes are, that's the way to serve them! **RAVE,** everyone will. Make them and see!

TOMATO BARBECUED CHICKEN. Thaw 2 packages Swanson Frozen Chicken Parts. Dust with ¼ cup seasoned flour; brown in 2 tbsp. shortening. Place chicken in 2-qt. casserole. To drippings in pan, add ½ cup chopped celery, ½ cup chopped onion and ½ clove minced garlic. Blend in 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, 1 tbsp. each brown sugar, Worcestershire sauce, vinegar, and 1 tsp. prepared mustard. Pour over chicken; cover; bake in 350°F. oven for about 1 hour. 4 to 6 servings.





BAKED CREOLE PORK CHOPS. Juicy brown pork chops, tomato-blazed, the way our Louisiana French cousins love them. Brown 6 pork chops ¾ inch thick on both sides in ovenproof pan or skillet. Place an onion slice and green pepper ring on each chop. Pour 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup over chops. Cover; bake in 350° oven about 45 min. 6 servings.

CHILI MEAT BALLS. Combine 1 lb. ground beef, ⅓ cup fine dry bread crumbs, 2 tbsp. minced onion, 1 tsp. salt, 1 slightly beaten egg with ¼ cup Campbell's Tomato Soup. Shape into 1-inch balls; brown in 2 tbsp. shortening. Mix remaining soup, 1 tsp. chili powder, ¼ cup water; pour over meat. Cover; bake in 350°F. oven about 30 minutes. 4 to 5 servings.



Good cooks cook with *Campbell's Soup*



Can you always believe your eyes?

When watching feats of magic, you're almost inclined to believe what your eyes *seem* to see. In another and far more important way, you can be misled by your eyes . . . *and not know it.*

For example, some eye disorders develop so slowly that they are often not noticed in the beginning. In fact, the eyes may seem perfectly all right at the very time they are misleading you.

So, the best safeguard you can take against eye trouble that you may not suspect is to have your eyes—and those of each member of your family—examined periodically by specialists.

A child's eyes should be checked early in the pre-school years, before eye disorders can seriously hamper personality development or interfere with educational progress when he starts to school. Today, authorities estimate that about 9 million school children need some form of eye care.

Adults, especially after age 40, should have their eyes carefully examined at least every two years by an eye specialist. This is the surest way to guard against glaucoma and cataract, the two major threats to the sight of older people.

These eye examinations have an added value. They may lead to early diagnosis and control of diabetes, high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries. These diseases often cause changes in the eye's tiny blood vessels which the doctor can readily detect.

If you have been giving scant attention to your own or your child's eyes, here are some sight-saving tips to follow:

For the child's eyes—If a youngster needs glasses, ask about shatterproof lenses. Teach the child never to rub the eyes with dirty hands or cloths. In case of "sore eyes," avoid using any medicine or eye drops unless *prescribed* by the doctor.

For the adult's eyes—Rest your eyes frequently when reading or doing close work. Read with a good clear light falling from above and behind you. Use goggles or other eye-safety devices while you are doing jobs which might be hazardous to the eyes.

Progress in sight-saving—The antibiotic drugs work wonders in many eye infections, and the new hormone compounds save sight in some eyes which would be doomed without them.

Moreover, glaucoma-blindness can be avoided in most cases when diagnosed early and treated properly. Sight lost due to cataracts can be restored by surgery in almost 90 percent of the cases.

Delicate surgical operations may also restore vision in some cases where the retina has become detached. It is now possible, too, to restore vision in certain kinds of cases, by transplanting the cornea from good to diseased eyes.

Medical progress in sight-saving is a great achievement. However, good sight throughout life depends largely on what *you* do to give your eyes the regular care they deserve.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company



SCENT OF CLOVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

Julia said, "Please, Mynheer," and turned to Marie. They embraced, with a warmth hitherto unknown in their relationship.

Mynheer Vosmar watched them with impatient tolerance and, as they exchanged some muddled promises about meeting soon, soon, he said, "Doubtless you will—unless this young lady is proceeding to Java."

They both spoke together: "I am—she is . . . Banda Neira."

"Then you will certainly meet—often," he said, but there was in his manner a contemptuous dismissal of Marie which Julia resented.

"There is my baggage, Mynheer," she said.

He dismissed that even more contemptuously. "That will be seen to."

The bone of his arm under her hand was sharp and frail, but his hand, as he helped her onto the ladder, had an astonishing strength and steadiness.

They took their places side by side on yellow silk cushions under the yellow awning; the boat's head swung round and they shot away over the silken water, leaving the curve of the harbor on their right.

"Well," said Mynheer Vosmar, and the single word had a note of accomplishment, of finality. After a moment's pause he began afresh. "I'm very glad to see you. I hope you'll be happy in Rua. My son—as I told you—was unable to meet you."

"I hope he is not ill," she told him. How perfunctorily polite it sounded in her ears.

"Thank you, no. His health is uniformly excellent. He had an accident a long time ago, and he is recovering, but slowly. He is . . . disabled. That is Rua," he said, pointing to what, at this distance, was no more than a flat dish, filled with feathery green.

"Rua," said Mynheer Vosmar, "is a small island, but a large plantation. My grandfather was producing nutmegs there when Banda was still in a state of chaos. And several times, when catastrophes of various kinds have befallen the Banda groves, they have been replenished by young stock from Rua. My grandfather had his own ships; but now that the Company is so—so active, I have given up the ships. Otherwise we remain a self-contained community. We even have *cows* in Rua."

"Is that very unusual?"

"Most. In fact, it is singular. Cows need pasture, you see. On Banda, Lonthoir and Api even gardens are rare and regarded as an extravagance. Why grow a rose where one could grow a nutmeg? My gardens are very beautiful."

He chatted on and seemed content with her brief responses. As he talked she had an opportunity to study his face and attempt to guess from it something of his nature. It was not a genial face: his pale lips were thin and closely folded, his nose delicate, sharply hooked, an arrogant nose; but it was his eyes which drew and held her attention. They were very large and set far forward between fleshy lids: the prominent eyeballs were yellowish and veined with red, the irises a light, glassy gray. She thought suddenly that with his thin legs, his spare figure and huge eyes he was like an insect.

Perhaps she regarded him a trifle too openly, for presently he broke off his talk and shifted a little in his seat and looked at her searchingly.

"You *look* to be a sensible girl," he said. "I must confess that I had a moment —— The girl who was on the ship with you, to whom is she married?"

"Hendrik Oltman."

"Oh, yes. A stupid young man, breaking his back with a view to being agent one day. He never will!" In three words he banished the young man to perpetual obscurity. "Look, you can see the house now."

She had seen a white building, enormously long, single-storied, some moments before he drew her attention to it, and thought that it was a row of sheds or warehouses; it was like no house that she had ever seen before.

"That also is singular," said Mynheer with great complacency. "It was my grandfather's most original idea. You will find, when you visit in Banda, that the stupid stubborn Dutchmen build, in this climate, houses exactly like the ones they lived in—or admired from a distance—in Holland. They have bedrooms just under the roof, where it is hottest, and then complain that they cannot sleep! My grandfather had traveled a great deal and, when he built, combined most sensibly the principles of a native hut and a Spanish-Moorish house. Above us, between roof and ceiling we have ten feet of cool space, and nowhere is the house more than one room deep, so what air there is can blow through. I think you will soon become accustomed to the climate."

The island seemed to rush forward, and soon she could see the house in detail. It was thatched and the thatch jutted out far beyond the walls and was supported by pillars covered with creeping, flowering plants. Urns, set between the pillars, brimmed with flowers.

"It's very beautiful," Julia said.

He gave her a glance of approval. "I'm glad you think so. I do," he said.

The best reason for democracy, and the best reason for having faith in the freedom of learning and teaching which it fosters, is that in the long history of civilization humanity has proved stronger than hate, and falsehood less enduring than truth.

CARL L. BECKER
Freedom and Responsibility in the American Way of Life
Published by Alfred Knopf, Inc.

The boat ran in alongside a little stone jetty jutting out from the shore. And now, in just a minute ——

"Welcome to Rua," said Mynheer as he helped her from the boat. "You are shivering. I do assure you, you have no cause for nervousness. None at all."

He took her elbow in his firm grasp and led her along the stone path, flanked with smooth greensward, and up the steps of the veranda.

"It faces west," he said, "and it is very pleasant to sit here and watch the sun set over the water."

The entrance to the house was through an archway, and there was no door in the ordinary sense; two gates of fine wrought-iron work which, when closed, would fill the archway were flung back against the walls. Within was a large, stone-paved hall, unfurnished save for a few silky rugs, some statues on pedestals and several small flowering trees growing in huge pots of gaily painted pottery. Later on she was to appreciate the beauty of it all, but at the moment apprehension filled her.

Mynheer Vosmar guided her across the hall and out into a kind of stone cloister overlooking a garden brilliant with color. They turned right and passed at least a dozen doors before he halted and opened one.

"These," he said, "will be your own apartments and of course they must be furnished to your taste. I have merely provided what I thought you would need, and a few things that I hoped would please you. But you must ask for anything you want, anything you fancy."

She looked, without seeing anything, about the two rooms.

Mynheer Vosmar said peevishly, "Where is that —— Oh, *there* you are. This is Juno, whose sole duty will be to look after you."

A handsome woman with a skin like brown silk had entered. She carried a tray. Mynheer Vosmar inspected it critically and nodded.

"At midday we eat very sparingly and take our main meal in the cool of the day. You will find it advisable to rest afterward—I invariably do myself. I will see you again at four o'clock." He turned away. "Juno understands Dutch," he said, "and she knows her duties, but she is incorrigibly idle. You must keep her up to the mark." He went away.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102



Pond's Cold Cream makes a lovely difference. Deep cleansing? Of course. But more—it softens, smooths, re-balances your skin. It's the beauty cream of the world's most beautiful women.

See how your thirsty skin responds

This cream cleanses deep down...

But more...it replaces the vitalizing oils modern living drains away

Today's stepped-up living, authorities say, is robbing your skin of its natural beauty oils. Your skin today needs more than just deep cleansing to keep it soft and smooth.

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep down—cleanses every tiny pore opening. But even more—the rich oils in Pond's replace the skin's own lost beauty oils. Pond's brings back the moisture your skin needs to stay soft, smooth, elastic.

How modern living robs your skin of oil

Doctors say your skin is a sensitive barometer of your emotions. Every little strain and frustration drains off your skin's natural beauty-giving fluids—leaves your skin dry and drawn. By evening, your skin *needs* Pond's to replace beauty oils and plump up skin tissues.

And there's a long list of other robbers that steal beauty oils. Today's low-fat slimming diets, sun, wind and drying liquid cleansers . . . each can take its toll. Each makes your skin more thirsty for the beauty that is waiting in Pond's Cold Cream.

Actually puts beauty in

Pond's actually puts new beauty into your skin in 37 seconds. It acts so swiftly because your tired skin is literally waiting for it . . . thirsty for the oils it provides.

Can Pond's work this magic for you?

Fortunately, it's easy to find out for yourself. In just 37 seconds—the time it takes you to put it on—you can feel your skin's eager response—feel it smooth out and soften. And day after day as you use Pond's you'll see your skin become clearer, fresher, far lovelier than it's ever been. The sooner you start, the lovelier you'll look a week from today.

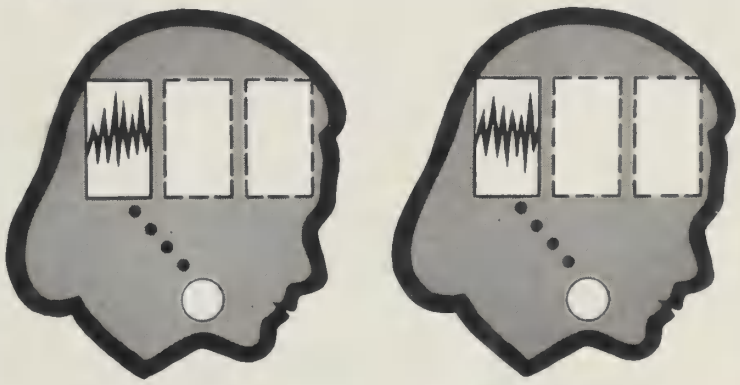
WHY **ANACIN**

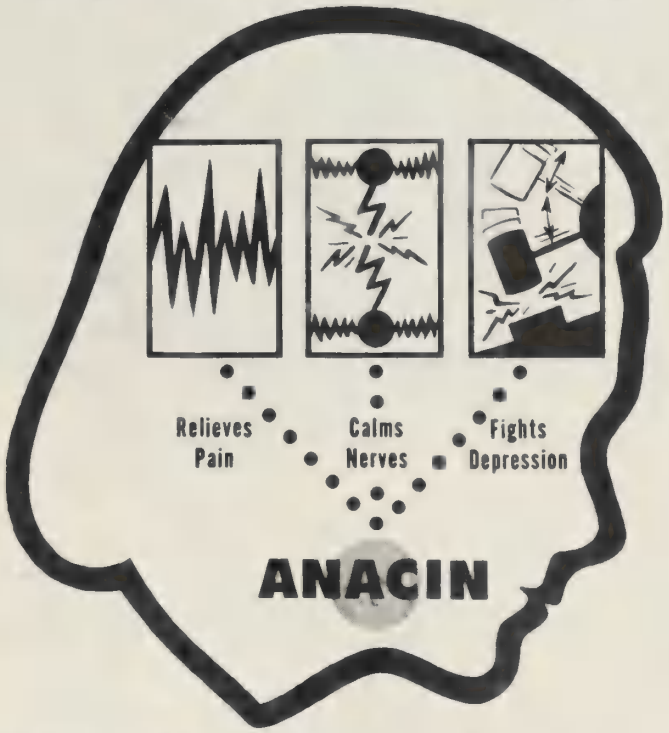
gives better TOTAL results in

PAIN RELIEF

better than aspirin — even with buffering action







BUT ANACIN® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven active ingredients. Anacin (1) gives fast relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. (2) Calms jittery nerves — leaves you *comfortably relaxed.* (3) Fights depression. Thus, Anacin gives you better TOTAL results in pain relief than you get from aspirin, even plus buffering action. And Anacin does *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin Tablets today.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

"Is hot now, Mevrouw, please," Juno said in a soft, sibilant voice, indicating a teapot that stood on the tray. "Why I am not here—see you come, go make tea hot."

"I should like some tea." She went toward the table and Juno pulled a chair a little way out, and poured the tea. The tray was laden; there were meat, sliced very thin, a green salad, some strange but delicious-looking fruit, tiny bread rolls, fresh butter. But she could eat nothing; even the tea, delicious and fragrant, went down with difficulty.

It was impossible to sit still. She put down the cup and stood up.

"You do not like?" Juno asked humbly. "Other things. Much other. I fetch?"

"Oh, no, thank you. It's all very nice. I'm not hungry now."

"Mevrouw wish to sleep?"

"I couldn't." Even the sense of being watched irked her and she walked restlessly from the sitting room to the bedroom beyond. The rooms communicated by an arch hung with silk curtains, yellow, with white dragons. Each room looked out upon one side to the veranda, upon the other to the cloister and the garden beyond; the windows had no glass, only screens of that same fine ironwork. Even at this, the hottest part of the day, the air flow and the white walls contributed to an impression of coolness.

Suddenly she noticed, standing alone and looking oddly out of place in the luxurious bedroom, her own small trunk. There was a job for Juno. She called her.

"You could unpack for me, and spread out my other dress to get rid of the creases."

"Mevrouw has many dresses."

"This and one other." And the other was her wedding dress.

"Many. Please, many dresses." Juno opened a door and showed a cupboard which might have held a rainbow; five or six dresses in different shades of color hung there.

"Not finished," Juno explained. "I make fit. Wear today."

Just for a moment her mood lightened. The provision of the dresses showed a kindly forethought—and her welcome, though strange, had been kindly too. She hadn't had a new dress since her twelfth birthday, except for the wedding dress, and that was now seven months old.

"Which one shall I try first?"

Juno put out a diffident finger and just touched a yellow dress. "Is Vosmar color. Mynheer has fondness that color."

It was a chance to slip in a question.

"And the young Mynheer, Mynheer Pieter; what color does he like?"

"Mynheer Pieter very sick."

"I know. How sick?"

Juno rolled her fine black eyes, moved her brown hands, alongside but not touching her own head. "Sick, all sick," she said.

"But he might like one color more than another."

Juno found the perfect answer. "Mynheer Pieter like what Mynheer like."

"Then I'll try that one," Julia said.

She always remembered that instance of her father-in-law's passion for detail. He had prepared a wardrobe for an unknown woman; how tall, how plump or slender she was and what her coloring would be, he could not know; so there they were, in many colorings, with the lace ruffles stitched in, the eyelet holes worked for the lacings, the embroidery bright on the skirts, but the hems were not turned up and the side seams not stitched. An hour's work would have made any one of those dresses fit any Company's Daughter.

When the dress was fitted, Juno said, "Mevrouw sleep now?"

But it would be impossible to lie down and be still, and think, and wonder, and surmise.

"Mevrouw like bath?" Answering the questioning look, Juno laid the dress aside and opened another door. It opened onto a small square room lined entirely with marble, with an oblong bath sunk into its floor. Some tall white jars with double handles stood on its edge. "Mevrouw go there. I fetch water and pour," Juno explained.

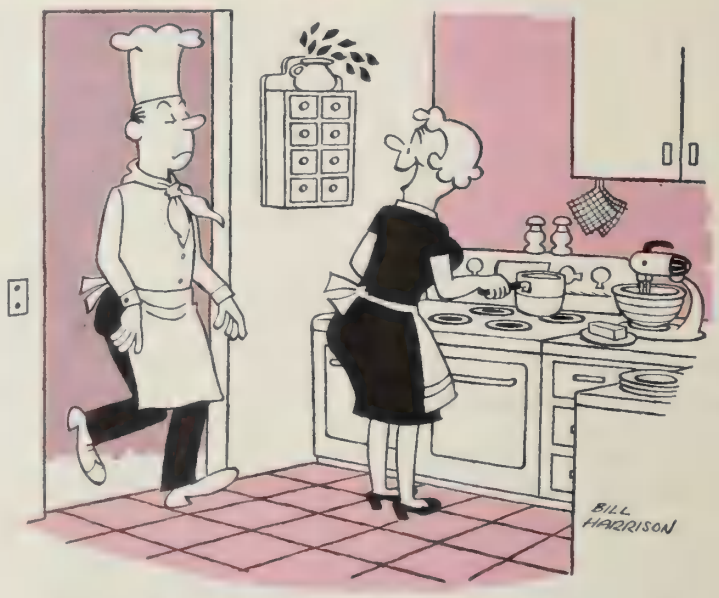
"When the dress is ready," Julia said. "Now I'm going in the garden."

"Much hot. In shade, please, Mevrouw."

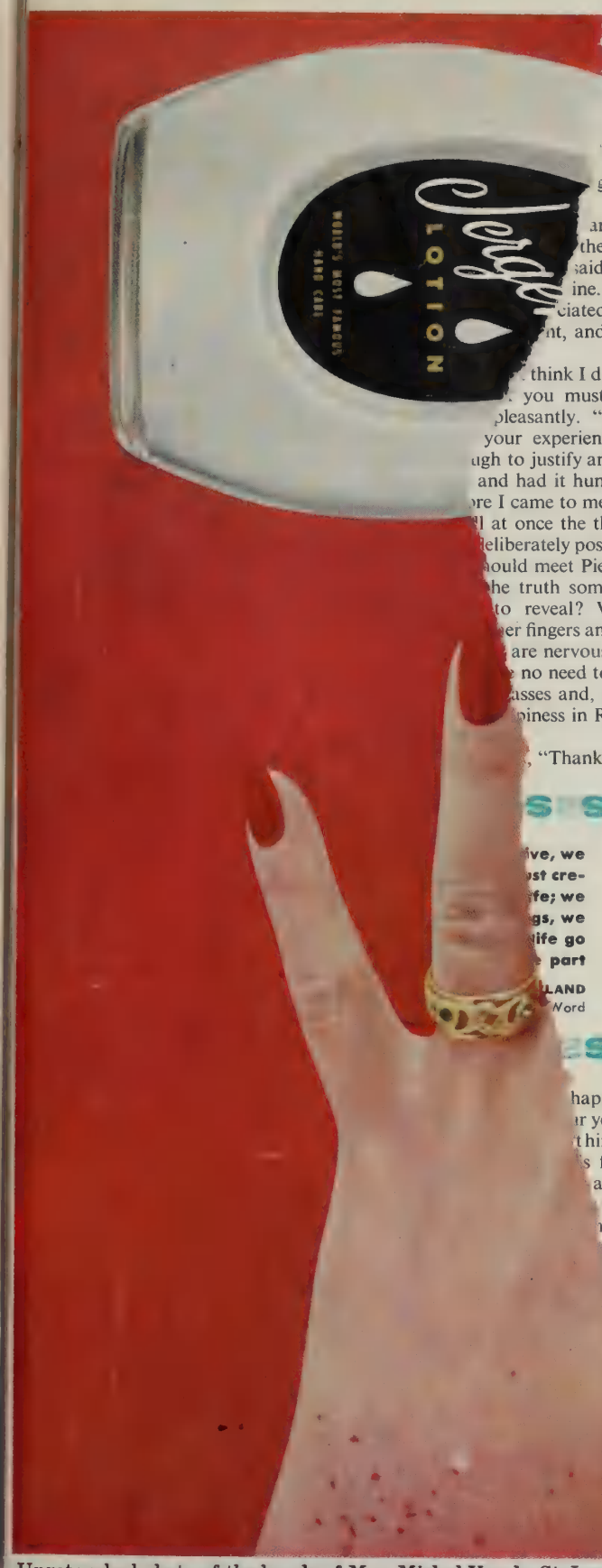
Mynheer's pride in his garden was justified: it had been carefully planned so as to seem larger than it was; bright, tough-foliaged native flowers, whose names Julia did not know, grew in open beds that looked like strips of embroidery; roses and lilies were cunningly placed so that they were tree-shaded at noon. In one corner a little artificial mound had been made: on its summit was a seat, shaded by a tree whose branches had been trained over it; when you sat there and looked straight ahead you saw nothing but a mass of shrubs and great clusters of blossoms in pink and purple, and beyond them the sea, intensely blue.

Julia sat on the seat and pondered the "disabled" of Mynheer, the "very sick" of Juno, and began to visualize a gentle invalid, confined to a chair, a man who might, perhaps, make no demand upon his wife except that she be a companion to him. She thought of Mevrouw Helmers' insistence that every girl who had the slightest capacity for it should learn to play chess and backgammon, and she thought how strange it would be if, after all her fears, she should find that there was nothing to fear at all. She knew, from the intimate talks which the long weeks aboard ship had forced upon them, that Marie—indeed, perhaps most girls—would little relish the idea of an invalid husband. *But it would just suit me*, she thought.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105



"Clifford, you've decided to do the steaks!"



Unretouched photo of the hands of Mrs. Michyl Veach, St. Louis, Mo. On

PROOF: A few drop

In a scientific test*, over 450 women soaked *both* hands in detergents three times a day. In several days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse and red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft and lovely. No other lotion similarly tested kept hands so soft and

*Notice to doctors and dermatologi

id. One side of it was lined with books. She had never were so many books in the ne man's possession. Unhe veranda end were a big There were other chairs, and several low tables, was a tray bearing a bottle glasses.

ar pulled forward a chair. the day I find a glass of wine said. "Well cooled, that is. I ine."

ciated with Mynheer Dekker's nt, and the gloves, and a feeling

think I do, Mynheer."

you must learn to," he said, but pleasantly. "I should hardly imagine your experience of *good* wine is wide ugh to justify an opinion. I chose this for and had it hung down the well, to cool, re I came to meet you."

l at once the thought struck her that he deliberately postponing the moment when ould meet Pieter. Was he nervous too? he truth something that even he hesito reveal? Without knowing it she er fingers and kneaded them.

are nervous," he said. "I assure you, no need to be." He handed her one asses and, raising his own, said, "To piness in Rua." He took a little for-

"Thank you, Mynheer."

"One thing will be lacking," he said. "How much or how little that will matter to you I do not know." His bulging, glassy gray eyes looked over her speculatively, and to cover her embarrassment she lifted her glass. The wine was light and cool and fragrant, almost flowery. "I told you," he said, "that my son had happened eighteen years ago, r years old. He had a careless him alone. He fell." A change s face as he spoke; his eyes and reddened, and she was of his teeth behind his thin is brain, and it has never understand that anything arried life is quite out of ked at her with a faintly ited for her to speak.

uld not do so; she was t the same time obief. Finally she said "You have my symam sorry for him

, and with some course of time, e told her. "You you here under of course, you ose to be helpd me . . . not od, we may as

nent, took a went to the he bookto her to nd.

ly furin the back who ng; ht

She had seen that face, or rather that kind of face, before: on a little girl who lived in the Hoogenstrasse, a beautifully dressed little girl who never played with other children and never went out alone. ("Fourteen years old, the poor creature, and her mind like a baby's," Anna had said.)

She remembered this as she looked at the red, puffy face, with its blunt nose and small raw-rimmed eyes and loose damp mouth. She tried not to show anything of what she felt.

"Stand up," Mynheer Vosmar said. "I've brought someone to see you."

Clumsily, laboriously Pieter rose, turned himself about and with the air of one who makes a tremendous effort held out his hand.

"Good morning," he said. He spoke indistinctly, in a thick, flannelly voice. But his face creased into the caricature of a smile, and taking his hand Julia felt her first revulsion melt into pity. She said:

"Good morning, Pieter. My name is Julia."

"Julie," he said; and again, trying it over, "Julie."

His hand seemed to have no bones, it lay in hers like a stuffed glove; yet it clung, and there was power in it. He pulled her to the table and pointed to a curious tangle of cane and dried grass with which he had been engaged.

So chic, so sleek...
so Comfy!



AMOUR
Luxurious brocade with elegant satin trim. Black, Dove Grey, White, Heaven Blue, Pink or Scarlet. 5.50

VANITY
Rich brocaded slipper with dainty tapered toe. Black, Dove Grey, White, Heaven Blue, Pink or Scarlet. 5.50

DANIEL GREEN Comfy SLIPPERS

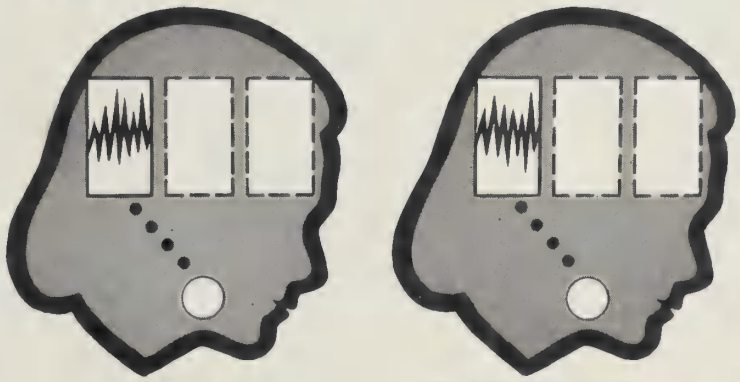
IEL GREEN COMPANY • DOLGEVILLE, NEW YORK • (Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies)

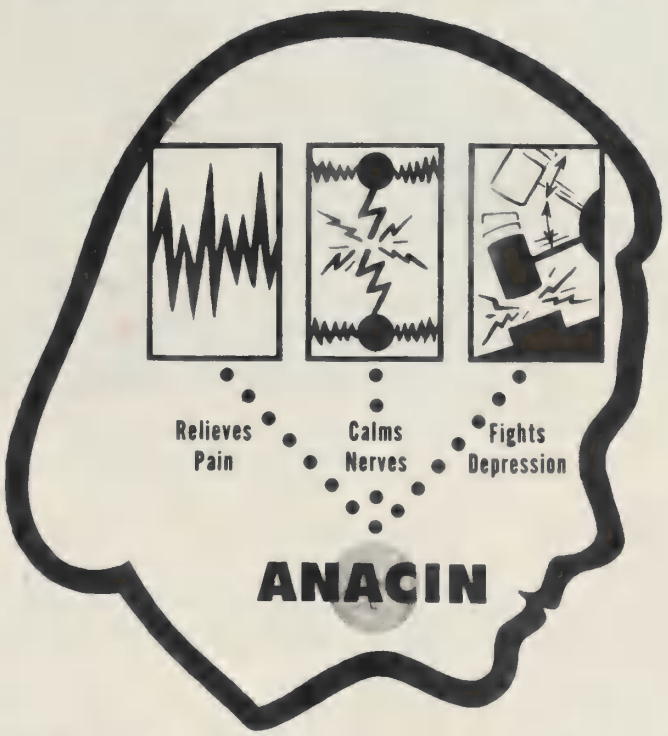
WHY ANACIN

gives better TOTAL results in PAIN RELIEF



better than aspirin — even with buffering action





BUT ANACIN® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven active ingredients. Anacin (1) gives fast relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. (2) Calms jittery nerves — leaves you *comfortably relaxed.* (3) Fights depression. Thus, Anacin gives you better TOTAL results in pain relief than you get from aspirin, even plus buffering action. And Anacin does *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin Tablets today.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN



CONTINUED FROM P

"Is hot now, Mevrouw, pl" in a soft, sibilant voice, ind that stood on the tray. "Why see you come, go make tea ho

"I should like some tea." S the table and Juno pulled a c out, and poured the tea. The there were meat, sliced very thi some strange but delicious-loo bread rolls, fresh butter. But nothing; even the tea, delicious went down with difficulty.

It was impossible to sit still. Sl the cup and stood up.

"You do not like?" Juno aske "Other things. Much other. I fetch?"

"Oh, no, thank you. It's all very n not hungry now."

"Mevrouw wish to sleep?"

"I couldn't." Even the sense of be watched irked her and she walked restless from the sitting room to the bedroom beyond. The rooms communicated by an arch hung with silk curtains, yellow, with white dragons. Each room looked out upon one side to th veranda, upon the other to the cloister and th garden beyond; the windows had no glas only screens of that same fine ironwork. Ev at this, the hottest part of the day, the air fl and the white walls contributed to an imp sion of coolness.

Suddenly she noticed, standing alone looking oddly out of place in the luxu bedroom, her own small trunk. There job for Juno. She called her.

"You could unpack for me, and spre my other dress to get rid of the creases."

"Mevrouw has many dresses."

"This and one other." And the oth her wedding dress.

"Many. Please, many dresses." Juno a door and showed a cupboard whic have held a rainbow; five or six dresse ferent shades of color hung there.

"Not finished," Juno explained. " fit. Wear today."

Just for a moment her mood lighte provision of the dresses showed a k thought—and her welcome, thou had been kindly too. She hadn't dress since her twelfth birthday, e wedding dress, and that was now s old.

"Which one shall I try first?"

Juno put out a diffident fi touched a yellow dress. "Is Mynheer has fondness that col

It was a chance to slip in a q

"And the young Mynheer, what color does he like?"

"Mynheer Pieter very sic

"I know. How sick?"

Juno rolled her fine bl brown hands, alongside own head. "Sick, all sic





Memo to Mothers: Every year over 100,000 girls begin to menstruate before they are eleven. So it's not too soon to tell your daughter at ten. Our free booklet "You're A Young Lady Now" helps to give the facts she needs to know. Write Miss Jones, Kimberly-Clark Corp., Neenah, Wis.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

The faint hope reawakened her apprehension and she could no longer sit still. She walked to the bounds of the garden on that side. It ended in a wall which curved round and made a kind of enclosure against the side of the house. Flowering trees lifted their heads above the wall, so there was evidently another garden within, but it was not to be reached from without. She turned back and went into the house.

At four o'clock she was ready, bathed and dressed, her hair smoothly curled by Juno's expert hands. She looked, she knew, her very best; and Mynheer Vosmar, coming for her punctually at the hour, surveyed her with grave approval.

"I am glad you chose that dress," he said. "It is my favorite color. Now, if you are ready ——" He offered her his arm again.

For the last time she braced herself. In a few minutes she would meet the man with whose life hers would be linked until death severed the bond; she would know the worst—or the best—of all she had feared and hoped.

But, once again, the critical moment was to be deferred. Instead of taking her directly to her husband, Mynheer Vosmar embarked upon a leisurely tour of the house, explaining its peculiarities and virtues as they moved from room to room.

The house covered a good deal of ground, being, as he had said, only one room deep anywhere; every room looked out onto the veranda at the front and onto the cloisterlike passage at the rear. Coolness and airiness had been the aim; all the walls were white, the floors of stone or tiles or bare polished wood.

"The folly of some settlers is quite unbelievable," Mynheer said. "You'll see houses made stifling with rugs and curtains and glass windows. And young women still arrive with feather beds and pillows as part of their dower. The resultant heat rash they blame upon the climate, poor fools!" He paused by a cushioned chair and thumped it. "Stuffed with raw cotton," he said complacently.

In order to stay young and active, we must find new interests, we must create within ourselves a love of life; we must be willing to try new things, we must not be content to watch life go by; we must be willing to take part in it.

CLARA MAY ROWLAND
Daily Word

He threw open another door and said, "This is the salon. A beautiful room, I think. Too little used, of late; but now we have a lady in the house again, things will be different."

Julia stared around, momentarily forgetful of everything save what she saw. The salon was beautiful—and it was magnificent too. The walls and the high-arched ceiling were white, the floor black and highly polished, and everything in the room was black and scarlet and gold. Facing each other from opposite sides were two identical pieces of furniture, the like of which she had never seen before, huge scarlet cupboards standing upon golden pillars, and topped by golden domes, and decorated, all over, with entrancing pictures in black and gold, pictures of birds and butterflies and flowers and twisted trees.

"You are admiring the cabinets," Mynheer Vosmar said in a satisfied voice. "They came from China. China is supposed to be the closed land, they boast that nothing goes in and nothing comes out—but my father obtained these, many years ago." He opened one of the doors and showed the arrangement of little drawers, all painted, and the arched recesses. "Do you play chess?" he asked.

"A little. Mevrouw Helmers taught us—just the rudiments. I'm not very good at it."

"You and I must play," he said. "I'm not very good either. I've had no one with whom to play . . . for many years."

Her latest mental image of Pieter quivered and vanished.

They came at last to a door at the end of the cloister. Ahead of them, just beyond the door, a wall ran out at right angles, ten or twelve feet high and thickly covered by masses of climbing flowers, pink and purple, rose-colored and white.

"Joshua's trumpet," said Mynheer, seeing her admiring stare. He opened the door. "This is my library," he said. One side of it was lined with shelves, filled with books. She had never imagined that there were so many books in the world, let alone in one man's possession. Under the window at the veranda end were a big desk and a chair. There were other chairs, more comfortable, and several low tables, upon one of which was a tray bearing a bottle and two tall fluted glasses.

Mynheer Vosmar pulled forward a chair. "At this time of the day I find a glass of wine agreeable," he said. "Well cooled, that is. I hope you like wine."

It was associated with Mynheer Dekker's announcement, and the gloves, and a feeling of nausea.

"I don't think I do, Mynheer."

"Then you must learn to," he said, but quite pleasantly. "I should hardly imagine that your experience of *good* wine is wide enough to justify an opinion. I chose this for you and had it hung down the well, to cool, before I came to meet you."

All at once the thought struck her that he was deliberately postponing the moment when she should meet Pieter. Was he nervous too? Was the truth something that even he hesitated to reveal? Without knowing it she linked her fingers and kneaded them.

"You are nervous," he said. "I assure you, you have no need to be." He handed her one of the glasses and, raising his own, said, "To your happiness in Rua." He took a little formal sip.

She said, "Thank you, Mynheer."

"One thing will be lacking," he said. "How much or how little that will matter to you I do not know." His bulging, glassy gray eyes looked over her speculatively, and to cover her embarrassment she lifted her glass. The wine was light and cool and fragrant, almost flowery. "I told you," he said, "that my son had an accident. It happened eighteen years ago, when he was four years old. He had a careless nurse, and she left him alone. He fell." A change took place in his face as he spoke; his eyes bulged even more and reddened, and she was suddenly conscious of his teeth behind his thin lips. "He bruised his brain, and it has never healed. You must understand that anything resembling normal married life is quite out of the question." He looked at her with a faintly challenging air and waited for her to speak.

For a moment she could not do so; she was so much relieved, and at the same time obscurely ashamed of her relief. Finally she said in a stiff, prim little voice, "You have my sympathy, Mynheer. And he—I am sorry for him too."

He looked at her sharply, and with some surprise. "You may well, in course of time, become sorry for yourself," he told her. "You may think that I have brought you here under false pretenses. In that case, of course, you have no redress. But if you choose to be helpful and amenable you will find me . . . not ungrateful. That being understood, we may as well go in."

He rose and, to Julia's astonishment, took a bunch of keys from his pocket and went to the door which stood in the center of the book-lined wall. Opening it, he gestured to her to pass ahead of him into the room beyond.

It was a large, well-lighted, sparsely furnished room; and at a long solid table in the center two men were sitting, one with his back to the door, the other in profile. The one who had his back to her was, she judged, young; he had light brown hair, and wore a bright blue jacket; the other man, who rose as they entered, was older, heavily built, and wore dark clothes. His face was pallid, much lined, and jowly.

Mynheer Vosmar, having closed the door, stepped forward and took Julia by the elbow. He then said "Pieter" in a voice of peculiar clarity, as though addressing someone slightly deaf. Very slowly and clumsily, Pieter Vosmar looked round.

She had seen that face, or rather that kind of face, before: on a little girl who lived in the Hoogenstrasse, a beautifully dressed little girl who never played with other children and never went out alone. ("Fourteen years old, the poor creature, and her mind like a baby's," Anna had said.)

She remembered this as she looked at the red, puffy face, with its blunt nose and small raw-rimmed eyes and loose damp mouth. She tried not to show anything of what she felt.

"Stand up," Mynheer Vosmar said. "I've brought someone to see you."

Clumsily, laboriously Pieter rose, turned himself about and with the air of one who makes a tremendous effort held out his hand.

"Good morning," he said. He spoke indistinctly, in a thick, flannelly voice. But his face creased into the caricature of a smile, and taking his hand Julia felt her first revulsion melt into pity. She said:

"Good morning, Pieter. My name is Julia."

"Julie," he said; and again, trying it over, "Julie."

His hand seemed to have no bones, it lay in hers like a stuffed glove; yet it clung, and there was power in it. He pulled her to the table and pointed to a curious tangle of cane and dried grass with which he had been engaged.



"Nice," he said, "nice basket."

"A very nice basket," she said. "Very nice indeed." A piteous expression of pleasure dawned on his face. He pulled at her hand again.

"He won't hurt you," Mynheer Vosmar said.

"Oh, no, I know that," she said and allowed herself to be led across the room to where a clavichord stood open.

"Music," Pieter said.

"I'm sorry. I can't play."

"Perhaps someday you can learn a simple tune," said Mynheer. "He is very fond of music."

"I'll try," she promised. She looked out the window and noticed that it opened onto neither the veranda nor the cloister, but directly into a small walled garden. She had just time to see that before Pieter tugged her away again; this time toward an archway opposite the door by which they had entered.

Again Mynheer, watchful, reassuring, said, "I think he wants to show you his garden."

"It's all right. I'm not afraid," she said.

Beyond the archway was a bedroom of monastic austerity; from it an open doorway led into the little garden. Once there, Pieter dropped her hand and, moving very purposefully, went to a bush which bore large clusters of pink flowers.

"Pretty," he said.

She said, "Very pretty." And her throat ached with sadness because he, so grotesque and ugly, yet recognized beauty when he saw it.

He began to tear at the bush, grunting, and breathing hard as he bent and broke the tough, leathery stems from which the pink flowers sprang. She was aware that Mynheer Vosmar and the man—keeper, tutor, what did he call himself?—had followed and were standing in the doorway.

At last Pieter succeeded in ripping away a bunch of the flowers and, turning, held it out to her.

"Pretty," he said. "Pretty for"—he breathed hard—"Julie."

"Thank you, Pieter. Thank you very much."

It was the first time in all her life that anyone had given her a flower. She tucked it into the lacing of her bodice. Pieter gave a kind of caper and then lumbered over to the bush again and tore off another cluster.

Again she accepted it, saying, "Thank you," but holding it in her hand.

"Pretty," he insisted, "pretty for Julie," and looked at her anxiously. She realized that he wanted her to wear this offering too. She tried to push the second cluster into place beside the first, and Pieter gave his dreadful, pathetic smile and capered and lurched off again toward the flowering bush. . . . How many more?

Mynheer came to her rescue. "I think that will do for today," he said. "Daan, if you were to play that would distract him and we could slip away."

The man disappeared and within a few seconds the music rang out, masterfully and beautifully played. Pieter ceased his mangling of the bush, turned, and without a glance at his father or his wife blundered toward the clavichord.

"Come," said Mynheer.

As soon as they were back in the library Mynheer turned from her and walked to the window. She saw him put his hand over his mouth and grip his lower jaw. All at once the pity which, half an hour earlier, had been merely a matter of words sprang up in her, overruling all the other mingled emotions of the moment. She said nothing, but walking over to the bookshelves, studied the titles attentively.

After a moment he said, in a far more warm and friendly tone than any he had so far used, "You will excuse me, my dear. God knows I have had time to accustom myself. It was the occasion which made it seem less than usually tolerable. My only son . . . meeting his wife . . . for the first time. It should have been very different."

She did not know, at that moment, the reach and vastness of his pride in his family, in his name. She saw a rather frail-seeming elderly man grieving over his son's affliction.

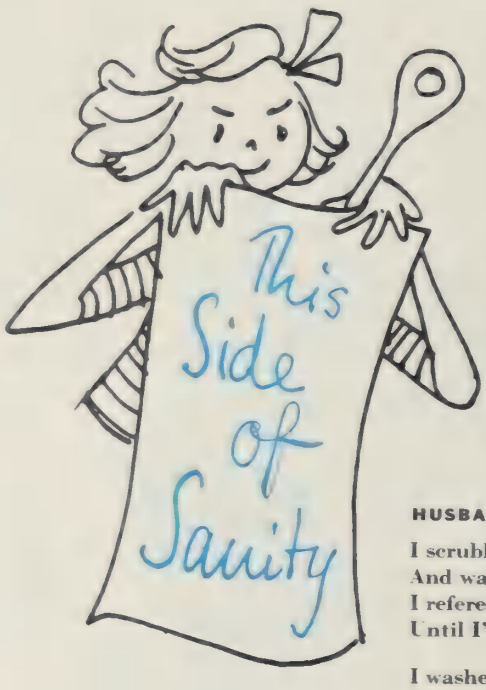


Hair with the
fresh young HALO look
is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no *unnecessary* ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean.*





By JANET HENRY

THANKS, ANYWAY

Bubble gum under the pillow,
Cracker crumbs under the sheets,
Down near the foot is a rifle
And melted assortment of sweets.
Soldiers parading the blanket
Atop every book from the shelf . . .
Next time your dad's out of town, son,
I'd rather sleep by myself!

HUSBAND'S HOME-COMING

I scrubbed the kitchen floor today,
And washed the woodwork too.
I refereed the children's play
Until I'm black and blue.

I washed the clothes and baked a cake,
And cleaned the linen chest,
And now I'll just lie down and take
A little, teeny rest. . . .

That's just when you walk in and say,
"So this is what you do all day!"

MAMMA PSYCHOLOGY

To spank or not to spank becomes the question;
Perhaps it's more than any child deserves,
But when things pass the power of suggestion
A good hard swat is easy on the nerves!

"I'm very sorry," she said, "more for you than for Pieter. He seems quite happy."

Mynheer said, a trifle harshly, "He has no reason to be otherwise. You did very well. It must have been a considerable shock for you. But you need never again enter that room. He is not, I realize, a pleasant sight."

"Sad, but not unpleasant," she said, with a degree of firmness. "Unless my presence upsets him in any way, I should like to help to amuse him. He is gentle, and means well. I found him rather . . . touching."

Mynheer looked at her with an expression which she did not recognize as distaste. This product of an Amsterdam orphanage, this virtually nameless nobody had looked upon the heir to Rua and found him "touching." Now, surely, he had drained the last dreg of his degradation.

He said, "I'm sure that if you care to devote a little time to the poor boy Doctor Hootman will be very grateful. But don't look upon it as a duty. You were not brought here for Doctor Hootman's benefit."

That enabled her to ask the question which, from the moment when Pieter turned his head, had been nagging at her.

"Why was I brought here? I mean, Mynheer, you must have known—all along—that Pieter did not need a wife."

He did not immediately answer. He had turned from the window, and she from the bookshelves, and now they were facing each other across the room.

"That is a thing that you must understand," he said. "I have managed to conceal from the world, even from other branches of my own family, the extent and the nature of the damage sustained by Pieter when he had his accident. It has not always been easy. I have let it be known that he was disabled and disfigured and has become, of his own choice, a recluse. Obviously my only son, whatever his appearance, would be expected to marry one day. You are a pretty girl, and, which matters more, a presentable one. I shall be very proud to say, 'This is my daughter-in-law.' That will confound the gossiping fools. And if you prop up my story and play your part well, you will find me very grateful."

"I understand, Mynheer." She was on the point of adding that she already had cause to be grateful to him. But something checked her tongue. Partly it was the selfish caution inculcated by the years in the Klopstock Home. Partly it was a flash of unselfish insight. After all, it was only by the merest accident of chance that she, who did not wish to be married at all, had come here to be part of a marriage that was no marriage. Suppose it had been Marie, or any one of dozens of girls who really wanted a husband and a normal married life. . . . Mynheer had, quite obviously, given no thought to how the girl would feel. Let him be grateful! She said, "I shall always do my best to try to please you."

"Yes. I think you will. I think we shall get on very well together."

She remembered suddenly, and with great clarity, her interview with Mevrouw Helmers, and the kind, easy voice saying that God never made mistakes. Could it be, dare one for a moment believe it to be, true?

Doctor Hootman dined with Julia and Mynheer, and by the end of the meal she had formed the opinion that he was a sulky and unfriendly person.

Mynheer sat at the head of the table in a high-backed chair which did not match the others; Julia sat on his right hand, Doctor Hootman on his left, so they were face to face across the table. He did not speak a word to her, nor did he once smile, and when addressed by Mynheer answered in a brusque way which dismissed her first impression that he was in great awe of his employer.

Mynheer seemed unaware of any discordant note. He talked easily and well, and encouraged her to talk. He was—she was to learn—always at his best at table.

He told her the name of the main dish—*ritzplatzen.*

"We have it very often, but it has so many variations that I never tire of it. If, after a time, you do, my dear, you must say so."

THE GROWNUP'S HOUR

Between the winter and summer
When the mercury's starting to climb
Comes a stir in the year's occupation
That is known as "House-cleaning time."

I roll up my sleeves with a fervor,
And round up the brushes and brooms,
And out of the clouds of confusion
Emerge the immaculate rooms.

Oh, let me survey for a moment
The fruits of my labors, and then
I'll give the house back to the family
To mess up all over again.

GRATITUDE

Who comforts them each time
they cry?
Mamma!
Who keeps them healthy,
clean, and dry?
Mamma!
She soothes the knees they
skin at play,
And feeds them many times
a day,
So what is the first word
they say?
Dada!

HOLIDAY DILEMMA

A fortnight far from all the daily grind!
The second honeymoon we'd dreamed about!
We left responsibilities behind
And started out . . .

Then all at once I saw a little boy,
And all my lovely plans went on the skids.
For two long weeks that should have been pure joy
I missed the kids!

P.S.

I hadn't been home half a day before
I wished that I could go away once more.



Formfit Bras are also available in handy pick-up packages

New fashions and your figure . . . just made for each other when you start with the strategy of "Confidential" by Formfit. For this is the contour bra that brings your figure to perfect proportions. But see for yourself how contour shaping just naturally leads you to fashion. Be fitted at your favorite store.

The Undercover Strategy is "Confidential" Bra No. 281. Contour-shaped cups are lined with a wafer-thin layer of foam rubber to bring you to a perfect A, B or C cup size. Sizes 32A to 38C. White or Black. $3.00 and $3.50

THE FORMFIT COMPANY · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · CANADIAN PLANT, TORONTO

DRESS BY ANNE KLEIN OF JUNIOR SOPHISTICATES, HAT BY DACHETTE · PHOTOGRAPHED IN CENTRAL PARK

She thought she would never tire of it; not only was it delicious, it was so nice to look at. It was served in a great number of very delicate china bowls of varying sizes. The largest bowl was full of rice; the smaller ones held eggs, meat, fish, vegetables and spicy preserves in a bewildering number. You helped yourself, Mynheer explained, to a mound of rice and then added whatever you fancied.

"Some of the side dishes will taste strange to you, but you will become accustomed to them in time. At least I hope so."

They were waited upon by a brown man, who looked, to Julia's unaccustomed eye, exactly like Juno, but male. His name was Pluto.

"My grandfather," Mynheer explained, "instituted the custom of naming all his house slaves after characters in mythology, and I adhered to it."

"With some strange results," said Doctor Hootman. "Cupid, for example."

Mynheer gave him a sharp look, but said agreeably, "That is so, but they are named as babies and who can tell what their looks will be later on?"

Pluto removed the last plates and then the glistening white tablecloth. Mevrouw Helmers, discoursing upon behavior, had spoken of gentlemen sitting over their wine, and of ladies retiring with promptitude. But Mynheer was speaking and he went on composedly. Pluto set the table again, with plates and with huge bowls piled with fruit, and with small bowls with water in them. Flower petals floated on the water.

Mynheer finished speaking, and Julia, following Mevrouw Helmers' instructions, said, "Mynheer, I will leave you."

"Oh, no," he said. "No formality when we are alone. I want to introduce you to some of our Rua fruits." He leaned forward and studied the bowls. "Pears, of course, you know. These are mangoes—I think myself the most delicious of all fruit: the peach, the nectarine and the apricot, all in one, with something in addition. And these, in Malabar, are called *pala*, but the African name is banana—they, I contend, are an acquired taste; I have never, myself, acquired it. This curious-looking thing is a pine-apple. May I prepare you a piece? At least an inch of its outside must be cut away."

She tried everything, and everything was delicious. Copying Mynheer, she dipped her fingers now and then into the flower-strewn water, which was delicately scented. Her sense of having come to a beautiful, comfortable, wonderful place grew and grew. She thought of her own room, the wide, silk-covered bed where she would sleep, alone, untroubled—for the first time in many months—by the thought of another bed, to be shared by "your husband." Oh, how soundly she would sleep tonight! Suddenly and, she felt, with an appalling lack of manners, she yawned.

"How inconsiderate I am," Mynheer said instantly. "You must be very tired after such a day. Allow me to take you to your room."

"I can find it myself, Mynheer."

"Very well. Juno will be there. Good night—Julia."

"Good night, Mynheer." She hesitated, looking toward Doctor Hootman, but he was rather ostentatiously giving his attention to the peeling of his fourth banana. And Mynheer was waiting, holding the door for her.

As she passed him she smiled and he said, almost fondly, "Good night, my dear. Sleep well."

He closed the door and, turning back into the room, looked at Doctor Hootman's back with a scowl. It was gone, however, by the time he had reached the table, and his tone was genial as he refilled his glass and said:

"You're in a peculiar mood this evening, Daan. What's the matter?"

Doctor Hootman raised his heavy eyes and, speaking deliberately, said, "In the comparatively humble station in which I was reared it was thought desirable that a man should be introduced to a woman before he engaged her in conversation."

"Did I omit to do that?" Mynheer said. "I apologize. I must confess I was very much preoccupied. I fully expected a scene, you know."

"All the same, I think that the owner of the menagerie, bringing a visitor into the cage, would have said, 'This is Doctor Hootman, who has charge of the wild beast.'"

"I find that a very offensive comparison."

"I found your behavior this afternoon very offensive."

"Daan, don't be silly. It was remiss of me, I admit; but think of the situation. I should never have thought you were so touchy."

Doctor Hootman hunched a heavy shoulder. "No. Dealing as you do, exclusively with slaves and sycophants, you are bound to become insensitive to other people's feelings. I am not your slave or your sycophant; merely a hireling. Hired to attend, control and as far as possible train your idiot son."

Mynheer Vosmar was not a man given to impulsive words or gestures, but he brought his hand down on the table with a smack which slopped the wine from the glasses.

"I will not have him called that! Idiots are born, not made. Pieter was like anybody else until that pig of a woman let him fall."

Doctor Hootman swallowed the last piece of banana, dipped his fingers and wiped them. "It pleases you to think so. But it isn't true. He was a born idiot; but since in the first few years of a child's life no great demand is made upon the intelligence, that fact escaped your notice. When you could no longer ignore it you seized upon the nearest excuse—a timely, trivial bump on the head. But that isn't true and nothing you can say or do can make it so."

It was one of those speeches, stating a truth too unpalatable to be accepted, which, aimed at a wider target, have often taken the speaker a long step toward martyrdom. Had Mynheer Vosmar been at that moment a mob, with many mouths, every one of them would have been open, yelling, "To the stake." His eyes did bulge and redden, but although he was angry his anger was not pure; it had an alloy of curiosity.

"What makes you say this now? Is it just a retaliation for my lapse of manners this afternoon, or something more?"



Scotties facial tissues—so soft to your skin, yet so strong

What makes **Scotties** so wonderful for removing make-up? . . . **Wet-strength!**

Soft as Scotties are, Scotties hold together—even when you're using liquid cleansers. Prove it with this dramatic "jewel" test→



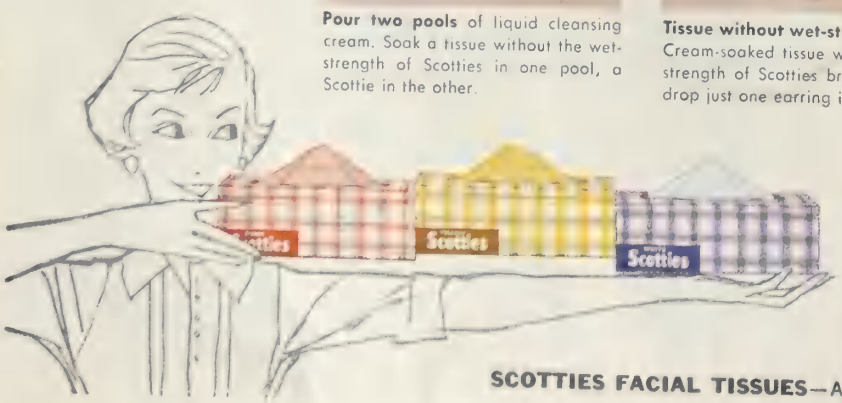
Pour two pools of liquid cleansing cream. Soak a tissue without the wet-strength of Scotties in one pool, a Scottie in the other.



Tissue without wet-strength breaks! Cream-soaked tissue without the wet-strength of Scotties breaks when you drop just one earring into it.



Scottie doesn't break! Drop two earrings, bracelet, pin, necklace into cream-soaked Scottie—and it doesn't break! Scotties have wet-strength.



Take off make-up the glamorous new way—with Scotties in powderpuff pink, white, yellow

SCOTTIES FACIAL TISSUES—ANOTHER FINE PAPER PRODUCT BY SCOTT

"SCOTTIES" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Before answering, Doctor Hootman lifted glass and sipped, swallowed, and sipped in.

"I was," he said, "annoyed this afternoon. l"—he shrugged again—"let that go. I had other reason for frank speaking. I agree h you that providing Pieter with a wife was ery pleasing little touch to the façade. And were fortunate—she seems sensible. But s my duty at this point to warn you."

"To warn me? What do you mean?"

"Shove them into bed together," Doctor otman said brutally, "and you'll have an ot grandchild on your hands."

"You've been with me for eight years," nheer said solemnly. "It doesn't seem pos- le that you can so entirely misjudge me. I er dreamed—I should no more think of oving them into bed together, as you term than I should think of—of . . . well, taking o into my own bed. You will never make believe that Pieter was a born idiot, but he n idiot now. The very idea is obscene. No, at I have in mind is something quite ferent. Shall I tell you?"

Doctor Hootman's expression, which had axed into relief, tightened again. He looked wn at his plate, and then up again, with a refully blank face which matched his care- s, "If you like."

"You've been in my confidence from the st," Mynheer said, "and you've done mar- ls for Pieter. Perhaps you should know what propose; it may make you feel a little less e a piece of furniture." His eyes twinkled. Listen," he said.

Around her, day by day, the new life fell to pattern. It was a life of unimaginable ease d luxury.

The day began early. At dawn the great ass *tong-tong* in the compound sounded the

Nothing is enough for the man to whom enough is too little.

EPICURUS

all to begin work. Mynheer always rose then nd went to the plantation. Julia, who often ipped out of bed and looked out the window o enjoy the sight of the dew-drenched garden, riped with sunshine and long shadows, ould see the spare, trim figure stepping cross the lawn.

Almost immediately Juno would come with beaker of cool sweet fruit juice and a pot of ea. In her soft velvet voice she would wish ulia good morning and inquire if she had slept ell, and what she would like for breakfast. hen she would vanish, to return with freshly undered linen, a smoothly ironed dress, lean shoes.

On most mornings, by the time she was ressed and had had breakfast, Mynheer was ack. During his first week on Rua he devoted what remained of the cool morning hours to howing her over the island.

The nutmeg trees grew in orderly groves all ver the island, and paths ran this way and hat through the green gloom.

"It's hardly likely that you would ever lose ourself," said Mynheer, "but if you should, lon't keep taking side turnings; keep straight n. Eventually all the main paths run out at the hore."

He enjoyed showing her things and explain- ng how the "nuts" were gathered, and dried n racks over slow fires, turned at regular inter- vals until the outer shells could be broken and stripped away; how every nutmeg must be plunged into a lime bath to be made sterile: the whole wealth and importance of the is- lands depended upon the monopoly, so no fer- tile nut must ever be shipped out. Julia watched and listened, hoping in time to know enough to be an acceptable companion to him.

Everywhere they went the slaves were work- ing and there was never any flurry when Myn- heer appeared. Rua was a well-run plantation. The slaves were of all colors, from dark black- ish brown to pale coffee color. There were, Mynheer explained, no Bandanese among them. The natives of this island group, having put up a fierce and bloody resistance to the white men, had then taken flight; what re- mained of them now lived on two small islands, keeping to their old tongue, plying their old crafts. "They were very fine people, the aristo- crats of the islands," said Mynheer; "they would not have made good slaves."

In one of the drying sheds Julia was sur- prised to see a white man armed with the overseers' cane. He was out of earshot, so she mentioned him and her surprise to Mynheer.

"If you were nearer to him you would see that he is not quite white, my dear. Very nearly, yes. His mother, I should say, had some white blood, and his father, I know, was a Dutchman. These things happen, you know." He gave her a little sideways glance. "Most regrettable, I agree. Such a thing has never happened in Rua."

"Why is he a slave, if his father was Dutch?"

"The child of a slave is a slave, my dear, whatever his color. This one—his name is Mercury—was one of a batch I bought some years ago. I tried him as a house slave—that is why he has a house slave's name—but it didn't do at all. His manners were bad, and he actually used to try on my clothes. I caught him at it, preening in front of my looking glass."

"What did you do?"

"Burned the clothes, of course, and de- graded him to plantation work. When he'd learned his lesson I made him overseer, and he is excellent. He hates everybody—which is a splendid thing for one in his position."

Despite the heat in the drying shed she was conscious of a little chill. In a few words, neither callous nor sentimental, Mynheer had told a tragic story. She cast another discreet glance at the subject of it. He had a fine pro- file, with a nose as arrogant as Mynheer's.

"What a sad story," she said.

"Yes. The least his father could have done—in my opinion—was to free him and have him taught a trade. But he shuffled off his

Now...try a new idea in smoking:

Salem



Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Your first puff will tell you SALEM refreshes your taste — you smoke refreshed! Through SALEM's modern, pure white filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes — rich tobacco taste with a new *surprise* softness. It's a *new idea* in smoking . . . a *new experience* for every kind of smoker. Try SALEM and smoke refreshed today.

It's delightful to smoke **Salem**...you'll love 'em



WIN NEW 1958 FORDS! One hundred other big prizes... 14k gold, $125 watches by Lucien Piccard, the most distinguished name in watch making... famous cameras, brand name TV sets, nationally known sewing machines! Enter the Safe Driving Contest as part of the National Young America Safe Driving Program in support of the National Safety Council's "Back the Attack on Traffic Accidents" campaign. Nothing to buy! Anyone can enter! Contest starts Sept. 16, ends Nov. 15. Get your entry blank now at your local Mojud Hosiery dealer. Contest subject to all Federal, State and local regulations. Mojud Hosiery, Division of Chester H. Roth Co., Inc., Licensed Manufacturer ®

responsibility and we can't alter that, can we? Come along, it is very warm here."

On another morning Mynheer said, "Now I will show you the compound. That is one place which I should wish you to avoid. Oh, not that there's any danger; but they are primitive and one has to allow them a certain freedom there. You might see some unedifying sights."

The compound lay, as nearly as she could judge, in the very center of the island. It consisted of a circle of small, low huts ringing a space of bare stamped earth in the middle of which was a well. A few immensely old or pregnant women were cooking on little fires outside the doors of the huts; a number of children, too small yet for work, were playing rather listlessly in the dust. Here, unlike other places which they had visited, their arrival did cause some disturbance. The women left their fires and stood up, the children ceased playing and huddled together.

"I don't often come here," Mynheer explained. "Fifteen years ago I had every hut burned, the whole compound dug over, tons of sand from the beach spread, two feet thick and stamped down, and these huts erected. But look at it now. Smell it!"

It reeked of too many people, too closely pressed together; wood smoke, the stink of the pan of rice that had boiled dry, the fat that had flamed, the dough that had gone sour, the sick baby, the burned rag—it was all there, intermingled with the overwhelming, main odor of human excreta. It was the smell of defeat too.

She looked at the children. All but one of them looked healthy enough, and some were quite beautiful. The one was a little boy, three, four years old, with sore eyes.

She said, "Mynheer, that little boy—Mevrouw Helmers, at the Company's Daughters' Home, told us how to make an ointment which she said would cure all sores. I have the recipe for it written in my book. May I try it on him?"

"Just a minute, my dear," he said. "Now that I am here, I must look in on Toeg. He was once one of my boatmen, and when we capsized in a sudden storm he saved my life. If he knew that I had been in the compound and not visited him I think his heart would break." He moved purposefully toward a hut and she went with him. "I think perhaps you had better stay outside," he said. "I don't know how far you are capable —— Toeg suffers, you see, from a very rare and—if you are capable of detachment—a very interesting disease; but it isn't pretty."

"What is the disease?"

"Nobody knows. It is called, for obvious reasons, elephantiasis," he told her. "Of course, if you could face it, a visit from you would be . . . I can hardly explain what it would mean to Toeg."

"Then I can face it," she said.

Ducking his head at the low doorway, Mynheer entered the hut and she followed him. Inside, seated on a wooden bench, was a tiny, shriveled brown man with gray-speckled hair. Laid out on a kind of low table in front of him was one enormous leg, larger, thicker, bigger round than the whole of his body.

As though from a great way off she heard Mynheer say, "Toeg, I've brought the young Mevrouw, Mynheer Pieter's Mevrouw, to see you."

A voice, so small, so thready as to be almost inaudible, said, "Greetings, Mevrouw. God is kind to let me see this day."

A small brown hand came out, and she put her own to it—just touching her finger tips, Toeg lifted it to his brow.

"They're looking after you properly?" Mynheer asked.

"In every way, Mynheer, your orders are obeyed."

"You get your meat?"

"Three times in every week."

"Splendid," said Mynheer briskly. "Keep that daughter-in-law of yours up to the mark, Toeg; and if you want anything, let me know." He smiled at the old man affectionately and they took their leave.

Outside, Mynheer said, "Now what were you saying? Oh, I remember. Sore eyes and ointment. The suggestion does you credit, my dear, but I'm afraid there's nothing you can do. Your ointment would do more harm than good."

"Mevrouw Helmers had great faith in it."

"Mevrouw Helmers probably knew more about ointment than about slaves. All these people are very mixed, races, religions, nonsensical observances." His voice hardened and his glassy eyes reddened. "I'll give you an example: that child may be Hindu, we have a few here; you put something greasy on his eyes—fat from a cow, sacred animal; his eyes may get better, they probably would, but his grandmother would fall and break both legs; his mother would miscarry and his father go blind; and who would be to blame? You and your ointment. Or he may be a Moslem; then your ointment would be suspected of being made from lard, untouchable pig. Again, his eyes might get better, but he would be unclean for the rest of his life, his aunts would all go crazy and his children be born dumb!" He paused. "You think I exaggerate? I do not, I assure you. The amount of superstition in this one compound is unbelievable. They're best left entirely alone."

"With their sore eyes?"

"Now you're not to fret about that," he said in a kinder voice. "When the moon is right and all the other auguries auspicious, they'll daub on some cure of their own—and it'll work. They'll have faith in it, which they wouldn't in your ointment, you see. And faith will move mountains."

"Even superstitious faith?"

"Any sort of faith. Even—no, not even—*most* of all faith in oneself."

After the morning walks, and again after her rest in the afternoon, she would go along to Pieter's room and help to amuse him. He always greeted her with every sign of affection and pleasure. Very soon she was hardly aware of his appearance, conscious only of his gentleness, his pathetic anxiety to please. She had known so little affection since Johannes' death that even that of an idiot boy was not to be despised. She developed a corresponding fondness for him, as for an ugly but good-natured dog. Now, as he completed each piece of fumbled handiwork he would present it to her: "Pretty for Julie." He knitted her a scarf of bright purple wool, wide at one end, narrow at the other; and little as a scarf was needed in Rua at that season, she wore it often when she visited him.

Sometimes they went into his little garden, and there she would play ball with him. His movements were too clumsy and unpredictable to allow him to catch a thrown ball, but he loved to retrieve it when it was thrown and bring it back to her to throw again. When she tired he would scrawl on the ground with a stick, or gather flowers—"Pretty for Julie"—until her lap was full.

These visits brought her into frequent contact with Doctor Hootman. His original surly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

THE BIBLE—TODAY, TOMORROW, FOREVER.

Renew your appreciation of the Bible. The week of October 21–27, inaugurated by the Laymen's National Committee, is the seventeenth annual reminder to reread its enduring truths.

From Thanksgiving Day to Christmas, millions of people in some 50 countries will unite in daily reading from the Bible. Why not join them? For a printed bookmark with a list of readings write to:

The American Bible Society
450 Park Avenue
New York 22, New York



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



8 ounces $1.00

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Women enjoy using a mild, gentle Breck Shampoo because it cleans the hair thoroughly yet is not drying to the hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair clean, fragrant and lustrous.

The Three Breck Shampoos, available wherever cosmetics are sold, are now marked with color to help you select the correct type.

■ *Red for dry hair* ■ *Blue for normal hair* ■ *Yellow for oily hair*

JOHN H BRECK INC · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES · OTTAWA CANADA

Copyright 1957 by John H. Breck Inc.

You never cooked so good!



You never looked so good!



STAINLESS STEEL

FLINT-WARE®

cooks with old-fashioned flavor . . . yet

cuts down calories!

Now! Cook everything just right! Eat everything you like! New lo-calorie Flint-Ware reduces weight two ways:

Radiant Heat Core reduces fat intake . . . lets you cook with less shortening.

Vapor-Seal Lids let you cook the waterless way . . . give you more nutrition from less food.

Flint-Ware is beautiful, beautiful cookware that's really practical because it's so easy to clean. Flint-Ware is gleaming stainless steel inside and out. It won't tarnish ever. It never needs polishing.



8" skillet with cover **$8.75** • 1½ qt. saucepan with cover **$6.95**
2 qt. double boiler with cover and inset pan **$12.75**



Free! **New Lo-Calorie Cook-Booklet**

Mary Ann March, Ekco Products Company
1949 North Cicero Avenue, Chicago 39, Ill.
Please send me your free Cook-Booklet on cooking lo-calorie meals with Flint-Ware.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

the greatest name EKCO® in housewares

© 1957, Ekco Products Co.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

manner, which she now attributed to shyness, had changed into one of formal civility. He seemed neither to encourage nor to resent her visits. As soon as she arrived he would turn away and busy himself, tidying cupboards and drawers, or simply reading his book. Sometimes he would say, "Don't let him tire you, Mevrouw"; and occasionally, "I think that will do; it does him no good to get excited." His manner toward his charge was unvarying: kindly, authoritative, oddly impersonal. He had two words of rebuke: "dirty" and "naughty"; he used them sparingly, but when he did Pieter would hang his head and seem to wilt like a scolded dog.



The late afternoons usually found her with Mynheer on the veranda to watch the swift, dramatic going down of the sun over the sea; and often, while the sky flowered and faded, from the compound there would come the sound of music, played on the gamelang; strange, rather mournful, muted by distance, it would come to them and weave a kind of spell, so that to speak, or move, demanded a definite effort.

Sometimes Mynheer would touch her hand, or her shoulder: "It's pleasant here, is it not? I hope you are happy?"

"Very happy, Mynheer."

"Not lonely? Not sorry you came?"

She could truthfully say no to such questions.

"All the same," he would say, "I must not be selfish. We must entertain; go visiting; you must make a call on your little friend."

She grew fond of him, too; there was nothing intimidating about him when you came to know him. He was an easy, undemanding companion, and if, now and then, his conversation had a cynical flavor, she reminded herself that he was old, ripe in experience, and that she was young.

And so the golden sun-drenched, scented days went by.

The weather grew warmer or, if not warmer, more oppressive. The days were not invariably fine; it rained, she thought, quite often, sudden showers falling from what was virtually a clear sky. The rain would cease as abruptly as it had begun, and all the wet leaves and flowers would sparkle for a moment, and the ground would steam. But Mynheer and Doctor Hootman and Juno were beginning to talk of the rainy season which was coming. The real rain, upon which the crop and everything else depended; the rain which would soak in and cool the earth.

Mynheer produced, from some hidden treasure chest, a shawl of fine lace, silky, not quite white, white which had lost its purity from being laid away, for a long time, in darkness. "When the rains come, my dear, you may be glad of this in the evenings. Tell Juno to hang it out in the sun."

There came an afternoon when, rising from her rest, she was aware of a change, something missing. The light had altered. It was just as hot—even hotter—but there was no sunshine, and the slight movement of the air, too slight to be called a breeze, had ceased. Pushing her damp hair from her forehead, she went to the window and looked out at the garden. Every leaf, every flower looked limp, their vitality drained away. Something threatened and they cowered under the threat.

Inside the room it was gloomy and stifling. She went, moving listlessly, to her favorite place in the garden, the seat on the little mound by the bank of flowers—azaleas, as she now knew. The mention of impending rain suggested clouds, but there were none, just a sullen, dark purple-gray pall drawn over the sun and the blueness; under it the sea lay flat leaden-colored, and the pink-and-rose color and scarlet of the bank of flowers had not so much faded as been drowned in the general gloom.

It was very depressing, and after a few minutes she began, for the first time, to feel homesick and lonely. She jumped up and decided to go for a walk. In the groves, between the tall

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 82 & 83

Vogue Design No. 9072. "Easy to Make" blouse; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 50c.
Vogue Design No. 9227. Blouse; 10 to 20 (31 to 40). 60c.
Vogue Design No. 9317. "Easy to Make" blouse; 12 to 42 (32 to 44). 60c.
Vogue Design No. 9318. "Easy to Make" blouse; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 60c.
Vogue Design No. S-4832. Suit; 10 to 20 (31 to 40). $1.50





Libby's is Twice-Rich: Rich in flavor . . . Rich in vitamins!

WHEN 35–23–35 IS A GOAL...

(IN ROUND NUMBERS, OF COURSE)

let non-fattening Libby's help you!

Whether you're trying for a Miss America's measurements or not—if you're on *any* slimming program, enjoy Libby's 3 times a day. Libby's is the *satisfying* tomato juice that quenches between-meal hunger. Gives you vitamins and minerals, too. Best news: only 25 calories to the 4-ounce glass! *Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 9, Illinois.*

enchanted hour...the wondrous moments that are yours alone to linger in the magic of a SweetHeart bath

So precious . . . this time you steal from your busy day. So welcome . . . SweetHeart's gentle softness, floating away weariness, bathing you in matchless luxury. There's something special about SweetHeart. Its sculptured elegance and delicate fragrance are only part of the secret. Most wonderful of all is SweetHeart's superb talent for making you feel beautifully feminine again. Why not find *your* enchanted hour now . . . with SweetHeart?



because SweetHeart adores you so!

now "glamorapped" in new gleaming foil

©1957, PUREX CORPORATION, LTD.

See the new Perry Mason show Saturday nights on CBS-TV

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

trees, it was always shady, and there, she imagined, the change in the light would be less noticeable. She would not, she decided, go far, in case the rain began.

The main path, the one Mynheer took each morning on his way through the compound, began at the edge of the garden, behind a pergola of carefully trained roses. It ran straight, but branching off from it were many paths, well used by the slaves who gathered the nutmegs. Julia knew them all by this time, and knew that by taking any left-hand turn she came through the groves and out at the shore. Ordinarily, she pursued the main path until she was almost at the forbidden compound and then turned off. Today, on account of the threatening rain, she took the first turning.

She had been wrong, she realized, to imagine that in the groves the change in the weather would be less noticeable; the purplish gloom, with the strange sense of foreboding which it conveyed, was thick in the narrow path, and the heat was stifling. It was stupid to have come for a walk; the house would have been much cooler. She came to a standstill and stood hesitant. The gloom seemed to deepen as she stood there. And then she heard the sound, a low, miserable moaning, the sound of someone in pain. She imagined that the sound came from ahead of her along the path, but not directly, slightly to the left, she thought. She moved forward and the noise seemed to come more clearly, but she could see nothing that would account for it. Then she saw, on her left, the opening of a path much more narrow than any of the others which intersected the groves. This was a mere track and not, by the look of it, much used.

In the purple, ominous gloom it had an uninviting, almost a sinister look and she hesitated before entering it. But she was certain now that the moaning came from somewhere along it. A few steps brought her to a length of fencing, made of roughly hewn tree trunks placed close together. The fence ran parallel with the path, was about ten feet high, and had no opening; but it was a mere façade, one had only to step into the grove to get behind it. The agonized sound came from its other side.

Again she stood hesitant. She had a very clear feeling that behind the fence might be something that she would not wish to see, perhaps should not see. But someone, or something—for the moaning noise sounded sometimes human and sometimes not—was behind that fence and in trouble. Also, she herself was curious. She stepped into the grove and rounded the fence.

At the back of it some trees had been hacked down, and in the space stood a square cage. The bars were five or six inches apart and behind them she could see something which moved and moaned and rattled a chain. A stout post stood in the center of the cage and attached to it by a length of chain linked about its waist was . . . what? For a moment Julia thought it was some kind of monkey; it was bent over, very brown, shriveled, and had its back to her as it strained against the chain and toward the bars on the farther side of the cage. And all the time it moaned and whimpered.

As she watched it turned, ran back and then lunged forward again, rattling the chain. With a slow, draining sense of horror Julia realized that it was a woman, skeleton-thin and stark naked.

Moving almost unwillingly, she went around the cage to the side where the woman was scrabbling at the bars. Then she understood. Just outside, just out of reach, stood a bucket with some water in and two little wooden bowls, one empty and one containing a handful of rice. She looked from them to the face of the woman behind the bars and was so shocked that she turned dizzy and found herself suddenly addressing God: *Don't let me faint, keep me up so I can do something.*

She kept up, and she did something. She took the empty bowl, dipped it in the bucket and pushed it between the bars. The woman seized it, drained it, thrust it out again. There was just enough water in the bucket to fill the little bowl three times; the last time Julia set the bowl down and tipped the bucket to pour out the very last drop. When the bowl was returned she said, "I'm sorry, there isn't any more," and her voice sounded as though she had been crying for a long time.

She handed in the rice bowl. The woman took the bowl and held it under her chin with one hand while with the other she scooped and shoveled the rice into her mouth. She did not chew, she swallowed, just as a dog, watched by another, would swallow food. Four dips, four gulps and the bowl was empty. She handed it back and retreated toward the post in the center of the cage, squatted down on the heap of filth which lay there, put her elbows on her knees and her head between her hands and from under the curtain of matted black hair regarded Julia with a dull, incurious, animal stare.

People did go mad, of course; there were people so mad they tore off their clothes, so mad that for their own safety and the safety of others they had to be very strictly confined. It was possible that this was a madwoman, and that today whoever had the duty of looking after her had forgotten. One mustn't go jumping to hasty conclusions, imagining the worst. There might be some perfectly reasonable explanation for the woman's condition.

She gathered her skirt, a handful on each side, and began to run, but running meant drawing quick breaths and today there seemed to be nothing to breathe.

Breathless and quite distraught, she came to the rose pergola. It was with the utmost relief that she saw, coming toward her, wiping his neck with his handkerchief, Mynheer.

"My dear Julia," he said, "I have been worried about you. I should have warned you not to go far today. The rains are about to begin." A low, long-drawn-out rumble of thunder shook the dark pall that hid the sky. "You might have been caught and drenched. Or frightened by the early darkness."

She could not speak. She took his arm gratefully and he hurried her across the lawn toward the house. Another clap of thunder shook the very air and a few large drops of water showered down.

"I should have prepared you. I do blame myself," Mynheer said, as they reached the steps of the cloister. "It came very suddenly. My dear, it is only thunder, there is no reason to be alarmed. You are trembling. Come and sit down." He led her to the salon.

She sat down, mastered her breath, and said, "It isn't the thunder. I've just seen something *horrible!*"

"In the compound?" he asked sharply.

"No. In a cage. A woman . . . on a chain . . . in a cage . . . starving."

"Oh." The single word rang out as it might have done had she hit him in the face. "She isn't starving. She is keeping Ramadan—a Moslem fast."

Horror receded. If the torment were self-inflicted, part of some strange creed, then it was different. She steadied herself, brushed back her damp hair and wiped her hands on her handkerchief.

"She looked so awful. I thought she might be mad."

"She may be, now. She was sane enough once," said Mynheer, and his voice was cold, cruel. Julia, looking at him, startled, curious, saw the exact expression which had been on his face when, on her first day, he had mentioned Pieter's fall.

"Is she —— Oh, no!" she said, putting her hand to her mouth.

"She is Psyche. She was Pieter's nurse. She was a Moslem, so she must keep the fast of Ramadan; that means that for a full lunar month nothing, no food or water, may pass the lips between the moment in the morning when a white thread can be distinguished from a black one and the same moment in the evening. One evening, at the end of a parching day, she left him, to fetch herself a cup of water, and he fell. So, since Ramadan meant

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

THE YEAR OF THE GREAT FREEZE

By MARGARET D. COLLIER

Ruined fruit was hanging gold
on the bough
Among the dense dark leaves; the tired men
Were gone, the fires were all put out, and now
Nothing could save the harvest.
It was when
Snow began to fall that the workers' eyes
Lost all their stubborn hope.
But every child
Who saw the snow in the orange groves went wild
With happiness, upheld in his surmise
That wonders would be worked for him, though how
He had not known till then!

Plastic makes it Perfect

LOMA'S stunning new CLOTHES HAMPER



Negligee by Neiman-Marcus *Hamper by LOMA*

At last . . . the *ideal* clothes hamper that can be trusted with even your most delicate lingerie. This smartly styled, lifetime plastic clothes hamper protects your daintiest washables from tears and snags. Modern ventilation helps prevent mildew and odor. And Corobex, the scientific germ fighter, gives molded-in Health Protection. In six fresh color concepts, with gold trim, to match or blend with the modern decor of your home.

At better stores everywhere.

THIS, THEN IS THE *IDEAL* CLOTHES HAMPER!

ANOTHER LOMA 'Ware ORIGINAL

A product of LOMA Plastics Inc., Ft. Worth, Texas



Going places with the *Light* refreshment

SEEMS that modern, active people are always on the move, so it's hardly surprising they've streamlined their eating habits, too.
Lighter, less-filling food and drink keep their figures trim and their spirits flying.

Today's Pepsi-Cola travels right along with this trend. Reduced in calories, never heavy, never too sweet, it's the modern, the *light* refreshment. When you're going places, always say "Pepsi, please." Refresh without filling!

PEPSI-COLA

Pepsi-Cola

refreshes without filling

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

much to her, more than her duty or my ld's well-being, I decreed that she should p it for the rest of her life." The disturbance is face had not invaded his voice; he spoke mly and with great simplicity.

"How cruel!" she said.

"That I can hardly deny. What I can deny that her suffering has matched mine, or ild, if she stayed there a thousand years."

There was something frightening about his olute calm, his imperviousness. It denied friendly, almost fond relationship which d built up between them. Sensing the fuy, even the unwisdom of saying anything re, she yet felt compelled to attack.

"You can't even be sure that she *was* to me. I knew a girl who looked exactly like ter, in Amsterdam. She hadn't had a fall!"

"How can you be sure of that? In any case, t is quite irrelevant. Pieter fell and is as he and Psyche is where she is. And think"—voice lightened, became sardonic—"of the rit she is acquiring. In the next life she will ubtless be Mahomet's plumpest houri—or tter still, his favorite camel."

She thought of the cage, of the woman uatting on the heaped filth, and her soul kened.

"You see, you must be careful never to voke me," Mynheer said. "I had no idea at you would penetrate so far, or I should ve warned you. I'm warning you now, dear. Don't walk that way again."

The silence that folved his words was oken by the sudden ar and hiss of the n.

The finding of yche had ruined lia's sense of being rfectly happy in a rfectly beautiful ace. The emotional sturbance, coincidg as it did with the ason of heavy, alost persistent rain, when exercise outors was impossible, resulted in wakeful ghts, haunted by the thought of the woman the cage, and also by worrying thoughts out herself and Mynheer. He had dismissed e matter entirely, and although for some ys her manner to him had been stilted, his to r remained exactly the same—indulgent, aternal.

Lying awake, listening to the drip and patr of the rain, she tried to think, coolly, reasonably, and finally came to the conclusion at merely feeling sickened, sorry, disgusted as not enough. She must *do* something. She cided that as soon as the rain stopped she ould visit the cage every day and take some od and some water. She could do it in the ternoon when Mynheer invariably slept.

Once that was decided, she felt better about syche. She turned her thoughts to Mynheer. e believed—sincerely, she thought—that the oman had ruined the whole life of his son nd heir; he was angry, and he was, in Rua, mpletely powerful. In his place mightn't she, ightn't anyone act with similar ferocity? She membered how willingly she would have illed Juffrouw Hoorne that night in the lopstock Home.

So, carefully, deliberately, as one might end a precious, broken piece of china, she ndeavored to repair her mental image of Mynheer. The mended thing seemed much he same, but it had lost something.

There came a day when the rain fell less eavily and less persistently and another when he fair periods outnumbered the showers; and hen it was sunny again, the world washed lean and everything springing into lush new fe.

"Now," said Mynheer, "we must set about ome entertaining. We've led a quiet life far oo long. Not, I must warn you, that the comany will be very lively. The men have one ubject of conversation—the nutmeg; and the vomen discourse, I think exclusively, upon he peccadilloes of their house slaves. However, it will divert you to see the dresses and oiffures, and the gentlemen will pay you compliments. And as you listen to the stories you may reflect—as I do—how much better we do in Rua."

Their first guests were to be the governor, his wife and a visiting niece, and Captain Kraemer, who was in command of the soldiers at the fort.

"That," said Mynheer, "will make six, with us, which I think the perfect number for dinner. It will also come to the notice of the agent, and he will feel rebuffed. Nowadays the commercial element has become so overrated that many people rank the agent with the governor. I do not."

He asked her which dress she proposed to wear, and when she said she had not yet decided, he asked:

"Is there not one, a rather dull, slaty blue?"

"Yes. I've never yet worn it. I thought it the least attractive of them all."

"I consider it suitable for this occasion. Will you allow me to be judge, or do you resent my interference?"

"I'll wear it," she said.

That evening, when the dress was on, and fastened, she regretted having been so weak-willed; the dress, of beautiful, heavy silk, had no decoration at all. It made her look old, and staring at her reflection she wondered whether that might be the reason why Mynheer had suggested it.

"I don't like it," she said, turning her head to Juno. "Do you think we could pin in a lace collar or—or something to brighten it up a little?"

As she spoke a gentle tapping sounded on the sitting-room door—the entry from the cloister. Juno padded away and in a second or two Julia heard Mynheer's voice. She rose, and with a rustling of silk skirts went into the sitting room.

Mynheer had not chosen himself a dull and unbecoming outfit; of a paler gray than usual, his jacket and breeches had the smoothness and gloss of polished silver and the lace at his breast and wrists was particularly fine. He carried a flat square box, covered in leather.

He looked her over with critical attention.

"It is ugly, isn't it?" she asked. "Shall I change?"

"Not immediately. Try this first." He opened the box and held it out toward her. Lying on a bed of faded blue velvet was a necklace, diamonds and sapphires set in very pale gold. The chain was formed by the stones, set alternately, every one as large as a pea, and hanging from it were seven pendants, each made of one large sapphire surrounded by a ring of diamonds.

As she stared at it, he tilted the box slightly so that the light of a nearby candle shone in the perfect, unfathomable blue and struck sparks of scarlet, green, purple and yellow from the whiteness.

"It's pretty, isn't it?" She knew that his choice of the slight, the faintly derogatory word was deliberate.

"It's beautiful."

He put the box on the table and lifted the necklace from it, shimmering and glittering.

"Permit me," he said, and laid it around her neck and fastened it under her hair. The stones fell into place, icily, against her skin.

Stepping back, he regarded her gravely.

"Yes," he said. "Yes—but see what you think, my dear."

She ran to the glass. The dress, she herself, utterly transformed; the blue and the sparkle seemed to have invaded her eyes.

"I am sometimes right," said Mynheer modestly. "When I ordered that dress I bore in mind that my daughter-in-law might be someone whom I could bear to see wearing that necklace. It suits you very well."

"I don't know what to say, Mynheer."

"There is no need to say anything. What there is need of ——" He lowered his voice a little. "Julia, this evening I'm afraid you must be prepared for a mild form of inquisition. The ladies will hardly miss such an opportunity of satisfying their curiosity. So imagine that Mevrouw van de Lijn has you in a corner and asks you about Pieter's disfigurement. What will you say?"

She thought for a moment, and then looking straight at him said, "Mynheer, I shall tell her that Pieter's disfigurement is grossly exaggerated by everybody, including himself."

Behind the bulging, clear, glassy gray eyes something popped up and looked out for a moment; something surprised, uneasy, vaguely respectful. It gave her the look which an expert might give a novice who had proved astonishingly adept at some game. It was not altogether pleased.

Then he smiled. "A beautifully ambiguous answer, my dear. I couldn't have thought of a better myself. Stick to that and you will do well."

She experienced, that evening, something she had never known before: a feeling of pride; pride in the place which she now called home, pride in the family of which she was now a member. It was so plain that these people—the most important members of Banda's society—regarded Mynheer with a respect that was little short of awe; even the governor deferred to him, saying, "With your long experience ——" saying, "Now on this

Homemaking is no longer belittled. It commands respect as a career requiring high intelligence plus devotion and especial sensitivity to the social and emotional needs of others.

RHODA BACMEISTER
All in the Family
Published by Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.
Copyright, 1951, Rhoda W. Bacmeister

you're always ready

when you use Noreen COLOR HAIR RINSE

When the phone rings with an unexpected invitation, you'll be glad your hair is silky shining and colorful ... a few minutes to tidy your hair and yourself and you're ready for anything from a surprise party to a friendly get-together at a friend's home.

Your best insurance against being caught unawares is a Noreen rinse after each shampoo. Your hair will always look lovely ... always have an attractive even young color sparked with highlights and a lustrous sheen ... always flatter you and show you at your loveliest.

With fourteen flattering shades to choose from ... with ease and speed of application and modest cost ... Noreen is your simplest and best approach to modern hair beauty.

Write for literature and FREE sample offer: Noreen, Inc.
450 Lincoln Street, Denver 3, Colorado. Dept. 16

at cosmetic counters everywhere
also professionally applied in beauty salons



I should value your opinion ——" And Mynheer was at his very best. Here at this table, bright with flowers and the best service of silver gilt, watching the skill with which he directed the conversation, everyone included, everyone provoked to animation, feeling about her throat the cold clasp of the necklace, being praised, displayed, smiled upon—was it narrow-minded, she wondered, to withhold something, to resist the appeal of his personality, to remember Psyche in her prison?

Halfway through the meal something happened for which Julia was not prepared.

Every evening, just before the candles were lighted, screens of the finest gauze, stretched tight over wooden battens, were placed inside the iron grillwork of the windows to keep out the night-flying things which might be attracted by the light. The veranda outside was ordinarily left in darkness, but this evening—she had imagined for the convenience of the guests arriving and departing—lanterns had been placed at intervals between the flower-brimming urns.

Suddenly Mynheer broke off in mid-sentence and looked fixedly at one window, thus drawing everyone's attention to it. Blocked darkly against the lanternlight, filling the window, was the whole of one human figure and half another, a jutting hatbrim, one shoulder. The one seen fully Julia recognized as Doctor Hootman; the other? Pieter? Even she could not be *quite* certain. Doctor Hootman turned his head and seemed to address his companion, and lifted his hand and laid it on the other's shoulder, and they moved away in such a direction that the man who was half glimpsed was never fully seen.

"Pieter and his friend have resumed their walks now that the rain is ended. That is something to be thankful for," said Mynheer.

There was a moment of slightly embarrassed silence; then the governor said, "Such a pity—to take it so hard." He turned to Julia and said, "I suppose, Mevrouw, you hardly notice anything amiss now. I am sure that, given the same opportunity, we should all become equally accustomed."

"Only today ——" she said, and tried out the neat little speech.

Even the inquisition for which Mynheer had prepared Julia did not take place. Mevrouw van de Lijn was engrossed with anxiety about her own child, a daughter, living in Holland, and due about now to have a baby.

"And whether things go well with her or not, whether I have a grandson or a granddaughter, I can't possibly know for another seven months. That is what I find so hard. I don't mind the climate, but I do mind, very much, these separations and the feeling of being at the world's end, so entirely cut off."

At the evening's end, however, attention was drawn to Pieter again. As the guests were leaving, about to make their way from the house to the little jetty where the governor's proa with a lighted lantern at its prow bobbed and looked like a dancing firefly, the sound of the clavichord, played in a masterly manner, came from the end of the house where Pieter's apartments lay. It was far from being the pleasant, tinkling tune produced by the average performer. In the wild, stormy music there seemed to sound the cry of a soul unsatisfied, lonely and searching. Exactly so might the legendary Pieter have played.

"Ah," said Captain Kraemer in a voice of awed appreciation.

"Poor boy! So gifted too," said the governor.

His wife gave a little shiver. The music spoke to her of the miles of tossing, perpetually discontented sea which lay between her and Holland, where her heart was this night.

Turning back into the house, Mynheer laid his hand on Julia's arm. "My dear, you did splendidly. I was very proud of you."

After that there were other dinner parties, and several times Mynheer and Julia went to dine in one or another of the big houses in Banda. There was never time on these occasions to visit Marie, he said, and Julia was glad; she had no wish to appear before Marie finely gowned and bejeweled.

One day Mynheer returned from a visit to Banda and said that he had made an appointment there for the morning, two days ahead; his business would take about two hours and he thought it would be a convenient time for Julia to make her visit.

"I took the liberty of sending word so that she may expect you. You must take her some flowers; they have no garden, I believe."

Marie lived in a narrow house squeezed between two taller, larger buildings. It was faded pink in color and except that it had shutters might have been any house in any humble street in Holland.

She opened the door herself and Julia had difficulty in suppressing an exclamation of surprise. Marie had greatly changed, grown so fat that she almost filled the doorway. Behind her, in the narrow passage, stood another woman with two children peering from behind her skirts.

The population of Banda Neira had grown rapidly and there was a shortage of houses. Marie and Hendrik shared a house with his brother, his wife and two children and an unmarried clerk from the agent's office.

"—— and now he wants to get married too," said Marie, explaining the situation, "and we haven't the heart to say he can't; so where we shall be then, I don't know."

She had lost none of her cheerfulness. Chattering gaily, she led the way into a hot, cluttered sitting room, called her sister-in-law and introduced her and asked her to put the flowers in water, and shooed away the children.

"Now," she said, "let me look at you! And tell me quickly, while we're alone, which we shan't be for long, are you all right, Julia?"

"I'm very well. Are you?" But surely it was wrong to have grown so very stout, so pale and puffy of face, in so short . . . how long? Good heavens, six whole months.

"I'm as you see," said Marie, looking down at her bulging figure with pride. "Hendrik is so pleased. He wants a girl to look like me; and I want a boy to look like him. And it *could* be twins, couldn't it, the size I am."

So that was it! "I'm so glad for you."

"I'm glad too. Mind, I shall be more glad when it or they have arrived. I look so awful. The odd thing is, Hendrik doesn't think so. He says that I'm prettier now than ever. Do you think something comes over men who are going to be fathers, a sort of blindness?"

Deep in Julia's mind something stirred. Men and women were made and put together by the good God . . . no mistake . . . even such a veiling of a man's sight. That, she thought, must be real love.

"I wanted to come and see you," Marie ran on. "But the Vosmars are so rich and important, it didn't seem quite right for me to come to you first. And then this happened. And you didn't come and didn't come. I have been worried about you."

"Why?"

Marie looked away and a little color crept into her cheeks. "Well—such tales go round. Is it true that your husband had a terrible accident and is dreadful to look at?"

Once again the neat little sentence served.

"And then there's that frightening old man. Oh, when I saw you go off with him, Julia—I did pity you."

"But he's very kind to me. I'm not frightened of him." *But that is a lie; every afternoon when I steal out of the house to visit Psyche I can hardly breathe for fear.*

"If he's kind, his looks belie him. But I'm glad he is. And what about your husband, apart from his looks?"

"Pieter and I get on very well. He's very fond of me. He'd do anything he could to please me." That at least was true.

"Well, that just shows. They say he's surly, never sees anybody, never speaks. They even say he's a bit ——" She tapped her head with her finger and laughed; then, leaning forward, took Julia by the hand. "They're vastly rich, aren't they? I expected you to walk in all silk and satins and covered with diamonds."

"But I had to come in a proa. I have a silk dress ——" She could see that Marie was so happy, so contented with her lot that she was safe from envy, so she described one or two of her dresses.

"Have you one of those native things? You know, a sarong and little jacket? Hendrik and I were asked to the agent's once—I don't like *her*, nose-in-the-air, but that's by the way—and she was wearing one, pink and purple. I meant to make myself one—you only have to do straight hemming on the sarong—but then this happened and it didn't seem worth it for a while. But I shall after—if I ever get back to my right size, that is."

In such girlish chatter the time passed swiftly. The sister-in-law came in, carrying Mynheer's offering of lilies and roses and orchids which she had crammed into an ugly brass bowl; she went out again and returned bringing strong black coffee and some rather stale little cakes. The children stole into the room, soon forgot their shyness and began squabbling and had to be sent out; the lack of garden was deplored. Soon it was time to go.

At the moment of parting, Marie had a resurgence of anxiety.

"You really are all right, Julia? Happy?"

"Of course. You must come and see for yourself."

"I can't take a boat trip just now. I will afterward—if you invite me."

"I am inviting you," Julia said. How would Mynheer take that?

The proa swung out of the harbor and headed for Rua.

"Well, and how did you enjoy your visit?" Mynheer asked.

"Very much, thank you. We had such a lot to talk about."

"Your little friend is enjoying her new life?"

"Oh, very much. She was delighted with the flowers and sent you messages of gratitude." That was not true. Marie had handed the flowers to Rita and hardly looked at them. Save for a flash or two in Julia's direction, Marie's eyes were turned inward, self-absorbed.

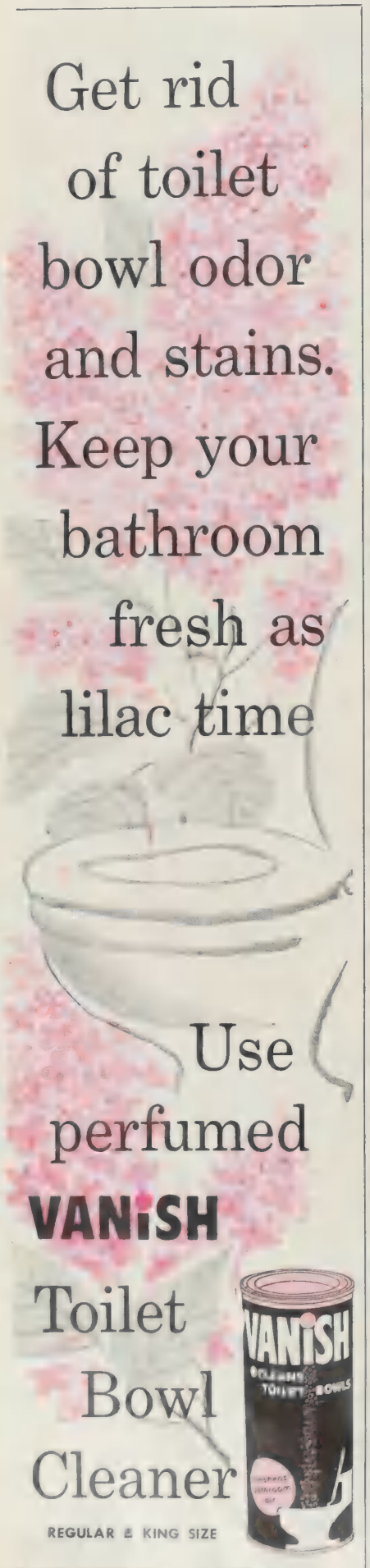
"I expect she told you all the gossip of the town."

"No. I don't think we gossiped at all," she told him. "We talked mainly about ourselves, I'm afraid."

She could feel, without turning her head, that he was looking at her closely. He was waiting, waiting for her to tell him something more. What? Oh, of course ——

"She did ask me a few questions about Pieter. My answers satisfied her, and I think would have satisfied you."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120





"Harvey sleeps like a baby."

Out of the blue . . . the whitest, brightest nylon ever!

NEW LA FRANCE BLUING with its special nylon-brightener restores even the dingiest nylon in just five washings. And it won't turn fabric yellow as most bleaches will.

What's more, regular La France care actually *prevents* "graying" of new nylon. Try it tonight . . . La France is detergent, nylon-brightener and bluing all in one handy box.

P. S. La France is perfect for all your family wash . . . no special bluing rinse needed.

washes away "nylon gray"



La France is detergent, nylon-brightener and bluing all in one handy box.

Another fine product of General Foods









FROM DETECTIVE AGENCIES TO CATERERS

whatever you need-

Find It Fast In The Yellow Pages

Ads with this emblem make your shopping easier

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

"I'm sure of that. I rely upon your discretion absolutely."

He seemed to wait again. Then he said:

"Well, perhaps it is true—as some ladies aver—that men are the real gossips. It seems that my business talk has provided me with a titbit that you missed. Unless you saw fit not to mention it to me."

"You mean about Marie—that she is going to have a baby?"

"Yes. Is it true? Then was it modesty that kept you silent on the subject? Or envy?"

She had a sudden, strange, utterly unwarranted suspicion that he had known all along; that he had deliberately postponed taking her to visit Marie until he had, somehow, on his previous trip, heard that she was pregnant. But that was stupid; why should he? And why this sudden probing?

"Neither. I just felt that, in the circumstances, it was a matter better not mentioned between us. That was all."

"Now why?" he asked. "Between us there should be complete understanding. We two are alone as few people are. My dear, you do, despite the poor little house, the lack of prospects and everything, envy her, do you not?"

What did he want her to say?

"I suppose every woman, if she could, would like to have a child of her own, but ——"

"Exactly," he broke in. "And every woman *should*. It is her *right!*"

In the circumstances an astonishing, a challenging thing to say. *But I can't*, she thought, *go into it with him now; once I might have. But I must answer.* She said, "Many women remain unmarried, Mynheer. What about them?"

"This is an imperfect world, my dear. The rules are made, hit or miss; often by knaves. I never pay heed to the rules, I never have. I still say that any woman, married or single, should have a child if she wanted one."

It all seemed to be leading somewhere, but where?

"That is a very original idea," she said.

He laughed. "I'm sure somebody said just those words to the man who first thought of harnessing a horse, or setting the wind to work a mill or sail a ship. Where would the world be if no one had ever had an original idea? I feel very strongly ——"

She waited, feeling that the next words would reveal his purpose, make everything plain.

"I talk too much," he said. "And for that you are partly to blame. You're very easy to talk to. I often forget that you are so young, and a female. Never mind. One day ——"

He left that sentence unfinished, too, and reached out and patted her hand.

The next week Mynheer made another visit to Banda Neira, this time alone.

"I will not ask you to come with me today, my dear, because my business will take longer. Also, I may bring two guests back for dinner and I want you, if you will be so kind, to do a job for me." He took out his keys and removed one from the chain and handed it to her. "That is the key of the plate cupboard. Pluto knows what to get out, but I would like you to be there. He will overload a tray and then things fall and are dented. Make him bring out one piece at a time." He smiled at her. "It is very pleasant for me to have someone to whom I can entrust these domestic details. And of course you must begin to take charge. One day you will rule this house; rule all Rua, in fact."

She said, with sincerity, "I hope that day will be long in coming, Mynheer."

"Thank you, my dear. But it will come. That is a fact to be faced. However, I have made every possible provision."

The vision of the future, thus conjured up, cast a slight gloom over the bright morning. Day-to-day living in Rua was—apart from the ever-nagging memory of the woman in the cage—very pleasant and carefree, but to look ahead was to see a time and a situation curiously shapeless, empty of the landmarks which ordinary people saw along the years.

She tried to throw off her bewildering and foreboding thoughts by being busy, but Pluto suggested that the removal of the silver should take place in the afternoon. When afternoon came he was so exaggeratedly careful in the handling of the many pieces of the silver-gilt dinner service which was to be used that evening that the afternoon was well advanced before Julia could relock the cupboard and go away.

On any ordinary afternoon this would have worried her, but today, with Mynheer safe in Banda, it did not matter. She went calmly to her room, picked up a rather large bag of pale pink brocade with a piece of embroidery sticking out of it, and set off to pay her daily visit to Psyche. Concealed under the embroidery were some food saved from her own midday meal and an old wine bottle full of water.

Psyche now knew her, and watched for her coming; every afternoon she was at the bars of the cage on the side from which Julia appeared. Apart from this, their relationship had remained static and Julia was not even sure whether the woman was fully sane or not. On the first few occasions when she had brought

LATCH FAST, CARGO DOWN

By HENRY RAGO

Is the latch fast? The cargo down?
Small daughter, smaller daughter
Bedded down?
Plates and pantry, fire and faucet
Fixed and sound?

Never a sound.
Door upon door and house entire
Open and close
On chairs and tables poised as chosen.
The night light tightens

To sure, to safe, and sounding
The dark least deep, the heavy rooms
Heave and hold
The household stretched from latch to hold
As the ship moves.

the extra food and water, she had tried to talk to her, calling her by name. There was no response; eighteen years of slow torture and solitary confinement had reduced Psyche to something less than human, and eventually Julia could see that this was merciful. Sometimes on her way back she cried a little; and sometimes she felt a renewed upsurge of dislike for Mynheer.

This afternoon Psyche was waiting as usual at the corner nearest the point where Julia entered the little clearing. An extra meal every day for some weeks had done nothing to change her dreadful appearance; under the filthy scaly skin every bone, every ligament showed plainly. Her eyes, under the shadow of the mat of hair, flickered with recognition and avidity, and Julia was glad to think that today there was meat in the bag.

Ordinarily, as soon as Julia arrived, Psyche, after that single, human-seeming glance, would run, with a clanking of the chain, to the other side of the cage where the water and rice were displayed in their Tantalus inaccessibility. Today, however, she stayed where she was, pushing her clawlike hands through the bars and whimpering. She was more thirsty than usual, Julia thought, because of the delay.

She walked around to the side where the bowls and the bucket stood. Psyche ran across with a clanking of the chain. Julia put the bag on the ground, removed the piece of embroidery and the packet of food and revealed the bottle, standing upright with the pink folds of the brocade bag collapsed around its base. She reached out for the bowl into which she always poured the water. As she did so Psyche's hand shot through the bars and snatched at the bottle, drawing it into the cage. *Poor thing, she is thirsty*, Julia thought; *and, despite all evidence to the contrary, she can still reason. It is quicker to drink from the bottle than to have a bowl filled.*

Psyche, bottle in hand, was retreating toward the center of the cage with exactly the look of a cat that has made off with a piece of fish.

"It's all right," Julia said. "Drink out of the bottle if you like. But you must give it back to me." She heard a certain shrillness in her voice, and thought, *I mustn't frighten her, I must keep calm.*

Psyche made no attempt to take out the cork. Perhaps she had forgotten. She wasn't even handling the bottle as though she intended to drink out of it. She held it by its neck.

She is mad, after all, Julia thought.

Holding the bottle by the neck and swinging it as though it were a club, Psyche hit it against the post. It broke, the water splashed out and pieces of glass fell down onto the heap of filth. The neck of the bottle, with the cork still in it, remained in her hand until she dropped it among the other fragments. Then she bent down, looked at the pieces of glass and quite deliberately chose one. With it in her hand she stood up, and then, with that same deliberation, drew the edge of it across her stringy throat.

It made, to begin with, a cut, like a little mouth with red lips; then, in a flash, the wound, Psyche's hand, the piece of glass which it held were all lost in a gush of blood.

It all happened so suddenly that there wasn't time even to close one's eyes, or look away.

Psyche did not fall down immediately; the arching fountain of blood had slackened before she fell to her knees and then forward from the waist until her face touched the ground. In this prayerful attitude her body gave one or two convulsive twitches which jerked it slightly sideways; then it was still.

It had all happened so suddenly, and been so unexpected, that it was difficult to believe that it had happened at all. But it had happened. There lay Psyche, dead, with the bits of broken glass around her, and there was Julia, sick and dizzy, clinging to the bars of the cage for support.

Psyche was dead; she was glad of that: her troubles were over. Mynheer would come, at feeding time, see the corpse and the bits of glass. He would instantly suspect Julia, because she had once shown interest in the dead woman. He would be furiously angry. Balked of the rest of his vengeance, what would his vengeance be? There was only one answer to that. He would put her in the cage. She would spend the rest of her life there, naked, chained to a post by a heap of filth.

She began to tremble, so violently that her hands could no longer clasp the bars, so violently that her head jerked and shook like that of an old person with palsy. *I must get away*, she thought, *away from this place of horror.* The idea of drowning herself slipped into her mind. Yes, death in the cool, crystal-clear blue water would be better than facing Mynheer in his rage.

She staggered out of the clearing and onto the path, turning away from the house and toward the shore. She had taken only a few steps when she stopped to listen, thinking that she heard other steps coming toward her. It was so. Mynheer, back from Banda earlier than he had expected and coming from that direction toward the cage.

She would have turned and run the other way, or darted off and hidden in the nutmeg grove, but she now could not move at all except to shudder and tremble. She could only stand in the middle of the narrow path and wait.

It was not Mynheer. It was nobody she had ever seen before. A man, giving, at that slight distance, an impression of youth unconfirmed,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

People will say we're in love with
Rose Cascade



Reed & Barton's newest sterling

Rose Cascade 6-piece setting: knife, fork, teaspoon, soup spoon, salad fork, spreader, $36.75 tax included. For literature or nearest store write Reed & Barton, Dept. LH-107, Taunton, Mass.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

she was to learn, by a closer view. She even noticed that he looked surprised, a little startled at the sight of her.

He came close enough to touch her, looking at the path behind her and into the grove on either side.

"Have you had a fright? What's the matter?" he asked.

She tried to speak, but she had no more control of her jaw and tongue than of her legs; her teeth chattered and that was the only sound.

"I didn't frighten you, did I?" he went on. "I'm harmless."

He saw the splashes of fresh blood on the front of her dress, the state of her hands where she had clutched the blood-splashed bars. He tried again.

"Have you had an accident?"

Almost unwillingly then he touched her, put his hand under her arm and turned her slightly.

"Sit down," he said, and helped her down and propped her back against the trunk of a tree.

The man carried a brown jacket over his left arm. He searched for and found the pocket and brought out a small, dented silver flask. He removed its top and held it toward her.

"Take a sip of that," he told her. "It'll pull you together."

She tried to lift a shaking hand, then tried to shake her jerking head to indicate inability.

"Poor girl," he said, "you are in a state."

He threw down the jacket, knelt beside her, put an arm round her shoulders and with his other hand held the flask to her lips, exactly as though she were a baby.

Whatever it was he had given her ran warmly down from her throat to the pit of her stomach and after a minute or two from there it began to spread out. Presently she tried to move her hand again, and this time it came up at her bidding; she took her lower jaw between her finger and thumb, held it for a few seconds and then managed to say, "Thank you."

"Now," he said, with an air of getting down to business, "are you hurt?" She shook her head. "Then where does all this blood come from?"

"Psyche . . . she killed herself." The radiating warmth had now reached the very core of her mind; she burst into tears. "It was awful," she gulped out between two sobs. "I was glad for her, but it was . . . an awful way to die." She found her handkerchief and used it, and gasped out, "Unless I drown myself I think he'll put me in the cage instead. Oh, I know it all sounds crazy, but this is a crazy place. You don't know!"

Now the extreme, painful clarity of mind which had enabled her to observe everything so minutely—even to the fact that his shirt had once been fine, and that now its frill was in tatters—had given way to emotional confusion. She hardly noticed that he had slipped his arm around her again and was holding her close to his shoulder and urging her to have her cry out because then she would be able to tell him what was the matter and he would see if there was anything he could do.

With her mind she was hardly aware of all this; but her body remembered that in just this way Uncle Johannes had held her and comforted her when something had gone wrong with her childish world. Since his death nobody had held her with intent to comfort or sustain. Despite everything, she was comforted.

At last she was able to say, "Are you a friend of Mynheer Vosmar's?"

"Let's say an acquaintance. I'll tell you this: if it's trouble between you and him, I'm on your side."

"Why?" she asked, lifting her head from his shoulder and mopping her eyes.

"Because I'm always on the side of ladies in distress. No, seriously, you're safe with me. If there's anything I can do to help, tell me."

"I don't see that anyone could help me. Mynheer kept a poor woman in a cage and slowly starved her—kept her short of water, too, so every day I took her some and just now she snatched the bottle and cut her throat. He'll know it was me. She's been there for eighteen years and nobody else ever bothered. He'll put me in the cage instead—unless I drown myself."

"Or I said I gave her the bottle."

She moved her head a little so that she could look into his face. "Could you do that? Would you?" she asked in an awed voice.

"I don't see why not. He can't do anything to me."

His eyes, she noticed with some part of her mind which had disengaged itself from the main problem, were blue; and they were narrow, wrinkled at the outer corners as though he were always screwing them against the glare of the sun.

"I don't know," she said doubtfully. "He'll be *very* angry, and he's a ruthless man."

"The most ruthless man I know, and I have known a few. But his anger wouldn't hurt *me*. Don't you fret about that. Let's work it out. I'm coming along this path, carrying a bottle of wine, nothing extraordinary about that. What draws my attention? I've walked this path before and never noticed anything. Where is this cage? How did you find it?"

"Behind that fence," she said, looking in that direction and then quickly away again. "I heard her moaning."

"All right. *I* heard her moaning. I gave her the bottle of wine. That is, I might say, and will seem so to Mynheer, quite out of keeping with my character, but then the circumstances are somewhat unusual. Will that do?"

She said slowly, "I don't know what to say. I should be so deeply, so everlastingly gr——" She began to cry again.

"Ah, don't!" he said. "It's over now. You'll just puff up your face and that will look suspicious. And you've got a lot of cleaning up to do. So that shall be our story, eh?"

"If you're *sure* you don't mind the risk."

"All I risk is that he should burst with fury, and I don't think he will. Tell me," he said in a different voice, "what hold has he on you that you should be frightened of him?"

Elegant...custom-built...



DAYS

He's my father-in-law."
Your *what?*"
My father-in-law."
Great God in heaven! You don't tell me
're married to that idiot boy!"
For the first time she felt something shame-
about her situation. Her face grew hot and
looked down as she said:
I didn't know; it was a glove marriage.
d of course it is in name only."
He said nothing for a moment.
Are they kind to you?"
Oh, yes, very kind. Today, of course, was
erent. I did disobey him." That was a re-
nder. "Mynheer, if you do take the blame for what I did, when can you tell him? I think he comes to feed . . . her at sunset every day. If he came before he heard your story he would think of me, and if he spoke of it, or questioned or accused me, I'm afraid I should give myself away."

"He shall know that I am waiting to see him, on most urgent business, the moment he sets foot on the jetty. Make your mind easy. All you have to do is to clean up, and forget all about it. Especially forget that you ever saw me."

"Oh, I couldn't do that. I shall remember you and what you've done for me every day of my life."

"No, just forget it." His voice changed again. "Do you see much of Daan Hootman?"

"Every day, several times."

"He's a good chap. If ever you need a friend, he'd stand by."

"I'll remember that. But I shall be all right. I've learned my lesson. I shall never interfere with anything again."

"That's right," he said. He rose lightly to his feet and reached down a hand to help her to hers. "How do you feel?"

"A little shaky, but all right, thank you."

"Just forget all about it and be careful in future. I hope everything will work out all right for you."

She realized that now she must go one way and he another; that she would never see him again, and must even try to forget that she had ever seen him.

"I haven't thanked you properly—but then I never could. And now we have to say good-by." Tears rushed to her eyes again. She held out her hand and he took it. Suddenly, on impulse, he gave it a little pull, drawing her nearer, and, bending his head, kissed her on the forehead, just where the hair grew in a little peak.

"That's for luck," he said lightly. "You're the sweetest thing I've seen for many a long day."

She threw her arms round his neck and kissed him on the mouth, for luck, for gratitude, for good-by, with a kind of innocent passion. He stood rigid and unresponsive for a second; then, under hers, his lips moved, once. Instantly he reached up his hands and caught hers.

"You really must go, it's getting late," he said stiffly.

She knew that if she tried to speak again she would cry, her throat ached and her eyes were swimming. She began to walk quickly away; but at the path's end she turned and looked back. He was standing where she had left him, his shabby old jacket slung over his arm. He raised a hand and she waved back, taking a last look at him with her heart in her eyes.

As she hurried along the rose pergola she saw Doctor Hootman on the other side of the garden, but he entered the grove from that side by a less frequented path, and she was able to reach the house unobserved.

Beneath his stolid appearance, Doctor Hootman concealed a lively and sensitive per-

My idea of an agreeable person is a person who agrees with me.
DISRAELI

ception and an imagination more than averagely facile. The instant the man he had come to meet was within sight, before a word or glance had been exchanged, he sensed that something had happened and that this meeting was in some way different from their former ones.

Philosophically he reminded himself that those who play with fire must expect sooner or later to burn their fingers; he congratulated himself that his connection with the dangerous element had been more or less a vicarious one.

They met, shook hands; and in the doing of it Doctor Hootman asked, "What's the matter, Charles? You look perturbed."

"Do I?" Charles rubbed his hand over his face as though to right his expression "And well I may," he said, a faint grin coming and going and leaving his look unchanged.

"Is something wrong?"

"Oh, with the job? No. All safe in Madagascar by now, or should be, and the money lodged. I wasn't thinking about that. It's what has been happening *here*, that's what I want to know, my boy."

"Here? Everything here is as usual."

"You're an old oyster. You've got an addition to the family, I understand."

"Oh, that," said Doctor Hootman with an air of relief, dismissing Julia as of no importance. "The jungle drums don't miss much, do they? Yes, in addition to all the other trappings of normality, Pieter has now been provided with a wife."

"I've just seen her."

"Did she see you?"

"We had a long conversation."

"Most unwise," Doctor Hootman said. "Suppose she mentions you."

"She won't. She can keep a secret." Charles flung himself down on the crisp, aromatic leaves that had drifted beside the path. "She's had one of her own which I bet even *you* never ferreted out."

Lowering himself more awkwardly, Doctor Hootman also sat down.

"I must confess it had never occurred to me to look into her activities."

nd at a "youthful" price!

it's so easy to be a brilliant home decorator...
just say "Daystrom" to your furniture dealer!

Daystrom tables have tops of scratch, stain burn-resistant Daystromite® in plain, l-grain and two-tone patterns. Many table s and sizes to choose from.

Daystrom Coloramic finishes are famous for durability. Select your set in Bronze, Black or the new Platinum Gray. With brass or genuine silver "Ankle-Action" Glides.



k for this handy swatchboard at r Daystrom dealer's. All patterns colors in vinyl and Nylo-Saran ir coverings, all Daystromite® e tops and Coloramic finishes are layed for your selection.

Only Daystrom offers you such a wide, and wonderful selection of dining sets to choose from. The exclusive Daystrom Swatchboard lets you express yourself in style, in color, in coverings. And suddenly your kitchen or dining room comes alive with new beauty, gives new usefulness and comfort!

So take your time . . . *choose*. Daystrom is designed for *discriminating* women. Every set is custom-built, and yet you pay no more than for mass-produced sets!

Send 10¢ for idea-packed Daystrom Decorating Booklet. Dept. 10, Daystrom Furniture, Olean, N. Y.

Chair styles range from Colonial to Danish Modern. Foam rubber and Tufflex padding. Covered in original patterns of vinyl fabric, Nylo-Saran and leather-like Saddle Vinyl.



TROM



Above: **GRANDEUR,** *Syracuse Celadon edged in gold, sophisticated flower motif in center — 19.95 five piece place setting. Also available:* **SPLENDOR,** *Syracuse Celadon edged in platinum, same center — 18.95 five piece place setting.*

Your name on a post card will bring color brochure of Syracuse patterns and name of nearest dealer. Syracuse China, Dept. J107, Syracuse 1, N. Y.

Important to present owners of Syracuse China. If you are experiencing difficulties in obtaining replacements of older Syracuse patterns, write Dept. M, above address.

"Well, listen to this." Doctor Hootman did listen, intently while Charles told him, briefly, the story of Julia's visits to Psyche and how the last one had ended.

"Next thing I know I shall have a case of apoplexy on my hands," Doctor Hootman said, speaking as though he relished the prospect. "He'll be so mad with anger, and the conflict between his fury and the paternal attitude he must preserve will be enough to make him burst a blood vessel." He hugged his knees and looked pleased.

"He won't be angry with *her*. Me. I'm the scapegoat. We worked it all out. I was walking along, found the poor wretch and gave her the bottle of wine which I was bringing up as a present for himself. That'll burst all his blood vessels, eh?"

Charles laughed outright, and Doctor Hootman's pleased look warmed for a moment into a smile. They were men of entirely dissimilar character, breeding and experience, with nothing in common except the furtive bit of business they carried on behind Mynheer's back, but that was in itself a strong link.

Doctor Hootman's smile soon vanished. "I don't call that a good move at all. You're not supposed to be here today."

"I've got a story to explain that too. Don't you worry."

"I don't think he'll believe you."

"What else can he believe? I've even checked on the bottle. Lovely bottle of Rhenish it was!" His face hardened. "I shan't give him time for doubts, Daan. I shan't walk in and say, 'So sorry, Mynheer, I had the slight misfortune to finish off your victim.' I shall tell him straight out that he's a filthy swine and that I don't think I can do business with him any more."

"Yes," said Doctor Hootman thoughtfully, "that does lend a ring of conviction. And it will set him thinking. That's the line to take."

"It's not a line. It's how I feel. I shall have a hard job to keep my hands off him."

Doctor Hootman looked with mild interest at the harsh-lined face, now scored with angry disgust.

"I shouldn't have thought that Psyche's plight ——" he began.

"I'm not thinking of Psyche—though that was bad enough. It's the girl. Of all the vile things to do, to fetch out that poor innocent child and marry her off to —— I'm tough-bellied, but when she said 'father-in-law' I did feel bloody sick."

One of Doctor Hootman's eyebrows moved a little. "You needn't concern yourself about *that*, Charles. They live quite separately. And theirs is really rather a touching relationship. She plays with him as though he were about four years old and just a little backward."

As he spoke, something deeply buried, most intricately coiled at the very roots of his mind, moved, cold and sluggish, a snake stirring from its winter sleep.

"She seems to have made quite an impression on you, Charles. Was she equally taken with you?"

"She probably wouldn't recognize me again if she saw me. Poor girl, she was half out of her mind with terror. She'd got an idea that he might put *her* in his cage. What's her name?"

"Julia."

"Julia." He tried it over; he liked it; it suited her. He turned his attention to more immediate matters.

"Get hold of Mynheer, Daan, as soon as he lands, and tell him a man—you can say a rough-looking character, if you like—came to see him and you shut him in the library. Then from your lair you can listen to the explosion."

"I'd like to know what excuse you'll give for being here today—unbidden by him."

"Stern business—and it happens to be true. London seems to have tapped another source and the price dropped by two shillings a pound. So he probably will burst, and I'll have killed the goose that laid the golden egg. For once I don't care. There's always the nutmeg. Your gleanings are in the same place, I take it. Good. I think this time we really must make an effort to get some to America. It's amazing, isn't it, how they don't grow. You and I alone have shipped out enough to start a forest, and we're not the only ones. And the demand goes on."

"We should be grateful for that. Now, a regards the patrols."

"I'd clean forgotten."

"You are not yourself this afternoon. Th seventeenth; the twenty-third; the first of nex month. But the Lonthoir run, on the fifteenth is full moon. So have a care then."

"Thank you, Daan," Charles said warmly "It's due to you we've eluded them so long, do verily believe. He's a mean swine abou that too. He has all the information, but neve another word or hint that a poor strugglin chap could take advantage of. I'd be interested to know who supplies his information."

"I don't think anybody does," said Docto Hootman, rising and brushing, with scrupulou care, every bit of clinging leaf from his dar clothes. "A patrol officer, in his cups, one eve ning dropped a hint abou general principle of routine, varied by tide and the moon; an after that, clever fellow, he could work it ou for himself. On the first of the lunar month, a regularly as it comes round, he sits down an makes his little chart; at which I look nex time I pass. Well, I'll go ahead; wait ten min utes and then follow. I'll be on the lookout. hope your luck holds."

"Thanks. And Daan ——"

"Yes?"

"Keep an eye on . . . Julia."

"I can promise to do that. I also admir courage. I have my human side, you know."

He walked, unhurried and ponderous through the grove where the twilight wa thickening. As he walked he snapped his fin gers coaxingly at the snake which had ju moved in his mind. *Come out, little snake, l me inspect you and see whether you are what wish, what I hope you might be. Are you just harmless little grass snake, or a deadly viper?*

He could remember every word, every in flection of voice used on the evening of Julia arrival when Mynheer had said, "Listen —— and then unfolded his audacious, incredibl scheme. Every word had been a blow to hi own plans and hopes. But now, after what ha happened this afternoon, it was just possibl that Julia might be a weapon snatched fro Mynheer's hand and fitted to his own.

Doctor Hootman was neither religiousl nor mystically inclined. Ignoring Providenc and Destiny, he was therefore forced to bend superstitious knee in the worship of anothe controller of human lives, the great goddes Coincidence. Coincidence was responsible fo the fact that the ship on which he had sailed a doctor-surgeon and spy for the owners shoul sink in the Banda straits and that he should b without a job, awaiting a passage, at the ver moment when Mynheer Vosmar was search ing for new medical attention for Pieter. Agai it was Coincidence which had ordained hi meeting with Charles Youngman; they ha founded a partnership which had been ver profitable. So far, so good. Had Coincidenc now stretched out her long arm and simply b throwing a man and a girl together offere him the ghost of a chance of defeating My heer's scheme and prospering his own?

Pondering these things, Doctor Hootma plodded back to his place of imprisonmen while Charles lay in the dusk on the scente leaves and thought of Julia and how she ha kissed him.

He kept coming back to that. He thought c the patrol boats making their futile, regula prowls on the lookout for smugglers. H thought of his fellow outlaws, the disillu sioned, dispossessed, risking their lives for te guilders, living in squalor and daily danger but gallantly and cheerfully. He thought c Mynheer. He thought of Psyche. And h thought of a long avenue of elms, noisy wit rooks, that led to what had been a gracious house, tawny-pink in the English sunshine now a heap of blackened rubble. But alway his thoughts came back to Julia, to the mem ory of that sweetly innocent and yet passion ate kiss and the way it had stirred him.

Ten minutes. So many of his jobs called fo perfect timing that he could gauge a given pe riod to a few seconds without the aid of timepiece. He rose, brushed himself down.

He might never see her again. There was n room in his life for sentiment.

(To be Continued)

WHY I LIKE BEING A WOMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

College and wartime director of the WAVES, says, "Being a woman has given me tremendous opportunities, thanks to men! It was only when men thought 'There ought to be a woman' that I was able to join many organizations which provided stimulating experiences. In my vast and pleasurable association with women, I have met a great many I admire and I am glad to be able to associate with them as a fellow woman can. Of course my *first* reason for being glad I am a woman is that I like being my husband's wife!"

ROSALIND RUSSELL tells us, "Someone once said 'Man goes direct to God—woman goes through saints.' We may often be roundabout in the way we get things done, but we *get* them done, and usually come up smiling! Through our seemingly frivolous pursuits—country auctions, county fairs, afternoon teas and Christmas bazaars—we manage to raise the money to build a new school wing or balance the church budget; and what's more, everybody has fun while we do it. I enjoy our womanly occupations—and I'm glad to be a member of the club."

GLADYS ROCKMORE DAVIS attributes the beauty of her paintings to "the many things in life I have loved and experienced as a woman." She says, "Being able to give birth to two children, having a vital role in their education and development, having a woman's pleasure in creating my different homes, planning the family meals and enjoying pretty clothes are the things I have most enjoyed through the years—and the things that have most influenced my work as an artist."

DOROTHY THOMPSON and ***IVY BAKER PRIEST*** agree that the special satisfactions in life that come to women are bound by, as well as distinguished from, man's place in the world. In their personal lives, both of these wives and mothers are admired for their generous hearts and warmly feminine qualities.

Says Dorothy Thompson: "Men and women share a common humanity and are more alike than they are different. In the very greatest men there is a sensibility usually associated with the feminine, and in the greatest women a power that we associate with the masculine. The highest satisfactions are happily open to persons of both sexes, provided they have the instinct, will and a yearning greater than mere 'ambition' to seek and find them. These are the satisfactions of mind and soul that reward the search for truth and understanding and concentrated engagement in creative work. The realization of an *ambition* is usually tied to public recognition and applause. Satisfaction in achieving understanding is in the achievement itself. But I cannot draw a line here, between the sexes."

Mrs. Priest adds, "Liking to be alive is what is important. I feel we should all be happy we are on this earth and enjoy to the fullest the compensations and rewards of a good life."

ISAK DINESEN's philosophy gives us all something pleasant to think about now—and for the future. This author says, "As a little girl I often wished to be a boy, and I think that most little girls will have wished the same, but from the age of about fifteen I have, I believe, enjoyed being a female as thoroughly as any of my sex. At my present time of life I feel the preference even more strongly. I am convinced it is easier and more pleasant to be an old woman than to be an old man. Why? I feel that woman is *freer* than man. Not freer in regard to the laws of the community, but freer in regard to the laws of life. I believe that the idea of *law* itself, deeply rooted in the nature of man, with woman is replaced by the idea of *way*. I have often in the company of my male friends felt in my bones that their being was hampered by a great many laws or rules which, with me and my whole sex, had been happily and inexplicably converted into *ways* and had thereby become more alive and easier to deal with. I feel that men very often, for this very reason, seek the company of women—as of somebody who is capable of liberating them from the annoying constraint of laws." END

THE THINGS WE NEVER HAD, REMAIN

By DOROTHY LEE RICHARDSON

Many times, oh many times
since the day of my cruelty
When I sent you away,
I have wished that I might see
you before I die
To enchant you again with the
luster of my eye,
Which was only the gleam of
your own fire lit in me.

But too many years have
crawled past;
I have missed that meeting
Too many times. Though, yes,
My eye might brighten, what
is around it is old.
You are the only person for
whom gold
Still means my hair, the only
one for whom my face
Is still a magic pool in a
moonlit place
Hiding the secret which was
never told.



Upholstered furniture and corner table also by Cosco

Roll out your refreshments on this new COSCO Serving Cart!

An entertaining idea! Before guests arrive, set out your snacks on this new Cosco Serving Cart!

It turns and rolls easily on three-inch rubber casters . . . and has a fashionable French Oval top and shelf, with smart-looking guard rails that help keep refreshments from sliding or spilling off. Between parties, it's a handsome living room or dining room accessory and a handy TV cart for family use.

Five color combinations: ebony enamel legs and rails with white enamel top and shelf; chromium legs and rails with five-ply COSCOAT wood-grain finish in charcoal or blonde; and brass-colored enamel legs and rails with white enamel or charcoal COSCOAT finish. At department, furniture and hardware stores everywhere. Get yours now . . . and serve in style!

$18.95
$19.95*

SEE THESE OTHER COSCO FAVORITES, TOO!



8-WB Tray Cart
$15.95 • $16.95*



8-L Electric Utility Table
$10.95 • $11.75*



8-K Utility Table
$8.95 • $9.75*

*Price Colorado and west • HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CORPORATION • COLUMBUS, INDIANA



Mix perfect Corn Bread in seconds—no bowl or pan to wash! Mixing bag and baking pan in every box. Add only egg and milk and squeeze the bag to blend.



Pour Corn Bread batter right from bag into special pan. Pan needs no greasing and never sticks. This mix is mess-free! No cleaning up, no dishwashing.



You'll bake perfect Corn Bread—the moist, non-crumbly kind. Smooth golden crust, top *and* bottom! Get amazing new Aunt Jemima Corn Bread Easy-Mix today!

GIRLS:

If you think that even your husband (bless the boy) could make corn bread this easy new way, send us his name!

He may win a trip for two to the Rose Bowl Game ...and even an Edsel car!

There are eleven Rose Bowl Tours for two! Nothing to buy—nothing to write except your husband's name and address! And how surprised he'll be to win a trip for two to the Rose Bowl! You'll see the Tournament of Roses Parade . . . the famous Rose Bowl Game . . . visit fabulous Disneyland . . . Hollywood Movie Lots . . . Santa Anita . . . spend New Year's Eve at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles. And *more good news*—Rose Bowl Trip winners qualify for the Men's Corn Bread Derby that can win your husband the grand prize—*Ford's great new Edsel car!*

What fun it will be watching your husband and the other winners compete in this baking derby. Each will be given a package of Aunt Jemima Corn Bread Easy-Mix, a half cup of milk, an egg, and a handicap. Then the race is on to see which husband can mix perfect Corn Bread the fastest . . . and win the Edsel. Enter your husband's name today.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO—mail your husband's name and address to: "Corn Bread Sweepstakes, Box 5339, Chicago 77, Illinois," on or before November 11, 1957. ***You can use a post-card.***

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES

1. Names will be drawn and the first eleven will be notified by November 29. Each will be entitled to receive roundtrip transportation for two between his home town and Los Angeles plus hotel accommodations and meals for a week (Dec. 28 thru Jan. 3), in Southern California. All arrangements made by American Express Company Travel Service. If any of the eleven fails to accept the trip by December 6 he is disqualified and another name will be drawn.

2. Eleven final winners will qualify for the Men's Corn Bread Derby in Los Angeles on January 2, 1958. Contestants will compete in a handicap race to make corn bread with Aunt Jemima Corn Bread Easy-Mix. The one producing perfect results—perfect in the opinion of the judges—in the shortest time—will win an Edsel car. The decision of the Derby Judges will be final.

3. This contest void in Connecticut, Nebraska, New Jersey and Wisconsin, or in any state or locality where prohibited, taxed, or restricted by law. Otherwise, any husband in the United States or his wife, may enter his name, except employees of the Quaker Oats Company, its advertising agencies or their families.



Mixing Bag and Baking Pan in every box!

Aunt Jemima CORN BREAD EASY-MIX



DI PIETRO

"We usually cling to the old custom of men and women guests' separating after dinner for coffee," says slim, blue-eyed Mrs. Pusey.

"When I entertain"

Mrs. Nathan Pusey tells her philosophy of entertaining to Nancy Crawford Wood.

"For parties, I like to depend on dishes that I've used before, and that I know are going to be good, rather than trying at the last minute to be more imaginative but less successful," says Mrs. Nathan Pusey, wife of the president of Harvard. "This is the most basic point about our entertaining."

The Puseys live in a beautiful ivy-covered brick house built over forty years ago by President Lowell of Harvard; its sunny, high-ceilinged rooms, decorated by Mrs. Pusey in blues and yellows—her favorite colors—are perfect for all kinds of entertaining, from a large tea for fifty or sixty people to a small luncheon or dinner for six or eight. A recent party in honor of Field Marshal Montgomery, for instance, began with a delicious scallop chowder, subtly flavored with bacon crumbles; then came a hearty mixed grill—small steaks with grilled tomatoes, sausages and mushroom caps—and string beans in a wonderful sour-cream sauce. Dessert was a big apricot tart.

"We give several men's dinners a month," says Mrs. Pusey—"*all* men, that is—and I guess I am getting to be something of a specialist in foods men like. When everything is ready—the flowers arranged, and the food well under way—the children and I go across the street to the Faculty Club for dinner and watch through the window as people ring our doorbell and go in!"

A dinner menu which has proved to be a great favorite with men might start with small cups of fresh grapefruit sections, lightly sugared, and flavored with fresh lime juice; then



STUART

Menu for a big buffet party at the Puseys': creamy curried eggs and mushrooms; a highly seasoned lamb dish, served with hot buttered rice; Mrs. Pusey's favorite salad—chilled endive, lettuce and water cress, with a simple French dressing.



Lobster thermidor is often served at small, seated dinners at the Puseys' with asparagus or Lima beans. "My favorite first course goes well with the lobster meal," says Mrs. Pusey. "It's cold fresh grapefruit sections, spiked with fresh lime juice and a sprinkling of sugar."



For weight watchers... new low-calorie **D-ZERTA PUDDING**

Now dieters can satisfy that hankering for dessert with new D-Zerta Puddings—*Vanilla*, *Chocolate* and *Butterscotch*.

D-Zerta Puddings are made without sugar, but they have all the sweet, melt-in-your-mouth goodness of America's best-liked puddings. Get plenty because the whole family will enjoy them.

D-Zerta Gelatin is made without sugar, too. Try all 6 flavors for bright, tempting desserts and refreshing salads!

D-Zerta and Jell-O are registered trade-marks of General Foods

Compare the calories in one serving	
Apple Pie	377
Chocolate Layer Cake	356
Lemon Snow	249
D-Zerta Pudding *(with skim milk)*	54
D-Zerta Gelatin *(all 6 flavors)*	12



Made by the makers of JELL-O desserts . . . so you know it's good!

a delicious lobster thermidor, served with buttered asparagus or Lima beans. Dessert might be either a chocolate roll (a fluffy cake and whipped-cream mixture); or a feather-light chocolate mousse; or meringues filled with pistachio ice cream, served with chocolate sauce.

"For a big buffet party," says Mrs. Pusey, "I like to serve two hot main dishes; one of our favorites is curried eggs and mushrooms. With this, a spicy lamb casserole and hot buttered rice. My favorite salad of all is endive and water cress with a plain French dressing—oil, vinegar, pepper and salt. For dessert, lemon sherbet with fresh fruit—whatever is in season."

Hors d'oeuvres at the Puseys' are usually simple but delicious. "We like a mixture of red caviar and sour cream on dark pumpernickel bread," says Mrs. Pusey. "Chopped cooked shrimp, mixed with mayonnaise, onion and seasonings, and spread on toast, is another favorite. We *love* olives, green and ripe, and often serve a mixture of chopped eggs, olives, cream cheese and mayonnaise, seasoned with Worcestershire sauce."

Here are recipes from three of Mrs. Pusey's favorite party menus:

SCALLOP CHOWDER

Cook 1 pint scallops in small amount of water. Put through food chopper. Make a cream sauce by blending 3 tablespoons flour with 3 tablespoons melted butter. Add 3 cups light cream, scallops and water in which the scallops were cooked, plus 1 tablespoon minced onion sautéed in a little butter. Season lightly with salt and pepper; and if you like, add 3 or 4 tablespoons sherry. Garnish on top with crumbled crisp bacon. Makes 6 servings.

GREEN BEANS IN SOUR-CREAM SAUCE

Cook 1½ pounds fresh green beans, cut in French style, in salted water until tender; or use 6 cups cooked frozen or canned green beans. Drain, reserving the liquid. Cover the beans and keep warm while you quickly prepare your sauce. In a small pan, sauté 1 large onion, finely chopped, and 3 tablespoons chopped parsley in 3 tablespoons butter. Stir in 1½ tablespoons flour. Add ¾ cup liquid from beans and cook until thick. Add ¾ cup sour cream, 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅜ teaspoon pepper, 1½ teaspoons sugar and 1½ teaspoons vinegar. Pour over beans. Serve immediately. Makes 6 servings.

APRICOT TART

Mix 2½ cups cooked dried apricots with 1 cup of their juice (you will need about 2 cups dried apricots to start with), 1½ cups granulated sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter and 3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca. Boil 5 minutes. Line an 8" piepan with pastry, pour in hot filling, cover with crust, and bake in a hot oven, 425°F., for 30–40 minutes. Makes 6 pieces.

LOBSTER THERMIDOR

Split two 1½-pound boiled lobsters lengthwise. Remove lobster meat and cut into good bite-sized pieces. Clean the shells and wash well. Simmer 2 cups cooked lobster meat and ½ cup sliced mushrooms in 2 tablespoons butter. Add ¼ teaspoon paprika and 5 tablespoons chicken stock plus 3 tablespoons lemon juice or, if you prefer, ½ cup sherry. Cook 2 minutes. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons flour. Mix lightly. Beat 2 egg yolks with 2 cups light cream, and stir into the lobster mixture. Cook gently until smooth and thickened. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Put mixture into the half shells, packing well. Sprinkle with grated Cheddar cheese. Brown under broiler. Makes 4 servings.

CHOCOLATE ROLL

Beat 4 eggs well. Gradually add ¾ cup sugar. Beat until thick and light. Then fold in ½ cup flour and ½ teaspoon baking powder. Fold in 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons cold water, ¼ teaspoon baking soda and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Butter a deep cooky sheet, about 16" x 10". Then line with buttered wax paper. Spread mixture evenly in pan and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 25–30 minutes. Remove from pan. Dust with confectioners' sugar and turn out on towel sprinkled with confectioners' sugar. Roll up immediately in towel and leave until cool. Unroll and spread with whipped cream to which a level tablespoon sugar and a few drops of almond flavoring have been added. Roll immediately, before cake dries and edges break. Makes 6–8 servings.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Scald 1 cup milk with 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, ¼ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin. When chocolate and gelatin are dissolved, beat until smooth and well blended. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Strain into refrigerator tray or bowl. Chill until mixture thickens, beat until light, then fold in 2 cups heavy cream which has been beaten until stiff, and to which ½ cup sugar has been added. Freeze in refrigerator tray. Makes 1 quart.

HAVE BABY, WILL TRAVEL

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

Have diapers (disposable),
Feeding chair (hoseable),
Thermometer,
Bottle brush,
Milk;
Have plasticized sheeting,
Have gadget for heating,
And panties of waterproof silk.

Have vitamins, zwieback,
A harness to tie back
My son in inadequate crib;
Have aspirin, sleepers,
Applesauce, creepers,
Can opener,
Orange juice,
Bib.

Have blanket, have Teddy,
Have boiled water ready,
Have tissue,
Have talcum,
Have Spock. . . .
My thoughts I'll unravel:
Have baby, will travel ——
But never again past our block!

CURRIED EGGS AND MUSHROOMS WITH CHEESE

Peel and cut 15 hard-cooked eggs into quarters. Sauté 1½ pounds sliced mushrooms in 2–3 tablespoons butter. Prepare 6 cups light cream sauce. Season with ¾ cup grated Parmesan cheese, 4½ teaspoons curry powder, 6 tablespoons chopped pimiento, 6 tablespoons chili sauce, and salt and pepper to taste. Bring the sauce to a boil and add the mushrooms, eggs and 6 tablespoons sliced canned water chestnuts. Pour mixture into baking dish and top with bread crumbs. Dot with butter and place under broiler until the crumbs brown. Makes 12 servings.

SPICY BARBECUED LAMB

Sauté 1 cup sliced onions and 2 cups finely diced celery in 6 tablespoons butter. Add 2 teaspoons dry mustard, 6 tablespoons brown sugar, 5 teaspoons salt and 2 teaspoons chili powder. Stir in 4 cups tomato juice, 1 small can tomato paste, 1½ cups water and ½ cup plus 1 tablespoon vinegar. Simmer for about 20 minutes. Add 6 cups lean lamb cut into good-sized chunks, and 18 peeled pearl onions. Simmer for 40 minutes or until the sauce has thickened and the lamb is tender. Makes 12 servings.

END



Green Beans Amandine is an easy triumph

with Del Monte, the best of the Blue Lake beans

Did you ever think you'd see the day that company-best green beans would be this easy?

Well, that day is here—just try DEL MONTE Blue Lake Green Beans and see. Because these green beans are so tender they're a delight—yet crisply firm, never limp or slippery. Their garden flavor is so delicately rich, too—you'll guess that they are a very special sort of bean, perfectly cooked.

And you'll be right. For DEL MONTE Green Beans are as wonderfully different from old-time kinds as day from night. That's why DEL MONTE Green Beans live up to your very best recipes. Have some!

GREEN BEANS AMANDINE with PORK CHOP ROAST

- 6 thick pork chops, each with a bone
- 3 cups seasoned dry bread stuffing mix
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- ½ cup thinly sliced almonds
- ¼ cup melted butter or margarine
- 2 cans (1 lb. size) DEL MONTE Brand Blue Lake French Style Green Beans

Salt and pepper chops. Combine stuffing mix with eggs. Divide into equal portions between chops and fasten together with string or skewers. Stand "roast" on flat bony side of chops in shallow pan. Roast in moderate oven (350°) 2 to 2½ hours or till done. At serving time, sauté almond slices in melted butter for 5 min. Pour over hot, drained Del Monte Green Beans. Spiced crabapples make a nice garnish, if desired. Serves 6.

Del Monte® Green Beans

Whole—Cut—French Style



CHOSEN TO BE QUEEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

As one of the world's most eligible girls, her name already has been linked romantically with that of the young Prince Harald of Norway and England's party-loving Duke of Kent. Undoubtedly there will be others, for Margrethe—vividly blond in contrast to her mother's pale gold—gives promise of real beauty; she is only now emerging from youthful coltishness into slim grace. Last year she wore her hair almost like a boy's, because it was easier to manage that way. This year she has let it grow. She admits now (since suddenly she cares) that soft curls are more feminine, and much prettier with hats. Tall (5′10″) and supple from skiing, swimming and horseback riding, she selects her clothes with new care to minimize height and emphasize a small waist and slender legs.

Margrethe's growing interest in her appearance is natural; she is immensely interested in and curious about practically everything—but especially about all of nature. She has a special rapport with animals. Horses respond to her lightest touch; sea gulls, as abundant in her sea-girt country as pigeons in inland cities, fly to her feet. When she was nine she smuggled a chicken into her room, kept it and fed it for a week before it was discovered. On her thirteenth Christmas she told her parents, "Most of all I would like a membership card for the Society of Ornithology." It was under the tree on Christmas Eve. She has been an active watching and reporting member ever since.

Though Margrethe always liked school, she could never become immersed in purely scholastic work—an attitude her father, once one of Europe's noted playboys, does not condone but understands quite well. Early in her years at Zahle's he asked her how school was going. "Oh, wonderful!" she told him. Encouraged at this sign of scholarship, Frederik probed further. Was it mathematics she liked best? Geography? None of these. Margrethe, whose contacts with other people had been pleasant but hardly intimate, explained enthusiastically, "The best thing of all is milling around and pushing and shoving in the corridors."

But if scholarship for its own sake fails to set her afire, knowledge applied to life excites her. When her grandfather, Sweden's King Gustav VI, told her about his interest in archaeology and in the mysterious civilization of the ancient Etruscans, Margrethe went home and devoured hitherto uninteresting books on history and geology. Then she went back to the old king. "I've thought about it," she told him, "and I'd like to go with you." She joined him for a week at his villa at San Giovannale di Berra near Rome, and every day the two of them went out in sneakers and pants and short-sleeved shirts and grubbed in the earth around the Roman Cassia Way—eventually uncovering an Etruscan tomb filled with burial equipment, terra-cotta vases, and cooking utensils.

When the proposal was first made to change the rules of succession, King Frederik and Ingrid worried about their daughter's reaction to the idea of being queen. Margrethe was a normally happy girl—but of the three daughters she tended most to be serious and introspective, and had been quite shy as a child, partly because of an early eye ailment later corrected by surgery. Her responses were more often emotional than reasonable or practical. A dead bird in the garden might prompt her sisters to brief dismay—and enthusiastic plans for its funeral; Margrethe, in tears, would hold the stiff little body in her hand, and wonder about its soul.

The girls had grown up with a minimum of "royal" atmosphere about them; Margrethe had been in school several years before any of them knew they *were* princesses. Even then the discovery made little difference in their lives.

Margrethe first read about the proposed constitutional change in a newspaper. She asked about it—but her father answered vaguely. A few months later she and her mother and sisters were visiting a British playground, and while the younger girls rode the merry-go-round the queen had a quiet talk with her eldest daughter. She explained to Margrethe that she might someday be queen, told her of the responsibilities of sovereignty, and of its deep satisfactions.

Apparently she explained it well. Through accepting new responsibilities Margrethe has grown in poise and assurance; she truly seems to enjoy her new role. In May she filled her first important official royal function when she joined her parents in greeting Britain's Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip as they stepped ashore in Copenhagen harbor from the royal yacht Britannia. She rode with her mother and Philip in an open car behind her father and Elizabeth, and later in the colorful cortege of royal state coaches to the state reception and banquet. At the ballet, Margrethe sat in the "cavaliers' box" adjoining the royal box while the crowd cheered her mother and father and Elizabeth and Philip. Then they shouted, "Margrethe! Margrethe!" until her father brought her into the royal box to stand beside them, proudly acknowledging her own cheers.

Most of the time, though, Margrethe's life is calmer. She is studying Latin, history, geography, mathematics, natural science, and the mythology that so pervades Danish literature and art. Since the royal family, like most of Denmark, is Lutheran, she is also taught the basic principles of the Christian religion. Margrethe is quick at languages, reading and speaking fluently five besides her own—Swedish, Norwegian, English, French and German. She rides horseback several times a week, and receives swimming instruction at the State Institute for Gymnastics, where many of Denmark's leading athletes train.

Next year she will get her certificate corresponding to the American high-school diploma. Then she may take work at Copen-



New with SPAM® ! New with Bisquick! "SPAM CAKES"!

SPAM BAKES RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE. This is fun! Both in the making and the eating. The folks'll love these tender golden Bisquick pancakes . . . each one centered with a sizzling slice of SPAM. Here's how you do it:

MAKE BISQUICK PANCAKE BATTER (directions on the box).
BROWN SPAM SLICES ON GRIDDLE . . . 2 to 3 inches apart.
TURN SPAM SLICES...pour batter over each slice. Turn again.

. . . And there you are, with big hungry-size pancakes . . . a savory SPAM slice baked right in the middle!

Just be sure it's SPAM you get . . . the famous Hormel blend of sweet juicy pork shoulder and mild tender ham.

And be sure there's plenty of Bisquick, because this is just a sample of all you can do with it.

Bisquick's going to help you more than any other package in the grocery store ...Betty Crocker



COLD OR HOT
SPAM
HITS THE SPOT!
HORMEL

SPAM is the registered trade-mark for a pure pork product packed only by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., General Offices, Austin, Minnesota, U. S. A.



SAVE 10¢ ON SPAM WITH COUPON IN SPECIAL BISQUICK PACKAGE (Offer limited—Offer void in states of Kansas, Washington and Tenn.)

agen University—both her father and grand-ther took university degrees—or stay home o be tutored further in international law, con-itutional law and national economy.

In liking to do things herself—as well as get ff occasionally *by* herself—Margrethe is like er mother, a pale slender blonde who *looks* elpless and fragile. It is the queen to whom Margrethe probably confides her most per-onal worries and hopes, whose counsel she ollows in such matters as cosmetics, clothes nd manners, and who guides her basic think-ng in the gradual growth from girl to woman.

The women of the House of Glücksburg ccasionally go off together, leaving Frederik o fend for himself. For the past several win-ers they have gone to Norway for a week or wo of skiing, at which the queen excels. While till a Swedish princess, Ingrid learned to cook nd won an award for her skill; she has taught his art to her daughters. She also knits and ews, and during the occupation made many f her daughters' clothes. She is thrifty: not ong ago she overestimated the amount of arn she needed for a sweater—and returned he extra to the Copenhagen department store or credit!

Actually, both the king and queen are in-dependently wealthy through inheritance and nvestments, of which a large amount is in ousing and real estate in Copenhagen. But hey prefer to leave most of this untouched and ive on the king's income.

Much of the queen's time is spent at meet-ngs of various women's organizations, visit-ng, speaking or advising on projects, and in philanthropic work. She especially enjoys working among children. Every Christmas she travels to North Slesvig—an area returned to Denmark by Germany after World War I—with clothing and gifts collected from the rest of the country, and the king joins her there for a few days before the holidays. Last year Margrethe went, too, to help sort gifts and fit the coats and dresses on the children.

At first glance, the queen's physical likeness to former ambassador Clare Boothe Luce is striking—the clear, cameo complexion, the pale hair springing softly from a center part around perfectly even features. Ingrid has excellent taste in clothes, and a special flair for dressing for royal appearances: to avoid looking like a mushroom beside her 6′ 4″ husband and her statuesque daughter, she chooses slim coats and skirts for daytime; only in the evening, with the added height of a tiara, can she afford the great sweeping skirts she loves, in creamy brocaded satins.

Ingrid, gentle and exquisitely mannered, has had a gentling effect on her husband. In his youth Frederik was regarded throughout Europe as a gay blade—perhaps rather too gay. Copenhagen was known then as now as the "Paris of the North," and Frederik took full advantage of its twenty-four-hour night life. He enlisted in the navy in 1917, attended the Danish naval academy, went on to serve as commander of fishery-protection vessels, torpedo boats and warships.

He took little interest in royal responsibilities; on shore leave he liked to have fun and see people, especially attractive young women. His subjects and his father, Christian X, despaired of his ever settling down. His one quiet interest was music—and it was music which led him to marriage. For in 1934 when his friend Georg Hoeberg, late conductor of the Copenhagen Royal Opera, went to fill a guest spot in Stockholm, Frederik went too—and stayed to be charmed by Princess Ingrid. Their engagement was announced a month later. Next year Frederik left the navy, and—except for a brief return during World War II—has since devoted his energy to being prince and, since 1947, king.

Frederik still loves music. He keeps grand pianos in all the royal residences and on the royal yacht; and should a guest be so careless as to leave a damp glass on one of these, Frederik is likely to rush over, remove the glass, and if necessary dry off the surface. He plays competently, composes, and has frequently conducted such noted orchestras as the Royal Guards, the National Symphony and the National Radio Symphony Orchestra.

At least once a week Frederik and Ingrid see a play, opera or ballet at Copenhagen's Royal Theater or at some other theater. Often Margrethe and her sisters go too. Actually the family seems to prefer the smaller houses where they can slip in unobserved; at the cream-and-gold Royal, with its royal box, no one can miss their arrival—at which signal the entire audience stands to cheer, gives cries of "Long live the king," and nine rousing shouts of "Hurrah!" Often the Danish national anthem is played and sung for good measure, before the audience, with much bowing and smiling and waving of hands, settles down again and the play can go on. It is understandable that a nonroyal theater might occasionally seem a royal relief.

Copenhageners commonly say that their king is a man one likes without even *knowing*. However, every Copenhagener *can* know his king: according to a time-honored tradition that a Danish citizen shall always have free access to the monarch, Frederik makes no appointments on the first and third Mondays of every month—and often visitors are lined up outside the palace from all over the kingdom. Some of these merely want to thank the king personally for a job appointment or decoration. Others want to invite him to local

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

The spontaneous wish to learn, which every normal child possesses, as shown in his efforts to walk and talk, should be the driving force in education. The substitution of this force for the rod is one of the great advances of our time.

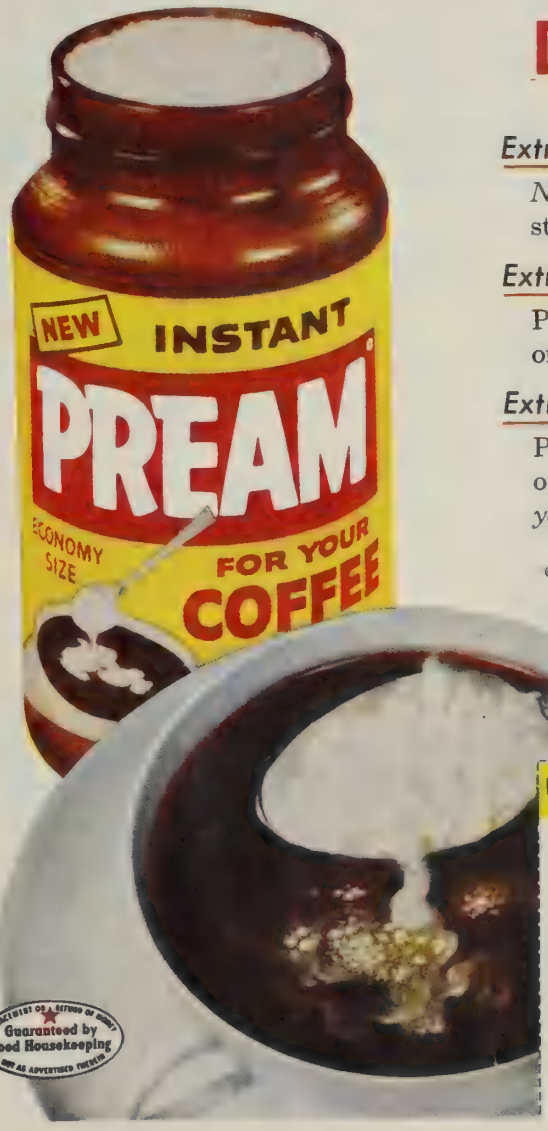
EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE
Bertrand Russell
Copyright © 1953 Bertrand Russell
Published by Liveright Publishing Corp., New York

EASY! USE COUPON BELOW

Save 25¢ on your favorite coffee



and discover NEW LARGE Economy Size PREAM Delicious Coffee "Creamer"



Extra Economical!

New Economy Size Pream is being rushed to food stores everywhere! "Creams" up to 70 cups of coffee.

Extra Convenient!

Pream stays fresh *without refrigeration*. Won't sour or spoil on your kitchen shelf. Great for cooking, too!

Extra Creamy!

Pream® is made entirely from fresh, sweet cream and other natural milk products. *If you like it "with," you'll love it with Pream.*

© 1957, H. C. MOORES CO., COLUMBUS 16, OHIO

Important!
If your store *doesn't* have New Economy Size Pream, yet—
use 2 labels from Regular Size Pream.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

EASY INSTRUCTIONS IN THIS COUPON! *Mail it today!*

PREAM, Box # 23, Clinton, Iowa

Please send me 25¢ in cash for which I enclose:

☐ 1 label from New Economy Size Pream
or
☐ 2 labels from Regular Size Pream

AND one label from *any* instant coffee, *or* one inch of metal winding strip from *any* coffee can, *or* the front half of *any* coffee bag.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Limit 1 per family. Offer good in U. S., Alaska, Hawaii and Canada. Expires Nov. 30, 1957



"New! Beefaroni — with a real Italian air!"



Mmmm! Many still have new fond ... in a rest...rant or on a picnic. And you'll love Chef Boy-Ar-Dee real Italian-style Beefaroni ... wonderful one that's ready in minutes!





You'll enjoy discovering this latest, tempting Italian-style treat — Chef Boy-Ar-Dee® Beefaroni! It's new—and quick—as the latest sports car.

What is Beefaroni? It's tender Italian macaroni with tasty beef . . . simmered in a rich tomato sauce . . . seasoned with true Italian spices and topped with tangy Italian-style cheese.

Beefaroni was created by a master Italian chef—Chef Boy-Ar-Dee—to provide you with an Italian taste sensation the modern way. It's ready for you in minutes . . . just heat and serve and enjoy!

What's more, Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Beefaroni is a real meal-in-one. It's so appetizing . . . so hearty and satisfying that you can serve it any time, on any occasion. Make it for lunch, make it for dinner . . . serve it at parties or to top off an evening with friends. Your family and guests will applaud your ingenuity—and Beefaroni's flavor! You'll applaud its price, too—*just about 13¢ a serving!*

real Italian-style

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®

Beefaroni

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

festivities and jubilees. He is asked for advice on local community problems; he listens patiently to someone's new suggestion on solving the world crisis. Occasionally a visitor badly needs money, and if he seems deserving Frederik probably helps him out of his own pocket. As often as possible, Margrethe slips over from Amalienborg to sit in on these visits—they constitute a fascinating lesson in the tact and diplomacy required of a sovereign.

The king is all action, decision; his face reflects his every reaction; his unusually warm smile seems intimate even when directed toward a crowd of 40,000. Utterly unself-conscious, he is particularly appealing when he shows affection for his family in public—scooping up a daughter to kiss her, gently guiding Ingrid through a crowded room, smiling at something she tells him.

If Ingrid has softened him, he has helped her relax and enjoy royal living. She smiles more readily and no longer worries over a last-minute lapse in protocol. And a good thing, too—because Frederik cannot always contain his restless energy, his impatience at events that move too slowly. When he and Ingrid inspect a public institution, he likes to look it over and get on with other business. At a sanitarium recently Frederik made a quick round of the wards and then went out to talk with hospital officials and committee members. Ingrid lingered with patients in the wards. The king waited. And he waited. *And* he waited. Finally, in full-dress admiral's uniform, he flung himself down on the grass and demanded, "Where *is* she?"

It was the king who nicknamed Margrethe "Daisy" when she was a baby. Now, as she learns how to be queen, it is he who will be her chief mentor. For some, the idea of quick, impatient Frederik as *teacher* might seem appalling; for Margrethe, he should prove ideal. The two enjoy each other's company immensely, whether jesting lightly or discussing a serious topic, plotting the course of the royal yacht or trying to hold onto a squealing piglet at the Bellahoej National Fair. They react identically, and their expressive faces change constantly; watching them on the same platform is like watching two people with the same central nervous system—both solemn one moment, then without a glance both breaking into smiles that warm and illuminate those about them. Frederik's advisers think he will find teaching Margrethe his job the most fun he's had as king.

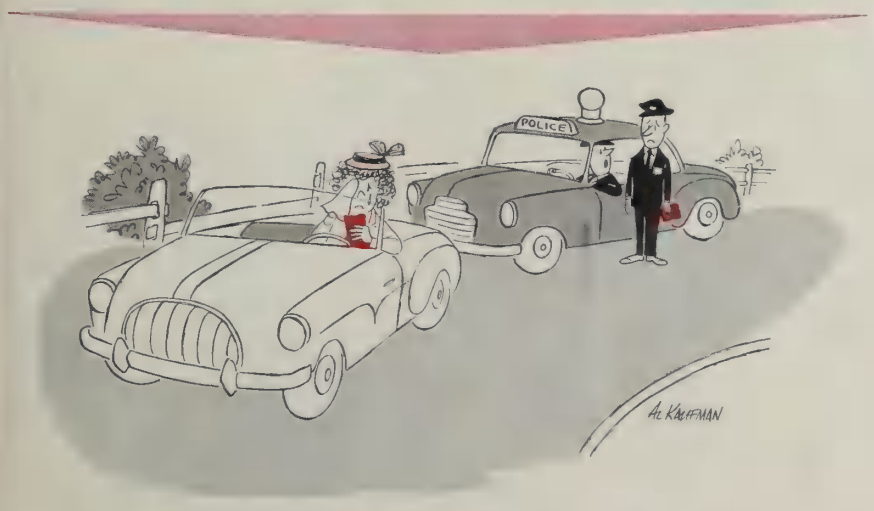
One trait Frederik shares with *no* member of his family is early rising. He is up, full of energy, as soon as it is rightfully day and long before the family breakfasts at eight; Margrethe and her mother would skip breakfast with pleasure for a little extra sleep. Last spring, during preparations for the visit of England's royal couple, Frederik decided they should run through the harbor welcoming ceremony just once more, so he got everyone out to the docks early Sunday morning. The Royal Guards flawlessly (if sleepily) executed God Save the King, but the king found fault with the line-up of dignitaries. They switched about, and all went through their paces again while the king strode about briskly taking snapshots—and Ingrid and Margrethe stifled yawns.

Amalienborg Castle—where Margrethe studies from breakfast until shortly before five, when Benedikte and Anne-Marie return from school and the family gathers for tea in the Knights' Hall—is the center of the royal family's activities. It is the palace they think of as home, although during the year they may live in a number of other places. The Copenhagen palace, a huge baroque building considered one of Europe's finest examples of rococo architecture, contrasts sharply with the pretty pastel houses of Denmark, and its more typical castles—usually unreal as fairy tales or as mysterious and gloomy as Hamlet's Elsinore. Through the years, Ingrid has brightened up the interior of Amalienborg with clean modern touches; but the outside remains unchanged—heavily ornate, grandly formal.

From her window at Amalienborg, Margrethe can see the ocean and the ships moving into and out of the harbor; can almost see the touching statue of Hans Christian Andersen's Little Mermaid gazing wistfully out to sea from a rock near shore. The Little Mermaid was her favorite childhood story, and a sketch she drew to illustrate the tale once won her a prize in a school competition.

Margrethe began her education at Amalienborg when she was five, in a kindergarten her mother formed at the palace, with twelve other boys and girls attending. At seven she entered Zahle's, the school her sisters attend now—they are treated with informality but always addressed formally as *Princess* Benedikte and *Princess* Anne-Marie. After eight years at Zahle's Margrethe spent a year in an English boarding school, North Foreland Lodge, near Basingstoke. The king and queen wanted her to meet middle-to-upper-class girls her own age, and live a community life away from her family for a while; they made it crystal-clear to school authorities that they wanted no royal welcome or royal treatment for their daughter. For the first time last fall Margrethe's education was entirely in the hands of private tutors (in contrast to the British queen and her sister, who were taught exclusively by tutors); but her curriculum is still planned and supervised by her old mentor at Zahle's, Miss August Margrethe Friis.

All the little blond princesses have taken dancing lessons at Miss Inge Dam's Dancing Institute in a suburb of Copenhagen. Every year Margrethe gives a dinner dance for three or four dozen young people, including old friends from Zahle's and sons and daughters of her parents' friends from all over the country. For dinner, which lasts about two hours, Margrethe plans several courses—perhaps orange salad and roast pork, veal in cream sauce served with dry red wine, and an ice. Afterward there is dancing in the Knights' Hall, and except for the grandeur of the gray-and-gold mirror-paneled room, the party might be for teen-agers anywhere. The boys, whose average height is just beginning to top the girls', wear dinner jackets; the girls, in swirling off-shoulder ball gowns colored like flowers and stiffened by layers of fluffy petti-



"You'll just have to get used to making women cry."

New kind of knife!



Cuts any food in one easy stroke!

Craftedge

ONLY AT SEARS!

Here's a new Craftsman knife you'll appreciate more every time you use it! New Flame-Freeze stainless steel has a true Craftedge...an amazingly sharp *hollow-ground* edge that's both scalloped and beveled! Cuts through any food in one quick stroke. Lets you carve roasts (rare or well-done) in extra-thin slices. Disjoints poultry without hacking or sawing back and forth. Slices tomatoes and cheese evenly...pineapple and hard vegetables quickly, easily. Blade is riveted to laminated Craftwood handle. Buy it at your nearest Sears Retail Store. Order from Sears Catalog by mail or phone, or at the Catalog Sales Office.

Butcher slicer, shown actual size, only **$2.50.**

Slices fresh bread evenly, precisely

Cuts frozen food packages including frozen meat

Disjoints chicken or turkey in one stroke

Matching knives! Separately or in sets!

5-piece Craftedge set (all knives shown) in hardwood rack....$12.95

A. Utility knife.....$1.50
B. Narrow blade meat slicer...$2.50
C. Sandwich knife.....$1.95
D. Paring knife.....$1.00

4-piece Craftedge set (3 knives, 1 fork).....$9.95
6-piece Craftedge steak knife set.....$7.95

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

SEARS
ROEBUCK AND CO.

© 1957, SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

Beauty Basics

from a leading beauty authority



Helen Neushaefer
Originator of Creme Nail Polish

"I have spent my life seeking and developing new ways to bring more glamour to American women at prices within the reach of all. See what my beauty discoveries can do for you."



NAIL POLISH
with exclusive Plasteen...
amazing chip-proofing ingredient applies easier, stays gleamingly set for days on end. 15¢*
Iridescent shades 20¢*



LIPSTICK *with exclusive Super Lasteen*
secret formula counteracts dryness, gives lips a gleaming, lasting luster. 39¢*

SWISH NAIL POLISH REMOVER...
new Lanolin formula is gentle, safe and beneficial to cuticles; quick-acting, wonderfully fragrant.
15¢ & 29¢*

*plus tax



No finer at any price

Helen Neushaefer
at your favorite variety & drug store

coats, are reflected dazzlingly in mirrors on all four sides of the room. While the young people dance and sip a light punch, the king and queen entertain friends in an adjoining salon.

Margrethe has been attending dances for about four years. One of the earliest and most exciting (at a boys' school, Herlufsholm) was also memorable for its lesson in royal humility. Margrethe and her mother had planned her dress for weeks—it was perfect. Her hair curled beautifully. Her date was the eighteen-year-old Count Ulrik Ahlefeldt-Laurvig. Margrethe felt so poised, so pleased with her appearance that she was neither surprised nor impressed when the handsomest boy in the room asked her to dance—and she accepted, although they had not been introduced. As they danced, she attributed his nervousness to awe, and kindly tried to help him relax. She succeeded—too well. Within minutes he had confessed his real reason in asking her to dance—to win a week's allowance from his roommate!

That incident happened long ago. Now Margrethe is concerned with more serious matters. For next April she begins her official apprenticeship. She will act as regent in her father's absence, a duty now assigned to her uncle, Prince Knud.

When she becomes crown princess, Margrethe will be assigned her own income, or appanage, and her own lady in waiting, who will act as her secretary and go shopping with her to pay for all her purchases and arrange for their delivery—since such details are not supposed to concern royalty. The amount of her appanage, however, will not be determined until next spring.

After Margrethe is queen, her signature will be required to put into effect any council decisions or measures passed by parliament, with ministers countersigning. She will have the power to break a parliamentary tie, and to call up troops without waiting for parliamentary approval in case of aggression against the homeland—although any extension beyond the initial call would have to be authorized by parliament. As sovereign she will be Grand Master of the Royal Orders of the Elephant and the Dannebrog, which means "flag of the Danes" and is also the name of the royal yacht. (President Eisenhower, awarded the Order of the Elephant after the Allied victory in World War II, is one of the few non-royal persons ever so honored.)

Margrethe's appanage as queen will be determined by parliament, as it is each time a new ruler is crowned, according to the country's cost-of-living index. Frederik receives 2,500,000 kroner a year (about $325,000), which seems a sizable amount, but from which must be subtracted incomes for other members of the royal house, salaries of lesser court officials, and salaries of the staffs in their various residences. Members of the royal family also make large philanthropic contributions, and are expected to live in a manner suitable to their station, both at home and abroad.

Eventually Margrethe will move into her own palace across the square from Amalienborg—which actually is not one but four castles built about the square. One of the others is the ruling monarch's guesthouse, where England's Elizabeth and Philip stayed last spring; the other is now at the disposal of Prince Knud.

Of all their castles, Fredensborg looks most the way a royal castle in Denmark *should* look—classic, shining white, with brilliant dark blue tile roofs. Its 422 rooms are said to have 20,000 windowpanes, one of which bears the signature "Winston Churchill"—scratched by the Prime Minister with his diamond ring during a visit in 1950. Fredensborg is surrounded by spacious lawns and tall elms and beeches that turn gold during the royal family's autumn visits. Here Frederik's great-grandfather Christian IX—known as the father-in-law of Europe because he supplied so many daughters for her scattered thrones—entertained the Czar of Russia and the Empress Dagmar, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra, and other royal relatives of European courts.

The palace at Marselisborg on Aarhus Bay was the favorite summer residence of Frederik's parents. Frederik and Ingrid, however, prefer the cooler, prettier one at Graasten, in southern Jutland. With its bell tower and light plaster finish outside, it looks like an old New England church; and inside, Ingrid's skillful redecoration has resulted in a light, uncluttered atmosphere.

But the favorite home-away-from-home is Trend, the gift of 80,000 Danish citizens to Ingrid and Frederik shortly after their marriage. Trend is a one-story brown wooden house on a small lake fringed with rushes and surrounded by 1200 acres of pine forest and moor, well stocked with game. Here they spend Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide; here they can be utterly alone. The household staff is one maid—on her day off, the boy delivering groceries to the back door is likely to be told, "Come right in!" by a queen elbow deep in soapsuds and three princesses standing by with dish towels.

Their other lodges are Eremitagen, at the famous deer park at Klampenborg seven miles north of Copenhagen, where the king often holds large state luncheons; and another on the Fredensborg estate.

Yachting on the Dannebrog—a superb 244-foot, 1200-ton vessel with a dining room that can seat 40 guests—the king and queen and their daughters have become personally acquainted with as many of their subjects as any royal family in history. They spend about six weeks a year on the Dannebrog, liking best to cruise at random, anchor, and turn up unexpectedly in a community to meet the people. In the past seven years they have been in almost every fiord and on every island in the Danish archipelago, and the princesses have met children in every part of the country, in places where residents have never before seen royalty and are so isolated that they still wear the old provincial folk costumes—long gathered skirts in hand-woven designs, hats decorated with colorful ribbons.

It was during Elizabeth and Philip's visit that talk started of a possible match between Margrethe and the Duke of Kent, whose reputation for wild driving, unconventional companions and abandoned party behavior—pitching friends in full evening dress off a yacht into the Thames, sprinkling passers-by with pink champagne from a Mayfair rooftop—caused Philip to take him aside for a lecture on royal behavior. The duke's antics might conceivably find a core of sympathetic understanding in King Frederik—but it is doubtful that such pranks would appeal to Queen Ingrid. As for the Danes in general, most chose not to believe the rumors. "It can't be true," people said. "She's so young." And so far there is no strong evidence that it *is* true. Sources "close to the palace" are said to describe the reports as "premature."

When Margrethe becomes Queen of Denmark, of the Wends and the Goths, Duchess of Slesvig, Holstein, Stormarn, Ditmarken, Lauenborn and Oldenborg—the fiftieth ruler in 1000 years' unbroken rule of Gorm the Old's descendants, and sovereign of the oldest continuous kingdom in the world—she will be the Danes' second queen—and their second Queen Margrethe.

The first Margrethe was daughter of King Valdemar Atterdag. She was not born to be ruling queen either—but she had inherited the fierce drive and courage of such vivid nobles as Sven Forkbeard and Harald Bluetooth, who Christianized the Danes in ways that were not always Christian and who used the church to strengthen the authority of the monarchy.

In 1363, when Margrethe I was ten, she was given in marriage to Prince Haakon Magnussoen, who became ruler of Norway. Haakon was unremarkable as king, but Margrethe was a strong woman undeterred by the inferior position women held in those days; together they reigned successfully over the Norwegians. When Margrethe's father died, she had her son Oluf put on the throne of Denmark—and dominated him as she dominated her husband. Then Haakon died. Too clever to seek the crown for herself, Margrethe bided her time while Oluf added his father's Norwegian throne to his own Danish one, and contented herself with behind-the-scene manipulation of both kingdoms. She made her influence felt so profitably by the nobles through her shrewd reorganization of crown lands and revenues that when Oluf died suddenly she had little trouble establishing herself as rightful queen.

Then she turned her eyes to Sweden. For years Sweden had been wearing herself out in her efforts to resist the political, military and economic offenses of the Germans. Margrethe sympathized, offered to help, and began helping before her offer was even accepted. The grateful Swedes felt that they should repay her in some way. Margrethe thought of the way. In 1397 nobles of Denmark, Norway and Sweden signed the Kalmar Union uniting the three countries under one crown—hers.

She went on to gain control of Jutland, and was encroaching on other castles when she died in 1412. No other ruler was able to match her reckless courage or inspire her loyalties; after a few hundred years of less dynamic leadership, the countries fell apart again. The medieval Chronicle of Lubeck records: "When men saw the wisdom and strength that were in this royal lady—wonder and fear filled their hearts."

The modern Margrethe knows this story, as does every Danish school child. She thinks it fascinating—but more like the legends and mythology of her country than a true story of a real woman. For, despite the fact that she herself has caused an age-old tradition to be abandoned, the second Margrethe is still hardly more than a child, with a sense of unreality about her future. The crown is a long, long distance away. She sees little similarity between herself and her fiery progenitor. END

CALLING HEAVEN, LINE 2, RING 4

By ANN GIBBONS

Gran'ma used to say,
"You'll rue the day. . . .
Why won't you learn to sew?
And speak when spoken to
But not talk back; instead of reading books
Why can't you learn to cook?"

"You'll be sorry, miss,"
She said. "You'll wish
That you'd been kinder to the Jones boy.
That one's a comer, and bound to get ahead.
It's just as easy to love a man with money,"
Speaking as one who hadn't, this gran'ma said.

"There's sorrow meant for you,"
She warned. "And pain. You'll rue
This walking in the rain, when you've rheumatics!
Why can't you stay when people come to call
And talk awhile? There's lonely days
Ahead for you, unless you mend your ways."

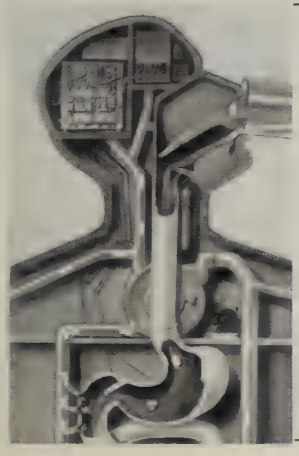
And gran'ma, if you're listening . . .
It all came true.
I never learned to cook, nor love the Jones boy;
My bones have ached with walking in the rain
And I've been lonely. But I'm a stubborn girl.
I cannot rue!

When you can't take time out...take BUFFERIN®



BUFFERIN acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain

Won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must get into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream *twice as fast* as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

When pain makes you feel that you can't possibly go on, remember this:

Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin . . . to relieve headaches, painful cold miseries, muscular pains and other discomforts. (Diagram, left, shows why.)

What's more, Bufferin won't upset your stomach as other aspirin pain relievers often do. You can even take it in the large, continuous doses often needed for temporary relief of minor arthritic pain with no ill effects.

Ask your doctor about faster, safer Bufferin for your aches and pains. Many doctors recommend it.

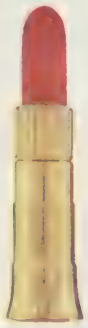


If you suffer from the pain of arthritis or rheumatism, ask your physician about Bufferin.



BORN TO LUXURY

Commandingly beautiful—a red as intensely rich as the colors of the new season's fashions—soft, lustrous, elegant. Royalty Red was created to make you, and everything you wear, important. Royalty Red is a *Sheer Velvet Lipstick*—in creamy or stay-all-day types—and magnificent new refill cases. $1.35, $2.00.



For beauty the modern way . . .

Dorothy Gray



JERRY COOKE

Studies are being made of the mental and emotional states of women going through childbirth. Doctors are recognizing that a woman is human, even while bearing a baby.

What causes Third-Day Blues?

By GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

Many women experience an attack of apparently causeless depression soon after childbirth. No one is sure why, but one doctor speculates that it is caused by the clash between the new mother's need for intimate care and the impersonal handling provided by modern hospitals.

You may hear young mothers refer to the third-day blues casually and matter-of-factly, as a part of childbirth lore.

"They hit me as a sudden, terrible fear for my baby's safety," says one. "I just knew something dreadful was happening to him in the hospital nursery. Yet nothing could have been more ridiculous. The hospital was top-ranking, the nursery was beautifully conducted. I realized that, underneath. Just the same, I badgered the head nurse until finally she had my baby brought to me to prove that he was all right."

"It was my husband who got the scare from my third-day blues," laughs another. "The minute he stepped inside my hospital room that day I began to cry, though I hadn't the least idea why. Poor Bill thought he had done something awful. What a relief when the doctor happened to come by and say, 'It's only the third-day blues!'"

These young women seem to take it for granted that a period of depression or of groundless anxiety is to be expected after a baby's birth, even though the birth has been normal and the baby perfect. A large number of doctors and nurses do too. In many preparation-for-labor classes, expectant mothers are told about this phenomenon, so that they—and their husbands—will not be alarmed if it makes its appearance.

But what is it? What causes it? What proportion of new mothers experience it? There are bewilderingly contradictory answers.

Some authorities attribute the third-day, or baby, blues to exhaustion after labor, others to hormonal changes in the mother's body. Either theory would make them almost universal. But a prominent obstetrician says, "The third-day blues? We don't see them in our hospital any more, now that the mothers are up and about soon after delivery and going home on the fourth or fifth day." An obstetrical nurse counters his statement with, "The obstetricians often aren't aware of the mothers' depression, for the blues come and go. You would have to be around all the time to know." While a pediatrician comments, "Many of *my* mothers get them on the fifth or sixth day, after they are home from the hospital. They call me up in utter despair." Dr. Grantly Dick Read confirms that the depression may strike on the fifth or sixth day after childbirth instead of the classic third.

On one point all experts agree. The third- or fifth- or sixth-day blues, as the case may be, must be distinguished sharply from the psychoses which attack some women after delivery. The most normal woman may experience the third-day blues, though the more neurotic and those with real troubles are likely to feel them most. The deep, unreasoning depression vanishes after a siege of weeping or of unfounded fears. But is it natural and unavoidable?

One of the very few authorities to study women undergoing the third-day blues is Dr. James Clarke Moloney, famous Detroit psychiatrist. He denies that the baby blues are due to physical causes. In many instances the new mother has been calm and cheerful up to this point, as would hardly be the case if her trouble were physiological.

"If you question the mother carefully," states Doctor Moloney in an article in the Child-Parent Digest, "you will find that she is moody, despondent, gloomy. She feels hopeless, helpless and inadequate, unloved and unlovable. She may have a feeling of thickness in the head, she may be unable to think and concentrate, her reactions may be sluggish. The foregoing are symptoms of mental depression, whether they appear after childbirth or under any other set of circumstances. And at the center of every case of mental depression is a core of anger, bitterness or frustration."

Why should a new mother, who has been delivered successfully, who is rapturous over her baby, suffer from anger, bitterness, frustration? When a woman is normal, with normal maternal instincts, says Doctor Moloney, it is due in large measure to things that have been done to her in the course of the usual hospital delivery.

At the top of his list of these things, Doctor Moloney puts the fact that the hospitalized mother bears her baby in a place associated in many minds with the death of a loved one, or pain experienced in a severe illness or operation. The very smell of ether as the expectant mother enters may revive long-buried memories and fears. There follows a succession of events, any one of which may stir the woman up emotionally or add to her apprehension about the ordeal.

After being "processed," in many hospitals she is put in a drab labor room. Her own doctor may not show up until it is time to go to the delivery room, occasionally not then. While undergoing labor pains, she may have an unfortunate interchange with a nurse or nurses, maybe an intern or two, or perhaps be ignored entirely.

The usual practice of barring the husband from the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143



On baby: "Sundowns" Sleeper. Safety-Step feet. Nevabind sleeve. Azure, mint, pink plaid. 6 mos.-4 yrs. $3.00.

How to be a fancy stepper

"Stepping out tonight?" asked Teddy when he saw my new plaid Carter's sleeper. "My, you have lots of evening clothes!" "That's because," I said, "everyone knows Carter's soft cotton knit sleepers make smart gifts for me—timesaving, no-iron gifts for Mother, too." Teddy twirled in front of the mirror, "I'd love to go to Dreamland, too, but I haven't a *thing* to wear! How do you get there?" "On my Safety-Step feet, of course! They'll get me there in a snap." Teddy counted the snaps on my Gro-Feature waist and laughed. "I think you'll get there in *four* snaps!" Isn't he a clever bear?

Carter's

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO., NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

All are Carter-Set so won't shrink out of fit.



"Sundowns" Sleeper. Safety-Step feet. Nevabind sleeve. Blue, pink, yellow Kitten print. 6 mos.-4 yrs. $3.00.

Acrilan "Jama-Blanket." Blanket-weight fabric. Safety-Step feet. Blue, pink, azure, yellow. S-M-L, $8.95. XL, $9.95.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141

delivery room at the very time when a wife needs him most can be a strong frustration. And according to Doctor Moloney, it is very frustrating for the normally constituted woman to have her baby taken away from her when she is unconscious from sedatives or anesthetics. On these points, Doctor Moloney is backed up by considerable psychiatric and psychoanalytical opinion.

When she wakens, the new mother is in a high hospital bed, designed for the comfort of doctors and nurses rather than for that of the patient. She fears she may slip if she tries to get out of bed, that the baby may fall from the bed and be hurt.

Hospital schedules, also, are devised for the convenience of the staff, rather than the patient. Often these do violence to the natural rhythms of mother and baby for eating, sleeping and other processes.

All the foregoing are routine in perhaps the majority of hospitals today. In addition, the mother may feel frustration because of the attitudes of certain nurses, or the hospital authorities, or maybe her own doctor. This is particularly true where a mother wants to breast-feed her baby, for in many places she feels there is almost a concerted effort to keep her from doing so.

She may be talked into bottle feedings until her milk comes in, spoiling the baby for suckling at the breast, denying the mother's breasts the stimulation of the baby's suckling. Declares Doctor Moloney, "There are many instances—and I assure you they are not rare—in which the babies, unknown to the mothers, have been fed in the nursery before they are taken to the mother's room, by nurses who were hostile to breast feeding." The mother is told her milk is insufficient, or no good. She thinks she has failed her baby, is inadequate as a woman and a mother. According to Doctor Moloney, subtle sabotage of breast feeding by personnel who don't believe in it may take place even in rooming-in units and in hospitals which profess to encourage breast feeding.

The great advantage which women have in the world is that most women understand men a vast deal better than any man understands women. Since knowledge is power, woman has a control over man which man never has over her. To man she is always in the last resort untamable and unintelligible, whereas to her man is a simple, if massive, creature whose subtleties, when occasionally he is subtle, are much more intelligible to her than to other men. There is no complexity of the male character which the woman does not understand, and there are scarcely any complications of the feminine character which the man can really unravel. This accounts for the good humor with which the vast majority of women accept the crude mechanical power which man exercises by his laws and political tendencies.

J. A. SPENDER
Comments of Bagshot

The foregoing are some of the ways in which a usual hospital delivery may provoke feelings of anger, resentment or frustration in normal women. Yet many are not aware, on the conscious level, that they are angry or bitter or frustrated. Modern women have been taught that a hospital is the place to have a baby. They must accept whatever is done. They have no right to complain. The well-bred woman swallows her anger, thrusts resentments or frustration reactions way down deep. The result, says this psychiatrist, is the third-day blues. Doctors and hospitals, he adds, may fail quite honestly to see a connection between their procedures and the third-day blues. For they don't realize that what to them is all part of the day's work may be acutely distressing to a woman who is going through labor or childbirth.

Many women, as it happens, have testified to this effect. Here is a mother who had only recently moved to the city where her first baby was born, knew no one, was dependent for information on her doctor, who gave it grudgingly:

"My husband was allowed in the labor room part of the time, but was chased out whenever the intern or nurse came in, which was just when I wanted him most. He wasn't allowed in the delivery room at all, though I begged for him constantly.

"I told my doctor I didn't want gas, that I wanted to be conscious when my baby was born. He had said that would be all right, provided everything went well. But my doctor hadn't shown up by the time they took me to the delivery room. As soon as I was put on the table, they strapped my arms and legs down. When the anesthetist started to put the mask over my face, I broke loose and knocked him flat on the floor. It took two interns and a nurse to strap me back on the table again. The intern said, 'I'm going to put you under if it's the last thing I do.' Down went the mask over my face. I heard someone say, 'I can see two blue eyes!' just before I slipped into unconsciousness, fighting to the last to keep awake so I could see my baby."

Here is the way one woman felt when her baby was not brought to her at feeding time the second night, though she had impressed on both her obstetrician and pediatrician that she wanted to breast-feed her baby: "The nurse admitted it was strange, but that she was powerless to do anything about it, as her instructions were to keep my baby in the nursery. No reason given. She promised to phone my pediatrician, but I am sure she didn't. I had no way to reach my husband, my family, my doctor, anyone. I felt a prisoner; abandoned, trapped, helpless against the hospital system."

To the hospital staffs, no doubt, merely two troublesome patients. If these mothers became profoundly depressed, weepy, inexplicably anxious on the third or fifth or sixth day after childbirth, did someone remark cheerily, "It's only the baby blues"?

Conversely, many mothers, delivered under circumstances radically different from the foregoing, have testified to the beneficial effect on their spirits. "I can never express what it meant to me to have my husband with me throughout my labor and delivery." . . . "The nurses were sweet and considerate. They seemed to know what I was feeling, and would say something encouraging or do something to give me ease." . . . "My doctor came into the labor room and sat down and chatted with Dick and me for an hour or more, though there was nothing right then for him to do. It made me feel he wouldn't let anything happen to me. I went off to the delivery room as gaily as to a party." . . . "I will never forget the emotion I felt when they put my baby in my arms as soon as he was born."

Do mothers who have happy hospital experiences escape the third-day blues? Do mothers escape them when their babies are born at home? No one can say. So far as is known, nobody has bothered to find out.

But two Baltimore hospitals did try the experiment of decorating their labor rooms like boudoirs, with "escape" reading material on the bedside table, soothing music that the mother could turn on or off at will, and frequent friendly visits from staff members. It was found that women undergoing labor in these pleasant surroundings needed less anesthesia in the delivery room than the ones in the standard, prisonlike labor rooms. And that the most helpful thing of all was the friendly attentions from the staff.

Now, in several of our great medical schools, studies are being made of the mental and emotional states of women going through pregnancy and childbirth. Doctors and hospitals here and there are recognizing that antisepsis and improved medical techniques, highly laudable as they are, may not be the whole story in a successful delivery; that a woman is a human being, even while bearing a baby, and appreciates being treated like one.

Maybe someday doctors will get around to investigating the third-day blues. END



Today she's . . .

The Snow Queen

Whether she's a fairytale monarch . . . or Queen of the Junior High Prom . . . Carter's knows the way to her dreams! She'll love the gay Scandinavian design on these warm, brushed cotton knit ski pajamas. They're no-iron . . . machine-washable . . . like *all* Carter's soft cotton knit sleepwear and underwear. Isn't *this* the perfect gift to set before a queen!



ABOVE: SCANDINAVIAN PRINT SKI PAJAMA. Brushed cotton knit. Blue, pink, azure, red. 3-16 yrs. $4.00. **RIGHT: KITTEN PRINT PAJAMA.** Brushed cotton knit. Pink, yellow, azure. 3-16 yrs. $4.00. All are Carter-Set so won't shrink out of fit.

Carter's

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO., NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

THE SUBLET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

going to be here myself tomorrow, so you can come right up."

"That will be even better," she said pleasantly. "Thank you so much, Mr. Garrick."

She hung up, and Sam sat by the phone, wondering what he would tell them at the office, and why he'd been so foolish as to say he'd be in. A girl he'd never met was being married next week, and he'd put himself in the awkward position of having to miss that conference with Peterson. It didn't make sense, but he decided finally that he'd say he had a bad sore throat and a slight fever.

To ease his conscience, he worked hard the next day on some specifications for a power plant. But occasionally his mind wandered. For instance, on the small pine bureau in the bedroom she'd left a blue china shoe, and a bottle with a stopper shaped like a rose. Often, when he stood in front of the mirror, adjusting his tie, he'd notice these feminine and useless objects, and think vaguely about his friends who were married, and the girls he knew, and the rather mysterious and challenging difference marriage must make in a man's life. But of course the china shoe and the crystal rose would have meant nothing to him, if he hadn't read that letter, trespassing on forbidden territory, unearthing thoughts and feelings certainly not meant for him.

At three the doorbell rang. He pressed the buzzer, then stood by the entrance, reminding himself sharply that a Mrs. Shipley from Greenwich was coming to get something out of a box in the hall closet. That was all it amounted to, and the whole matter was of no importance.

A moment later he heard footsteps and opened the door to a short, rather stout lady, whose air of authority came not from the tweed suit and plain hat she was wearing, but from some attribute less definable but far more impressive. The girl with her was of a different mold, slender, with a thin, sensitive face, and long dark hair, arranged in a sort of coil, low on her neck.

He hadn't thought of what to say, but it didn't matter, for Mrs. Shipley, though she was panting slightly from the climb, took over at once. "Mr. Garrick, this is very kind of you!" she exclaimed. "I don't believe you know my daughter, Constance? We are sorry to have to intrude, but we promise it won't take long." Her bright gray eyes scanned the room, noticing, he was uneasily convinced, every new stain and spot of dust. But she was too polite to plunge at once into the closet. Instead she sat erect in the straightest of the armchairs, and devoted ten minutes to friendly conversation.

Constance glanced around the apartment, too, but not as though she were looking for flaws. Rather, there seemed to be a wistful, home-coming air about her, as if she were remembering and really loved this place. She spoke very little, for it turned out that her mother was a talker, the kind who asks questions, and answers them herself. "Are you comfortable here, Mr. Garrick?" she asked. "I'm sure you must be! I told my daughter to be sure and leave all the necessary equipment. She furnished it herself, you know, from places on Third Avenue and goodness knows where. Naturally they're not the sort of things she'll want in her new home, are they, darling?"

Constance had no chance to reply, for her mother supplied the answer. "Such a perfect little house they're going to have, Mr. Garrick. Just what she's always dreamed of! We've discovered a really fine decorator too." With wry amusement she glanced at the pots of ivy, the bright cushions, the vaguely shabby sofa. "Well, I suppose you know how girls are! Constance did feel she wanted to have her fling before she married, a few months on her own. She studied archaeology at Columbia. Courses, that is; extensions, I believe you call them."

She paused for breath and Sam said uncertainly, "You mean digging up old ruins and things like that?"

"Yes." The daughter spoke for the first time. Her voice was low, almost muted. "It's really fascinating; you've no idea ——"

Mrs. Shipley laughed. "Imagine that, Mr. Garrick! Wanting to devote your life to unearthing statues and tombs and things."

"It isn't only that, mother ——" But then the low voice trailed off, the brief moment of animation died away. Sam didn't realize that he'd been watching her. But now he knew suddenly that she wasn't happy. She was too pale, and she looked tired, yet somehow resigned too.

"Well, Constance, my dear, we'd better get busy and find your things," Mrs. Shipley said happily. "She's being married next week, Mr. Garrick. Such a fine young man! Peter Westbrook. He's with Westbrook and Ames, his father's law firm, you know. They're almost our oldest friends, and the two children have been sweethearts as far back as I can remember." She smiled warmly, almost mistily, seeming less formidable now, more like a mother, a truly loving and devoted mother.

They both went to work in the closet, then, unearthing various things, and packing them away in a suitcase. Finally they said good-by. But before they left, Constance stood by the door, looking at the apartment, while something seemed to die away. It was a curious kind of sadness, almost an emptiness, and it was quite plainly there in her face when she looked for the last time at the nice, square, vaguely shabby room.

When they'd gone Sam tried to get back to work on the power-plant specifications. But a moment later he shoved those aside, and went into the bedroom, and got out the letter, which he'd been keeping in a bureau drawer, under his socks and handkerchiefs. He read it straight through, and he was sure she had never sent either this or anything like it. Yet she had written the words, she had felt them. . . . But perhaps she was the kind of girl who didn't trust her own feelings.

He felt angry, and rather miserable; too upset, in fact, to work. Finally he put the letter in his pocket and walked around the corner to a movie. Halfway through the picture he got up and left, and walked uptown a few blocks. There were one or two phrases that kept repeating themselves in his mind. "*Perhaps I'm too sensitive about hurting other people.*" That, of course, could refer to her parents as well as this guy she was marrying. "*Our families are so close that I'm not even sure I'll have the courage to send this.*" Well, it would take a lot of courage for a girl like that to break an engagement that had lasted for years. "*I can imagine just how they will feel.*" She had written that, believing that all the others were as sensitive as she herself, as easily hurt. "*A new understanding of what love can mean.*"

S S S S S

No present is worth having unless the giver would rather have kept it for himself. E. V. LUCAS

S S S S S

He turned abruptly, right in the middle of crossing 23rd Street. There was a blare of horns, and a taxi driver yelled, "Hey, buddy, what you think you're doin'?"

He ignored that, and walked back to the apartment, briskly this time. He went to the desk and got out a plain envelope and consulted the telephone directory. Then he printed the name and address on the outside of the envelope: Mr. Peter Westbrook, Jr., Westbrook and Ames, 40 Wall Street, New York. In the lower left-hand corner he marked it "Confidential." He slipped the letter inside, sealed and stamped it, then hurried around the corner and put it in a mailbox. As soon as he'd done that he felt slightly ill, and lightheaded, and decidedly guilty and ashamed, and faintly belligerent. He had a friend, Steve Dixon, who was giving a party that night. So he went to the party and met a pretty girl with curly blond hair, and thought about a girl who was too pale and too quiet, and had long brown hair, done in a coil at her neck, and long, interesting eyes—what color, gray, greenish? He couldn't remember.

The next day, and every day thereafter, he read—column by column—the society sections of the Times and the Tribune. Monday he found it, in a square box near the top of the page: "Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Shipley, of Greenwich, Connecticut, announce the indefinite postponement of the marriage of their daughter Constance to Mr. Peter Westbrook of Greenwich and New York. The engagement has been terminated by mutual consent."

So now I've done it! he thought, with an elation that was quickly dampened by shame. Just what had he done? Freed her? And had she wanted to be free? It was an unheard-of trick to play, an invasion of privacy quite foreign to his nature. He had never been a meddler, but somehow that letter had got under his skin. He tried to imagine Peter Westbrook reading it. What had he thought, how had he felt? And what kind of scene had they had afterward?

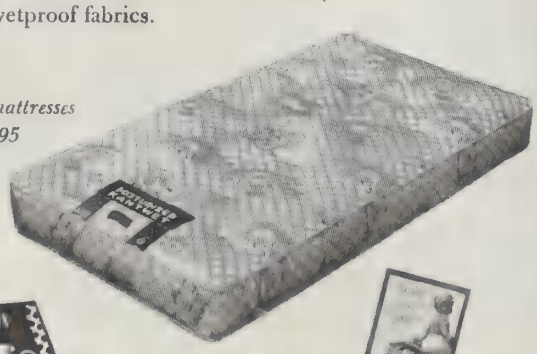
He told himself glumly that he'd had no right to play God in the lives of total strangers. But the feeling of elation persisted. She wasn't married, and this apartment was her home. Someday she'd come back, to get something, or cancel the lease, or renew it. Before

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146



. . . and there's nothing like a KANTWET crib mattress for your baby's growing bones and muscles. For over 20 years, more babies have slept on KANTWET than any other brand. Exclusive Firm-O-Flex innerspring unit, double-sealed tufting and dorsal pad insulation give the firm yet resilient support doctors recommend for natural, restful sleep; moreover, your KANTWET crib mattress will last for the *entire* crib life-time of your baby. In gay, wetproof fabrics.

KANTWET-made mattresses from $12.95 to $24.95



best for health and safety!
KANTWET® BABY PRODUCTS
THE GREATEST NAME IN CRIB MATTRESSES

COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Free! Handy BABY SITTER MEMO PAD . . . get one at your KANTWET dealer's.

Made and sold throughout the U.S. and Canada Rose-Derry Company, Newton 95, Mass.

PADS and BUMPERS • CAR SEATS • CAR BEDS • TV CAR-CHAIR • YEAR-ROUND FOLD A-CRIB • TOT-N-TEEN YOUTH BED

IMPORTANT SKIN DISCOVERY FROM JOHNSON & JOHNSON

THE FIRST TRULY EFFECTIVE MEDICATED POWDER

FOR BABY... AND ALL THE FAMILY



Only powder that clears up and prevents even "problem" diaper rash

New, exclusive formula stops not only ordinary diaper rash caused by wet-diaper friction—but sore, difficult *ammonia dermatitis.*

Completely clears up rashes, chafing, urine scald—prevents their return. Ends ammonia diaper odor.



Stops more kinds of skin irritations than any other medicated powder

The formula has two special antiseptics... relieves the most *stubborn* irritations as well as simple heat rash, itches, insect bites.

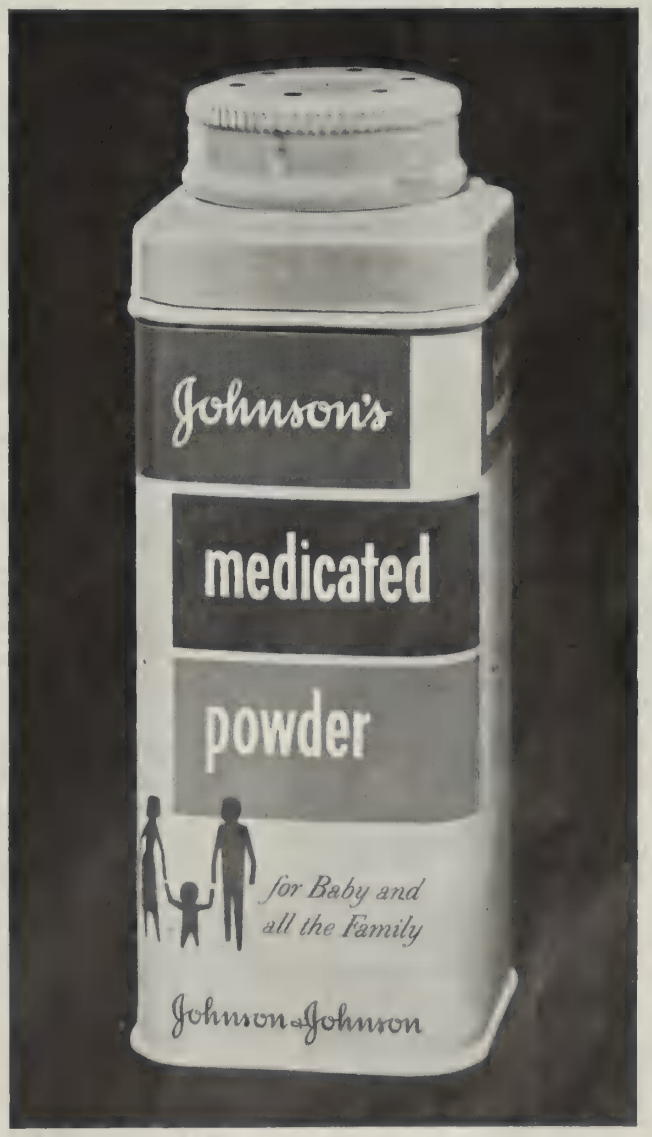
And you can use it with confidence. It's been *hospital-proved safe* for the most sensitive skin.



Exclusive absorbent action keeps skin cool, dry—in hottest weather

The moment you smooth on Johnson's Medicated Powder, you feel more comfortable. Its thirsty absorbing agents dry up moisture *fast.*

And it's silky-soft, never gritty. Clings gently, smells fresh and clean. Try it for girdle chafe... on feet and underarms, too.



4 ounces, 49¢

NEW Johnson's Medicated Powder



AN ORIGINAL PAINTING FOR FRISKIES BY DOUGLASS (ROCKWELL

For the little man's best friend it's...

Sweet dreams of Friskies

—the balanced diet meat-loving dogs love

YOUR DOG CRAVES MEAT...and *needs* a carefully balanced, fully nourishing diet. Friskies Meal contains in convenient form all of the food values found in the finest steaks, chops and roasts. Friskies is rich in meat meal, bone meal, liver protein . . . and is even more nourishing than meat alone.

BALANCED NOURISHMENT. When you feed Friskies Meal your dog gets the vitamins, minerals and other necessary food elements he must have for a fully balanced diet. Here is complete nutrition at its best. So start feeding Friskies, made to the high quality standards of the Carnation Company.

MIXES INSTANTLY. Ready at once, no waiting. Just add water. Won't mush. No mess. Feeding bowl rinses clean.



FOR VARIETY, FEED CANNED FRISKIES. Fully nourishing. Provides up to twice the nourishment of low quality dog foods. Feed alone, or mix with Friskies Meal as a special taste treat.

Carnation
quality products



ALBERS MILLING CO., DIV. OF **CARNATION COMPANY**, LOS ANGELES 36, CALIFORNIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

long they would really have a chance to become acquainted.

He wasn't quite sure when that would be, but after a few weeks he began to consider plans. He might get in touch with her about a new light in the kitchen. He could offer to pay for it, but say he wanted to check with her first. On the other hand, it might be better to think of some excuse that would really require her presence here. Redecoration, for instance; bookshelves, in that corner by the easy chair. Of course he realized, with a little prickle of apprehension, that she might easily guess that he was the one who had mailed the letter. She had good cause to be angry and resentful; but on the other hand, she might be glad. In any case, he must work out some way of getting together.

He kept mulling it over with increasing impatience. And then one day he returned from the office to find Mrs. Shipley just leaving the apartment, with a package of some sort under her arm. "Oh, Mr. Garrick!" she exclaimed. "I do hope you won't mind. The superintendent let me in with his key. My daughter needs some of her old notes and drawings, from that course she was taking, you know. She left them on the closet shelf."

"Of course," Sam said quickly. "Do come in, Mrs. Shipley. If your daughter—that is, she might like to come down herself and sort things over. Any time, just let me know."

"She can't very well do that, I'm afraid. At the moment she's in Italy."

"Italy!"

"She's married, Mr. Garrick. To a penniless young archaeologist, a nobody. They're traveling around Europe in one of those silly little foreign cars, digging up ruins." Mrs. Shipley sounded grim, but at the same time rather resigned, and more than a little incredulous. "In her letters—I can't understand it!—she seems like an entirely different girl! 'Life is heaven'—that's the kind of thing she writes. I can't imagine what they're living on—air, most likely. You just never know."

"That's right," Sam agreed quietly. "You never know."

After Mrs. Shipley had left, he wandered about the apartment, picking up the crystal bottle, putting it down again, standing in front of the big window with its pots of ivy. He tried to imagine her over in Italy with that young archaeologist, digging up ruins and living on air. What was it she had written her mother? "Life is heaven." And she had written something else: "A new awareness of what love can mean." Thinking about it, he felt empty and queer, yet vaguely expectant too. For now he knew what to look for, and someday soon he would find it.

AMID MY ALIEN CORN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

attempt to explain the Moroccan adventure, why I wanted to farm again.

I had decided upon Spanish Morocco because, having lived in Tangier, I had some actual knowledge of the Moroccan farmlands. I knew there were rich areas watered by rivers (the Lukus where I was to farm was one of these) and that it was a good area for corn. There were times in Madrid when I found myself longing beyond all reason for a section of that rich Moroccan farmland where, so I dreamed, I would plant hundreds of acres of the finest American hybrid corn.

I chose hybrid corn because it seemed to me that this was the one crop, hitherto untried in Morocco, that would most benefit the country. Hybrid corn yields twice as much grain as ordinary corn seed. I had helped my father plant many acres of hybrid corn, and before its advent I had helped him plant many acres of ordinary corn, so I had observed at first hand the remarkable increase in yield that hybrid corn insures.

So I longed to plant hybrid corn in Morocco, and the longing came in the oddest times and places, and hit me hardest during one of my annual shopping trips to New York City. On a rainy day that interrupted the shopping orgies, the shows and the new movies, the dream of that farm floated up again. I picked up the telephone and called Mr. Henry Wallace in upstate New York, the man, more than any other in the world, responsible for the success of hybrid corn. He advised me to think of the climate in Morocco as approximating that of our Texas, and after shuffling around among his papers—I could hear them rustling over the phone—he recommended several types of seed that he thought would grow in Morocco.

That same rainy day, fired with Mr. Wallace's advice, I sought out a New York seed supplier. I leafed through his catalogue until I came to the C's and under "Corn" I selected two of the types of hybrid seed that Mr. Wallace had recommended.

"I'll take enough of those seeds to plant a thousand acres," I told the clerk, who was accustomed to supplying seeds in small paper bags for city terraces and back-yard gardens.

"Where shall I send them?" he asked politely, successfully masking his astonishment.

Then it occurred to me that I had no land on which to plant these fine fat seeds. I told the clerk to ship the seeds to our apartment in the center of Madrid and I left the store quickly, lest some difficulty arise about the shipping.

Having gone this far, it was easy—indeed, it was inevitable—to pick up the telephone and order a tractor.

"And where shall we send your tractor?" asked the clerk on the other end of the wire in Texas. I gave our Madrid address, hoping he was not acquainted with that city and could not share the vision that had flashed into my mind of our apartment building and our Spanish maids toiling up eight flights of stairs with a tractor and all the bags of corn seed that had been delivered at our door.

After I hung up the phone I stared down into rain-driven Fifth Avenue and knew a few moments of sheer panic. That was when I realized I had to cut short my New York visit, rush back to Spain, try to explain my purchases to Ricardo and ask his understanding aid in helping me to locate a thousand acres of farmland in Morocco, right away!

There is nothing enduring in life for a woman except what she builds in a man's heart. JUDITH ANDERSON

"I do know someone who has a farm in Morocco," Ricardo said. "Let me introduce you to this friend of mine. You'll like him a lot; you have much in common. And he just might be able to help you."

Shortly afterward, Ricardo took me to meet the major stockholder and active director of a farming company called The Lukus, comprising 20,000 acres of rich land along the Lukus River valley in Spanish Morocco.

He stood up politely as Ricardo and I approached. I saw a heavy-set man of about fifty years, with a round face and his gray hair thinning out on top. I disliked him instantly. His name was José Gomendio, with another name or two attached before or after, as all the Spaniards have; I shall just call him "Gomendio" from now on.

I think we drank some tea and I can suppose we ate some little cupcakes, because I have an unfailing appetite. Gomendio and Ricardo somehow arranged that I should go and see that farm of Gomendio's in Morocco, and if it met the requirements of hybrid-corn seed, I could plant my seed there. Gomendio was not particularly enthusiastic about this invitation. In fact, I could tell he liked me even less than I liked him. Ours was an arrangement we just drifted into; enthusiastically sponsored by Ricardo, who wanted to make me happy and who envisioned weeks of peace stretching out before him in my absence.

We talked back and forth for a time about what would be the best arrangement for planting the corn. With very little formality we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

new Culligan Water Softener

gives you all the soft water you want, all the time, all through your home, automatically!

On a service basis, or own it yourself . . . the distinctive new Culligan Water Softener provides an unlimited supply of filtered soft water regardless of family size or water usage. See your telephone directory and call your nearby Culligan dealer today.



Electronic Regen-a-rator
regenerates while you sleep!

Culligan's exclusive electro-hydraulic control smoothly, silently, automatically activates the cycles of backwashing, brining and rinsing at night . . . while you sleep! It's as automatic as your water heater.

Culligan
SOFT WATER

Culligan, Inc. and its franchised dealers.
Home Office, Northbrook, Illinois

Over 1,000,000 homes now have internationally-famous Culligan Soft Water Service

COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

drafted a contract that would make us farming partners.

I turned to Gomendio. "I must confess to you that I know almost nothing about that part of Spanish Morocco where you have the farm. I know that the Lukus farm follows a river bed, so the soil must be rich, but in spite of the months I spent in French Morocco and in Tangiers, I never learned much about the Spanish zone."

"You are not alone in your ignorance," Gomendio said. "There is very little outside interest in Spanish Morocco. We are a pretty backward zone compared with the French zone, and unless you had business there, as I have, you wouldn't look twice at it."

"You sound very unenthusiastic," I ventured.

"Not at all," he insisted. "I am just realistic. You will see for yourself soon enough."

The secretary appeared with the contract neatly typed and we sat at the desk, each reading a copy of it, line for line. The Lukus farming company supplied the land and I put up the seed and the supervision. The costs of production were to be paid from the income and the remaining money divided equally between the company and me. It was a fair enough contract for us both.

"Are you satisfied?" Gomendio asked me.

"Yes. Are you?"

For an answer, Gomendio signed the contract in his illegible scrawl and pushed it across his desk. I signed below his name with my own pen and in what I fondly think of as readable script.

Gomendio frowned at me through his cigarette smoke, and I could see he was trying to think how to tell me something. I waited.

"I know you are enthusiastic about this venture, but don't be disappointed if it fails."

"Why should it fail?" I asked.

"Morocco is too tough for a woman; you won't last long down there—the heat, the boredom, the apathy of the people and the hard work. You won't like it compared with life in Madrid."

I drew in a breath. "Boredom is all in the mind," I told him gaily. "As for the heat, I can never get hot enough for me. The hard work? I look forward to it! And people reflect whatever treatment they get, don't they? I'll last in Morocco all right. If I leave it will be because I am asked to leave."

"Asked to leave?" Gomendio echoed, widening his eyes in surprise at such an idea. "That is not likely."

Neither of us said anything more on that subject, but later I was to remember that little exchange.

Ricardo, my husband, viewed all these maneuvers to move out of his life for two or three months with mixed feelings. He would have preferred me to stay quietly in the apartment and occupy myself with the running of his household and the raising of his children, and it was not easy for him to be enthusiastic about my outside activity. On the other hand, in the most unselfish way he really wanted me to be happy; he was aware that I needed some outlet more active than our life in Madrid offered and so he consented to my new interest in Morocco. It was a subtle way of keeping me by letting me go.

Our sons were joyful at the thought of living a different life for several months. They would have welcomed any change that took them out of the apartment, but going to Morocco was something special.

"Will we shoot lions?" Ric, the oldest, asked, brandishing his Hopalong Cassidy revolver.

And I patiently explained, "We are going to North Africa, Ric, where there are no lions."

He looked crestfallen for a moment and then brightened again. "But we will see lots of camels! Maybe we can ride over the desert on a camel."

As for myself, I was terribly torn. In all our years of marriage, Ricardo and I had never been separated from each other for more than ten days or two weeks at the most, and this separation would be very strange. We arranged that whenever Ricardo's work permitted, he would fly to Tangiers and spend a few days with us, and whenever my work permitted I would return to Madrid to be with him. So, as always happens to us when we part for however short or long a time, we became a little sentimental; lumps came into our throats and the suggestion of tears in our eyes. I set out on the new adventure without thinking of turning back, but we already looked forward to being together again.

Gomendio, who spent most of his time in Madrid, attending to the business side of the farm's activities, materialized in Larache when I arrived in its main street with my new station wagon filled with children. He installed us all as guests in his own home, and after lunch, over coffee in the living room, he and I began to discuss the details of our contract and my more permanent living quarters.

We had no trouble confirming the details of our contract, but there was a disagreement between us over what constituted appropriate living quarters. When I brought up this subject, Gomendio wet his lips nervously and said, "There are many nice apartments here in Larache. I'll have someone from the office take you around to look at them this afternoon."

I looked out at Gomendio's magnificent view of the harbor. It was charming, and I could understand why Gomendio thought I should live in Larache, but I had come to Morocco to farm, not to admire the view.

As kindly as I could, I told him, "Thank you, but I plan to live right out on the farm. Larache is a good seven miles from where I shall be working," I reminded him. "And I can do so much more if I am as near as possible to the work."

"But Spaniards don't do it that way," he exploded. "The managers live in the town—the laborers are living on the farm. Besides," he said, "you are a woman. A woman cannot live out there alone. It is against our custom. There is also a certain amount of danger from



You have to do 3500 dishes a month
(just for a family of 4)

For taking the work out of dishwashing
there's no liquid or powder like Lux Liquid

COMPARE! We guarantee you'll find it better for dishes than anything else.
(Incidentally, you can have your money back if you don't.)



Old-fashioned powders waste time
—are *slow* about dissolving, *slow* about removing grease! And you have to rinse thoroughly to get rid of the powder residue that streaks your china, glasses.



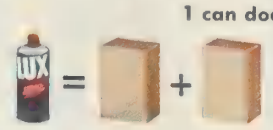
Lux Liquid cuts under grease instantly
—splits it up into tiny particles that disperse immediately. Grease can't settle back, rinses away fast. Glasses, china come sparkling, hygienically clean.



Treats hands right—Lux-mild Lux Liquid!
No powder—no other liquid—is Lux-mild. You'll see and feel the wonderful difference on your hands, as soon as you start using Lux Liquid for the dishes.



Fast... thrifty...



1 can does the work of more than 2 boxes of the leading powder
Lux Liquid is concentrated for economy. Just a teaspoonful does a whole dishpanful—saves you money!

no other liquid is Lux-mild on hands!

the Arabs. How can we tell if they will receive your presence amiably or if they will resent you as an intruder and perhaps do something unpleasant?"

"I am not a Spanish woman. I'm American; and if we are going to farm, we live on our farms. It's as simple as that. The Arabs can be made to understand, I am sure."

We sat facing each other in a chilly silence, sipping our coffee grimly and ignoring the lovely view. We were two strong wills waiting it out, but in the silence I could feel Gomendio's defeat.

After the coffee, I borrowed Gomendio's jeep and joggled out to the farm to see if I could find a house of any sorts. The farm is 20,000 acres altogether. It is divided into five large sections: Adir Bajo, Adir Alto, Palafito, Nemsah and Meruan. These last two are old Arab names, as is the word "Adir." *Bajo* means low in Spanish and *Alto* means high—Low Adir and High Adir. "Palafito" is a kind of "little palace." On each of these five sections there is a center of population, a *cortijo* which goes by the same name as the section. For example, in the Adir Bajo section, the *cortijo* is called Adir Bajo also.

I drove through each of these five sections looking for something that would do for the many months I would be spending on the Lukus.

Adir Bajo began almost at the mouth of the River Lukus. To get down to Adir, at that time of year, one used the upper road that leads through the Palafito because the lower road was still deeply rutted from the winter rains. I was to take this trip almost every day through spring and summer, and always, coming up on the top of the rise which more or less separates the Palafito from the Adir lands, I would stop the car there, overcome by the beauty of the great Lukus Valley spread at my very feet. If my sons were along, they, too, would sit lost in admiration.

The hugeness of the valley, and of my own temerity in planning to put some of its vastness into cultivation, held me on that spot for a spellbound moment. Then I joggled on down into Adir Bajo. It was lowland and there were a fair number of trees along the banks of the Lukus. However, it was far from the parcels of land I would be planting. I imagined, too, that it would be very hot in midsummer and that there would be mosquitoes and malaria in the swamps.

I drove on, into Adir Alto. This valley settlement was the working headquarters of the Lukus farm; the business offices were in Larache. All the main farm buildings—the *cortijo*—were located in Adir Alto and I looked with interest at the machine shops, carpenter shops, blacksmith shop, stables and warehouses. These were to be my workshops; Adir Alto, my headquarters.

In the center of the establishment was a great, barren, sun-baked dirt square known as "the patio." Patio was a whimsical name to give this hideous square, wedged in between the Adir school, the head offices of the farm and two cavernous stables—one empty and the other crowded with horses and flies. It was in this patio that the men of The Lukus gathered in their idle moments for rest and "relaxation," and I saw several squatting there this afternoon, and was shocked by their apathy, their dejection. But what was there for them to do, once their work that wrung for them their right to exist was done, save to lean back against the wall, ill-nourished and bored and without hope, with nothing more to look forward to than the next day's work?

My memory of the dejected men sitting in the patio continued to depress me as I drove on. Things seemed brighter in the Palafito. This section of The Lukus is of a rich, reddish sandy soil that, given water, will grow anything. The populated part of the Palafito had been turned into a garden of Moroccan flowers and lawns, set into the center of 45,000 orange trees. I inquired about houses, but there was only one huge mansion, pretentious and not for me.

I drove farther across the valley, to Nemsah, the fourth section of The Lukus. The soil of Nemsah is an extension of the Palafito soil—sandy-red. But someone took the trouble to plant hundreds of eucalyptus trees there many years ago and a large pond has been made, surrounded by willows; adding to these another few thousand orange, lemon and grapefruit trees, it makes a cool spot in which to be on a hot summer day. Without bothering to look at the remaining section, Meruan, I decided to live in Nemsah.

As it happened, there was an empty house in Nemsah. The instant I saw it I knew that house was right for our peculiar needs. It was a compact little whitewashed villa, almost square, with bright blue window frames. The house even had a miniature garden, and not looking at the inside, I made up my mind to have it.

Back in Larache, I asked Gomendio. He wistfully mentioned again the apartment-in-Larache idea, but the shock of my living in the country had worn off and he agreed guardedly to my having the empty house in Nemsah.

That first week we followed the same routine each day. Just after daybreak we would pack a substantial lunch, pile into the station wagon and leave the Gomendio house in Larache. I would deposit my four sons and Pilar (our maid) in the Nemsah house and drive down to Adir Alto alone to get under way the preliminary work of planting the hybrid corn: the preparation of the ground, the conditioning of the machinery and the choosing of the laborers to do the work.

Whenever the farm work allowed, I would dash back to Nemsah and help Pilar in getting the house in shape. This house, so charming outwardly, presented a problem within. Although it was a tall, white and blue-trim villa that rose to the height of most two-story houses, the rooms inside were not proportionately large. On the contrary, they were all on one floor and squeezed together and small, and went straight up in the air, like chimneys. If you wanted any sensation of spaciousness, you had to look up at the ceilings; as soon as you looked at the four walls, you felt closed in.

But there was the garden, very tiny, but with several fine orange trees and some small squares of the coarse, spreading plant we call Bermuda grass. Because of its very simplicity that garden would be easy to put in order. And when the orange trees were in blossom, the most heavenly scent hung over all Nemsah.

The garden was walled in on all four sides, with a barred gate that sealed us off from the rest of the Nemsah *cortijo*. One of the first things I did was to take the lock off the gate and prop it open. Nobody else living in Nemsah had a gate, and I hoped by doing this I would be more promptly accepted as a real member of the *cortijo*.

My open-gate policy in Nemsah materialized many more children than I had realized lived in the dwellings scattered among the Nemsah *cortijo* buildings. Their number rose from the cautious three or four who appeared to play with my sons in those first days to an incautious, constant baker's dozen.

"*La Banda*," they called themselves. The Band.

Each morning when we arrived from Larache my four sons scattered like leaves to play with these new friends, and they returned only at lunchtime, and again in the evening. We would drive back, late at night, to Gomendio's house.

Much time was being wasted, driving to and fro, and I needed my days free for the land. We redoubled our efforts to get the Nemsah place in order; and at last Pilar and I had the house in fair enough shape, not only to receive us but also for any visitors who could brave the extreme informality of our lives and the lack of any luxuries.

As we moved on through March and into April, life in the household at Nemsah gradually took on a semblance of routine, while my outside life on the farm became more hectic.

My sons had certain duties. They were each to help with the garden and the outdoor work, and each had a special daily chore; one had to fill the coal scuttle, one to bring in wood for the fireplace, another emptied the garbage. When they were finished, they were free to play with the other Nemsah children.

As children often do with those they love, my sons took advantage of Pilar: hiding out in the orange groves when she called them, not eating their food when she was in a hurry, not taking their naps, playing little practical jokes on her. When she would finally break down in despair and weep and threaten to go back to Madrid, the four would gather around her quickly, patting her on the head and earnestly assuring her that now they were going to behave much better. And Pilar, convinced that they had reformed, would dry her tears and leap back into the battle.

All four of my sons had accepted their new life without a question and with no regrets for the confining apartment in Madrid. They missed their school friends, of course, but they launched into the Moroccan life as if it were a new adventure, and they stored up incidents to tell their friends when they went back to Madrid in the winter.

My sons meant to do their chores well, but the oldest was only ten, so they did need adult

XXXXX

Democracy is the recurrent suspicion that more than half of the people are right more than half of the time.

E. B. WHITE
in The New Yorker

XXXXX



No wonder! Perky just *loves* French's Parakeet Treat . . . and Suzie knows he *needs* it as part of his daily diet. *Naturally* good Treat is a tasty mixture of favorite seeds, enriched with yeast, wheat germ, and vitamins A, D, and B-12 to help keep parakeets lively and full of fun. *Your* pet, too, deserves French's Parakeet Treat . . . one of the "Basic 5" foods of French's *scientifically prepared* Natural Feeding Diet.





French's

NATURAL FEEDING DIET
KEEPS YOUR PARAKEET
HAPPY AND HEALTHY

supervision. For this, I turned to the younger Arab men who were employed as day laborers. They did eight hours of work for The Lukus Company each day for about twenty-four cents a day. When they finished they would drift into my garden to help out. They loved children, and any time Pilar and I wanted to be away from the house, they acted enthusiastically as baby sitters. Almost children themselves, they played with my sons' toys and leafed through their picture books with childish glee. None of these young Arabs had much schooling. Some had learned to read and write at the few government schools that dotted Spanish Morocco, but when they reached the age of seven or eight, they were usually put to work by their families. They had no prospect at all of ever improving their lot, and yet these were the men of tomorrow who would be governing Morocco when she was free. It seemed to me that years were being wasted.

At first these Arabs eyed me with a natural suspicion for the unusual—I was a kind of magic witch who could do bad things if I wanted. But through little humane services, such as treating their frequent hurts or making them an occasional sandwich or giving them a cigarette, they very soon began to trust me and it was then they volunteered all the extra help around the house in Nemsah. They showed mild surprise that I would take the trouble to do them any small favors. And after the surprise came a showing of gratitude and a greater sense of "protection" for me; protection against those Arabs who did not know me well and might not show me enough respect.

The young Arabs came into and out of my house as if they were part of the family. They always knocked politely before entering, but they would have been astonished if anyone had said, "Do not come in." If they giggled too loudly when I was writing or reading, I could scold them as I did my own sons and they would not be offended. If I praised them for some work well done, they were proud. Even from the first weeks, I could tell that both these Arabs and the Spaniards were going to accept me. It made my life much easier; as if I were now a member of a team instead of an individual pulling against the rest of the team. Just the fact of my living on the farm instead of in Larache had been a terrific psychological advantage; the laborers associated me more with themselves than with the managers of Larache.

Before we could actually put the seeds into the ground, it had to be decided what seeds went into which ground. For this purpose, Gomendio called a first business meeting in the main office building of The Lukus in Larache.

I went in to attend the first meeting with many misgivings. Gomendio presented me to the other managers of The Lukus—I was being designated "manager" for want of a more appropriate term. Gomendio was the controlling stockholder in this company, and also the active director-manager of The Lukus; although, as I have said, he spent most of his time on the business affairs of the company in Madrid. To manage the farm itself, he had his brother-in-law, Rafael Fuentes, a huge, blond Spanish Teddy bear, with snapping eyes and a comic mustache. Rafols—everyone called him by this nickname, instead of Rafael—was so young and still had so much to learn that acting as his assistant was a dark foxy little man from the south of Spain, called Gamiz.

And myself. I had farmed in the most modern country of all; so besides managing the corn crop, I was expected to place at the disposal of the others whatever knowledge I had of modern American agricultural methods and equipment. In short, Gomendio was the boss, Rafols was under Gomendio and over Gamiz and me, but we two were to have a free hand in those fields we knew best.

Rafols was to occupy himself chiefly with the rice that year, Gamiz with the cotton, and I with my corn. Naturally, we all wanted the best *parcelas* possible. It made for some friction in the office that day. Gomendio, being "neutral," presided over our meeting.

It was hot and sticky and Gomendio had flung open the wide windows behind his desk. I could see a collection of Arab hovels near at hand, and back of them an inviting piece of the harbor in the corner of the window.

"Now, Betty," said Gomendio, "all these parcels in Adir Bajo are flat and well worked over and will be ideal cornland."

"That land is too salty," I argued. "It has been too many years in rice. Thank you, but I wouldn't plant one grain of corn in Adir Bajo that I cared about seeing grow." I turned my eyes to the window and studied the view indifferently.

Gamiz and Rafols exchanged a startled look. "Well, what do you want?" demanded Gomendio, taking a pencil from his desk and rolling it nervously between his fingers.

I got up from the chair, walked toward the big wall map and waved at Adir Alto. "If I could have my *parcelas* here, perhaps?"

I knew, of course, that it was the best soil in the company and both the other managers were clamoring for it too. But sometimes if you ask for everything, you get at least a little of it, whereas if you ask for nothing, that is what you get—nothing.

"*Qué no, hombre!*" Rafols leaped to his feet as if he had been shot. "No, that is not possible—not all the good land for one crop and an experimental one at that. Suppose she has a failure?"

"Compromise!" shouted Gomendio. "We shall work out a compromise—a little bit here, a little bit there."

Our meeting lasted all one day and part of the next morning, but with much shifting back and forth and bargaining, we reached an agreement that suited us all. I was assigned Parcel 31. It was in the Adir Bajo section but had never been cultivated before, so it could not be too affected by the rice planting in the rest of Adir Bajo. I was also assigned Parcels 412, 422, 432 in Adir Alto; magnificent land with which I expressed myself very happy. They threw in an annoying little parcel called 44 that had also never been cultivated. It had possibilities, admittedly, but it could also be a failure.

That was all the land I wanted to plant, but Rafols stuck a "condition" on those nice Adir Alto parcels. I could have them without further wrangling if I would agree to plant a parcel in the uncultivated, savage land on the other side of the River Lukus, known as the Mehasen.

"Or perhaps it would be too much work for the *señora?* Or too wild?" Rafols was baiting me carefully, keeping a poker face.

Part of the land in the Mehasen was held in concession by The Lukus, but it had never been touched by machinery. The Arabs living there were hostile. They thought of the land as theirs and they did not understand the concessions that their chiefs had made with the Spaniards. There was no bridge over the River Lukus; I would have to swim a horse over or drive miles around the head of the river. Too much work? Too wild? Rafols was waiting for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

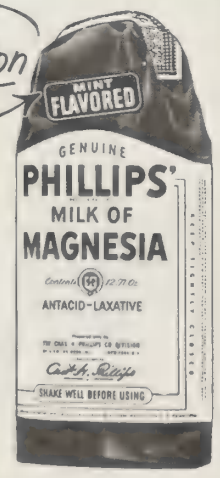


They all use this ALKALIZING LAXATIVE that gives MORE COMPLETE RELIEF!

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is the ideal family laxative because it does *both* things you need for complete relief! It gives wonderfully gentle and effective relief from constipation, and—because it's an *alkalizing* laxative—Phillips' *also* relieves the acid indigestion that usually accompanies irregularity. Thus, Phillips' gives you *more complete* relief than you get from any single-purpose preparation!

What's more, two to four tablespoonfuls taken at bedtime work *leisurely*—without embarrassing urgency. So, when morning comes, you start the day feeling fine. Get Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.

A NEW addition



Phillips' is now also available in Flavored Form, at the same price as Regular

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA
REGULAR • FLAVORED



"Dad . . ."



SUIT BY MONTE-SANO

Expect me with the new Persian Wood fragrance family... and a preview of Avon's exciting Christmas Gifts.

Persian Wood Mist Spray Cologne has won so many devotees that Avon has added three other delightful ways to use this exciting fragrance. There's news in Persian Wood Spray Perfume which gives a measured application! There's news in Persian Wood Lotion Sachet, fragrance in cream lotion form! There's news in Persian Wood Beauty Dust in the refillable container! Do ask your Avon Representative for a Persian Wood fragrance *try-on* when she calls.

Your Avon Representative will also show you many of Avon's new, original, beautiful gifts, so you can do your Christmas shopping at home the Avon way.

IF YOU WISH AN AVON REPRESENTATIVE TO CALL, PLEASE CONSULT YOUR PHONE DIRECTORY.

AVON cosmetics

RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

AVAILABLE ONLY THROUGH YOUR AVON REPRESENTATIVE WHO CALLS AT YOUR HOME

COPYRIGHT 1957, AVON PRODUCTS, INC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

me to refuse. I could feel it and I could not give him that advantage; I agreed to plant corn in a parcel of the Mehasen land.

On one of my trips to the U.S.A. I had bought a complete soil-testing outfit for The Lukus Company and I was full of enthusiasm for testing all the *parcelas* of The Lukus to find out of what they were really composed and what they really needed added to them to insure better crops. This was a revolutionary innovation in Morocco, soil testing never having been practiced there before. The Lukus chemist consented, grudgingly, to learn how to make the tests, but none of the managers was very convinced.

Not long after, I arrived at the weekly managers' meeting in Gomendio's office, half carrying, half dragging the heavy soil-testing outfit in both hands. Gomendio, Gamiz and Rafols stepped aside patiently to see what I had to say this time.

I said it quite briefly, fishing some odds and ends of paper from my jacket pocket and referring to them frequently. "All the Adir Bajo land is salty. There is too high a salt content for anything except rice. Even the Parcel Thirty-one, that I am to plant, has a high salt content although it has never been planted in rice. There must be a waste-water drainage into it from the other *parcela*. Look."

I spread my pieces of paper out on the desk and the three closed in over them to look at the soil-test results and examine them in a studious silence. Gamiz drew back from the desk and pronounced in his slow, grave voice, "The soil test is right. It shows that Adir Bajo is very salty. This testing is a good idea." The other two men broke into relaxed smiles. They, too, were discovering soil testing for themselves, all in a moment.

"Yes, yes," agreed Gomendio in his hearty way. "We shall test all the *parcelas*," waving his arms. "We shall have a new map which shows only the chemical content of the *parcelas*. We shall correct it each year." He loved maps. He reached over and pressed a button that brought in his secretary. "Get the chemist for me, and the topographer. You, Gamiz, explain this new idea to them."

I gathered up my dirty paper scraps from the desk, nodded good-by to everyone and started for the door, where I paused. "I'll keep Parcel Thirty-one anyway," I said. "We can pile on the fertilizer and see what happens. I plan to start mixing the fertilizer formula today for all my *parcelas*."

"I'll be doing the same for my cotton," said Gamiz.

I closed the door behind me, but I left the soil-testing outfit on the floor where I had placed it. I knew it would be used now; it had found a home.

I was looking forward to meeting my foreman with growing nervousness. As Rafols was the general farm manager and knew the men, he wanted to choose my foreman himself and so he came by Nemsah one morning and picked me up in his jeep. We drove down to the Adir *cortijo* in silence and I waited in the patio beside Rafols' jeep while he went to fetch the foreman of his choice. I felt eyes upon me and tried not to appear anxious, but it was an acutely embarrassing time for me—this meeting a stranger with whom I would have to work so closely all season.

My foreman came across the dirt patio at Rafols' side. He was walking slowly like the Andalusian he was, wearing an old felt hat pulled down over his eyes. He was so nervous that his hand was wet with perspiration when he offered it to me, and the knowledge that he was as apprehensive as I was put me more at ease.

He had kind brown eyes, crinkled in the corners from the sun and wind. "I am going to do everything you tell me, *señora*," he said. "I know you do things different from how we do them in Spain, but I am ready to do what you say."

I was touched by his statement, blurted out with so much obvious difficulty. He was making a declaration of loyalty to me against all the criticism and opposition he would have to put up with through the year on my account: opposition from both directions, up from the labor and down from the management, because I was a woman and because I was a foreigner doing the age-old operation of farming a different way. His name was Marron—Antonio Marron.

Shortly after this Pepe was assigned to me—he, too, would be both foreman and friend.

The *parcelas* of land assigned to me had been winter plowed; that is to say, they had been plowed up the preceding fall by the big Caterpillar D-6 tractors, pulling the great, round disk plows. All that remained for us to do this spring was to disk the parcels in the opposite direction from the winter disking. This had to be done just before we were ready to begin spreading on the fertilizer and to plant.

During these days of preparing the soil, I rose with the sun. Sometimes one or more of my sons would awaken with me, and when they did, we breakfasted together at the kitchen table. I would have some of the cold milk that had been brought to us the night before from Adir, and whatever fruit Pilar had put on a plate for me. My sons ate American cold cereal, and toast made over the electric plate, chocolate milk and the fruit I did not eat.

If I was driving down to Adir, one of the sons would come along with me and mount a tractor for a few rounds or stop off at one of the laborer's houses to visit the children.

Sometimes, instead of driving, I rode Quimera, the oversized bay mare that had been assigned to me and that I could not mount without first stepping on a wall. On these days the boys did not go with me, but stayed behind in Nemsah. There was a great deal there to keep them amused.

I always tried to be back in Nemsah in time to lunch with them, but often during these days of preparation it would be closer to three o'clock when I reached home, and my sons would have eaten and would be taking a rest. I would hastily eat something while holding a

ONLY Conso® Bestpleat®

CREATES SUCH EXQUISITE

pleated window beauty!



"the hinge is the secret!"

Every woman can make perfect pleated draperies with Conso Bestpleat and NIP-TITE hooks ...*quick* as a wink—no *fuss*—so *inexpensive* —and THRILLING when hung!

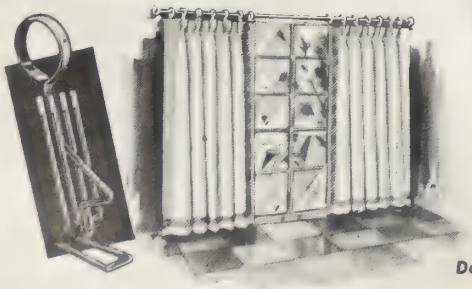
CONSO BESTPLEAT PLEATER TAPE



is absolutely SAG-PROOF with its sturdy, WOVEN-IN pockets. Bestpleat stays strong and firm through washings and cleanings.

Conso® Bestpleat TRIPLE-ACTION NIP-TITE *pleater hooks.*

Only Conso NIP-TITE hooks have the controlling *middle arm* and *hinged lock* that make each pleat stand out *evenly* — for drapery perfection never before possible. And... NO SEWING! NO TACKING!



LUXURY TOUCH FOR FULL LENGTH PLEATED DRAPERIES: HANG THEM FROM BRASS RINGS ON 1 INCH BRASS RODS!

CONSO gives you the ingenious No. 19 golden NIP-TITE Pleater Rings. Use with regular 4 inch BESTPLEAT pleater tape and bring rich beauty into your home.

Don't short change yourself ... be sure to say: Conso Bestpleat for the finest made. In drapery departments everywhere.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

"NIP-TITE" hooks patented No. 2,796,928 ▪ "Conso", "Bestpleat" & "Nip-Tite" registered®

CONSO, 27 WEST 23rd STREET ▪ NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK

Only Conso® Bestpleat®

gives you new

Scalloped Pleater Tape

and beautiful golden

NIP-TITE® Pleater Rings



for decorator-smart

SCALLOPED PLEATED CAFE CURTAINS

"the hinge is the secret"

Rich, golden rings with triple-action NIP-TITE pleaters — plus the *exclusive,* easy-to-apply *scalloped* Bestpleat pleater tape — make the most striking pleated and scalloped cafe curtains you ever saw!



Smart! New!

Ready-made SCALLOPED Bestpleat pleater tape. Stitch it on in a jiffy.



This wonderful book helps you transform every room in your home with a professional decorator's skill.

Send for: 1,001 Decorating Ideas 14th Edition — only 25¢

72 colorfully illustrated pages, chock-full of wonderful ideas and easy-to-follow instructions. Just send 25¢ to Dept. LH-10

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

"Conso", "Bestpleat" & "Nip-Tite" registered ®
"NIP-TITE" hooks patented No. 2,796,928

CONSO, 27 West 23rd Street ▪ New York 10, N. Y.

domestic session with Pilar, then I would be off again by car or horse to spend the rest of the afternoon in the *parcelas*, or to the office in Larache. I tried to get back to Nemsah in time to read the bedtime story and listen to each son as he gave me his special version of the day. For me, this was the nicest part of the day, and when I was kept too long in the fields and returned late to a sleeping house, I felt I had missed something important.

By this time most of my working team, headed by Marron, Pepe and Espejo, had been assigned to me. Spring was crowding us, it was mid-April and the vast fields of The Lukus were ready; time was at our heels.

Parcel 31 had been disked up furiously by Pepe's D-4 Caterpillars; it had been sprinkled by Espejo's fertilizer-tossing team of Spaniards; it had been smoothed down again by the Caterpillars. With Marron, I tramped it from one end to the other—the whole 200 acres—just to inspect it for roughness. It lay, for over a mile, a wide strip of rich brown corduroy, hugging the dikelike road that divided it from the rice fields of Adir Bajo. We were satisfied that it was ready to plant.

I was again in Larache, in Gomendio's office. My present mission was to present Gomendio with a list of what I thought absolutely essential machinery for handling a corn crop of 1000 acres. I explained this to Gomendio, glancing from time to time at the list in my hand. He leaned over the desk and took it from me rather apprehensively.

Corn planter	$ 535
Corn picker	1,700
Corn sheller	225

Gomendio moaned out loud dramatically. "It is too much money!"

Life never becomes a habit to me. It's always a marvel.

KATHARINE MANSFIELD
The Forbes Scrap Book
B. C. Forbes & Sons
Publishing Co., Inc.

"What's too much money? The planter? Ridiculously low—it plants sixty acres a day. The picker is too expensive? Have you ever seen a picker work? One picker replaces one hundred Arabs, at the very least. And the sheller!" I threw up both hands. "Given away, that's what. A *regalo*. *Por nada*—a gift. For nothing."

"The corn sheller," said Gomendio, his eyes glued to the $225. "This is what you can have."

"Only the corn sheller?" I demanded indignantly. "What do you expect me to plant and to pick with? A shovel and a basket?"

"You can pick with those one hundred Arabs you are babbling about," said Gomendio stonily. "And you can plant the stuff with the old *avantrén*."

The *avantrén* is a prehistoric agricultural implement of torture upon which four men sit astraddle four funneled tubes reaching to the ground, into which they shove the seeds, practically one at a time, while they are pulled over the field backward by a tractor.

I stood up sadly, and held out my hand for the list. "But I can order a corn sheller, can't I?"

"*Bueno, bueno*. If you wish."

In the hall outside the office, Marron was waiting for me, twisting his old felt hat nervously. "Any luck, *señora?*" he whispered, as he fell into step with me going down the hall.

"No. Just as I expected. We can have nothing except the sheller."

"Mother of Jesus protect us! It means then the *avantrén*."

We climbed into the station wagon and drove back to the Adir *cortijo* in a dejected silence. Once in Adir we sought for Montes, the company blacksmith. We found him out behind the Adir patio, a brawny, black-browed but gentlehearted man, and we three set to work on the two old abandoned *avantréns*. Long after midnight, Marron and I were still hunched over the machines under the powerful fluorescent lights of the machine shop and Montes was patiently attaching the plowshares which would cut a furrow in the earth for the seeds to drop into. Montes glanced suggestively at his watch.

"I suppose we better get some sleep if we are to start tomorrow," I admitted reluctantly and got up off the old iron wheel on which I had been sitting. "Let's get a cup of coffee at the canteen before we turn in."

Montes laid down his heavy mallet and we walked the few feet that separated us from the Adir patio. "This patio is a sea of mud in the winter," commented Montes.

"And chokes one with dust in the summer," added Marron.

"Everyone says the same thing. We should do something about it—stone or brick or anything." I waved a hand vaguely. "Anything."

We passed out through the main gate of the patio and stumbled along in the dark to the dingy little cement lean-to that we called the *cantina*—the canteen. One part of it served as a general store, an *economato* selling at cost to the farm employees; the other part was arranged into a kitchen-dining room for the laborers who had no homes on the farm. I often stopped in for a cup of coffee and a chat with the wizened-up little cook, Manolo.

We pushed through the dining room and into the kitchen. Manolo was squatted on the floor shaping doughnuts from a mound of dough which he had balanced beside him on a chair. He jumped to his feet with a smile.

"It is coffee you have a wish for, I can tell. A little moment only," and he plugged in his electric plate with a flourish and plunked a battered black pot over the heating coil. "*Pues, café.*"

I knelt on the floor to cut a few doughnuts for him. "We start to plant our corn today when the sun comes up," I told Manolo. You will have many early customers for these doughnuts."



"I make them to be eaten, in spite of not having a proper kitchen nor a decent dining room," he said pointedly.

"Yes, yes, I know. Someday there will be such a building here in Adir."

"I shall be dead and buried and gone to the sky and not interested any more in where the doughnuts get made. Heaven is for tomorrow. Doughnuts are for today."

He stuck a spoon in each of four glasses and filled them with scalding coffee. We stood by the light of the one sickly electric bulb and raised our glasses to the prospect of a successful corn crop for Marron and me and a new kitchen for Manolo to make doughnuts in.

I think it was there and then that I decided to try to do something to better conditions in Adir.

I leaped out of bed early and bundled into my gray jäger slacks and a new black-and-white-checked flannel shirt which I had saved for a very special occasion. Well, this was special enough. This was planting day!

As I was bending over the little icebox, collecting a handful of fruit, four-year-old Jay appeared behind me. His hair was tousled and his eyes were still half shut with sleep, but he was all dressed except for the tennis shoes. He held these in one hand.

"I have to go with you to plant the corn—Espejo says so," Jay announced from the doorway of the kitchen. Then to change the subject before I could protest, he pushed the shoes right under my nose. "Which one is for which foot?" he demanded.

For what seemed to me the ninety-ninth time, I patiently aligned the two little shoes on the kitchen floor and showed him how, if placed the wrong way, the toes would turn out, and if placed the right way, the toes were straight.

"I got it now," he said, also for the ninety-ninth time, and sat down right there and put them on quickly, before he forgot which was which. Together we let ourselves out the front door, quietly in order not to waken the others.

We got into the station wagon, which I had left before the garden gate, and Jay obligingly pressed the starter for me. The Lukus Valley was still washed with reds and yellows left from the dawn. Once more on the rise I stopped the car on the site overlooking the vastnesses of the Mehasen Valley—a feeling of peace pervaded everything and it was good to let it sink in before descending to down-to-earth Adir.

Espejo was waiting impatiently before the main gate of Adir, hopping around nervously. Together we went to the warehouse to collect the first bags of seed from the barrel of water in which they had been soaking for two days. While we loaded the dripping, unwieldy sacks into the station wagon, Jay marched resolutely over to the canteen. From a low shelf in the kitchen, he chose a big cup and a bigger spoon. He sat down at a table with two Arab tractor drivers. After he had greeted them with the Arab *salem aleikum* and they had returned his greeting, he fished a packet of cereal out of his jacket hood. The two men leaned forward to examine the grains curiously, although they did not care to taste anything so radical. Manolo appeared to pour milk over the cereal and to offer sugar. Jay ate in silence and his Arab friends sucked noisily, as is their custom, at glasses of coffee and milk. The repast finished, Jay rode out to the field on a tractor driven by one of his breakfast companions.

As we lined the first decrepit *avantrén* up on the first row, Marron turned to me. "Would you like to make the first round?" I asked him in an "after you, kind sir" voice.

"The honor should surely be yours, *señora*," replied Marron, bowing slightly.

"Why don't we both go?" I said, and we unseated Espejo, who already held a handful of seeds.

In blissful silence we made the first round, stopping occasionally to make an adjustment—angling more the two plowshares which were opening the furrows, raising the machine so that it did not plow too deeply, shifting the baskets of seed into more convenient position, and occasionally retrieving Jay when he lost his balance.

Jay, the agile one, was assisting us as best he knew how. He maneuvered about on the plunging machine, teetering precariously on the sides to give himself a thrill, looking over our shoulders with his hands clutching our heads, now and then dropping a seed in the wrong place and finally going to sleep, his head pulled into his hood like a turtle and propped against a basket of corn seed.

At the end of the third round, Marron and I relinquished our seats on the *avantrén* and put the second model into motion. For the rest of the day, the two old *avantréns* jerked up and down the parcel, our men straddling the tubes and dropping in seeds, for all the world like stuffing so many geese to make *foie gras* livers.

The next day and the next, things went smoothly with Parcel 31. Marron looked at me and I looked at him and we said to each other bravely:

"The Mehasen?"

"Yes, the Mehasen."

Marron looked across the Lukus River at the deserted Mehasen landscape, humped here and there with huts of unfriendly Arabs, and shook his head sadly. "Our enemies. We are about to offer ourselves into the hands of the enemy."

"It isn't that drastic," I said. "Pepe has already sent one of his D-Fours over and nobody has heard any shots."

"And no noise of the D-Four is to be heard on the air, either," Marron observed glumly.

Then we were occupied with getting ourselves down the thirty feet of sharply steep, slippery claybank. When we reached the water, slithering and sliding, I plunged in first because my Quimera was at least two hands taller than Marron's white mare or Pepe's gelding. The water was running swiftly and rose higher around the suspicious Quimera. She threw her head nervously from left to right. I glanced back at Pepe for reassurance.



"Get milk nourishment the modern, thrifty way with Starlac, the heart of milk"

says Elsie, the Borden Cow

Borden's Starlac® is the finest pasteurized milk with water and fat removed. And it tastes like just what it is—the delicious heart of milk.

This thrifty milk without fat mixes instantly and dissolves completely—even in ice water. Modern homemakers drink Starlac and use it in all their made-with-milk recipes.



Mocha Heart-of-Milk Frosting

2¾ cups sifted confectioner's sugar
½ cup Borden's Starlac Powder
3 tablespoons unsweetened cocoa
1 tablespoon instant coffee
6 tablespoons butter • 3 to 4 tablespoons water
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix together sugar, dry Starlac, cocoa and coffee. Cream butter until soft. Add dry ingredients alternately with water beating after each addition until smooth. Blend in vanilla. Frosts tops and sides of two 8-inch layers.



about 8¢ a quart

in the 12-qt. family-size package

©1957, The Borden Company

"You have reached the deepest part," he assured me. "It won't get any deeper. You won't get wet."

Pepe proved to be right. Just as Quimera's eyes began to roll and water touched her belly, we passed the center of the river. "I hope you have the afternoon tide calculated as well," I said over my shoulder as I urged Quimera up another steep bank to gain the Mehasen flat land.

My parcel of cornland was still a mile away and we set off in silence. The whole valley, as far as you could see in any direction, was cut into tiny plots. Some were twenty feet square, some were twenty yards, but none contained more than a quarter of an acre. The plots had been scratched up with crude, bent tree boughs fastened to handles. We crisscrossed the plots, single file, taking great pains to keep to the border and not to ride on any of the worked land. Here and there an Arab was forcing down on the handle of one of the crude plows, pulled in slow motion by a team of heavy oxen. As we passed, he would let up on the handle and look into our faces and examine our mounts. His face would be impassive, expressionless. There was no hate reflected in it, neither was there any love.

I looked up at the Rif Mountains, looming black against the blue sky; seeming even blacker because the sky was so blue. I looked down at the Arabs we were passing. How to explain to them that our presence here today was going to help them; that Gomendio had agreed that they should share equally with the Spaniards in the water rights and that half the resulting irrigated land would be theirs? How could these men with the bent-tree-branch plows be made to understand about dams and reservoirs and increased production from improved terrains and tractors? And were we doing it the best way, just arriving like this, in one day swimming the river and, with one tractor, beginning?

D D D D D

The test of good manners is to put up pleasantly with bad ones.

WENDELL WILLKIE
The Forbes Scrap Book
B. C. Forbes & Sons Publishing Co., Inc.

D D D D D

As we approached our parcel, we could see the outline of the Caterpillar D-4 tractor and the wormlike tracing of the tractor's plow furrows.

"The tractor is stopped," observed Marron.

"We can all see that," I answered crossly.

We rode up to the tractor. As we reined in our horses, the driver raised his turbaned head. It was my Arab friend Larbi. Inclining his head slightly, he asked, "The health of your husband?"

"Well, thank you."

"The health of your sons?"

"Very well, thank you."

"And the health of yourself, dear madame?"

"Excellent."

"It makes me joyful."

With the formalities out of the way, I was now free to ask, "And what are you doing seated idly in the shade of your tractor when there is still much work to be done?"

"Ah, madame," he answered softly, "it has to do with the Arabs of the Mehasen. They are unwilling to let us proceed."

"You have a tractor. How can an unarmed, unequipped Arab stop you from plowing?"

"It is too simple, madame. The Arab merely sits down upon the ground in the furrow of my tractor plow and there he stays. Am I to pass around him? No, it would be a crooked furrow. Am I to pass over him? No, he is as my brother. Shall I strike him? For that I go to prison. So he continues to sit there"—Larbi indicated the other extreme of the *parcela*—"and I continue to sit here"—he motioned to the shady side of the tractor and sat down there again, indicating he had no more to say.

I looked down to where Larbi had pointed and, sure enough, there was a hump of jelab right in the furrow. We approached, we stood in front of the offending man. He did not rise to confront us. Pepe, Marron and I had to squat down in front of him to get a view of his face, half hidden under his hood, and to enter into a conversation.

"*Selvager*"—good day from my companions and me—"are you a friend to us?"

The hood raised slowly and the face was visible, parched and dried up and lined with dozens of tiny wrinkles. His hood fell away to his shoulders, revealing the shaved skull with its one long pigtail at the back. His legs were tucked up underneath the jelab and his workgnarled hands were folded peacefully into his lap. His eyes were dark and impersonal.

"*Selvager*," he responded slowly and with great politeness.

"You are sitting exactly in the path of our tractor." I spoke in Spanish and looked directly into his quiet eyes. Pepe obligingly translated this piece of information for the Arab and his expression changed to one of surprise.

"Pardon me, madame. It is not I who get into the tractor's path. It is the tractor who gets into my path. It is surely a mistake, but your tractor is passing directly over my piece of land."

"Except that it is not your piece of land any more, pardon me," I cut in.

"I have owned this land for my forty years and my father owned it before that. And before him it was my grandfather's. So how can you come now, today, with this roaring *diablo* and say my land is yours?"

I leaned over almost into his face. "Pardon me, but we have rented this land. We have paid money—*felous*"—I rubbed my thumb and two fingers together—"to use this land. Your *baja* is the one who was paid. He must pay you and you must move out of the furrow, please."

At the mention of the *baja*, the regional head of the Arabs, the little man flinched ever so slightly. "I am here, not caring about the *baja*. This is my land. It is not your land. I will stay." He settled more permanently than ever into the furrow, pulled his hood down over his head to indicate that our interview was at an end and refolded his weather-beaten old hands quietly into his lap.

It was a discouraging moment, but one which we had anticipated. The trouble was not that Arab sitting in that furrow in front of our tractor. The real trouble started years ago. It was a fight between the Moroccan Arabs and the Spaniards; the Arabs always jockeying for their right of independence, the Spaniards maneuvering to retain the hold they had won by arms over Morocco. At the moment, it was not for us to take one side or the other. It was only our job to get the corn planted.

I turned to the boys. "What do we do now?"

"Let's look up the *jari* of the *kabila*. Sometimes they can put things right," said Pepe.

On the *kabila* or village level, it is the *jari*, or cadi, a sort of local judge, who has the immediate authority. We set out to find him.

Entering a *kabila* is like entering another, more foreign land. There were several half-naked children engaged at desultory games in the dust. There was a huddle of wrapped-up women, squatted on their haunches, muttering to one another. The gaps in the cactus showed bare, trampled yards at the end of which were the Arab huts—baked mud structures with thatched roofs, called *chozas*.

Pepe, who had been here many times before as a guest, led the way into the property of the *jari*. As we approached the *choza*, a statuesque Arab appeared and motioned us all inside through the narrow, low doorway.

"What is going on? Did you ask him?"

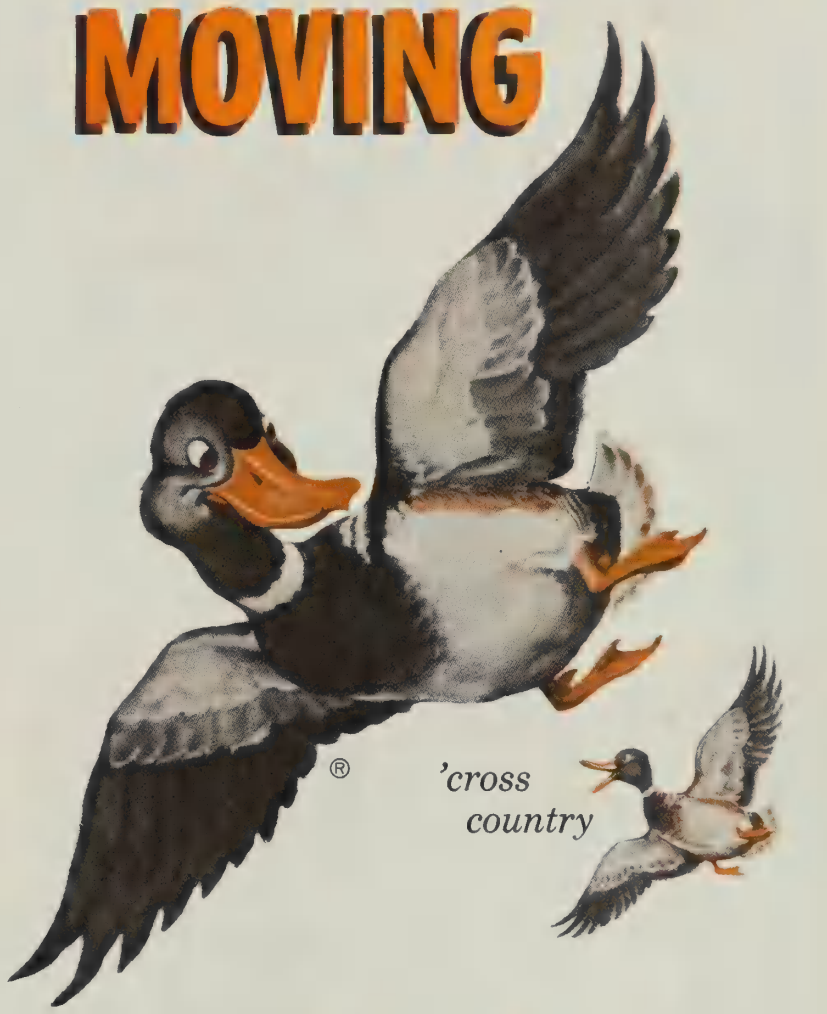
"Don't be impatient," answered Pepe. "This is an Arab. We cannot discuss business so quickly. We must first take tea with him."

We found ourselves in a low-ceilinged, white-plastered, windowless room with the floor completely covered in layer upon layer of richly patterned woolen rugs. The *jari* had already slid his feet out of his *babuchas* and was padding across the rugs to take a seat among the silk and satin cushions piled in disorder around three walls of the room.

He raised his two arms dramatically before him and clapped them twice in slow motion. Immediately a young woman appeared in the doorway with a large tray, placed it directly in front of the *jari* and silently withdrew from the room again, her face carefully veiled up to the eyes. The tray was round and brass with three little legs of its own. On it were set a metal teapot, a copper kettle, four small glasses, a large conical lump of sugar and a mound of green mint, freshly plucked. Our Arab host launched into the delicate process of making the mint tea, giving it his complete attention. Finally he poured himself part of a glassful, tilted it to his lips and sucked the tea as noisily as possible into his mouth. He swilled it around like a wine taster, and swallowed it. He nodded contentedly, poured the three remaining glasses full and replenished his own. We all began sucking tea between our teeth and having our glasses refilled as soon as they were empty until we had done away with twelve glasses of tea among us.

Pepe pulled himself together—all that tea and idle conversation had put him into a rather relaxed state—and said, "With her most respectful respect, the *señora* wants to point out that one of your subjects is sitting in front of the *señora's* tractor, making it impossible to proceed further with the plowing; and pardon us for mentioning this, but the *jari* is aware of the agreement that exists between Company Lukus and the *baja* which the *baja* expects the

for DEPENDABLE MOVING



® 'cross country

CALL YOUR ALLIED MOVER

...he's the No.1 Specialist

Ask your Allied Mover for a copy of "Before You Move." See the yellow pages of your phone book, or write Allied Van Lines, Inc., Broadview, Illinois.



ALLIED VAN LINES • WORLD'S LARGEST LONG-DISTANCE MOVERS

going steady!
coffee and donuts

"TASTE MATES"



1. COFFEE BOSTON, most simply made by floating cream on top of good hot coffee, is the party touch with donuts! Or use whipped cream to make it Continental "Coffee Viennese"!

2. COFFEE MOCHA is a happy case of "Taste Mates" too — equal parts of delicious coffee and hot cocoa! Topped with marshmallows, it's a festive favorite with young and not-so-young.

3. "CAFÉ-AU-LAIT," French as it is, it's a joy to young Americans! So easy to make: just pour together equal amounts of hot coffee and hot milk. Smooth — and very good when ice cold, too!

HINT: COFFEE AND DONUTS GO TOGETHER, meaning all kinds of coffee and all kinds of donuts — they're "Taste Mates" at breakfast, at any "Coffee-break" or for parties. They *must* be fresh!

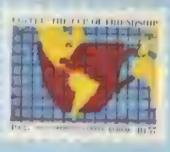
GOOD COFFEE... EVERY TIME!



Use 1 standard coffee measure (2 level measuring tablespoons) of coffee for each cup of fresh cold water. Time the brewing exactly! Delicious — always!

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU
120 WALL STREET, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

Brazil • Colombia • Costa Rica • Cuba • Dominican Republic • Ecuador • El Salvador • Guatemala • Honduras • Mexico • Venezuela



© 1957, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

jari to carry out the best way for all of us." He paused expectantly, looking first at me and then at the *jari*.

The *jari* answered, "The *señora* will forgive the ignorant Arab. I know the *baja* has sold the rights to all our lands to the Spanish conquerors."

"Not sold," I put in hastily. "Just rented to us."

"Rented," he corrected himself without spirit, "rented away our livelihood." He fell to musing silently, his head lowered. Suddenly he raised his head. "I shall send to remove the man from in front of your tractor," he said firmly. He rose to his feet. "I am honored by your visit and you will remember, please, that we are little civilized and so would demonstrate our displeasure in uncivilized ways."

"Such as sitting in front of tractors?"

"Such as sitting in front of tractors." He declined his head, his fine, brown hands shoved out of sight into the sleeves of his jelab. We could go.

Single file and pensive, we made our way to the river. The Arabs had left their work and filtered back behind the cactus hedges, leaving the fields deserted and silent. There was an air of heavy solitude left and it penetrated even to us on our horses. It is a moment I often recall—the immensity of the Mehasen plain, the blueness of the sky, the feeling of being surrounded by unseen eyes and yet the completeness of the silence and peace.

"If you had only one wish, what would you want more than anything else in the world right now?" I asked into the still air. Both Marron and Pepe turned slightly in their saddles to look at me.

"I?" said Marron, tugging his old felt hat down on his forehead. "I should wish for a tractor of my very own. I would marry Carmen right away and take her to Sevilla with the tractor and work there just for the two of us and our children for the rest of my life. I would see the *feria*"—the annual fair—"of Sevilla every spring until I died." He smiled happily; he was at the *feria* in his mind.

"And you, Pepe?" I said. "What would you wish for?"

Pepe looked toward the west, into the sun. "I would ask to go there, just once."

"There?"

"America. To see America and perhaps stay there for a time. But we could as well ask for sample pieces of the moon, *señora*."

We were the usual four at the round table in Gomendio's office—Rafols, Gamiz and myself, with Gomendio refereeing. As usual, we were arguing.

My argument concerned the living conditions in Adir and the state of the men's quarters. "Take the canteen for an example," I argued, getting to my feet and pacing back and forth before Gomendio's huge desk. "None of you has been to the canteen at midnight and seen poor old Manolo trying to get some doughnuts made for breakfast—no light, insufficient water and certainly no space. Do you know that he has to spread things out on the floor to work? How can a cook do his best when he has to cut out doughnuts on the floor?"

No one answered.

"The dining quarters aren't much better; 'quarters' is an exaggeration—one little room, full of mud and flies in the summer and cold as the North Pole in the winter. Is that any place for workingmen without homes on the farm to eat?"

No one answered.

"And the patio! What a mess. What a disgrace. Ankle deep in dust ——"

Silence.

"The only change they can look forward to is mud." Then I reached into my briefcase and took out a roll of plans. "I was introduced to one of the local Larache builders the other day and suggested he draw up a simple plan for a dormitory."

I spread the plan out on the desk. It was not at all the simple plan I called it. It was a dream version of bachelors' quarters: a long, U-shaped building with individual bedrooms, a communal shower-bathroom on one side and a large, airy dining room-kitchen facing it. The middle part of the U was a spacious day room into which I had carefully lettered the words "Ping-pong table" and "Library."

Gomendio, Gamiz and Rafols studied it frowning. Rafols broke the silence. "Ridiculous!"

"Do you realize, Betty, what such a structure would cost The Lukus Company?" This, of course, was Gomendio.

"Not any more than your two Cadillacs and one Mercedes Benz cost." I was ready to use any argument, however unfair. "If those men have to sleep another night with the gasoline drums, I'll move them all into my house. The horses get better care in Adir."

Gomendio glared at Rafols and Gamiz. Rafols said, "If that is all that worries you, Betty, suppose I give you the schoolroom. It is empty until September. You could move them in there for the time being and Gomendio could think about this other idea."

I was willing to accept anything. "That will do for tonight, thank you, but we won't leave the dormitory idea—all the thinking Gomendio will do, pardon me, is to shove the thing in a drawer."

A silence followed; everyone was in painful thought.

I suggested, "If it seems like too much money, I have an idea that won't cost you anything—or hardly anything; not even the price of a jeep."

They looked interested.

"The old dairy stable in the patio is empty. You remember it, Rafols. The heavy work is in tearing out the concrete and iron fixtures and we would do that ourselves, on our own time, before or after working hours."

They gave it to me, thinking it would be the end, the finish of this home-improvement move.

As I went out the door, I remarked, "You don't mind if we haul a few rocks for the patio while we are at it? To fill in the worst of the holes—on our own free time, of course."

"No," they said. "No, we don't mind." They would have said anything to get rid of me.

Back in the *cortijo* of Adir, my enthusiasm ran over on the men, sitting in the dust of the patio. Amid a confusion of men, kids and dogs, we hauled the cots, the mattresses and the makeshift beds out of the warehouse and into the schoolroom. When we had finished, you would have said it was a pretty scruffy dormitory, but we thought it was something out of Hollywood. It had windows, at least, and lights, and the floor was tile, not dirt, and the walls were plastered. And it did not smell of gasoline or fuel oil.

Pepe's battered old packing-case bed draped in blankets was set in the middle of the room, and from the top of it Pepe explained about the stable. I had been bluffing in Gomendio's office. I did not know if the men were willing to help with the destruction and new construction. I watched anxiously.

Pepe finished his explanation. Montes, the brawny blacksmith, turned to me. He was married and had his own house in the *cortijo;* it could not benefit him that the bachelors had a dormitory. "When does all this begin?" he said.

"I promised it would be in our spare time. Perhaps tomorrow night after working hours?" I suggested.

"Why not tonight?" Montes said, and he got off the crate on which he had been balancing and lumbered off to his blacksmith shop. He came back with three sledge hammers and three giant crowbars. We crossed the patio in a furor of excitement, like a gang of hoodlums intent upon assaulting the First National Bank. Someone pushed open the sagging door of the stable. Montes held out one of the sledge hammers to me. "Would you like to strike the first blow?"

Everyone stood back respectfully while I grasped the handle of the heavy sledge and went into the center of the stable. A row of iron stanchions for cows stood there. I raised the hammer over one shoulder, aimed low at the base of the stanchion and swung with all my might. The hammer struck with a ringing blow that sounded and resounded in the empty stable. The cement cracked open around the stanchion, and with a delighted roar the men were all over the place and the stable was a

sudden madhouse of flying cement, chips, dust and shouts of laughter and joy.

There was a feeling under their enthusiastic destruction of brothers banded together to get something accomplished for the good of all; a feeling of better things to come; it was the first glimmer of hope I had felt around me during my days in The Lukus. It was awe-inspiring. It was wonderful. And, tended properly, it could grow.

That first night was a disorganized mess, but in the following days we shifted the work onto a more organized basis. A young electrician ran in two electric wires from the leaning pole in the patio and we attached powerful light bulbs that allowed us to work until after midnight. There was someone hammering away at almost every hour. Those men who worked on the night plowing shift gave up an hour or two of their daytime sleep to fill a couple of dump cars with rubble. Those who worked in the fields in the daytime took a turn while they waited for dinner to be served in the canteen. And the men with homes in the *cortijo* came out after their dinners to bang away until sleep caught up with them.

The patio developed in the same way. Our idea was to cobble the surface of the patio with stones from a stone pit up in Meruan. As we needed tractors to move the stones, we wrung permission out of Rafols to let us use them on the days when it was too wet to work the fields. We had to wait for such a day, but it finally came—a dull afternoon with a steady, cold downpour. We pulled our jackets around us and went out into the rain to find a tractor and a wagon. Driving back through the patio on our way to the stone pit, the wagon silently filled with men. Some had raincoats, one or two had blankets, but most of them had only their old jackets with the collars turned up. We jolted out to the stone pit, huddled together in the beating rain, silent but determined. And we loaded the wagon full of stones with our bare hands, tearing the flesh and blackening the nails, and we hauled them back to the patio where one of the men who had made cobbled streets in his village in Spain silently began to cobble in a wet corner of the patio. All the time, the rain continued to fall, cold and unpleasant. Our effort was a pathetic drop in the bucket. It looked somewhat as it would if one man should kneel in the corner of Times Square and begin to pave the place, one cobblestone at a time, all by himself; it looked just that futile. But everything has to have a beginning and the only way to begin is to take the first stone and put it in place. And someone had to place the stone. We were the someones. I knelt behind this man and handed him the stones, one by one. I stayed until I was too wet and too cold to stay any longer, but when I dropped out someone took my place, and from then on that work never stopped. The cobbled patch in the patio spread out and out, each day farther, like an inkstain spreading out over a blotter.

Along toward the end of April we began to get well ahead of our corn-planting schedule, and at the same time Gamiz's cotton planting began dropping behind. Rafols was casting covetous eyes at our antiquated *avantréns*. I could tell what was going on in his mind; he figured that if he put my two old machines on the cotton planting it would even up the work all around. That would, of course, leave us planting corn with our bare hands. No, I had no intention of letting Rafols hustle me out of my machines.

The morning came when Marron and I put our two machines into the last of the "400" parcels.

"There is nothing complicated left to do," I told Marron, "just these long straight rows. We should finish up here by Saturday, don't you think? We can all take Sunday off for a change, and on Monday we can tackle our little bad-shaped, bad-conditioned Forty-four parcel."

Marron smiled with satisfaction. "I can see the end in sight," he said gleefully. "And we finish ahead of everyone, too, even with such inferior *avantréns*."

We were still cackling contentedly to each other when our doom jack-rabbited up in the form of Rafols' jeep. It stopped in its usual cloud of dust and Rafols leaped out, leaving the motor running and the door ajar.

Striding purposefully toward us, he waved his hands at the struggling *avantréns*. "Getting along fine, aren't you, Betty?"

"Yes, just fine. In fact, we hope to finish up next week."

"So soon as all that?" exclaimed Rafols in his eager, boyish way. "And how long would it take without the *avantréns?*"

Marron and I both turned an icy look upon him. I spoke. "We have not even considered



such a drastic circumstance. Both machines are limping along nicely with daily repairs, but we aren't complaining and neither are we planning on doing without them."

Rafols looked injured. "Did I say I wanted your old machines? We have all the tractor planters. I don't want them at all, I was only wondering ——"

I interrupted him. "Wonder no more, Don Rafols; these machines stay here in the corn until I am finished with them. I'll send you an official memorandum on that day."

Rafols turned our attention elsewhere. "I almost forgot to tell you, Betty. Your husband, Ricardo, is telephoning you from Madrid. You must go right into the *cortijo* and call him back—he's waiting."

"What does Ricardo want? Did he say?"

"Oh, something about a big party." Rafols grinned wickedly. "Know you're going to enjoy that!" He nodded to us both, leaped into his jeep and was gone.

When Rafols' jeep was again only a telltale ball of dust miles away, I turned to Marron. "You guard these old iron beasts with your life while I am on the phone. Imagine my going to Madrid this week! Why, I wouldn't think of it!"

It was a useless protest. Rafols had been correct. There was a party in Madrid the next night—our party, Ricardo's and mine—and I was expected to be hostess. There was nothing to argue against. After all, Ricardo had his rights. I would be there.

I drove into Tangier early the next morning, and took the plane for Madrid. During the flight, my mind was still busy planting corn; but when we landed at the Madrid airport, and I saw Ricardo waiting for me, I was back in Spain with a rush. We embraced happily and went off to the car, arms linked together, both talking at once.

The afternoon was spent in preparing the menu for the evening's dinner and in trying to put myself into presentable shape; my hair was sun-streaked and brittle, my hands were dark with soil stains. I gave my hair two shampoos and an oil treatment, rolled it onto some curlers and trusted that the results would pass inspection. It took me an hour to soak the stains from my hands and file my nails into a respectable shape.

For the party, I wore a long, full-skirted white satin ball dress that Christian Dior of Paris had designed. It was embroidered all over with thousands of tiny pearls and crystals and colored beads and it had its own matching white satin slippers. My sun-tanned shoulders were even darker against the white satin.

Ricardo and I drifted around, talking with everyone and serving lobster and turkey and homemade strawberry ice cream. Everyone drank lots of champagne and the evening wore on into the early morning.

The next afternoon, I flew back onto the African scene, eager to see the final planting of the corn. In Adir Alto, standing on the edge

Are you one who needs a second glass of Orange Juice today?

A special health message from the Florida Citrus Commission

AMERICANS like orange juice with breakfast and they drink a lot of it; eighty per cent of them have it on the average of four times a week. We've learned that orange juice is a most important source of precious Vitamin C, the vitamin that we need daily, because the body can't "store" it. We've learned also that delicious orange juice is a wonderful source of food energy and of other important health benefits.

But what we don't seem to understand is that people who are active physically, mentally, or emotionally, or under "stress and strain," use up their Vitamin C and energy *faster,* and hence need to replenish their supply more often.

Many People Need More!

Infants and children need orange juice to keep up strength and resistance during critical years of growth, yet surveys have shown a dangerous lack of it in the diets of the very young. Adolescents need *extra* orange juice, too, because of their strenuous activities, yet teenagers tend to neglect important food requirements unless carefully encouraged to consume more of the things they need —such as orange juice. An extensive survey in Pennsylvania shows that only about 50% of all teenagers *from all kinds of backgrounds* obtain the recommended daily supply of vital Vitamin C.

Expectant mothers are a particularly important group who need this vitamin in extra supply. Busy housewives, hard-working businessmen and hard-playing children, as well as heavy manual workers and world-famous athletes use up their energy and Vitamin C faster.

How About You?

Are you one of these busy, active people? And during the day, don't you at times just crave quick refreshment? If so, you'll know your "body wisdom" is warning you to get some Vitamin C and energy fast. So reach for a *second* glass of orange juice—the fact is, you *need* it.

Question:

Why does Frank Gifford crave Orange Juice after a tough game?

Answer:

His Body Wisdom tells him he needs extra Vitamin C and quick energy!



Frank Gifford, All-American, star of the New York Giants



If you're "on the go" practically every minute, you and football star Frank Gifford have something in common...you're *both* using up energy and Vitamin C fast. And since Vitamin C is the one vitamin your body can't store, a single glass of orange juice with breakfast just isn't enough.

You need a second glass of orange juice later in the day to replace Vitamin C and used-up energy. And Fresh-Frozen Orange Juice from Florida is one of the most delicious ways to make sure you get enough.

© Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Florida, 1957

FRESH-FROZEN ORANGE JUICE *from* **FLORIDA**

SAVE...

Red Tag SALE!

O cedar

SPONGE MOPS



Model "76"
REGULARLY $4.50

NOW ONLY
$3.49

FOR LIMITED TIME



Exclusive O-Cedar "Wonder-Working Angle"

Scrubs Floors Cleaner Picks Up More Water

Now—damp mop an entire floor in minutes and do a better job—without "scrub water hands." O-Cedar Sponge Mops are ruggedly built, too, with all metal parts fully chrome plated. Deluxe model "88" regularly $5.95 now only $4.94. Extra sponge refills available everywhere.

Get Your O-Cedar Sponge Mop Now at This Low Sale Price!

O-CEDAR
Chicago, Illinois—Division of
AMERICAN-MARIETTA COMPANY
O-Cedar of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ontario

of the "400" parcels, I found Marron close to tears.

"What is the matter?" I asked in dismay.

"*Señora*, they came right out and took away our *avantréns*. I said to them, 'You can't do that, the Señora Betty won't like it.' And they just answered that it had been decided. What could I do?" Marron was almost beside himself.

"Now, don't take it so hard," I told him. "We just have to round up some hand labor. Send out the word and we'll see what turns up in the morning."

The "word" was sent up to the nearest *kabila* by way of an Arab boy who herded pigs in and out of the ditches and stubble fields during the day and returned them to the folds in the late afternoon. When he went home to his *kabila* for his evening meal he carried along the information that we would be needing help in the morning.

As soon as the sun came up, I saddled big, bouncy Quimera and rode down to the 44 *parcela*. By that time, our new help had begun to turn up. They came straggling along the dusty road in unkempt disorder—the Arab women who do 95 per cent of all the physical labor in the Arab households. They tend the skinny cattle and the sheep, they plant the meager gardens, they carry the firewood and make the meals. When there is a call for work in The Lukus, the Arab men will consent to drive the tractors or count the sacks; but if there are crops to be planted or picked, they send their women.

The women who came were of all ages—pathetic little thin ones of ten or twelve years, husky hulking Amazons in the late teens or twenties, and old wizened grandmothers of heaven knows what age. They were dressed in a startling array of old rags; and if they had babies at the time, they brought them right along, wrapped up somewhere in their jumble of old clothes.

Marron herded them disgustedly into a long row across the end of the parcel. Each one carried her own *zapa*, a most impractical, short-handled, head-heavy hoe. We gave each "girl" a handful of corn seed and indicated that we wanted three seeds dropped into each hole. And with more giggling, they started straggling off across the field.

"*Mujeres!*" groaned Marron, grabbing his head with both hands.

"Oh, cheer up, we are on the last lap. Suppose we had all the *parcelas* to do like this!"

Marron had talked so much about his girl Carmen—the one he wanted to take to Sevilla with the tractor he had wished for—that I was anxious to meet her. One morning when the work was fairly well in shape, we went to visit Carmen. She lived in Adir Bajo with her parents and a couple of sisters. As we drove, Marron explained that they expected to get married before too long.

"Padre Tomás is in charge of things. He wants everything to be absolutely correct and there are so many things to do." Marron shook his head in a troubled way. Then he added hastily, "Of course the padre is right. It should be that way; a marriage that is not correct in the eyes of the church is no marriage at all." Marron went on with his story. "When I first went to Padre Tomás with this idea of getting married, he said I should think it over very carefully." And Marron had assured the padre that they had been thinking it over for several years already and felt they had made up their minds.

"Then bring me your own baptismal paper and that of your fiancée," Padre Tomás had said, "and we can get on with the marriage."

"That is my problem now, *señora*. You see, Carmen and I were both born in Sevilla and baptized there, but our fathers never had enough money to pay for copies of the baptismal papers."

"Well, Marron, that doesn't sound like too much of a problem—just save the money you need and send for the papers. Isn't that easy?"

He sighed heavily. "I suppose so, *señora*, but it all takes such a long time."

Carmen was a sweet, gentle-voiced young girl, with a petite, attractive figure and lovely white-blond hair that was all out of character with her Southern Spain background. She had a saintly quality about her, and a maturity beyond her twenty-three or so years. She introduced me to her pretty sisters and to her mother. We sat, all of us, in the kitchen-living room, dimmed to keep it cool, around the bare wooden table and sipped cups of black coffee liberally mixed with chicory.

When I later started back, Marron came along with me to stop off at the Nemsah pump house and show me where he and Carmen would live when they were finally married. It was only three rooms attached to the big engine room of the pump house; a modest dwelling, but clean and light. Marron had already finished the painting and he proudly showed me his new bedroom suite and his living-room table. There were no doors shutting off either the bedroom or the living room from the kitchen and I suggested that curtains in these two spaces would add a lot and solve the problem of privacy.

"Yes, I agree, but they are so expensive, *señora*, that they will have to wait."

"Don't do anything," I said suddenly. "I think I have just the thing for you in Madrid—some curtains from our first house that won't fit into the apartment where we are now. I shall write for them immediately."

"There is time, *señora*, there is time," said Marron, thinking morosely of the baptismal papers.

I turned to him and said, "Marron, would you be offended if I loaned you that money you need and you could pay me back when you have it?" It required courage for me to make such a suggestion. Marron was proud, and money is a touchy subject, particularly between women and men.

Apparently love was stronger than Spanish pride, because Marron broke into a smile. "Would you do that, *señora?* And consider it a temporary loan just between you and me?"

"It's a contract," I said, offering my hand.

Ten days later, Marron hissed me into a corner of the patio and brought me up to date on the wedding situation. The baptismal papers, promptly paid for, had duly arrived, both his and Carmen's. He had borne them happily to Padre Tomás and the wheels of the Catholic Church had begun to turn—the banns were posted and the church reserved for some vague date in the winter.

And then one morning we stopped in a ditch down beyond Parcel 44. We sat down on two big rocks and I poured two cups of hot coffee from my vacuum bottle. I turned to hand Marron his cup and suddenly he put his face down into both his hands.

I set the cup carefully on the ground and knelt down in front of him. "Will you tell me what is the matter and perhaps there is something I can do to help?"

After a moment, Marron's shoulders stopped shaking and he looked at me unhappily through his fingers. "I believe you are my friend, *señora*, and I am sorry not to have spoken to you before, but I was so ashamed and I thought that maybe the *señora*, with her fine background, would not like me so much when she knew the truth."

"Never mind the background, Marron, and tell me what you have to say."

"I am *desesperado*"—desperate—"about this wedding. We still have not been given a definite date, and we cannot wait very much longer. Carmen is going to have our baby very soon." He looked down at the coffee cup and his breath came too quickly as he waited to be censured.

I moved closer to put my arm around his shoulder. "Why, that is not so serious, Marron. Your intentions have always been honest. You really should have married years ago when you first made up your minds. Suppose you take the rest of today off and go on home and prepare to get married next week. And here"—I fished around inside the leather pouch that was attached to my belt, drew out some money and shoved it into Marron's lap—"you will need a decent suit and a pair of shoes," I said.

Marron got to his feet and smiled for the first time in many days.

That same evening, after my sons had dropped off to sleep, I drove into Larache and sought out Gomendio. "Suppose you have a word with Padre Tomás and arrange the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160



What makes simple dishes simply delicious?

...the Liquid Spice

that makes food flavors come alive!



AVORY STEW. Brown chunks of beef round. Simmer in cup hot water plus 2 tbsp. BRER RABBIT until meat is tender. dd herbs, lots of carrots, onions, potatoes about 30 min. efore meat is done. Hearty! Flavorful!



CHICKEN DELIGHT. Dip cut-up chicken in beaten egg and milk, then in bread crumbs; fry until lightly browned. Bake tender, adding a little water. Baste often. 15 min. before taking from oven add 2 cups milk and ¼ cup BRER RABBIT.



SAUCE ITALIENNE. To a large-size can tomato sauce, add 1 tbsp. BRER RABBIT MOLASSES. Heat. Pour over cooked spaghetti. Top with Parmesan cheese. Here's a lip-smacking, taste-tingling treat. BRER RABBIT and you have done it!



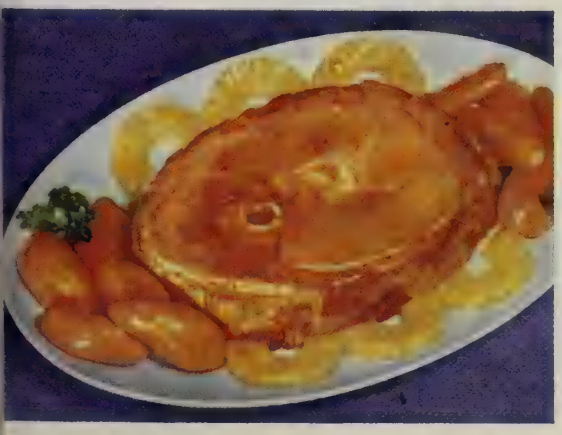
RUIT WHIP WONDER. To 1 cup crushed peaches (berries or pricots) add 1 egg white, ¼ cup powdered sugar, 2 tbsp. RER RABBIT MOLASSES. Beat until mixture stands in peaks. ill sherbet glasses. Chill. Great for family desserts.



BROWN BETTY. Spread applesauce in flame-proof dish. Top with crushed graham crackers, chopped nuts, a sprinkle of cinnamon. Drizzle 5 tbsp. BRER RABBIT over top. Dot with butter. Broil until crisp. Delicious hot or cooled.



BETTER BAKED APPLES. Fill cored apples with chopped nuts, raisins. Spoon in ½ tbsp. BRER RABBIT. Bake until tender in pan filled ¼ with water. While baking, brush with a molasses-cinnamon mixture. Superb—A. M. or P. M.



EAVENLY HAM. This little trick brings out the deep-down avor ham *should* have! Just broil partially . . . then brush on avorful, tart-sweet BRER RABBIT MOLASSES. Turn indicator o "high" and broil 10 min. Mouth-watering!



BRER RABBIT MOLASSES—the liquid spice that makes foods tastier, more full-bodied. Add a little spice to *your* cooking with tart-sweet BRER RABBIT with the *green* label. For table use, try milder-flavored *gold* label BRER RABBIT.



MOLASSES MAGIC COOKBOOK! 22 pages filled with easy ideas to dress up, flavor up old favorites . . . lots of new recipes, too, for cakes, desserts, meats, vegetables. Write: Ruth Jordan, c/o Brer Rabbit, Box O-570, New Orleans, La.

Brer Rabbit Molasses

Yes, removing stains is *easy* with CLOROX... just read the label!



You get a CLEANER WASH with CLOROX®... *whiter...brighter... sanitary, too!*

EVERY TIME you pick up a Clorox bottle, you have a *wealth* of house cleaning information...*right at your fingertips!* Yes, the Clorox label directions tell you how to remove such stubborn stains as grass, berry, coffee...even scorch and mildew. And there are dozens of suggestions for sparkling and disinfecting your *bathroom* and *kitchen,* too! Read the Clorox label to find out how to make your home cleaner and *safer*—the easy *Clorox* way!

Every time you use CLOROX *you protect family health!*



Keep white nylon white with Clorox!

You can keep nylon white much longer by laundering it with gentle Clorox every time, right from the start. If you have nylon that's already *"age-yellowed"* ...follow the easy method shown on the Clorox label.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

wedding for next week? The poor young man is going crazy and Carmen's family are all upset—to say nothing of Carmen herself."

It was arranged and Marron was married to Carmen in his new suit and shiny shoes. Carmen wore a pretty suit that her mother had helped her make. There was no time for a honeymoon then, because Marron was needed in the corn. We agreed that they could go to Spain when the work eased up in the fall—to Granada and Seville and even all the way up to Madrid, if they wished.

They settled into their new life, thrilled with each other as partners. It was good to see the way their eyes lit up whenever they met; the pride they took in their three rooms; the industrious way they tackled the barren dirt yard, trying to turn it into a garden.

April was ending, and, someway or other, all the crops were planted; my corn, Rafols' rice, Gamiz's cotton, the pepper and castor and tomato plants—all were in the ground. And all us *jefes* went around digging up our seeds to see if they had sprouted yet; "to see if the seed has moved," as the Spaniards say. The Spaniard gives personality to everything that grows. "He doesn't like his feet wet," they say of corn; or "Cotton, he adores lots of sun"; or "Rice will eat that fertilizer with much pleasure." I could picture Rice out there gobbling a delicious lunch of phosphate fertilizer, or Cotton stretching wide his arms to receive the sun, or my Corn trying gingerly to keep his feet dry.

At such times I realized how supremely happy I was with my share of life on the Lukus, and how well my luck had held—so far. Carmen and Marron were married, the men at Adir had a place to sleep, and every kernel of hybrid corn I had bought in a mood of wild impulse in New York was safely bedded in 1000 acres of rich Morocco soil. This had been a wonderful spring.

Laughter is wholesome. God is not so dull as some people make out. Did He not make the kitten to chase its tail?

HEINRICH HEINE

May folded warm wings over the Lukus River valley. With the corn actually in the ground I had a little more freedom in which to enjoy my family and life in our Nemsah house. It would have been impossible to feel lonely in Nemsah with *La Banda* sharing our daily lives.

The Nemsah children were nearly all boys. We had only two girls there: a miniature, doll-like, reticent child of five who ate like a canary bird; and a hulking, simple-minded girl of eleven. The boys ranged in ages from four to ten and one of the ten-year-olds was the natural leader of the band.

His name was Manolo. He was the son of The Lukus Company's chief sheepherder and his mother was dead. His father's job demanded that he live wherever the sheep were grazing at the time; one month it might be on the sands of Nemsah, another month it would be on the wheat stubble of Meruan. Manolo slept stretched out on the dirt floor of his father's various shacks, one blanket under him, another on top. His clothes were discarded, cut-down trousers of his father's, tattered shirt, canvas sandals in the winter and in summer no shoes at all.

Manolo was brown-haired and dark-eyed, with his fair skin burned leathery. He kept about him a poise, an air of quiet dignity and a wisdom beyond his years; an adulthood that children of the fields often have.

He was the leader of all the children—*La Banda.* I would open my eyes in my bedroom in those delicious, orange-blossom-fragrant first hours of the morning and hear the children out in the garden. They would be gathered under the orange trees and Manolo would be deciding gravely what they would do that day.

There were so many choices. If the morning was not too hot, they would saddle up the old horse known as "107" and take turns riding around the *cortijo.* Another early-morning favorite game was to scout down to where the burros were grazing. Most of the older boys would scramble onto the backs of the burros. With short sticks they prodded their animals around in slow, wide circles. The little boys were allowed each to take hold of a burro's tail and follow the parade on foot. From a distance it looked for all the world like a circus troupe training in winter quarters.

When the sun came up, hot in the sky, *La Banda* would slither back to the house, stopping on the way at some half-hidden irrigation canal to wet their feet up to the knees and dunk their heads. They would then, like as not, congregate in the playground out behind the house. There was a clump of eucalyptus trees that gave shade to a good-sized patch of ground and we had set up a swing, a pair of rings and a parallel bar. Someone was always adding something new and interesting. One day I rolled in a length of cement pipe from a nearby irrigation project. It was useful to crawl through, or to push up on its end and use as a fortress.

Manolo gradually came to sleep in our house and to have his meals with my sons. I do not remember if there was ever one day when we said, "Manolo, why don't you sleep here and have your meals with us?" It just happened. He had to be at the house so early in the morning anyway to direct the band's activities, and very often his "home" would be miles and miles away that week—too far to go for meals, too far to go back at night. His father never objected.

It was like that with *La Banda* and the baths. There was never actually a day when I said, "You boys are very dirty and should take a bath." My sons are allowed to accumulate from head to toe whatever dirt they wish during the day, so long as they consent to soak in a good hot tub of water each night. The tub was big and all four boys plunged in at once. As none of the other houses in Nemsah had bathtubs, many of the band had never seen one, so they came into the bathroom out of natural curiosity and lined up along the wall to watch my sons having their baths. Before long when my sons got out of the tub, the rest of the band would strip and hop in. Peals of laughter, water all over the bathroom floor and flowing out into the hall, shrieks of agony from soap in unaccustomed eyes! Some of the boys took to bringing their clean clothes with them once a week and changing after their baths.

The band gradually took to wearing blue jeans, polo shirts and sneakers, which I begged from understanding mothers in the States, obtained from the American PX in French Morocco, or bought on the Tangier black market at atrocious prices. The day arrived when the boys were all dressed so much alike that it was hard to tell one from another. Some stranger to Nemsah was apt to ask, "But which ones are yours, *señora?*"

I would look around at the boys dashing by but they shifted from place to place so fast and were dressed so alike that I would have to reply, "I don't know right now, but they do sort themselves out at nights and mine are the four who come for dinner."

To the consternation of the band, I woke up one morning and resolved that the time had come for education. There was an empty room attached to the foot of the long L that formed the Nemsah buildings. It opened onto our house garden, which would be ideal for the purpose of supervision. I caught Rafols one day as he tore by in his jeep.

"There is an empty room next to my house, Rafols," I began, leaning in the jeep window.

He raced his motor impatiently and frowned at this delay. "What would you want it for—to start a hospital?"

"No, I want to make a school."

"A school!" he snorted. "This is the middle of summer."

"I'm not here in the winter and these children need some teaching; and besides ——"

Rafols threw up his hands. "Take the room. Do what you want with it. Would you stop

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

It sprinkles as you iron!

New General Electric SPRAY, Steam and Dry Iron

Now—for the first time—an iron that does your sprinkling for you—*as you iron!*

Just press a button on the handle and the new General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron sprays the fabric . . . with just the right amount of pleasantly warm water for perfect ironing.

Saves pre-dampening heavy cottons, linens and starched fabrics that no ordinary iron can ever properly moisten. You pre-dampen only your very largest pieces—such as tablecloths.

It's actually *three irons in one:* a spray, steam and a dry iron. Changes instantly from one to another. Turns out the loveliest, satin-smooth ironing you've ever seen.

And it's all so simple . . . so easy to use! See it now at your General Electric dealer's.

NEW SPRAY, STEAM & DRY **IRON**

$19.95* **Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price.*





Sprinkles as you iron. Saves pre-dampening heavy cottons, linens, starched fabrics. Erases stubborn wrinkles. Makes knife-like creases!



Just press the button. Sprays exactly the right amount of *pleasantly warm water* for perfect ironing. Not too much . . . not too little.



Steam or dry iron. Changes instantly from "steam" to "dry." Visualizer Fabric-Dial selects the right temperature for every fabric.



So light . . . so easy to use. Cord-Lift for right- or left-hand ironing. Extra-large soleplate covers more fabric in less strokes.

General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160

aside now and let me proceed? You can see I'm in a hurry."

I stepped aside and Rafols raced away, hunched over his wheel like a potential winner on the Indianapolis Speedway.

"*Gracias*—thanks," I called to the dust swirl he left behind.

That very morning I rounded up the band from the burro circuit, and informed them that they were about to be educated. There were loud groans from all the boys and Ric informed the little citizens of Nemsah that this was unfair because he served nine months of that kind of torture in Madrid. My mind was made up, and I got the town carpenter to build four child-sized tables for the older children and one long, low table for the kindergarten tykes. He also built a bookcase and a blackboard and a desk for "teacher," although as yet we had no teacher. We painted each piece of furniture a different color—red, blue, yellow, green. For the classes, we bought our instruction books from a local store, but we had piles of magazines, crayons and coloring books from America and the children made lots of cutout pictures to take home to their parents.

The teacher we found was the young girl who taught in the Adir school during the winter months. She came out from Larache every morning and the boys gave her a rough time until we instituted the afternoon snack. Only the children who had behaved themselves could have the snack when class was over. The snack was a big glass of orange juice or chocolate milk, a handful of cookies or a thick sandwich, and always a couple of hard candies twisted up in colored paper. It helped the boys remember to go easy on the teacher and it filled in on the meager meals they ate in their houses.

School was only three hours of the day, so there were still many hours left for the burros and the playground. They forgave me, the band, for setting them at the schoolwork and even went back to liking me a little.

It would soon be summer, and still no rain had fallen; and how desperately our planted seeds needed rain! There were several days late in May when long layers of gray clouds formed in the east, but the west stayed bright and blue. Marron and I walked the entire length of Parcel 31 with Pepe trailing along behind, anxiously peering in hopes of seeing the first little green sprout. There were none to be seen that day above the ground, but we stopped in midfield and dug around and finally we had in our hands several kernels of corn, all "moved." The first pale sprouts showed. We replaced the kernels, careful not to break their shoots.

We talked of many things as we tramped along. Marron and Pepe wanted to know if Texas oilmen are truly as fabulous as all the stories say. Pepe explained how the latest model of the German Mercedes Benz automobile could be greased from stem to stern by pressing a single button. Marron said that that was nothing, the Americans had perfected an adaptation of radar which enabled them to drive around at night without headlights!

"It sees in the dark automatically," he explained. He knew this because his cousin in Seville had seen the American consul's car driving thusly. I ventured to say that it was more likely the American consul had just neglected to turn on his lights. Marron turned a scornful look upon me which was meant to indicate that I did not know everything in the world.

We went toward the far end of Parcel 31 to examine a wonderful spring of clear cold water that Marron had stumbled across during the spring planting. While digging to clear out the spring pool, Marron had found an interesting old Moorish millstone. It was a strange object to find in this sector which has been marshland as long as anyone can recall. Marron said the Arab who accompanied him had refused to lift out the stone, explaining, "Underneath will be living the devil and we should be freeing him into the world."

I examined the ancient millstone with much curiosity, running my fingers over its smooth surface.

"I should like to have this for my fireplace hearth in Nemsah," I said.

Marron shook his head. "I don't think the Arabs would like it so much if we moved it."

"No," agreed Pepe. "Especially taking it inside a house—a Christian house—they wouldn't understand that."

We slid the stone carefully back inside the hole, on one edge of the spring. And surely it is still there.

That night I went to sleep with the hot, dust-filled air hanging heavily over the whole length of the Lukus Valley. But in those last hours before dawn, it began to rain; a thick-dropped, pounding sheet of water that lasted two hours and brought steam from the earth. After the sun had risen, rosy and warm-looking over the damp farm, I took Jay by the hand and Penn, the littlest son, and we walked joyously across the road into the citrus groves. We went barefooted and the wet, cold sand felt glorious between our toes. We took a reed basket, and once we were underneath the black-green foliage, we each found a big yellow grapefruit for our breakfast. We went farther into the next grove and we picked oranges until there was no more room in the basket.

Jay let go of my hand and planted his little bare feet in the sand. "Let's have a race back to the house," he said.

Penn immediately crouched almost to the ground, and began to count, "One, two, three, four ——"

"That's enough numbers," I told him. "I'll carry the basket of fruit and it will be a fair handicap."

Penn was up to number ten and we took off across the sand, the two little boys plowing along ahead of me, blond heads shining, shrieking with happiness and good health.

After that first welcome rain, there were others. Before long, everybody's seeds had "moved" and the once bare brown fields were furred with neat rows of tiny green sprouts.

This growing period allowed us to devote more time to our dormitory at Adir. As he had promised, Gomendio gave us a mason with two assistants and let the company carpenter devote part of each day to the dormitory. The rooms were beginning to take shape. We decided to keep the wide stable-door effect, replacing the sliding wooden panels with large, attractive iron-grille gates. These led into an ample reception hall where we planned to put a couch and a couple of chairs. Off to the right and to the left were to run two passageways, and the bedrooms gave onto these; small rooms, to be sure, with just enough space for double-decker bunks on one side and a table and chair on the other. The clothes lockers were to be out in the hall. Each man would have one with his own key. On the other side of the passageway, a large communal shower-toilet was being built.

On one end of the dormitory we built a small room and bath, rather more opulent. This would serve as a guest room for any visiting technicians. On the other end we constructed a room we planned to outfit as a new first-aid station. Emilio, the company's male nurse, spent much of his spare time hovering over that room, making practical suggestions.

We were able to give the patio more time too. Occasional days of summer rain allowed us to collect a splendid big pile of stones. Gomendio, seeing evidence of our industry, softened up enough to assign us two full-time stonemasons. These, aided by volunteers, soon had the cobbled part of the patio fairly chewing into the old dirt area. It became possible to walk on stone all the way from the office to the dormitory building, a feeling of positive luxury.

The idea of having some kind of garden in our patio had long been lurking in the back of my mind. In the very center of the patio, where the old leaning telephone pole with the dim light bulb stood, was a well. Shooting out from this well, like the points of a crudely drawn star, were five cement drinking troughs, waist high, out of which the horses and cows drank and at which the bachelors washed and shaved. As the bachelors would soon be washing and shaving in their new dormitory and the stock was to be banished to one of the smaller patios, we squeezed permission from Rafols to make our garden around the well.

It was a long, tedious job. We sought out a rich, black soil down at the Nemsah pump house, and with this dirt we filled the troughs. The ground between the starlike troughs was hard-trodden and poor. It had to be dug up, the stones removed, and a better grade of soil mixed in. It took weeks and weeks and we pressed all the stray school children into service. And any unfortunate laborer, Arab or Spanish, who sat down in the patio to rest for a moment would suddenly find a shovel or a pick in his hands.

When the ground finally was in shape, I drove up to the Palafito and went into a huddle with Pedro, the gardener. He was a placid, bronzed man who loved gardening so much that his face was a sunbeam whenever he had a chance to discuss it. We wandered around the Palafito gardens, planning what we could steal for the Adir patio. We finally decided that the small circular bed around the mouth of the well should be put into *uña de gato*—cat's fingernail—a delicious name for the small, low, green, spreading plant with brilliant purple flowers. We set one of the Arabs to pulling up *uña*, and later I drove him down to Adir while he transplanted it.

We agreed to have a small green hedge all the way around the circle and to plant in



Apple Crisp crust that's
EASY-AS-PIE
is made with Armour Star Lard!

Such perfect pastry, you'll never settle for short-cut crusts again! Marie Gifford, Armour's Home Economist and pastry authority, lets you in on her secret:

"To be sure of the finest, flakiest pie crust, start with the right shortening. The right shortening is lard and the finest lard is Armour Star*!"

APPLE FILLING

¼ cup granulated sugar
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon cinnamon
Dash of salt
1 (No. 303) can sliced pie apples
¼ cup Cloverbloom butter
¾ cup brown sugar
½ cup unsifted flour

Blend together first four ingredients. Toss lightly with apples. Spoon into pie shell. Combine the butter, brown sugar and ½ cup flour. Sprinkle over pie filling. Cover pie with lattice top. Bake in 425° oven 35-40 minutes or until brown.

MARIE GIFFORD'S 5-MINUTE PIE CRUST

2 cups unsifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅔ cup Armour Star Lard
¼ cup tap water

Combine flour and salt. Add lard and blend with pastry blender until mixture resembles coarse meal. Add water all at once and blend. Form into two balls. Roll out one ball for bottom crust. Roll other ball and cut into ½ inch strips for lattice top.



GOT A PIE-BAKING PROBLEM?

Write for FREE **Picture Pie Booklet**. 32 new pie recipes. How-to-do-it illustrations. Marie Gifford, Consumer Service—Dept. 5, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Illinois.

*Use Armour Star Lard, too, for light, fluffy biscuits and crisp, golden-brown fried chicken.

ach space between the troughs cypress trees. edro explained that these would someday be all enough for a man to walk between. He uggested two palm trees in each section; for nese we had to drive into Larache and talk ne head of the Moroccan Forestry Depart- nent out of several of his. He also donated a umber of mimosa trees. Four of these we lanted in front of the dormitory, making uite a ceremony of the planting. When you lant a tree, you create a memory.

We planted several more mimosas in our atio plot and filled the troughs themselves ith bright red and pink geraniums, the kind nat fall over and hang downward, covering ne cement with a profusion of green leaves nd bright flowers.

Before we finished, one of the old grand- nothers of the *cortijo* came shuffling out and nrust upon us a prize plant from her own arden. I transplanted it into a very promi- ent place so that she could see it always as ne went by on her way to the *economato* for ne groceries.

It was midsummer.

Our dormitory was getting along so well nat we began looking greedily at the stable n the other side of the patio. I pestered Rafols bout it, and we were soon tearing the stable part and planning wonderful big din- g room-café with fine new kitchen st for the cook, nd a separate sec- on for the company ore.

And all the time, ne corn was getting gher, so that when e walked through , Marron and I, it egan to slap across ur knees and there ere some places here it came up to ne waist with its ick, juicy stalks nd its healthy, drab reen leaves.

Another gnawing roblem for which e found more time uring midsummer as that of keep- g everyone in clothes. The company sal- ies were so small that after food had been ought, and shoes and the inevitable medi- nes, there was never much left for clothing. I began to ask all our friends in the States save me their old clothes. Whenever we ntertained Americans in Madrid and they sked what they could do for me, I would say, Send old clothes." These contributions were nt to my parents, who live in Maryland. My nother acted as a collection depot, receiving l the clothes, sorting them, and packing nem in transportable cartons. A friend of my usband's, who has a shipping agency, took are of transporting the cartons to Madrid. nd from there I lugged them down to Mo- occo myself, explaining each time to the curi- us customs officials that it was nothing of *ontrabanda*—only old clothes for the farmers.

Once the system got going we had a carton old clothes to distribute almost every onth. All around the farm, men began to pop in blue jeans and loudly colored flannel irts, and small children wore American orts and polo shirts. Near where my mother ved in Maryland was a whole row of houses hose housewife occupants conscientiously ved every outgrown dress and trouser, ery scrap, for these people 4000 miles away, one of whom they would ever see. It was a splay of neighborliness that touched these eople of Morocco deeply. They were anxious, course, for the clothes they badly needed; ut even more they were curious about the nknown friends who had sent the gifts.

A Spanish wife receiving a cotton house ress would ask, "Does she have a large family, is American *señora?* Does she have to work hard as I do? She must have lots of dresses send away one so new, doesn't she?"

I would explain that yes, the former owner of that dress had five children and she did all her own housework. And no, she did not have lots of dresses, but she had enough and she wanted to give one to a woman in Africa who needed it.

It was a new concept of generosity for the Spanish woman to understand.

The new babies concerned me almost more than the young children or the adults. There never seemed to be enough little shirts and dresses in our old-clothes cartons, and never any diapers at all. I cornered Gomendio in his big office one day and explained this problem to him in serious detail. He looked interested.

"As you can imagine, it is a subject that I have never gone into very deeply. What would you suggest we do?"

He and I came to an agreement whereby The Lukus would pay for the material if the women would make up the clothes themselves. We worked out a very satisfactory layette: six cotton diapers, two flannel shirts, two long dresses, two cotton shirts, two woolen sweaters, two pairs of bootees, two binders, four sheets, a crib mattress and pillow, a rubber crib sheet and a woolen shawl. We divided the work among all the women, whether they were expecting babies or not, and they helped out cheerfully. The girls in the school classes embroidered the little sheets in pink or blue. Some young girls knitted sweaters and bootees. Women with sewing machines ran up the shirts and dresses. We tried to keep one or two layettes made in advance, and most of the time we were successful, but sometimes we got behind when a new baby was expected and then there was a mad clicking of knitting needles and sewing machines. When the little one finally arrived, we presented him proudly with his hastily assembled layette and clucked over him like any bunch of women, foolish over a newborn baby.

In July the corn stretched so tall that we could no longer see over it. And the ears began to form—two long, slender ears on each stalk. You came down the irrigation ditch, you plunged in between two rows and you were lost to the world, the green leaves folding in behind you and before and overhead. Those corn rows were the one cool place on the farm; the heat had become oppressive. The stalks were now too tall to cultivate. We sprayed once again. We crossed the river and rode through the Mehasen corn. We examined the 31, all the "400" parcels and that unwanted child, Parcel 44. And then we settled down to let those slender ears plump up. It would still take time.

The permanent pasture I had talked Gomendio into experimenting with had sprung up, rich and green. We had planted it in the *parcela* behind the dingy old canteen. It looked homelike and familiar to me, with horses, mules and colts standing knee-deep in young oats that would soon be supplemented with clover and a bit later on with timothy grass.

One of the basic problems in Morocco is the almost complete lack of nutritious pasture lands. The Spaniards are reluctant to spend money on anything from which they cannot see an immediate result. Pasture is one of these things—it takes several years of expensive seeding before you begin to reap results in fatter cattle and sheep and pigs. I was trying two varieties of dry-land grasses; both can live with very little water once their astonishing ten-foot roots have penetrated into the earth. One is named Buffel Grass; and the other, Weeping Love Grass—wonderful, romantic

"I LOVE YOU— BUT I CAN'T LEAVE HIM . . ."

■ Arlis shook her head. "I can't, Crawford," she said. "If I went with you, not a soul in the world could say what Matthew Dunbar might do. I just can't let him be driven that far." They were two strong men, fighting on opposite sides in a battle which she knew could destroy them all. Borden Deal tells the story in

DUNBAR'S COVE

compiere in the November JOURNAL, condensed from the novel soon to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Smoother, creamier

CHEESE DIPS

from economical cottage cheese in just 25 seconds





with the amazing

Osterizer

Original Liquefier-Blender

Next time company comes, treat your guests to a heaping bowl of creamy, tangy cheese dip . . . nestled in a wreath of crispy crackers and potato chips . . . and your party is an assured success. And the only way to make a truly smooth dip is with an OSTERIZER! Order yours today! You'll use it every day for blending, mixing, chopping, grinding, pureeing, liquefying and whipping . . . and save countless hours in your kitchen. Wherever quality housewares are sold . . . from **$29.95** to **$54.95.**

Juicer attachment . . . **$39.95** *Ice Crusher attachment* . . . **$16.95**



REMOVABLE BASE { makes cleaning and emptying easier! . . . fits canning jars for preparing and storing in same container!

© John Oster Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Electric Housewares by OSTER!



NEW Double Action Knife and Scissors Sharpener $16.95 to $19.95



Elec. Meat Grinder $49.95

Ice Crusher Head $12.95

Can Opener Head $9.95



NEW Portable Mixer $19.95 to $20.95

John Oster MANUFACTURING CO.

Dept. M7, 4967 N. Lydell, Milwaukee, Wis.

Enclosed find 25¢ in coin for the 96-page Osterizer Recipe book.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... ZONE... STATE.....

name, especially when translated into Spanish: *hierba de amor llorando.*

The Arabs were busy about this time with their annual observance of Ramadan. The Ramadan consists of a full month's fasting between sunup and sundown; nothing must pass the Arab's lips during that period, not even water. This is not so hard on the rich Arab families who can stay up eating and drinking all night and drowse through the daylight hours, but it is hell on those Arabs who are working for a living. During this period, the Arabs at The Lukus dragged themselves through the day doing about half a day's work, moaning and groaning and even fainting when it was convenient. But if they were true Mohammedans, nothing would persuade them to give it up or sneak a drink of water, and they lost pounds of weight.

Finally the whole period came to an end—the occasion for a terrific huge feast in all the Arab *kabilas.*

Larbi hurried to me one day toward the end of Ramadan and announced flush-cheeked that I was invited to his house for the elaborate feast. We went in the waning light of the late afternoon, when our work had been completed. You could feel the excitement in the air, hear the Arabs calling to one another all over the farm, laughing and hurrying with their brass tray tea tables balanced securely upon their heads. And off in the distance sounded the thud of a darabukka, the small Arab drum, and the high, questioning note of a *ghaita*, the Arab flute.

We drove up to the *kabila* in a jeep. There were several of us—Pepe, myself, Marron and gaunt Espejo—all looking forward to a good meal. Larbi's *kabila* was easily the most fascinating of the four on the Lukus farm, at the highest point of the property. We had to leave the jeep at the bottom of a hill and walk up because there was only a crude footpath winding through the brush and rock. As we came to the top, there was Larbi wearing a new yellow silk turban and pantaloons of deep purple satin. He had on a mauve blouse and an orange cummerbund. With his shining black skin and white teeth, Larbi was a Technicolor picture.

And the view—it made one jealous of the Arabs who could live up here all their lives and look out every day all the way down the valley as far as Larache, and across the Mehasen to the dark blue mountains!

This was a double celebration for Larbi. Besides being his feast to end the Ramadan, he was having the feast for the baptism of his newest baby son. "Baptism," they call it when they speak to our race, but actually it is the circumcision ceremony that takes place two or three days after the birth of the son. We were expected to visit the little patient first thing. For this purely female function, Larbi handed us over to his wife, who looked years older than he, bent and shrouded in her cumbersome white cotton haik. She was glad of this rare opportunity to get into the picture; the Arab woman is usually called only to serve the meal to her master and his guests, and never introduced as Larbi had just introduced her to me. She led us halfway across the hard-packed dirt yard to the *chabola* that was the women's quarters. Then, glancing curiously over her shoulder at me, she motioned for me to pass in front of her.

I could hear her behind me asking rapid questions of Pepe in Arabic: "Does the *señora Americana* always wear trousers, like an Arab?"

Pepe answered, "Yes, she wears them all the time when she is working on the land."

That pleased the woman and she caught up with me again, gently nudged my arm and with timid signs showed me that we both wore trousers of a sort. It was a way of finding some common ground.

To enter the *chabola*, we all had to stoop to the waist, and once inside, we still had to half crouch to keep from striking our heads on the ceiling. The floor was hard-packed earth. In the center there was a small charcoal fire, going full blast and tended by another old woman, surely some leftover relative of Larbi's or his wife's. The fire gave off an enormous amount of smoke; it hung in thick blue clouds and our eyes began to smart and then to stream from its strength. Strings of drying red and green peppers and herbs were suspended from the ceiling, and there were mounds of potatoes and tomatoes and melons on the floor. In a miniature hammock of woven hemp, swaying gently, was the new baby. The old fire-tending crone hastily brought a crude oil lamp that was belching off more and blacker smoke and this she thrust into the poor baby's face.

He could not possibly have been sleeping anyway. I leaned over and peered into the wizened face, and noticed his puffed eyes squeezed tightly shut against the smoke and his pain, but leaking tears out of the edges. Still, he was not crying and my heart went out to him, learning so young this lesson that he would have so much chance to practice in the life ahead of him. I looked up into the brown faces of the women, staring at me so fixedly, waiting for a verdict, and I quickly pronounced him, with extravagant gestures of my hands, absolutely the finest baby I had seen in a long time. The ladies relaxed gratefully and giggled. Until I had spoken, they seemed afraid that I would not like their child. I called Pepe over and through him I said, "I have four babies in Nemsah." I showed them how tall with my hands. "They would like to come and see you and bring some clothes to your new son." This delighted both the women and they patted me affectionately on the arm and bobbed their heads up and down.

It was getting darker now and the old relative lighted our way across the yard to Larbi's main *chabola*. This was a larger hut, rectangular in shape, with higher walls. Once inside the anteroom, we were able to stand up straight. We removed our boots, stepped across the second threshold onto Larbi's fine collection of woolen rugs and arranged ourselves along the wall against the many satin cushions. Larbi sat solemnly in the exact center of the room, cushions heaped behind him to help maintain his erect posture. An outsider would never have guessed that just the day before we had all been crawling over a tractor together; and Larbi would have been offended had someone mentioned the harsh word "tractor" in this, his social setting. We Americans who continually cut across social talk with remarks about "the flier I took on the market today" or "if the union would just let me increase production" could take a lesson in deportment from Larbi.

We were no sooner seated than the tea ceremony began, Larbi's wife bearing in the tray and kettle and silently retiring again. In

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

How to clean smelly floor cracks the easy way



1. No matter how swiftly you rush to mop up spilled food, bits always seep down into floor cracks.

2. And boy, how they love that deep, dark, unhealthy area where they can sour and smell.



3. But when you add "Lysol" to suds ...odor and decay stop. They just can't live with "Lysol" brand disinfectant.



4. So take it easy! Clean with "Lysol" regularly. No added work, but a lot of added freshness.

While you light clean, Lysol deep cleans for you



Deep cleans! Deodorizes! Disinfects!
Outperforms pine oils, outlasts bleaches 5 to 1!
Keeps things fresh and sweet for 7 days!
And for fall housecleaning, it's a find!



A Lehn & Fink Product

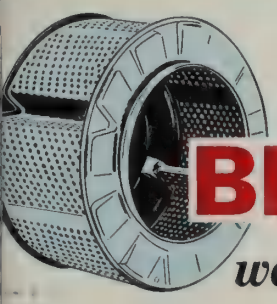
Also available in Canada



"Remember we used to call him our little bundle from heaven!"

The Philco-Bendix Duomatic for 1958!





...with the amazing new

BIG FILTER DRUM

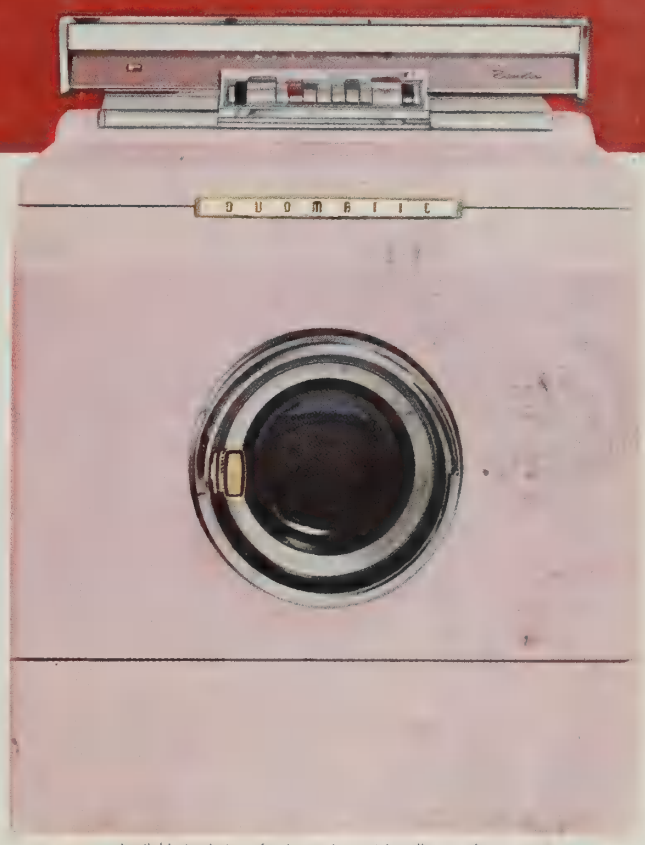
washes and dries 45 minutes faster!

Now! Wash as you've never washed—and fluff-dry, too—all in one machine. The Big Filter Drum does the whole job in the '58 Philco-Bendix Duomatic washer-dryer combination.

BIG FILTER DRUM WASHES CLEANEST! Clothes tumble and plunge over two feet into penetrating suds in Duomatic's Big Filter Drum. Every speck of dirt is gently loosened . . . washed away forever! 2880 filter holes eliminate sand and other impurities . . . make lint a thing of the past!

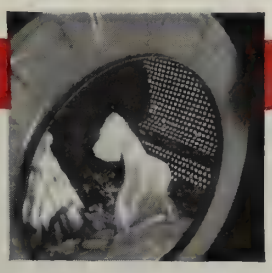
BIG FILTER DRUM DRIES FASTEST! The Duomatic washes and fluff-dries clothes in as little as an hour—up to 45 minutes faster than other combinations. Smooths out wrinkles, too! No fabric sorting necessary. Even new synthetics dry safely in the Big Filter Drum. Thermostats guarantee perfect drying temperature.

See the Duomatic at your Philco-Bendix dealer today. See why we say, "Look ahead . . . and you'll choose Philco!"

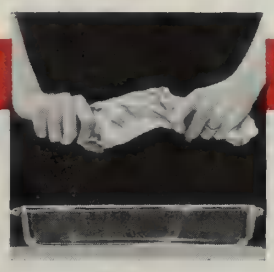


Available in choice of colors: white, pink, yellow, and green

Duomatic's **BIG FILTER DRUM** *washes cleanest . . . dries fastest . . . does away with lint on clothes!*



Washes cleanest! You get far more washing action in Duomatic's Big Filter Drum. Your clothes plunge two feet into active, penetrating suds. 2880 filter holes make lint a thing of the past!



Fastest drying! New squeeze tests prove Philco-Bendix Duomatic damp-dries completely before fluff-drying. Others leave up to 3 quarts of water in clothes. No wonder the Duomatic is fastest!



Trouble-free! Every part used in the Philco-Bendix Duomatic must stand up to a rugged engineering "life test" equal to many long years of actual use! Your assurance of trouble-free service.

LOOK AHEAD . . . and you'll choose PHILCO

Philco-Bendix Home Laundry Appliances are brought to you by Philco Corporation

PHILCO-BENDIX® '58 DUOMATIC





(*See opposite page*)



Ballad* (top and opposite page) the romantic new pattern that captures elegance in the modern manner.

(*Top to bottom, above*)

South Seas* is daring, different. A new idea in design its flowing lines recall restless seas, curving shore.

White Orchid* is delightfully feminine. The perfect complement to your prettiest china, crystal, linens.

Coronation* is rich with the tradition of treasured antiques. Enhances the simplest setting with regal beauty.

Twilight* has tapered handles, curving tips, shell motif sparkling like a single jewel. Classically elegant, graceful.

Morning Star* captures the freshness of daybreak. Inspired by a priceless jade carving, sophisticated, modern.

Community prices begin with a "Starter Set" (26-piece service for 4) at $42.50. Easy budget terms.*

COMMUNITY

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

*TRADEMARKS OF MEIDEN LTD. ©1957 MEIDEN LTD.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

spite of the intimate conversation we had engaged in such a few minutes before, Larbi's wife never even looked at me; she might have been any servant impersonally serving her master.

When we had all been served tea, a large, round wooden table on squat legs was brought in and placed in front of Larbi. He motioned us to surround it, and as we did, his wife put a huge pottery bowl in the center. It was the traditional Arab dish, a whole baby lamb, stewed and served with the couscous meal and rich with raisins and almonds. We ate this with our fingers, as we were expected to do, rolling up the sleeve on the right arm, dipping two fingers and the thumb into the couscous and taking a large pinch which we bounced onto the palm of the same hand, rolled up smoothly into a small ball and tossed into our mouths. The other hand is never used. In between balls of couscous, we tore sections of the lamb from the bones and ate them with relish.

We were all leaning back from the table, groaning from the quantities of couscous, when Larbi's wife set before us an oversized platter of small roasted chickens. These had been done with raisins and almonds, also, and were cooked to a crisp golden brown. We pulled ourselves closer to the table and began again on the chicken. Through the open doorway we could see the women and the children gathered around the couscous bowl, eating hungrily of what remained.

Our tea glasses were constantly being refilled, and when the chicken platter was borne away it was replaced by a kind of Arab pancake, sweet and syrupy, called *galets*, with which we terminated our feast.

"My hands, Larbi, is there something to wipe them on?"

They were so sticky that I could not possibly lick them clean, as Marron was doing in correct Arab custom. Larbi looked distressed for a moment and then his face lit up. He turned behind him and from a colorfully painted wooden chest he drew a length of fine white satin and handed it to me happily.

"Use this, *señora*."

"No, I wouldn't do that. It is much too fine." But I saw from his eyes that he would be hurt if I did not, so I took it and carefully cleaned my hands.

"It is my wife's wedding petticoat," he explained proudly.

As we were lounging back on the cushions, a weird sound started up outside. It began as an indistinct noise in the distance and gradually, as it came closer, it separated into the Arab drum, the darabukka, and the high-noted, wailing flute, the *ghaita*.

Larbi smiled again. "The dancers," he explained. "I have paid the most and they will dance in my very yard tonight."

We put our boots back on and staggered out into the yard. While nobody was watching, I slipped over to where the women were finishing up the sticky pancakes, and in those few Arab phrases which I can manage, I told Larbi's wife that it was a magnificent feast we had eaten and how thankful all of us were.

We stood there in the pale light of the moon, like two conspirators, she glancing continually over at her husband to be sure he did not see us, but reluctant to have me leave. We assured each other, with much arm waving, that we would get together again soon.

The rising moon had flooded the whole hilltop with an unreal bluish light. And the dancers had indeed come into Larbi's very yard, only the tops of their bobbing heads visible above the milling, jostling crowd of admirers that came along with them and pushed into the yard.

In deference to the fact that Larbi had paid the most, the ragged crowd of men and women and youngsters fell back a bit and left us who were standing in the door of the *chabola* a clear view of the night's entertainment. There were only two dancers, a man and a woman, and they were engaged in the classic Arab dance—facing each other across an imaginary ring and coming slowly together in a circular motion, with nervous, mincing steps in time to the mounting music. When they finally met in the center of the ring, the music was frenzied and the dancers bobbed their heads at each other's faces frantically, their bodies never touching. The audience apparently considered this scandalously sexy and they went into screams of ecstasy. Upon closer inspection, I realized that the "woman" dancer was not a woman at all but a female impersonator. When I questioned Larbi, he told me that women were never allowed to participate directly in these risqué dances. Each time the dance ran its course and the wild climax was reached, the audience screamed for more, flapping the sleeves of their jelabs, throwing back their hoods to howl their approval.

It was very late and we told Larbi good night, telling him not to come with us, that we would find our way along the path and down the hill.

"As you will it, *el oum*. Allah go with you." Larbi bowed his head once and returned to the dancers.

"What is that name they always call me?" I asked Pepe curiously. "That name in Arabic *el oum?*"

Pepe and Marron exchanged amused glances over my head. "Don't you know? It's the name the Arabs have given to you. It means 'the little mother.'" And then they were suddenly embarrassed by this sentimentality and Pepe shouted back to Espejo, "Hurry up and we can all race down the hill and see how the *señora* runs!"

I recalled the Arab plunging up and down in front of me on his horse, longing for a race. It is an urge that all males seem to have—an almost physical need to establish their superiority over the female.

"Give me a head start," I pleaded, breaking into a trot.

"*Nada de eso*—nothing doing!"

I broke into a run and was off down the hill. The hill was so steep that the faster I ran, the faster I had to run. The three young men passed me effortlessly on either side, running easily and emitting piercing, happy war whoops. A wispy cloud passed between us and the full moon, obscuring the winding path among the stunted trees. And then it was as bright as day again and I was arriving, still running headlong, at the foot of the hill in the little valley. The men were already there, sprawled around on the ground, catching their breaths. I brought myself to a grateful stop and dropped down onto a handy rock, huffing and puffing. Said one young man to the others—could it have been nineteen-year-old Pepe?—"The little mother doesn't run so badly, considering her age!"

With the men I worked beside day after day, whether Arab or Spanish, I was at ease. They did not disapprove of anything I might say, wear or do. If at times they found me unreasonable, they hid their feelings under the mask of unfailing courtesy. Or they might even try to explain to me how they felt. They accepted me as fellow workman and friend.

This was not always true of my fellow farm managers. There were times during our weekly business meetings in Larache when I sensed their disapproval as a tangible force filling the room, the subtle resentment of a woman who was daring to voice demands in an Arab-Spanish world where women are supposed to be subservient. It made no difference that most of my demands were based on the needs of poorer, less privileged men of their own race.

From the first day I had peered into the dusty patio at Adir I had been troubled by the apathy of the men squatting there, images of despair muffled in heat and wool, sunk in the silence of complete, utter boredom. While talking with several of these men, the idea of a club began to form in my mind.

I stopped Rafols on his rapid way through the patio one day.

"Trouble?" he inquired, glancing swiftly from face to face and turning his eyes finally to me.

"Quite the contrary," I began cheerily. "We only want to borrow a building for ——"

"No! You have borrowed enough buildings. We cannot afford it. You are spoiling the men."

"But, Rafols, this building is empty!"

I had almost been telling the truth. It was practically an empty building: an ample, rectangular room attached to the end of the largest granary. It did contain a few dozen scattered sacks of chemical fertilizer, but these were easily spirited off to another warehouse and we were left with our lovely empty building.

We needed first an organization to run this club, and just as urgently we needed money. So we called everyone together to elect officers. The men crowded into the room, hot and dusty from their day's work. Lacking a chair, I sat on an upturned tomato basket. They made a serious thing of founding their club and elected Montes, the blacksmith, as president. A young man called Luis was elected treasurer-secretary. Fair, sallow, with a serious, never-smiling expression, he was the nearest we could produce to an intellectual. With Montes to lend us an aura of respectability, Luis would do nicely to keep us on a business-like basis.

We levied a dues fee of five pesetas (about ten cents then) a month against each member and that included all his family too; his wife and children were then eligible to enter the club. We had intended the club originally for the Spanish personnel, but the more enlightened Arab men who were interested could and did use the club facilities. There was no question of the Arab women's participating, simply because all their tradition was against their taking part in such a public project.

The day after our first meeting Rafols was doleful. He shook his head discouragingly: "It won't work, Betty, it smells too much like a union."

"Don't be silly, *hombre*. We are out to amuse ourselves. The last thing from our minds is to create any political significance. Leave us in peace, man, leave us in peace."

And he did. He watched carefully from the side lines, but he made no move to interfere.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

GEORGE WASHINGTON—A PROFILE

When he was elected, his salary had not been determined. Later, Congress set the figure at $25,000 annually, payable quarterly.

His pet name for his wife was "Patsy."

He owned 188 slaves.

His principal diversion was training baby foxes to do tricks to amuse his friends.

He was our wealthiest President.

In 1790 he signed the bill which laid the foundation of the American patent system.

When he took command of the Continental Army in Cambridge, Massachusetts, he wrote that he "abhorred the idea of independence for the American colonies."

His second inaugural address consisted of 134 words.

He owned 10,000 acres of real estate.

When he was first elected to office there were eleven other candidates, but he eventually received all the electoral votes.

He wrote a will 25 pages long.

He drew his last breath in the last hour of the last day of the week, dying on Saturday night, at twelve o'clock, December 14, 1799.

FRANCES RODMAN



Invitation to romance... beautiful new 'Ballad' pattern

Prepare to lose your heart . . . to the new silverware pattern that captures completely the modern elegance of today's loveliest homes. Every detail of "Ballad"* whispers of a gracious past, while lending distinction to even the simplest table setting. You'll cherish it for its silver splendor, for the timeless beauty and craftsmanship that are the essence of Community* quality. See "Ballad" and matching "Ballad" hollowware at your jeweler's or fine silverware department . . . it's everything you can be proud of . . . for a lifetime. Created in the Design Studios of Oneida Silversmiths.

COMMUNITY

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

PPOSITE PAGE FOR OTHER PATTERNS IN THE COMMUNITY COLLECTION.

*TRADEMARKS OF ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y. ©1957, ONEIDA LTD.



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

8 serving pieces free (a silver drawer full)
when you buy 8 place settings for $88

This handsome drawer chest, complete with 56 pieces of "Ballad," for the price of 8 place settings alone. You save $24.00, the entire cost of the 8 serving pieces shown at left. (Chest in mahogany or blond finish.)

Chest includes: 16 teaspoons • 8 place knives • 8 place forks • 8 place spoons • 8 salad forks • 1 butter knife • 1 sugar spoon • 1 cold meat fork • 1 gravy ladle • 1 table spoon, pierced • 2 table spoons, regular • 1 pastry server

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

We got on with the decorating details. One of our main ambitions was to achieve a movie, so Vicente, the company carpenter, built us a very adequate projection booth out of plywood boards, set up on stilts at the far end of the room. On either side, he built a set of bleachers to hold the audience. The painter who had done my house wandered in. We asked him to paint us a white "movie screen" opposite the projection booth. He outdid himself and added elaborate floral decorations in colors on both sides of the finished screen.

Besides providing the diversions that were so badly needed, the club sparked that flame of brotherhood that had been lit so hesitatingly by our building of the dormitory. The men had their quarrels, of course; but they were all working for the same results and ultimately, for the first time, they were working for themselves. They realized this and it was important enough to make them settle their differences and pull together. In the long run, the newborn feeling of teamwork among the laborers was much more important than whether my corn crop failed or succeeded.

Rafols gave us permission to build six card tables and chairs, and these we enameled glossy forest green. We nailed a bulletin board to the wall. I contributed my oversized dining table. In no time at all we had all the basic requirements for the first club that The Lukus had ever seen.

I had an old Telefunken radio, left over from the war, and this we sent to be overhauled. I had dozens upon dozens of American magazines, and these all went to fill the reading table and to be added to each month as I finished with the new magazines that came from my parents in Maryland.

These magazines inspired the first notice on our bulletin board. I came in one evening and Luis had laboriously written out on the office typewriter a notice which said very sharply:

"These magazines are the property of the *señora* and out of respect to her you are hereby ordered to take good care of them!"

"Oh, no, no, Luis," I protested, "that isn't the right idea at all. In the first place, they are not my magazines any more. Anything that enters that door belongs to the club. Now let's work out a kindlier notice about the magazines."

Luis regarded me with his solemn, unsmiling face. "*Señora*, they won't listen to gentle notices. They are all tough guys and we gotta treat them tough; but we will do what you say!"

Our notice finally read something like this:

"Magazines are for the enjoyment of all in the club. Please return them to the table when finished."

In spite of Luis' predictions, the notice worked. Gnarled, work-roughened hands leafed through the magazines hundreds of times. The Spanish wives took them home to look at in the privacy of their own houses. The magazines were always returned respectfully to the table. We got such a backlog that we were at last able to hand them around, for wrapping paper, always scarce in Morocco, or to the children for cutouts.

We were now accumulating a modest little mound of money and Luis and I made a trip into Larache one day and bought several packs of cards, a couple of sets of checkers and dominoes and a set of chess. It was a pleasure in the evenings to drive through the patio and see the light streaming out of the building, to hear the radio blaring too loudly and the raucous voices of the game players outshouting the radio.

One morning when I pulled up to the gasoline pump to fill the station wagon, Luis, who dispensed the gasoline, came running out of his little hut, full of excitement.

"*Señora*, a great opportunity has presented itself! One of the army officers' clubs in Larache is moving quarters. They have a brand-new billiard table, but no room for it in their new club. They will sell for below what it cost them, just to be rid of it. It is made for us, *señora;* what do you say?"

"I say it will be awfully expensive," I told him.

Luis persisted. "We'll never find one so cheap again. If you ask The Lukus to put up the money, we can repay something each month. Please."

So Luis and I paid a formal call on the army headquarters. We were led into a large room by a captain. Two orderlies uncovered the billiard table and everyone turned toward me, expecting a professional appraisal. I studied the table seriously from all angles, running my hand over the green felt. I really had no idea at all what to look for. Persuaded by a vigorous shake of Luis' head, I turned to the captain and announced, "We'll buy it."

Luis, arranging to have it transported to the club that very afternoon, was as joyful as a child with a new toy, and it did turn out to be our most popular plaything. I was even told later by a billiard expert that we had made a good buy; the angel was still watching over well-meaning fools.

The United States Information Service in Tangier possessed several fine movie projectors; they offered us the loan of one, provided we could assure them a maximum audience. They also lent us a selection of their own films—educational films on life in the States, Disney cartoons and newsreels. Everyone was satisfied with the arrangement, but we also wanted to show a feature film every second week. This was harder to arrange, but there were companies in Madrid that did rent features. They were a sorry list of titles, all ancient and mostly horse opera and whodunits, but I comforted myself that this was what the Lukus people would prefer. And, sitting on one of those hard bleachers, surrounded by the rowdy children and the sweaty men and the tidied-up women waiting for the first projection to start, it seemed as exciting to me as any Hollywood *première*.

The educational films of life in the United States interested everyone; more so than did the Hollywood films. The Spanish wife could see in what surroundings and with what equipment an American woman kept house. The mechanic could follow the day of an American mechanic from the time he got up until he went to bed. To a man, the audience was astonished at how hard American people worked, at how much of our money goes to taxes and, obviously, at the amount of material wealth a modest laborer is able to accumulate.

The USIS came to our rescue also in getting our club library started. They made us a gift of 100 good titles translated into Spanish: Gone With the Wind and Mark Twain and John Steinbeck. Each month they thoughtfully added one or two. We took money from our dues fund to buy a whole series of paper-backed Western and detective stories. Whenever I happened into someone's library in Madrid, I managed to beg a volume or two, and in this way our collection grew satisfactorily. We also subscribed to several monthly magazines and a daily paper.

One day Padre Tomás happened to be turning the pages of a volume and suddenly he put it back and turned to Luis, who was nearby.

"Tell me, boy," he said rather impatiently. "Why is it that all the good books in this collection are by American authors? There are many fine Spanish writers, you know."

Luis faced the padre squarely. "It has something to do with generosity, padre. I agree with you that we have lots of good Spanish writers, but somehow we Spaniards lack the spirit of giving to those poorer than ourselves. The Americans may not have the best writers, but, padre, they give and give and give until it makes me ashamed."

On one of my Tangier trips I bought a three-speed machine and a handful of long-playing records—all Spanish music: rumbas, tangos and flamenco, rhythms to which they could all dance. The evening we installed it was one of wonder all across the patio. A few of the men were familiar with the old, hand-wound machines, but not even one of them had ever seen, or imagined, a long-player with an automatic record changer. They pushed one another to get close enough to see the arm draw back and the record drop in place. There was a hush over the room. The melody of Tres Veces



Guapa (Three Times Beautiful), everybody's current favorite, floated out into the patio. Couples drifted together and the dancing began. By and by the only sounds were the music from the new phonograph and the scrape-scrape of clumsy country shoes against cement, broken by an occasional giggle or a hardy, masculine guffaw.

It was not Beethoven in Carnegie Hall or Tommy Dorsey in the Empire Room, but it was better than that line of bored, tired, discontented men sitting on their heels along the patio wall each evening.

September, the time of harvest, came to Morocco so abruptly that it took my breath away. It seemed that only yesterday it had been spring and I was worrying with Marron about getting all the corn seed into the ground before Rafols snatched away our *avantréns* for the other crops. One day the fields were all green—the corn, the rice, the cotton—with the sun blazing hot in the sky from early morning until late at night. And we were cultivating out the weeds and combating the insects with sprays, and saying to one another, "Will this corn never grow high enough to stop worrying us?" Now—the very next day, it seemed—I was looking out over the Lukus Valley and the whole scene had changed. The fields were all brown, the leaves on the trees, the ribbons of roads through the parcels. Even the river was brown, with its sluggish water running muddy. And although the days were still as hot as ever, with the unblinking sun overhead, the nights began to be colder, forecasting the autumn.

I asked myself, *Where did all the days go? How could these cornstalks spring up so fast?*

Marron was striding ahead of me down the rows of dried, rustling, crackling stalks, hitching up his blue jeans with one hand and with the other pulling nervously at his old felt hat. He was jubilant; his face, usually an unemotional mask, was wreathed in smiles. "The corn is as dry as we can expect, *señora*. It is ready to be picked." He had stopped in the middle of a row, plucked a yellow ear of corn from its stalk and he was breaking off the grains one at a time and rattling them around in the palm of one hand. "We can start whenever you say."

"Tomorrow it shall be," I said. "Tomorrow is our official first day of harvest."

Actually, we did not anticipate much of a labor turnout on the first day of harvest because the *Aid el Kebir* had just ended. The *Aid el Kebir* is the big Arab *fiesta* of killing the sheep—representing the sacrifice of a mutton instead of Abraham's son. It is celebrated only once a year and the Arab families save all year long so that they can buy a sheep for their celebration. On the first day of the festivities the sheep is killed, and as long as there is any left to eat, the Arabs are not likely to work.

So, for our first day of harvest, Marron and I counted on having only a few of the Arab women show up. But even fewer than we expected came down from their *kabilas*, and we began with only fifteen well-fed, slow-moving ladies. Later on in the month, when we were working furiously against the impending rains with 130 hands each day, we looked back upon that first morning as a miracle of calm organization.

At the time it did not seem calm at all. Such large quantities of corn as ours had never been raised before in Morocco, and there was no precedent to tell us how we could harvest it without machinery. In America I would not even have attempted such acrobatics, but Gomendio had continued to resist the purchase of a mechanical picker. Short of buying one with my own money, there was nothing I could do except make out with hand labor.

Our problem, then, was to pick by hand 1000 acres of corn, transport it from the scattered *parcelas* in which it was planted to some central point, shell it through our corn shellers and get it sewn neatly into sacks in time to ship it off to whichever customer paid the highest price—all before the autumn rains set in.

We gave each of our fifteen Arab starters a basket, placed them at the beginning of fifteen rows of corn in Parcel 31, and told them that the object was to break off the ear of corn, husk it, drop it into the basket and proceed to the next stalk. The "girls" all nodded wisely, their silver earrings jangling and their colored beads tinkling. They set upon the cornstalks with as much delight as if this were a new game they were learning.

Our idea had been to let these fine ladies husk their baskets full of corn and dump the ears into a center pile every 200 yards or so. We soon found the corn was so dry that a vast quantity of it was being involuntarily shelled off onto the ground, from where it was impossible to retrieve it.

We solved that slight difficulty by rushing to the granary and detaching several piles of old sacks from the protesting granary clerk. We picked out the oldest, most decrepit Arab on the payroll and set him to work making large sack-blankets on which to dump the corn. About twenty sacks sewn together made a satisfactory, leakproof dumping ground. Our Arab needleman sat on the edge of Parcel 31 with his legs crossed under him, his needle in hand, surrounded by sacks. He sat absolutely still in the blazing-hot sun and sewed without interruption; at midday he seemed ready to go shimmering skyward, so hot it was, but he sewed on unaffected. Only when night fell did he put down his needle.

With the mutton from the *Aid el Kebir* feast lasting so nicely, it was several days before we got enough corn collected to start our shellers whirling. By the time we had 100 or more fairly interested pickers—women, old men and young boys—we were able to keep one truck occupied all day in transporting the corn heaps from the *parcela* to the Nemsah *era*. And if the *parcela*, with its hundred-odd milling, chanting, sweating bodies, presented an aspect of chaos, well, the work in the Nemsah *era* presented the same chaos, concentrated into a much smaller area. We had only half as many workers, but thrown together as they were upon a table of cement only twenty yards square, it appeared that there were twice as many of them, their voices seemed louder, their problems more immediate, more pressing.

I put Espejo in charge of the *era* and I gave him two serious, hard-working Spaniards to help with the specialized work—weighing each sack of corn, and sewing it closed afterward. The weighing, certainly, was no speciality, but it was next to impossible to get the Arabs to put the same amount of grain into each sack. The sewing, though, was indeed special and required special workmen. These men had come from Seville, where they had closed thousands of sacks of wheat with their needles and cord. Each man reminded me of the "little tailor," sitting as he did cross-legged on an already sewn sack and moving slowly on down a line of sacks. Another skill was that of aerating the corn. The men from Seville would attack a pile of corn with two long, flat wooden paddlelike shovels and, very like circus jugglers, keep a stream of gleaming yellow kernels constantly in mid-air.

We chose two separate crews to man the two shellers and tried to create between them some feeling of competition—who would shell the most corn, whose machine stopped the least, which general area was kept the neatest. We tried each day to shell all the corn we had picked, and that often meant working long after dark, sometimes until after midnight.

We fell into a routine that held nothing else for us but corn on the stalk, then ears of corn, then mighty piles of shelled corn and finally stately rows of sacks filled with corn, and piles of bare, stripped cobs. We arose in the morning to the corn, we dropped into bed late at night still breathing the heavy odor of corn. There was nothing else in our world.

I should not have been in the cotton section in the first place, because it was not my job. But toward the end of the harvest, I got so sick and tired of corn that I just took off in the morning and went somewhere else, anywhere so long as there was no corn. So, this day, I drove my car out into a cotton parcel that Gamiz had planted near the border town of Alcazarquivir, where The Lukus has more landholdings. I stayed around all day, eating a little food from Pepe's lunch basket. It was hot, and the air so still that time itself seemed to be suspended there.

In the late afternoon, I was sitting with Pepe on the ground beside my car trying to manipulate a drink of cold water from a *botin*—a large pottery jar in which water is kept cool. It has only a small hole in the top, and to get a drink one must hold the *botin* up in the air, open the mouth wide and direct a tiny jet of water into the mouth. As I put the *botin* down again in the shade of the empty sacks, a Lukus truck drew up and stopped. It contained two or three drums of gasoline for refueling the tractors, and the two Arabs in the back of the truck set about unloading while Pepe sauntered leisurely toward them. The Arabs were hoisting the drum straight up over the truck tail gate. The thought crossed my mind fleetingly that they should have lowered the tail gate first and rolled the drum out, and then I was on my feet shouting because I could see that the drum was

Consolation Edwards has her own ideas about how to achieve a passing measure of contentment: "This ain't a happy world, and nobody's happy in it, so might's well be happy without no happiness."

Mrs. A. G. of New York writes: *"Our Bootsie is so sleek and sweet-natured. We've raised her and her kittens on nothing but Puss 'n Boots."*



"Mother and Twins," *rare Abyssinian cats photographed by Walter Chandoha. For a full color 8" x 10" print of this photo, send 25¢ and one Puss 'n Boots label to Cat Pictures, Department J-57, Box 6856, Chicago 77, Illinois.*

"So sleek and sweet-natured"

...the benefits of Puss 'n Boots are readily seen!

All cats are lovely to look at... fun to play with... good company. But—isn't it true?—none can quite match your own. And that of course means a special responsibility for you—to give them the love, attention, and good food that they expect.

We don't say food is everything. But perhaps you've found (like Mrs. A. G. who wrote the letter quoted above) that a regular diet of Puss 'n Boots *does* give your kittens and cats the sparkle, the good nature, the irrepressible energy you want to see.

But if you haven't yet fed Puss 'n Boots to your pet... you *will* see its benefits shortly after you start. Start feeding Puss 'n Boots regularly. It's worth it for both of you. Just check the scientific reasons *why* below.

Coast Fisheries, Division of Quaker Oats Co., Chicago 54, Ill.

Send for your copy of the all-new "Kittens and Cats" book!

Now for only 25¢ and 3 Puss 'n Boots labels, you can get the exciting all-new edition of "Kittens and Cats." 44 pages, profusely illustrated by Walter Chandoha, world's leading cat photographer... covers care and training from birth to full growth. Send to: "Kittens and Cats," Dept. J-57, P. O. Box 5084, Chicago 77, Illinois.



The Natural Life Balance of WHOLE FISH is Retained in Puss 'n Boots

Costly Fillets, so rich in the high quality proteins. Usually reserved for human consumption, but *retained* in *Puss 'n Boots.*

Liver and Glands, for minerals and vitamins. Vital for health. Often extracted for medicinal use, but *retained in Puss 'n Boots.*



Bone Structure, for valuable calcium and phosphorus. Made soft, crumbly and digestible, and *retained in Puss 'n Boots.*



Available in 8 oz. and 15 oz. sizes.

PUSS 'n BOOTS

Cooked in the can... ready to eat

America's largest selling cat food... adds the plus in health, beauty, vigor.

not going to fall out of the truck, it was teetering back onto the two Arabs. One of them looked up at the drum with his face frozen in fright, and leaped back out of the way. The other poor man, his head bent under the weight, failed to see the danger. The drum crashed back onto him with an ominous sound.

Pepe reached the truck first. He hitched himself up, looked over the side and dropped back to the ground again, covering his face with his hands and moaning. I caught hold of his shoulder, digging in my fingernails. "What is the matter? Get on your feet!"

"Can't," he babbled. "Blood all over the place—makes me sick to my stomach."

The victim in the bottom of the truck was screaming now and his companion had jumped over the side and fled. I looked around hastily for something that could stanch the flow of blood. "Give me your shirt, Pepe, and get the tail gate down as fast as you can."

He continued to moan like a hurt child and I shook him by the shoulders with all my might. He seemed to come back to his senses, and gave me the shirt. I climbed up into the truck. The hurt Arab was curled up in a ball, clutching his ankle with both hands and holding what was left of his foot up in the air. The flange of the heavy gasoline drum had dropped full force across the bare toes of his right foot; the little toe was gone completely, the adjoining three were dangling grotesquely and the big toe was smashed to a pulp. There was nothing I could do there in the truck except cover the wound and stop the blood flow. The T shirt was pitifully inadequate, but I gathered the foot together as well as I could and wrapped the shirt around and around.

Now the wound was hidden, Pepe was willing to help, and between us we carried the man the short distance to my car. The frail old man weighed hardly as much as a good, robust first-grade pupil and his bones stuck out all over his body.

We arranged him in the back seat of the station wagon and Pepe sat beside him while I drove full speed into Alcazarquivir. Fortunately, the village had a Red Cross hospital. We pulled up in front of it and began unloading our Arab. A crowd of loitering Arabs gathered immediately and followed us up the walk to the hospital door.

"It is the American *señora*," explained one Arab. "She was driving too fast, as they all do, and has struck down this poor old man. He will die!"

"That's a lie," barked Pepe in Arabic. And the crowd fell back more respectfully.

We brought the old man into the emergency room and I hoisted him up onto the examination table while Pepe went to find an attendant. I found a towel, wet it under the faucet and wiped the old man's face, smiling at him, saying it would be all right, trying to give him some confidence.

In a few minutes the attendant came in the door. He was an Arab himself, with dark, close-cropped hair, a little mustache and a pale, olive skin. He was smoking a cigarette and he took it out of his mouth long enough to ask in perfect Spanish, "What is your trouble?" Then he replaced it.

"Field accident—man has cut his toes across—has to be sewn up right away."

The attendant looked at me for a long moment. "I guess I can do the diagnosing myself," he informed me, and with one hand he began to undo my crude bandage. In the other he held his cigarette.

I cut in, "This man is in a bad state of shock. He should have a shot of something—morphine or whatever you have."

"Morphine!" snorted the attendant. "That stuff costs money, *señora*. We don't just give it to everybody."

"He is a Lukus employee and you can assume that the company will pay for it," I snapped.

"*Si*," he said, looking up from the wound. "Well, let me enlighten you. The first thing The Lukus would ask me is why I had wasted morphine on this case!" He had reached for a bottle of alcohol and poured it over the wound and wrapped it up again hurriedly in a surgical dressing. I winced for the patient.

"Is that all you are going to do?" I demanded indignantly. "If the toes are to be saved, it has to be done immediately."

The attendant had finished his cigarette. He dropped it on the floor beside the table and ground it out with his heel. "The doctor comes in to make his calls in an hour. He'll fix it up then. The toes? He won't even try to save them—too long a job, too messy. He'll just take them off. These beasts of the fields never know the difference."

We stood looking at each other from opposite sides of the examination table, with the old man lying between us, staring mutely from one face to the other, trying through his haze of pain to understand what was going on.

I folded my hands together behind my back, noticing that they were trembling, and I began again in a quieter, lower voice, "I should think your being one of them would make a difference. Except for some twist of luck, you could have been a 'beast of the fields' yourself today. I should think you would want to use your superior education to better your own race in any little way you can. I would be ashamed, if I were you."

His dark eyes narrowed to slits and a half-smile passed over his mouth. "One can see you have not been long in Morocco, *señora*. The first law of Morocco is 'Every man for himself.' If I were to give this scum the morphine you talk of—which I know he needs as well as you know it—if I were to spend three hours sweating to save those toes of his—and I know they could be saved—why, tomorrow I could be looking for another job. It wouldn't be a job in any hospital, either. You see, the word would have gotten around that I was a little bit too much interested in the Arabs. Do you understand now?" He spoke almost kindly.

"It's an inhuman attitude."

"On the contrary, it is only too human. The Spaniards want to preserve their position in Morocco; why not? And they cannot do that by giving in to the Arabs even in these little things. And as for my particular position, the Spaniards hand out these jobs. So I do exactly what you see here." He turned his back quickly and began to fumble around in a wall cabinet. In a moment he turned again and he was holding a hypodermic needle. As he held it up to test it, he smiled at me. "I can say he was screaming so loudly that he disturbed the other patients!"

I left the hospital and found Pepe waiting patiently in the car. The sun was low in the sky and the heat was beginning to lift.

As I climbed behind the steering wheel, Pepe said, "Permit me to buy you a *granizado de café*"—coffee in chipped ice—"at the café, *señora*?" I nodded silently and we drove down the main street, into the big square where the café was.

If we are to have genius we must put up with the inconvenience of genius, a thing the world will never do; it wants geniuses, but would like them just like other people.

GEORGE MOORE

One of my last missions in the autumn was to make Pepe's big wish come true. He wanted to go to America more than anything else. It obsessed him. He was always talking about it. And I had worried my brains to find a way. Then I remembered that my father was always having difficulty finding labor for his farm and I wrote to him. He answered with an enthusiastic yes, he would take the young man for a year. I made a hasty trip to Tangier to wangle a visa for Pepe from the American legation and buy him a boat ticket. It all happened so fast that I had no time to consult Pepe along the way, and so when I finally went to see him, there was no way of turning back from the trip.

I found Pepe down and miserable with malaria, the occupational disease of Morocco. He was racked between the bouts of fever and chill, but feeling well enough to be propped up in bed. The room was filled with other young men flopping about on the floor, and Pepe was entertaining them all with one of his stories. I sat down on the foot of the bed and listened. When he finished, the room vibrated with the loud chattering of carefree men and we were able to speak in that complete privacy which only crowds and noise can offer.

"Are you feeling well enough to travel?" I asked.

Pepe smiled, thinking I was teasing him. "You know I am always ready to travel. Where am I going? To America, perhaps?"

"Yes," I said. "Your ship leaves the day after tomorrow."

A look of astonishment and joy colored his wan face. He pushed his covers back and swung his feet out of bed onto the floor. "Suddenly I don't have malaria any more!" he announced.

On Wednesday I drove to the southern extreme of the farm to get Pepe. He lived there with his parents in a house with a thatched roof, mud walls and a dirt floor. At the parting, Pepe's grandmother wept openly and told us all that she would never see him again. His father was mute with the agony of this long voyage his son was taking. His mother took it all with great dignity and until the last minute kept patting Pepe's arm and telling him, "Be a good boy."

We drove in silence into Tangier. What is there to say to a youngster w[illegible] is going to America for the first time? No matter how you

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

Let BUDS do it!



Baby care . . . Use 100% Sterile BUDS for baby's most delicate cleansing needs. The soft cotton is tight-spun on the stick—won't slip off!



Blemishes . . . Use 100% Sterile BUDS to apply medication or make-up to special spots. Keep BUDS handy in the bath, bedroom, nursery.



Blister . . . Use 100% Sterile BUDS to treat delicate sores safely, easily. Tight-spun BUDS won't "fuzz up" in water or medication.



Cleaning ears . . . Use 100% Sterile BUDS to cleanse the ears or nose gently. Only the purest, finest cotton is used on BUDS.

100% STERILE

Made by the most trusted name in surgical products



Johnson & Johnson



From research comes TRUTH...

To determine the truth about speed of pain relief without stomach upset, three distinguished medical experts—one in a prominent eastern medical school...another in the medical department of a great mid-western university... and another whose work centers in several of New York's largest clinics—have conducted independent studies of Bayer Aspirin versus an aspirin with a 'buffer' added.

Since 1954, when the first in this long and penetrating research series began, these doctors have given thousands of doses of Bayer and the buffered aspirin to men and women actually suffering from pain—because this is the one final and absolute way of testing the value of pain relievers. And now, this vast research project is over. It confirms—overwhelmingly and undeniably—a truth we have known for years...

And the TRUTH is...

BAYER Brings Fastest Relief

the fastest, most gentle-to-the-stomach relief you can get!



MINOR PAINS OF RHEUMATISM? There's no need to let the minor pains of rheumatism or arthritis stop you from having fun with the youngsters. Just take Bayer Aspirin and you'll get temporary relief that's amazingly fast! Bayer also works with remarkable speed to relieve neuritic and neuralgic pain. And remember—the highest-quality, best-tasting aspirin you can give your youngsters is *Flavored, Children's-Size* Bayer Aspirin.



ACHING MUSCLES? When too much exercise brings on backache, or other muscular pains, Bayer Aspirin will make you feel better fast! This is because a Bayer tablet disintegrates *on its way* to the stomach. Thus Bayer—unlike pain relieving tablets which are still whole when they enter the stomach—is ready to go to work *instantly*, without delay, to relieve pain. Remember—for many kinds of pain or ache, Bayer is what millions take!

FEEL BETTER FAST—with BAYER® ASPIRIN

ASK YOUR DEALER

why Extra Strength of

STEEL

Wire Insulators

give you

Longer Lasting Comfort

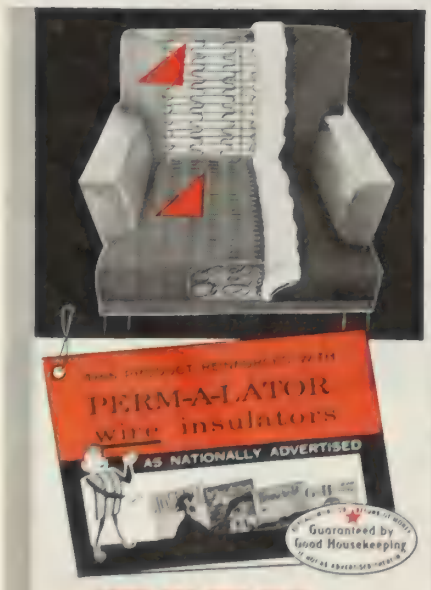


IN MATTRESSES...

Expect more when you buy a mattress built with stronger steel *wire* insulators. Perm-A-Lator *wire* insulators give you soft surface cushioning that lets you sleep, plus firm head-to-toe support that really lets you rest. No more "coil-feel" ever — with *wire* insulators. Your mattresses always stay smooth and comfortable . . . permanently!

IN FURNITURE...

Perm-A-Lator steel *wire* insulators insure neater tailoring that stays smooth and comfortable years longer. Tests prove *wire* insulators last 2½ times longer than ordinary insulators. Before you buy, test for "coil-feel." You'll never find it in furniture built with stronger steel *wire* insulators.



LOOK FOR THIS TAG! . . .
Your GUARANTEE of no "coil-feel"

FLEX-O-LATORS, INC., Carthage, Mo.
New Castle, Pa. • Carthage, Mo. • High Point, N. C.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170

describe it, he will find it completely different in his own eyes. The ship I had found was one that had just recently added Tangier as a port of call and its schedule was rather haphazard. When we inquired at the shipping office if it had arrived, the clerk went to the window that overlooked the Bay of Tangier, whipped up a pair of binoculars and peered out, gyrating slowly to take in the full sweep of the bay.

"Nope, don't see any sign of her, but you can't be sure—better go down to the dock and take a closer look."

He wrote the name of the ship on a piece of scrap paper and Pepe and I went down to the dock. We asked several loiterers if they had seen our ship, describing it to them as "this long, and painted battleship gray." No one had seen her. I was anxious.

"We can't afford to miss her—not now," I said.

We hired one of the grubby little rowboats that scuttle beside the Tangier docks looking for tourists, and we went slowly rowing around the harbor among the ships which were anchored there, looking from close range at all their names.

Pepe began to laugh. "It seems a funny way to go to America, doesn't it? Rowing around the harbor trying to find your ship!"

"The manner couldn't matter less," I told him, thinking of the thousands of now prominent Americans who had entered just as ignobly.

There was the loud hoot of a new arrival and we turned to see our ship steam slowly into the bay. As soon as her ladder was down, we climbed aboard and settled Pepe into his cabin.

As we were leaving the cabin, Pepe clapped a hand over his mouth. "The police! *Dios mio!* The police! I have forgotten to notify them that I was leaving."

"Well, never mind now. I shall do it when I get back to shore," I told him, although it seemed to me that the police could be a touch sharper and notice for themselves that a citizen was departing.

The steward of the ship spoke Spanish, which assured Pepe at least of getting his meals. His cabin mate was an American. "Try to learn a few words of English on the boat," I advised him. There had been no time for lessons on the farm that summer. "And learn everything else you possibly can—Morocco needs it."

We shook hands briefly. I climbed down the ladder and my patient Arab rowboat captain rowed me to shore again. When the ship pulled out of the bay, bound for America, I could see Pepe standing at the rail, a lone figure, setting out on a big adventure, and I waved to him for courage. Pepe waved back. I am not sure, still, who was encouraging whom.

Another piece of unfinished business was the matter of little Manolo's education. It did not depend upon me, as Pepe's trip had, so much as it depended upon the mother superior in the Red Cross hospital in Larache. With my time grown short, I had asked to see her.

We sat together in her parlor, dimmed from the sun's hot beat by drawn curtains, and discussed the small Manolo. He had continued to develop well that summer. He no longer objected to having his hair cut on Haircut Day and he took his evening bath with simulated relish. He learned to read very capably, and he often read the nightly bedtime story in my stead. His writing improved remarkably and he worked hard at his drawing, which he liked the most, and even painted some. His patience with the littler boys was endless and he helped Jay carefully with his Arabic vocabulary. He ceased swearing altogether; not only just in front of me, but for all occasions. His face filled out and he added an inch to his height. All round, I considered that motherless Manolo was making progress and that the progress should be continued when I had gone away.

The mother superior held the key to Manolo's future because she chose the candidates for a free school which the Catholic Church operated in Spanish Morocco. It was really only for orphans, but in extreme cases they would accept boys with a parent still living. I wanted the mother superior to choose Manolo, but she vacillated; she had many other commitments.

"His reading and writing have improved in a remarkable way," I pointed out to her, hitching myself forward on the chair.

"He has always written well," she answered. "We were the first to teach him, you know."

Manolo had suffered a bout of malaria in the Red Cross clinic and the sisters had kept him for some weeks, taking special interest in his instruction.

"That is all the more reason why you should continue," I hastened to say.

Suddenly she tired of the whole thing and stood up, her gray skirts swishing gracefully around her ankles, one waxlike hand clasping her crucifix. "There will be a place for Manolo in the school this fall," she announced. "Send his father in to talk to me and see that the boy has some clothes to bring with him."

I was so pleased that I couldn't find the words to thank her. I had dreaded leaving Manolo on his own. It was the same feeling I had toward all the things I had started on the Lukus farm: the dormitory, the dining room, the club, the layettes, the distribution of used clothing; not only these material improvements, but the undefinable spirit of good will that had sprung up among the people. I felt that we had gained some hard-fought ground through the summer months and that, in my winter's absence, there was the danger that it might be lost again. I felt that having shown these people the way, it was almost my duty to help them stay on that course, and in going away, as I had to, I was deserting them.

In order to show them all that I was not really deserting, that my absence was only temporary and that, soon enough, I would be there again to continue our battles, I went around those last days saying, "I'll be back in the spring." To the timid ones it was a promise and to others—to Rafols, for instance—it was meant to be a threat.

And about my failures—the many things I had attempted and been refused—I felt temporarily set back, but not defeated. Spring would come soon and I would be back to try again.

I opened my eyes to see Gomendio towering over me, legs apart, hands on hips, with an astonished look on his face.

"What are you doing asleep here in this ditch? I have been driving all over the *parcela* in my jeep looking for you and just as I am about to give up, here you are, sound asleep in a ditch."

I sat up slowly, retrieved my black jacket from where it had been serving as a pillow and began brushing the grass out of it.

"No wind down here," I explained, looking up into his face. "I was tired from being out in this field since dawn. And cold." I shivered a little. Now that I was awake, I felt the cold again. I put my arms into the sleeves of the jacket, zipped it up the front and pulled the collar around my ears. "What can I do for you, anyway? Do you want to see the remains of the corn in the field—in Parcel Forty-four? Remember when you assigned me that nasty little parcel? It gave us lots of trouble—Marron and me—but the results have not been too bad. Shall we look at it?"

Gomendio hesitated. "I want to talk to you alone."

I looked at the sweep of fields bare in all four directions, bare of rice, bare of cotton and almost bare of corn. "We couldn't be more alone," I offered cheerfully, "except in the Sahara. Let's look at Forty-four." I climbed into the jeep and Gomendio took the wheel. We jounced past a mile or two of broken cornstalks. I studied them avidly.

"You never get tired of the corn, do you?" Gomendio said, watching me from the corner of his eye, but he plainly had something more to say, and it was hard for him to begin. His hands moved nervously up and down the steering wheel. He cleared his throat several times.

"You will make a lot of money this year, Betty," he began brightly.

"So will you," I rejoined quickly. "Everybody will be rich."

It was true. We had a lot of corn between us. The British Food Ministry had been so impressed with the sample we had sent them they had cabled their acceptance of the entire crop at a good price. We would both make a considerable profit.

"Yes." Gomendio added lamely, "It has been a good year for all the crops."

"Was that what you drove out to discuss with me, Gomendio? The condition of the crops? The price of corn?"

"No. No, of course it wasn't." He jammed on the brakes impatiently, stopping the jeep with an abrupt jerk. He yanked open the door and stepped out onto the narrow road; I stepped down too. I was determined to cooperate.

Gomendio had turned and was leaning over the fender of the jeep, his hands folded together on the hood. The corn rose up behind him, dwarfing his bulky height. Corn does that to anyone, no matter how big. He looked into my eyes for a moment, sadly, and then he lowered his eyes to study his hands.

"There is no easy way to tell you anything, Betty. You always want it hard, square between the eyes. I had hoped you would understand my mission, had hoped you would meet me halfway."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174



"Mommy ordered a tomato surprise once when she was a little girl and she was very disappointed."

NuSoft® Fabric Softener

makes all wash luxury-soft and fluffy



It's modern magic! A new wonder rinse that actually puts back the softness today's washing agents take out! Towels, bath mats, blankets fluff up like clouds. Muslin sheets are smooth—almost like percale. Socks and jeans —all back-to-school clothes— have an easy, comfortable feel. And corduroys? Wrinkle-free!

Ironing time cut in half
Most flatwork needs *no* ironing. Just fold and put away. Other pieces come out so wrinkle-free with NuSoft— your iron seems to fly!

No more "clingy" slips
Static electricity disappears after a NuSoft rinse! And NuSoft is economical! Just one bottle capful in the final clear rinse—for a full load of fluffy wash. NuSoft goes twice as far because it's *concentrated*. Handy pint bottle does 16 average loads. Use NuSoft in any type of machine—whether you dry indoors or out!



SPECIAL OFFER! 4-PIECE SCARF SET



Regular value $2.98 **$1.00** *plus NuSoft label*

ONE...32-inch square scarf in stunning new fall designs—printed in brilliant colors on beautiful silk-blend fabric. A smart accessory for your fall suit...a cummerbund...or a flattering head-scarf!

THREE...17-inch squares of pure silk, in handsome related patterns and hues. Wonderful for sports — for the sweater set — for back-to-school gifts!

Order several sets! Just send $1 plus NuSoft label for each 4-piece Scarf Set you wish. Offer good in continental United States only. Expires December 31, 1957.

ORDER NOW!

Mail to NuSoft Scarves, P.O. Box 390, New York 46, N. Y.

Please send me___4-piece Scarf Set(s). I enclose $1 and the front label from a bottle of NuSoft Fabric Softener Rinse for each set. (Allow 4 weeks for delivery).

Name_____

Street and No._____

City_____ Zone___ State_____

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 172

"That is the way I prefer things—straight," I said quietly.

"Very well," he said slowly but firmly. "What I have to say is simply this: we don't want you on the Lukus farm any more." He stopped, but he did not raise his eyes.

I put my hand up to my throat instinctively with his first words. It was as if he had reached across the jeep and struck me with the full strength of his hand. I withdrew my fingers quickly and composed my face. Still he did not look up. He was waiting for me to speak.

"Who is 'we'?" I asked. "The board of directors?"

"No, Betty, not the board of directors—the people here."

"You mean the men I work with? Their wives? The little children?"

Gomendio glanced up impatiently and looked away again. "Of course not. You know who I mean. The Spanish women in town, for example; they feel you have taken over too much. They feel ——"

"The women in town don't know if I am here or in Madrid," I interrupted sharply. "No, it is not the women."

"Well, the rest of us, then," Gomendio began again.

"You mean Rafols wants me to leave?" I asked.

"No, not Rafols alone."

"Then it is you, Gomendio. You want me to leave. Yes?"

"All right, Betty," he burst out crossly. "If you want all the details, I want you to leave, yes."

"Why? Why? Why? What have I done wrong? Who have I hurt?" I waved my arms around dramatically and my voice rose.

"It is not exactly that you have done anything wrong, Betty, it is that you want to do things differently. You want to do everything the way you do it in America; all these democratic ideas of yours—they just won't work here because the people are not educated enough. Besides that, you attract too much attention. All of Morocco is watching you, commenting on every new thing you do. You want to change everything around. You upset everyone. You ——"

I slammed my fist down on the hood of the jeep. "That's not fair! Many times I am right and you are wrong."

"Let me explain. You could stay here, Betty, and do what you want in a small, unobtrusive way; you could have your little club and your dormitory and your movies every two weeks, the people would be happy and no harm would be caused. But no, for you that is not good enough—you take the club and the dormitory today, but it is only a steppingstone for you; your eye is on tomorrow and tomorrow you want something more and the next day more until every laborer in The Lukus has the same material things and the same rights as I have and you prove finally that we are all equal.

H H H H H H

A friend is one who is as willing to help you when you need it as when you do not. STUART W. KNIGHT
Ginger: 4/16

H H H H H H

"Well, I don't happen to believe that, Betty. You can't tell me that some black-skinned Arab squatting on his haunches in a *chozo* is as good as I am and deserves to have the same rights. I don't believe it, and as long as you do believe it and keep insisting on proving it here, we can never agree."

"Be practical, Gomendio. What I want is only a way of life that is bound to come to Morocco someday, as surely as we are standing here. And I am not insisting that I have to be the one to do it. In fact, I prefer if you do it yourself—I want you to do it."

Gomendio shook his head hopelessly. "Don't you see? What you want is a miniature United States of America here in the heart of Morocco, and that is the only thing you will settle for. You will go hammering away until you get what you want."

"Well, all right, Gomendio, make a little America here in Morocco. What have you got to lose? Time? You have lived your life already. Money? You have more money than you could spend in three lifetimes. Why don't you do this for Morocco—help to start a new kind of life where the Spanish laborers live a little more like humans and the Arabs have some rights too? Of all the Spaniards in Morocco, you are the one with a chance to be remembered for something worth while, and you stand there telling me to go away!"

Gomendio stopped looking at his hands. He raised his eyes and they were troubled. Troubled, and very sad.

"Every word you say may be true, Betty. Morocco will probably be free the way India is finally free. Someday. But have you ever looked at it from my point of view? I am a Spaniard. Suppose I do what you say in a great burst of democracy? Suppose the Spaniards who control Morocco do not want it that way at all—and you know that they certainly do not—where would I be? I'll tell you—I'd be an old man with no place to go and all my life's work a ruin. And don't think the Arabs would thank me either."

"Ah—fear," I said. "It is something else—if you are afraid. What are you afraid of? Your reputation? What people will say? Your money? Don't you have enough yet? Or you haven't lived long enough—you want some more years, and peaceful ones."

Gomendio's face clouded over with anger. "I should slap you across the face! It is all true, what you say, but you make it sound dishonest and cowardly and somehow unclean. What I am doing is what any Spaniard would do in my place."

"That's right," I nodded my head vigorously. "It is exactly what any Spaniard would do in your place and you are exactly that. Not a great man with great potentials—just a little man playing it safe—any Spaniard."

He rejected all this as coldly as he could. "We are a thousand miles apart in the way we think. We could stand here forever arguing and neither of us would change. Twenty years ago I might have listened to what you are saying, might have tried it even; I don't know. Now I know it is too late.

"The Lukus is mine, Betty. It belongs to Gomendio, not to you. You act as if it were all yours; everyone is calling it 'The Señora Betty's farm,' 'The farm of the *señora Americana*.' Well, it is damned well not yours!" His voice rose strongly. "It's mine!"

Gomendio looked out over the acres that had recently bulged with their offerings of corn and cotton and rice. His snapping eyes softened a little and he made a motion with his hands as if he were caressing the land.

"I know every inch of this land, Betty. Since I was a young man I have tramped these swamps, driven the machines that have shaped these parcels, seen luxurious growth rise up out of nothing. All my hopes, all my aspirations begin here. True, I am older now and I don't go galloping through the ditches the way you do, but I don't need to either. I have served my time. I want a peaceful old age, and a quiet one. It is my right for the years I have worked. With you there is nothing but change and more change and too much action. And who knows if the end will be good?"

Gomendio put his straw hat back on his head. It was all over. Already the sun had touched the horizon, spreading dull red, and the corn was throwing a long, gray, eerie shadow. Gomendio climbed into the jeep, leaned across the seat and wrenched open the door at my side.

I got in. There was nothing else to do. As we jostled over the dirt road toward Nemsah I tried to strangle a sob. Gomendio's knuckles whitened around the steering wheel.

"I have never seen you cry, Betty. I describe you always to all my friends as a pillar of strength, meeting whatever comes imperturbably. The Lukus means more to me than it



does to you; remember that. I am going to keep on looking straight ahead, and when we arrive at Nemsah I hope I can go on thinking that you never cry."

In Nemsah I got out of the jeep without waiting for Gomendio to open the door, but he hurried out and blocked the way as I entered my gate.

"Will you shake hands with me, please?" he asked solemnly.

I hesitated a moment. "No, not tonight. I don't know if we are still friends. Perhaps you've betrayed me. I'll have to have some time to think."

I recognized that Gomendio was right: I could not compromise. He was sincere when he said I could have continued working on the Lukus farm in a modest way, if I were willing not to interfere with the established methods of doing things and with the way of life. When I thought this over carefully, I realized that I could never accept those conditions. If I did accept them, it would mean I had given my tacit consent to them, and this I would never be willing to do.

So I would leave, as Gomendio had asked me, without any protest. And I would shake hands with him and we would remain social friends. It would be an empty, pointless friendship. I would leave, but I would not be leaving entirely; something of me would stay behind in Morocco and spread itself out, I felt, over the years to come.

To begin with, there was the hybrid corn. Everyone had seen what a tremendous improvement hybrid-corn seed was over ordinary seed; it had resulted in almost doubling the grain they could expect to harvest from each *hectaria* of land in Morocco. I had the satisfaction of knowing that never again would ordinary corn seed be planted on the Lukus farm, and eventually this practice would spread through all Spanish Morocco. In that manner, even the most remote Arab would feel the difference: for every ear of corn he had harvested previously, he could now harvest two. He could raise twice as much stock on that grain or he would have twice as much grain to sell in the market on Wednesdays.

The soil-testing practices and the irrigation by portable aluminum pipes were also there in Morocco to stay and to grow into custom.

The idea, at least, of permanent pasture and of rich grasslands had been accepted on The Lukus and in other years it could be developed with success.

In Adir, the dormitory would remain standing in spite of my absence, and the new dining room-kitchen would be completed and occupied with pleasure, although I would never go there again to see it. I regretted missing the smile that would wreath Manolo's face when he could cut his doughnuts on an ample, white marble counter.

The club would survive, too, and grow in all directions as the men became accustomed to having a place of recreation that belonged just to them. I could help the club out from Madrid by continuing to send magazines and books, and I could still cut out the layettes and send those to Emilio for distribution. Emilio could also take care of passing around the clothing my mother collected. So these services could survive without my presence in The Lukus Company.

All my new friendships would have to be ended; for Marron was no man to write letters. He would write to me occasionally, I knew, but he could never put into words what he was feeling, and what would he have to say to me, a *señora* living in Madrid? And what would I have, then, to say to him?

There were a hundred things; they slid through my mind, one after the other. Some of them brought a smile, some of them made me sad. I felt I would never have the spirit to enter such an overwhelming project again; I would have to find, instead, some gentler outlet.



But in the final sum, I could not be discouraged, nor could I feel that I had given my heart and my energy in vain, because I knew that I was leaving so much that was good behind me.

When you say good-by to a place for the last time, you remember everything clearly. Such as pushing open the tired screen door of my house that last morning and remembering the way it still stuck at the bottom. It will always stick at the bottom. And thinking idly, as I had a hundred times before, that I must get Vicente to plane it down a little. He never will plane it down a little. The cool feel through my boots of the red tiles that make up the porch floor, cool still from the quiet morning shower, although the sun was already warm on my face. The look of an Arab woman, padding gracefully down the sandy road, her spotless haik hiding everything except her black eyes and her broad bare feet; she with a two-foot-long monkey wrench balanced absurdly across the top of her head, on her leisurely, timeless way to a tractor miles away. The feel of the saddle under me and of gawky, bony Quimera under the saddle. The way the sand crumbled away from her hoofs and the glistening darkness of the orange leaves with the raindrops not yet evaporated in the sun. The last look of the yellow Caterpillar tractors crawling down their long brown rows, involved already in next season's problems. And the men, Arabs and Spaniards; the good ones and the bad ones, all saying *adiós* until next season and all of us knowing, really, that there would not be a next season for me.

When I came back to Nemsah from my last ride, my sons were tumbling out of the house and Pilar's shrill, far-carrying voice was demanding that they help get the luggage loaded into the station wagon. And my sons already were looking forward to celebrating Christmas in Madrid.

END

DON'T SHOP BLINDFOLDED



LOOK FOR THIS TAG!

It means moth-safe merchandise

Moths have no appetite for the *Mitin* tag. They know it means merchandise mothproofed so well that there's not a crumb left for a moth to eat.

You see, *Mitin* is dyed in the wool by the mill, permeates every last wool fibre. "Durably mothproofed with *Mitin*" means you never have to renew moth protection, store in mothproofing crystals or use any other kind of treatment against moth damage.

Mitin cannot be cleaned out, is safe for humans (even babies) and pets. You can't see, smell or feel it but you know *Mitin* is there when the moths don't bite. Say "Goodbye" to moths forever! Look for the *Mitin* tag when you shop. *Mitin* is the truly durable, non-toxic mothproofer made by Geigy Chemical Corporation, Ardsley, N. Y.

DURABLY MOTHPROOFED WITH MITIN®

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

USE-TESTED by McCall's



Over-Scale Ranch House Modern. Extra long 3-cushion sofa with King-Size mattress. In colorful, rugged tweeds. Approx. $329.50

New styles . . . new fabrics . . . new low prices

in SIMMONS FALL SHOWING of HIDE-A-BED® SOFAS

Custom-order the features you want at no extra cost— Don't miss the new Hide-A-Bed sofas, value-priced for savings now. There are literally hundreds of possible style, size and fabric combinations.

Pick and choose from over 200 tweeds, nylons, prints, linens, bouclés . . . over 50 distinctively detailed styles . . . full, apartment, loveseat and extra-wide sizes.

Then Simmons tailors a Hide-A-Bed sofa to your order—in as little as 3 weeks!

Only Simmons gives you all these advantages:

- Wider arm to arm—the full-size sofa is a full 65 inches.
- Super-comfort cushions—Beautyrest* (or foam rubber for slightly more).
- Exclusive seat design—lower height, comfortably sloped.
- Easy-opening mechanism—bed comes out in seconds, bedding stays in place.
- Famous full-length Simmons mattress—(or wonderful Beautyrest for slightly more).
- Exclusive all-steel sofa frame—(not just the bed frame!) for long, warp-proof wear.



Early American. Your choice of color-fast Provincial and Early American prints or tweeds. Approx. $299.50



English Wing Sofa. In a wide choice of Early American tweeds and prints. From $299.50 depending upon choice of fabric and tailoring.

ONLY *Simmons* MAKES *Hide-A-Bed* SOFA



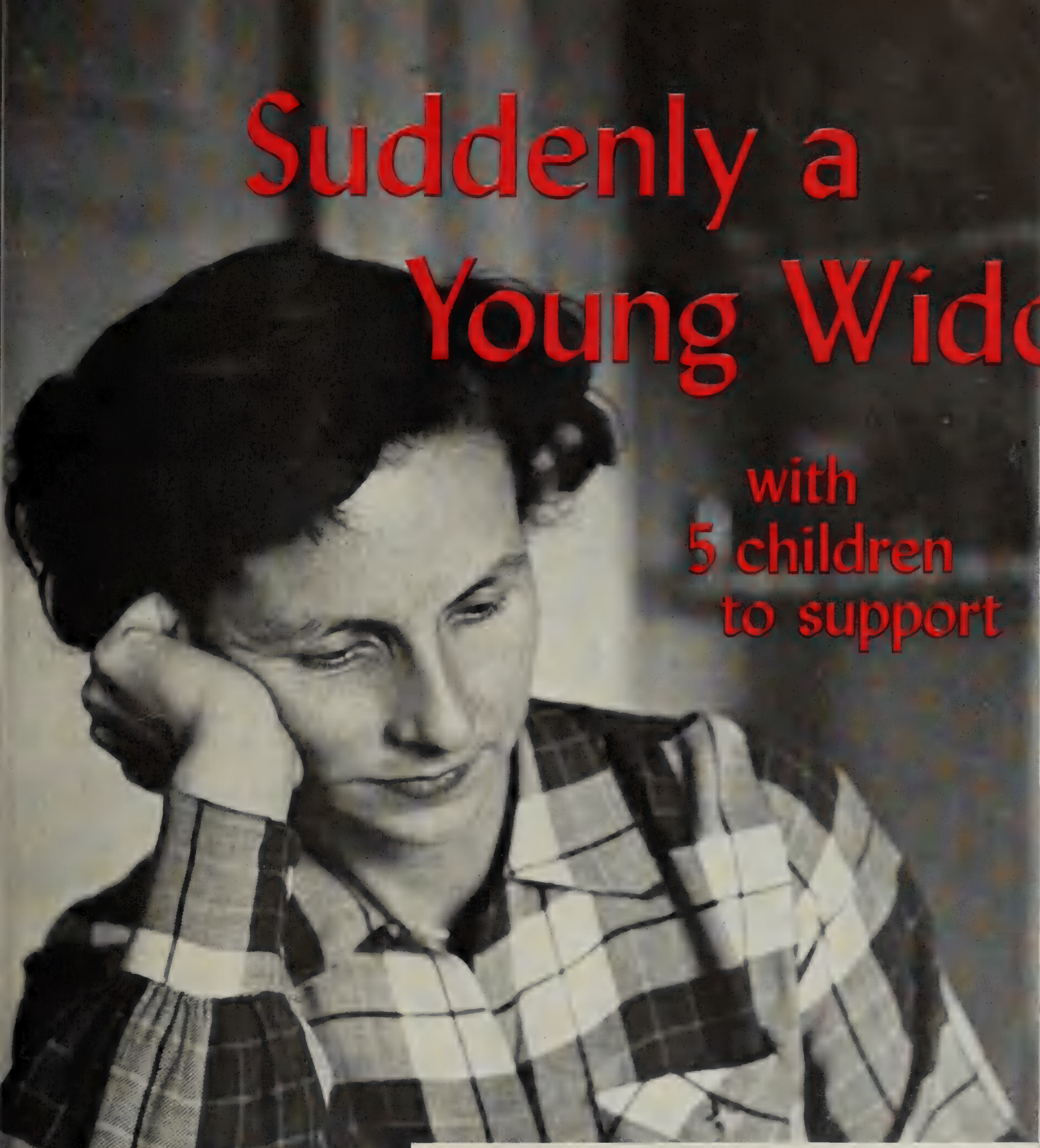
Look! It opens to a full-size bed, comfortable for two!

See all the famous SIMMONS CONVERTIBLES at your favorite store, $89.50 to $495.00 —CONVENIENT TERMS

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copr. 1957 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Suddenly a Young Widow

with 5 children to support





Judy, high school



Jacquie, 5th grade



Donnie, 4th grade



Connie, 2nd grade



Peggy, the baby

Fern, at 35, had never held a job. Suddenly she had to be mother-father-breadwinner. Triple life takes a heavy toll.

By EILEEN SHARPE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUS BUNDY

Fern Morlang has been dazed for over a year and a half. She tries not to show it in front of the children. Occasionally she takes out of its cardboard carton the last gift her husband gave her, a 400-day Black Forest glass clock. It doesn't work. Herb had said, "We'll adjust it as soon as we find a permanent place to live." He never had time to.

Herb was 36 and in the prime of life when he sat down in his easy chair one evening after dinner, rustled open his newspaper, and his sigh of contentment became a strangled call for help. Fern ran from the kitchen, and at his stricken look helped him to the couch. He barely had time to tell her of the pain that had flashed at the back of his head and down his neck, when he lapsed into a coma. It took only about ten minutes for the local ambulance to arrive. Herb never regained consciousness during the night at the hospital with his wife at his side. At 5:30 the next morning, February 8, 1956, slightly before dawn woke the sleeping town of Fallon, Nevada, Fern was a widow after having been a wife for sixteen years. Cerebral hemorrhage had struck without warning.

She can never reconstruct the days that followed. Pain, fear and disbelief blurred them mercifully. Voices reached her ears, she stood at the local veterans' plot, heard taps played by Legionnaires in uniform, was handed a folded American flag she took home and put in a dresser drawer, to discover it there, with no conscious memory, months later. The morning she left the hospital she had called her sister-in-law,



Old house rents for $40 a month. Fern is grateful for it after previous house near tracks. The street here is lighted, the children safe. While she works they shepherd one another, watching over Peggy. Donnie carries door key for all. After school, he will try, with his sisters, to put up old fence that toppled.

Fern rises at 6:45 when she works, wakes the children at 7, has them off to school at 8, is at her own job by 9 A.M. Meanwhile she has made breakfast, laundered, helped pack school lunch boxes, straightened house, and dropped Peggy off at baby sitter's on her walk to the Lariat Motel. Strain is heavy. Gains are few. "I don't think I'll be able to make it work for the next 15 years."



Judy is in charge of the $25-a-week food money and cooks on weekends while her mother works. Connie is the dish dryer, is also learning how to spend for "filling" foods. Jacquie "our domestic one" does most of the ironing. Son Donnie is free of kitchen duty because all the heavy chores are his.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

To take a job at $35 a week, she has to pay $6 for baby care, leave four children on their own.

Esther Sutterfield, who lived half a mile out of town, her own parents in North Dakota, and Herb's father who was temporarily renting a house in Fallon and looking for work. Then she had gone home numbed and made breakfast for the children.

The relatives had taken care of details her mind refused to accept. The men, low-voiced, had pooled money, shaking heads worriedly over the less than $300 left of the $2000 nest egg Herb had brought to Fallon five months before. The women had whispered and spoken into phones and dressed the children for a trip in the car of a prosperous local rancher whose wife had sympathetically offered to take them for a week.

Fern was dimly aware of bills being paid for her, of envelopes of $5 and $10 bills being pressed on her by relatives with work-worn hands. Everyone tried to help. And none of them, Fern knew, had an income that could suddenly take care of six dependents. All lived in crowded quarters on inadequate budgets. Her father and mother, retired from a struggling farm, had little security. Herb's father, who had spent his middle life farming in North Dakota, was looking for laboring jobs. In her overturned life, Fern was left with the fact that the future of her children would depend on her alone. She had never held a job.

"But I couldn't think then," she remembers. "I knew women worked, and I was sure I could. I was young enough to" (she was 35). With gratitude after troubled family conferences she had thanked her relatives, assured them she would solve her problems, and tried to pick up the pieces of her life.

The children were comfortingly back with her now, in the bulging little two-bedroom house on a side road behind the main highway. It was the temporary home Herb had rented when they moved to town, but even its $65 rent had become a luxury. From now on she would have to breadwin for five—dark-eyed Judy, 14; plump Jacquie, 9; Donnie, who at 8 walked close to his mother's side and squared vulnerably young shoulders; 6-year-old Connie, whose gap-toothed smile of little girlhood had closed soberly; and 14-month-old Peggy, who looked bafflledly upward from face to face.

There was no backlog of any kind. Herb's G.I. insurance had lapsed, he had sacrificed his retirement pension when he left the Government job he had held for ten years. As Fern took stock—a slim and troubled figure in size 10 house dress, blue eyes frightened, voice low, brown hair wisping distractedly—she knew she would try first of all to keep panic from reaching the children. She would begin by cutting bills, one at a time.





Donnie mends porch, nails up fallen screens, repairs doorknobs—"we all rely on him." He gets A's in school, is soberly scientific. The girls will skimp, hoping he can have a full college education.



After school: more work. Fern and Herb used to take children picnicking in California. Life is different in Nevada. But sometimes neighbor Sam Higginbotham takes them riding to see bottomless Soda Lake, big Lahontan Dam or vast desert. Typical road sign: "Next sandwich stop—68 miles."



Little Peggy clowns to make the family laugh. At meals, when they bow heads in prayer, she lifts up tablecloth to see what they're looking down at. Only a frown from Fern stops her giggling. "She's a handful to dress," but Jacquie blocks a somersault.

All the "father's jobs" await Fern's return.

Sometimes, even with Donnie's help, big repairs are difficult.

Her mind was working slowly. First there was the 1950 car to turn back to the finance company, the phone to be taken out. The washer and refrigerator Herb had bought when they came to Fallon would have to be kept, even at worrisome installments of $18 a month—she could not do without them. A cheaper house would have to be found. With Donnie at her side she hunted lodgings, found a dilapidated house near the railroad tracks on the edge of town, almost in the shadow of a barren slope called Rattlesnake Hill, and took it because it cost only $45 a month. The local furniture store rented her a van and forgot to send a bill. The town of 2500 had lately grown as laborers like Herb came to work on an expanding naval air base. Only a few native residents heard of her difficulty, helped where they could. "I didn't know anyone personally," Fern realized. "I always used to stay home taking care of the children and I never knew how to get acquainted easily." For a while, she thought, in the strange new house, she would live from day to day—postponing the problems.

A man from the Social Security agency had called at the house on his monthly day in town and asked her to fill out a form for survivors' insurance, although he couldn't tell her what the sum would come to. "I'm a legman," he explained. The forms would go to Kansas City to be processed and in three months she would have an answer. In three months, Fern thought, she would have a job too. Job and check should see her through.

The truth came slowly. Women did work, but there were few jobs for unskilled women of 35 with babies to care for. Waitress jobs were filled. Industry was nonexistent in the small agricultural town, job openings limited to able-bodied men who could work in heavy building trades. A 9-to-5 job was impossible while the children needed her. Domestic work at $1 an hour or less was unavailable to a woman who could work only late in the day or evenings, when 14-year-old Judy was home to take care of the baby. And in no case could she begin to support six people on part-time earnings.

"I wish we could do something for you," Nevada state-welfare representative Robert Keiffer had told her worriedly, calling on her after hearing of Herb's death. "I know what a spot you're in. But you have to be a state



Old portable sewing machine, bought used for $22, has refused to work for months. Only repair spot is Reno, 63 miles away. Since Fern can't get there without a car, Donnie tries to decide what parts to send for. If he can fix it, Fern can save money by making some children's clothes, altering others.



Fern conquered shyness to talk to government agencies, found little hope. County had no funds. She was ineligible for veterans' pension. State Aid to Dependent Children is cut low if she works. Social Security payment is inadequate because her husband was not regularly covered in his occupations.

resident for a year before we can help. Can you hold out five more months?" It would take that long to establish residence, make her eligible for help that was never a specific figure in her mind.

In March, the shelves were far from filled. But some money came from Herb's brother-in-law Ed, some from Herb's father who had found a job in California, some from her own parents in North Dakota. It all helped buy oatmeal, noodles, soup greens and hamburger for the children's meals.

The peril of her situation had begun to close in on her now. Fern knew little about business—"or life, even." She essays a timid joke as she talks now, to ease the drawn lines around her eyes. "Maybe it was because I was born on a farm in North Dakota—I was eighteen years old before I discovered you could buy shoes anywhere except in a catalogue." It had been a simple world where a woman married, followed her husband, budgeted the food money, and trusted to the future. Suddenly, when Herb's big 5'7", 185-pound frame no longer bulked between his family and a world of strangers, Fern forced herself to conquer shyness and seek out strangers for the answers.

"First, I thought I could find an answer in California." Her in-laws in town took care of the children while Fern went back to Vallejo, where she and Herb had lived for ten years. "I stayed with Herb's sister Gerda out there and tried to find out about laws." Neighbors had asked, in surprise, "But isn't there some kind of widow's aid?" It had such a familiar ring, Fern thought there must be if she simply looked in the right place. No one seemed to know where to look. The local American Legion post thought she ought to write to the state office or the Veterans Administration in Washington, but no answers had come. But her most overwhelming confusion at the time, which she had just begun to grasp, was that she was "stateless," a resident of nowhere because in July, 1955, Herb had moved his whole family over the California-Nevada border to look for a new job.

"All I could think of was writing to the President," but she rejected the idea, sure her efforts would turn up answers. In California she had paused again, not knowing where to look. "Then I suddenly thought—if anybody knew about laws and could explain them it would be the district attorney," and she went to see him. He was courteous but regretful, made an appointment for her at the California welfare office. "The woman there asked me to fill out a form, and after I'd filled it all out she looked it over and said that to get welfare help we'd have to live in California for a year. I'd CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

HOW AMERICA LIVES

It has been a run-around of filling out government welfare forms. But you can't feed children on paper.



First Baptist Church is one pillar of security and friendship in town. All five children take one another to Sunday school there. Fern lacks time for church activities, can't join groups or entertain. But lately, "feeling so terribly alone," she began attending services while out of work.

What's new? Kraft Catalina!

A spicy-sweet French Dressing
with just a whisper of garlic...and
tomato-y thick, so it clings to the greens



TRY CATALINA THIS WAY:
Line a bowl with romaine and fill it with shredded head lettuce and bite-size pieces of curly endive. Add radish slices, onion rings, and cauliflower florets. Make a ring of peeled tomato wedges on top and fill with more cauliflower florets; sprinkle with chopped chives. Toss with spicy-sweet Catalina. Marvelous!

Spicy-sweet and tomato-y thick. Grand on hot vegetables, too!

fresh-ground spices sealed in fresh-pressed oil

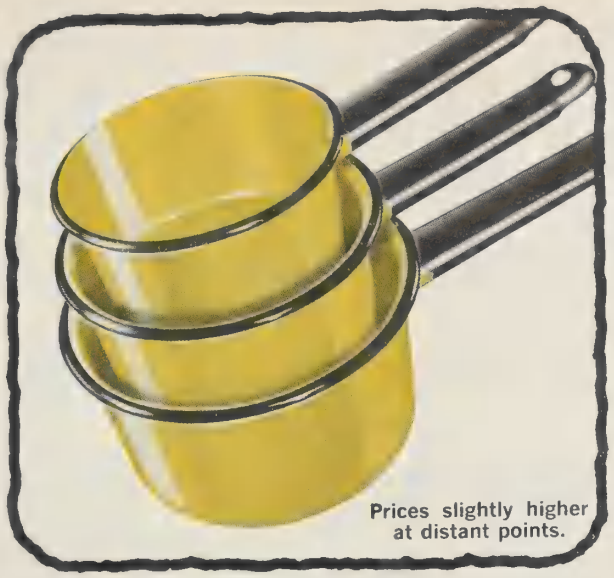
Variety is the spice of a salad!



NOW! for only $1.19

(regular price $1.75)

3-piece

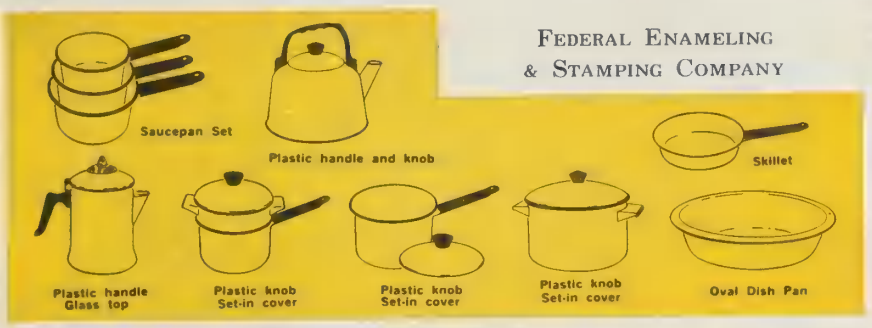


Prices slightly higher at distant points.

LEMON-YELLOW saucepan set

WHAT A SIMPLE WAY to brighten your kitchen! FEDERAL offers you three saucepans in lemon-yellow porcelain enamel—durable, sanitary, easy to clean. These 5/8-qt., 1-qt., and 1½-qt. saucepans are priced so low (just $1.19 for the entire 3-piece set!), that you'll want to get several sets. See them for a limited time only at leading chain, variety, hardware and department stores. Also available in Vogue white–red trim.

FEDERAL ENAMELING & STAMPING COMPANY





MORE PEOPLE USE Sugarine®

SWEETER THAN SUGAR YET NO FOOD VALUE

Doctors recommend Sugarine for diabetics, overweights, lo-calorie diets. Pure, Harmless, Economical.

GUARANTEED NON-FATTENING 4 OZ.—75¢

AT FOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

MONEY...

In Your Spare Time

Spare-time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
239 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

Thick Rich BROADLOOM Why Pay More?



2 Rugs in 1
Use both sides. Double the wear! Each sq. yd. weighs 3¾ lbs.

SAVE UP TO ½ by Sending Your Old Rugs, Carpets, Clothing to the OLSON FACTORY

By the Famous Olson Process, we scientifically reclaim the valuable wools and materials in used carpets, rugs, clothing, etc., sterilize, merge, shred, bleach, picker, card and combine with choice New Wools, then redye, respin and weave into luxurious, new, Two-Sided Broadloom (almost ½ inch thick). Any size to 18 ft. wide, seamless, any length in a Week. Easy Monthly Payments.

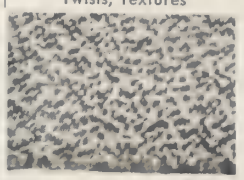
CHOICE of: Solid Colors, Tweeds, Embossed Effect, Early American, Tree Bark, Floral Scroll Ovals

Over 3 million customers. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Our 83rd year.

FREE Big, New, Money-Saving Book in Color—Model Rooms
Mail Coupon or Postcard

Your Name .....
Address .....
Town .....
State

Rich New TWEEDS, Twists, Textures



OLSON RUG CO. Dept. P-65
CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
2800 N. Crawford 15 W. 34th St. 209 Post Street

© ORC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 180

have to move the whole family back, wait a year, and after that they could help anybody in the family who was born in California" (the four youngest children were) "but she couldn't say how much it would be."

Fern had looked at California apartments—"they were $85 to $95 a month—I could never afford it." An unskilled job might bring her $50 a week. It would cost that much to hire a housekeeper if she took a full-time job. And there were scarcely enough funds now to keep the children fed and clothed, much less move six people across a state boundary. It would be better, then, to hold out four months in Nevada instead of twelve in California. More baffled, but feeling a stubbornness that surprised her, she went home to Fallon.

"It seemed as though the only thing I could do was give up the children, and I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't put them in a home or give them out for adoption even for a while, not after they'd lost their father." And a dim, flickering indignation began to grow in her. If there were funds for keeping children in an institution—she hadn't looked into it—there had to be a way children could be cared for by a mother of their own who was willing to work.

In April, she waited for May.

In May, her survivors' insurance check arrived. She opened the envelope with trembling fingers. There was a lump-sum death payment of $150. It would pay the overdue rent, she noted mechanically. And there was the first of her monthly payment checks. She puzzled over the sum. Herb, she was to learn later, because he had worked as a farm hand, spent four years in the Army, then become a Government worker, had not been regularly covered by the Social Security laws.

His widow would get $16.10 a month for her support, but only if she did not work. Holding a job would cut the benefit. Each of the children would get $11.80 a month for food, clothing, lodgings and all necessities.

"It was so bad I couldn't believe it." She was aghast at how much hope she had placed in the Government check. She sat at the kitchen table and cried bitterly then, for the first time in months. The children were at school. Only Peggy, at her mother's feet, burst into alarmed sobs. Stricken, Fern picked her up and washed both their faces. "The baby looked so frightened and she didn't even know of what. At least I knew." By the time the baby had been sung to and comforted and the children came home from school, a dry-eyed but drawn Fern was at the stove cooking the invariable pot of noodles that would be the children's supper. She would add browned hamburger, a can of tomato soup, a can of corn—"I've kept changing the vegetable for variety." Fortunately the children liked it and it filled the young bodies Fern tried to picture subsisting on less than $3 a week.

Judy, who bounded into the kitchen with long-legged awkwardness, was always a help. Glancing at her mother's face, she took the big spoon and apron from her, chattered determinedly about trivial things—"And, mother, Mike—he sits next to me—he says world history is utterly *boring* and he's ready to *drop* it." With big-sisterly authority she put a stack of plates into Jacquie's outstretched hands, spanked the blue-jeaned rear of Connie, who was standing and listening instead of putting out knives and forks. Donnie was free of housework. He did all the repairs for his mother, and, in fourth grade, had already begun to walk alone as the man of the house. It was he who carried the door key and kept his sisters from crossing streets against the lights. When they talked about the future, as they had timidly begun to, they had agreed that the girls would all try to finish high school and maybe Donnie could be sent to college. He had A marks, a knack for science, and they depended on him. Quiet and protective, Donnie had already saved his 25 cents a week allowance for eight weeks toward a tool chest he needed to put the house in shape for his mother.

But it was Fern herself one night who boarded up the sagging and broken windows of the old house in feverish fear. "There was no one thing that happened," but a steady trembling had begun to come over her. She no longer looked for a job, but stayed home at night in the old house on the black and lightless road. Vagrants wandered past from the tracks, calling to one another with loud shouts. The little girls had orders not to go out when their mother wasn't home. But Donnie, playing in the street one day, had been hit by two older boys with a piece of timber,

ABOUT THE "ADC" PROGRAM— AID TO DEPENDENT CHILDREN

- A provision to cover aid to dependent children now exists in all 48 states. Nevada was the last state to adopt it, in 1955. It is in all states a part of the Social Security program suggested by the Federal Government in the 1930's and taken up by states as they felt able to afford it. The name of the program and the amount of funds vary from state to state, but the program shares some characteristics in all states:

  —Its purpose is to help children live with a parent or relative when deprived of support by the death, incapacity, desertion or absence of the breadwinning member of the family.

  —In no case must the residence period required by a state be more than a year.

  —A welfare worker must visit the home to prove need and check data.

  —Aid must be available in all parts of the state.

  —Children are eligible up to age 18. (However, some states limit their coverage, stop payments at age 14 or 16, for example.)

- Low-income states have a higher percentage of children than high-income states. Federal aid helps equalize opportunities for all children, but the program is state-administered.

- All taxpayers support this program through Federal, state and (in some cases) local taxes. Altogether this program costs about 2/10 of a cent out of each dollar of national personal income.

- The state has to take into account, in determining need and amount of payment, any income the family has, including Social Security benefits. In general, states provide a level of living that includes only minimum essentials. The national average payment per person in a recent month was $25.92.

- Funds available vary. From time to time, Congress has increased the Federal share. Sometimes states vote an increase or decrease of their own appropriations. Aid to children is not a constant sum. Available funds affect the amount of payments, as do other factors.

a cruel head blow that had taken five stitches and $33 to repair at the local hospital. If she were ever to hold a job, Fern knew, she would have to move, somehow and somewhere. If she could fight the breakdown that threatened—hold out till July—make the relatives' checks do—she could see it through. At one desperate point she had visited the local county welfare office to see if they had emergency help toward the still-owed hospital bill. But their funds covered little. "I could only," Mrs. Selma Groth had told her troubledly, "give you a two-dollar order for groceries from time to time, or some old clothes, but we don't have the funds to get them cleaned after people give them to us." Fern had thanked her, pinning all hopes on the state check in July. She could move then to a safer neighborhood, leave the children alone during vacation, and hunt for summer work.

In July, everything happened. The tide turned. Big Ed Sutterfield, husband of Herb's sister, had been helping her hunt apartments in the housing-short town. A farmer and itinerant harvester, he worked part time on Fallon's neon-lined Main Street, in the Keystone Club owned by Darrell King. Over the ring of silver dollars racing through legal slot machines, the two men had talked of Fern's dilemma and found a temporary answer. "You tell Fern I have a house vacant—the one on West Williams Street—but the land's worth more than the house." King had been frank. "If she can make do with it, she can live there, and just forget about paying rent if she doesn't have it." Set on a street that was to be rezoned for business, the house had grown run-down but the land had been put up for sale. Gratefully, Fern moved to the cottage whose doors were warped with age, paint weathered away, steps replaced by planks leading from porch to bare earth. The house was old, but it stood on a main thoroughfare under street lights, companioned by fresh and landscaped bungalows, patrolled by police. It would be safe for the children.



THE TEDDY NADLERS

● $152,000 can pay off bills, buy a home and all-new furniture outright. "Wonderful," says Clara. But quiz champion Teddy growls, "At this rate we'll be broke in two years." He isn't sure it's so wonderful to be rich and

FAMOUS OVERNIGHT

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the November JOURNAL

She had scarcely settled in when help came from another quarter. Four blocks down the road, Sam and Beryl Higginbotham, who owned the Lariat Motel, created a job for her.

Lively-eyed Beryl had seen the children at play, noted their good manners, had glimpsed the young widow shopping with thin handbag in the pleasant neighborhood. Word of her story had traveled now, and Beryl called on her one day resolutely. "Sam and I could use a chambermaid to help us out at the motel. We could pay you $35, and if you started in the morning we could arrange your hours so you'd be home in the middle of the day. I don't think myself," she went on warmly, "you should have to leave your babies at *all*, but we heard you were having trouble." She remembers Fern's face startled with hope as she answered, "I can start any time you want me."

By nine the next morning, five months after Herb's death, Fern was on salary. Vacuuming and dusting each of the eighteen units after the overnight guests had sped away, changing linens, mitering bed corners, wheeling the big cleaning cart up the paveway, she was breadwinning for the first time in her life. Stopping in the central apartment off the motel lobby to join Beryl and gruffly kind Sam in a morning cup of coffee, she had found stanch and understanding friends. That night she bought a frying chicken on the way home from work, a loaf of gingerbread and a 65-cent quart of ice cream and the whole family celebrated her job. It was a feast—nobody had ice cream now except on birthdays. For Fern, July was the month when "the pain began to wear off." It was the month, too, her first check came from the Nevada welfare office, for $149. Thinking she was not eligible now that she had a job, she returned it with thanks. She was earning the same amount.

August sped. Nevada's silver dollars clinked heavily in her purse, but they spun out fast. When the school term started in September, she had to board the baby. By word of mouth she heard of teacher's wife Mrs. George Jurgens, Jr., who took in children for day care. Luckily the Jurgens cottage was a few blocks down the street on the way to the motel. Little Peggy could be dropped off in the morning, would be fed lunch there and kept until 2 P.M. for $1.50 a day, or $6 for four weekdays. Friday was Fern's day off. On Saturday and Sunday while she worked, the children would take care of one another and go off, all five, to First Baptist Sunday school, where even Peggy sat quiet under her brother's watchful eye. When all came home they would take off their "good" clothes, make lunch for one another, and wait for her.

But the double strain of being mother and breadwinner was thinning Fern to a steady exhaustion she had to fight after work. Everyone loyally did chores. Judy and Jacquie did the week's grocery marketing on their mile walk home from school each Friday, took a 50-cent taxi to bear the load of cartons and brown paper bags they couldn't carry. It worried the girls. Sometimes Judy, with $1.51 left of the grocery money, would have to choose between milk and bananas, spaghetti and soap. Jacquie had asked her mother gravely, "Couldn't we buy a car with the money we spend getting the food home?" Some stores delivered, but in the long run they cost more than the supermarket, and Fern would explain it while she penciled out price differences for her daughter. She knew to the penny.

By three in the afternoon, when she had finished at the motel, all her "mother's jobs" waited—teaching, cleaning, cooking, laundry (household linens Friday, clothes in the morning before work to be taken in from the line later), mending, ironing, supervising homework, drying tears. And after them came a father's jobs—the fallen-off doorknob to fix, the rusty screen to nail in place, the broken window to be repaired. She had to learn to change fuses—when she tried, sparks flew out and she had no idea where to look for the main power switch. The leaky faucet defied her when she tried to explain to a hardware store the parts or tools she needed to fix it. The broken chimney pipe in the kitchen took her a week of work as she replaced worn black elbows with shiny replacements she had carried home from Main Street, and the result made the children hilarious. Fern, standing back, laughed with them—"I was as exactly like the picture of the crooked house in the storybook Connie ran and brought me!" But there was work that defied her completely.

Ed Sutterfield came to help when he could. And Sam Higginbotham stood by on big repairs Donnie couldn't do—the washing machine that flooded the floor, the door that came loose from a hinge. When the ironing board collapsed under hard workouts by the two



"No sugar to add to this French Fudge Recipe"

Says Elsie, the Borden Cow

"It's easy to make super-smooth French Fudge with Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. "And Eagle Brand 'no-cook' sauces, salad dressings and desserts are always creamy and delicious!"

★ ★ ★

EAGLE BRAND FRENCH FUDGE

(Makes 1½ pounds)

1 (15-oz.) can Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 (6-oz.) packages semi-sweet chocolate pieces
1 square (1-oz.) unsweetened chocolate
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
⅛ teaspoon salt

Combine Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and chocolates in top of double boiler. Cook over rapidly boiling water 15 minutes. Remove from heat. Add vanilla and salt. Beat at medium speed with electric mixer or rotary beater 10 minutes. Spread in buttered 8-inch square pan. Chill in refrigerator for several hours. Cut into squares.



For 100 years folks have been saying, "If it's Borden's it's got to be good!"

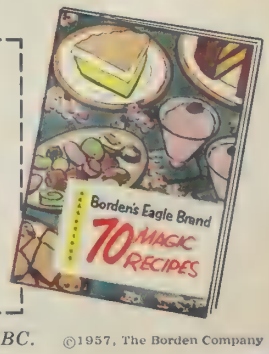
Milk • Fine Cheeses
Ice Cream • Starlac

Borden's

FREE RECIPE BOOK
THE BORDEN COMPANY
Dept. V-7, Box 171, New York 46, N. Y.

Please send me Elsie's free 28-page recipe book, Borden's Eagle Brand 70 Magic Recipes.

NAME_____
STREET_____
CITY_____ STATE_____



See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice" and "Fury" over NBC. ©1957, The Borden Company

older girls, Sam dropped in to resolder it and Jacquie leaned her dark young head close to his to whisper conspiratorially, "Don't hurry with it, Sam—it's *my* week to iron." Whenever a man's big laugh rang out in the house now the whole family stopped and turned to it and even small Peggy came racing in to the unexpected sound.

But on ordinary work-filled evenings, with hours scarce, Fern grew weary. The broken sewing machine stood in a corner while she mended by hand—there were no repair facilities in town, no funds to send it to Reno for service or parts. When there was a spill on the rug that called for cleaning, all five children joined shoulders with her to push at the overstuffed chair Herb would have swung aside in a single motion. The big black oil heater in the living room was a monster bearing no instructions on where oil should go in or flame come out, and "not wanting to blow us all up" she had to call the utility company and ask for someone to come and explain it. As the weather chilled there would be extra fuel to buy, and she tried desperately to remember what Herb had said their bill was the winter before. The electric bill of $14 had already taken a deep monthly cut and she asked the company to recheck the meter to be sure there was no mistake.

With all her fathering and mothering, life wasn't working out financially.

Fern knew it, and even Beryl was troubled about her employee. Ends scarcely met now that sitter fees cut her earnings to $29. "You can't *live* this way," Beryl would say indignantly at the motel office. Its file case held a fruitless correspondence. Long letters to the Veterans Administration had brought back answers that the widow and children qualified for no aid. Forms from the Social Security agency restated that by earning over $1200 a year Fern would have to turn back part of her Government check. She had explored every avenue she could think of, and without Beryl's typewriter even the correspondence would have been impossible. It would be fifteen more years to put Peggy through school, and how she would manage Fern had no idea.

It was pointless now to think of the dreams Herb had, but her memory went straying back.

It was 1939 when Fern Bolkan, daughter of farmers in Raub, North Dakota, met Herb Morlang. She was finishing high school. He had been working as a migrant farmhand ever since graduation from eighth grade. It was May 2, 1940, when they married, summer of the next year when their first daughter was born, the year after when Herb was inducted into the Army. Until 1945 Herb was in the 13th Armored ("Black Cat") Division, a T/5, driving armored cars farther away from his native farmlands and into the final campaigns of the Rhine. From Germany, he was shipped back to California for discharge, and his wife joined him. Mare Island Navy Yard nearby was recruiting workers and Herb, with three years of hard-won mechanical skills, was hired as ordnanceman to inventory incoming and outgoing ships. For ten years he advanced slowly while his work commendations mounted. "Superior performance . . . high degree of skill and ability . . . exceptionally accurate" read the slips that raised his salary to a take-home level of $70 a week.

But Herb had a dream of security for his family. In Nevada, a naval air base was expanding, and land cost less than it did in the town of Vallejo where they lived. "He said he was getting heavy from indoor work, anyway," Fern remembers. He was 36, "just the right age to make a change," he predicted confidently.

In Fallon, a town he had scouted on a vacation trip, small farm-ranches could be had for as little as $8000, and he could combine part-time agriculture with a laborer's job. In July, 1955, Herb made the big move. His nest egg was the $2000 he had accumulated in a retirement fund, his symbol of security the gold-and-glass clock the boys at the yard gave him as a farewell gift to be set up in the new home.

At first the family rented a small house behind a lumberyard and Herb took on a laborer's job with a local engineering company. But unemployment set in—"something was holding up the Government appropriations," Fern remembers dimly, "and there were long layoffs that cut into Herb's money." He switched jobs to work for a roofing contractor, carrying buckets of tar up and down ladders in the hot sun. "It didn't seem to bother him. If he ever worried, he never let me know—he always took care of things," Fern says of the cheerful, dark-eyed man who had spent another day of layoff laughing with her at home, playing with the children, eating a hearty dinner before the fateful evening he sat in the easy chair and was struck by death.

She had to think ahead, she would remind herself, but her mind would go in circles. She could see no way of taking care of things. All she could do was live by the day and keep her fingers crossed.

Early in the year Peggy began to pick up chronic colds and couldn't be left at the baby sitter's. "If she has anything contagious, I just can't risk the other babies I take care of." Mrs. Jurgens had shaken her head regretfully. Donnie and Connie had sniffles, too, and she was steadily losing more time from work. With all Sam and Beryl's generosity, it was impossible to go on taking their checks. Tourist trade had dropped during the slack season, and keeping her on was straining the Lariat budget.

Only state aid could keep the household going now, and she went to the welfare office to reapply for help. The "ADC" check that she had once turned back with thanks would now be a lifesaver. ADC had been a mystery at first—the state had no pamphlets to explain it. By now Fern had learned that it stood for Aid to Dependent Children. While she worked all income would be deducted from her check, so that it would come to about $7 a month. But now jobless, she could receive about $150 a month. The money was based on family need, with no sum allowed for medical or dental work, but she would be able to squeeze medi-



5 NEW TRICKS
FOR TOLL HOUSE® COOKIES

Only Nestlé's® Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels make authentic Toll House Cookies! Richer flavored, Nestlé's Morsels are America's favorites—2 to 1! Buy the Jumbo Bag, try all these exciting variations.



Fix 'em with Cornflakes!
Prunes & Apricots!
Graham Crackers!
Peanut Butter!
Ice Cream!



Original Toll House Cookies

Preheat oven to 375° F. Sift together 2 c. plus 2 tbs. sifted flour, ½ tsp. baking [illegible]. Blend ½ c. butter or shortening [illegible], 6 tbs. brown sugar, ½ tsp. [illegible]. Beat in 1 egg. Add flour mixture—mix well. [illegible] pkg. (1 c.) Nestlé's Semi-Sweet [illegible], ½ c. nuts, coarsely chopped. Drop by half teaspoonfuls on greased cookie sheet.
Bake at: 375° F. Time: 10 to 12 min. Yield: 50 cookies.

Toll House Variations

Add one of the following to the Original [illegible]:
1. 1 c. cornflakes, uncrushed.
2. ¼ c. each chopped uncooked prunes and apricots.
3. 1 c. coarsely crumbled graham crackers.
4. Peanut Butter Variation:
Substitute for nuts: 2 tbs. peanut butter.
Bake at 375° F. Time: 8 to 10 min. Yield: 50 cookies.
5. Toll House Sandwiches:
For each serving, spread softened vanilla ice cream between two Toll House Cookies. Wrap and freeze.

COPYRIGHT 1957, THE NESTLÉ COMPANY, INC.

cines out of the food envelope. The dental checkups the children needed would have to wait.

More pressing blows had fallen. The house had been sold. A buyer for the lot even now waited for the family to move. And at the motel one night, Beryl and Fern thoughtfully talked about the future. In 1957, or '58 at the latest, the Higginbothams hoped to sell or lease their business and retire. Whether Fern would have a job open under a new manager was unknown.

Often before, she had wondered whether to go, whether to stay. The move to a big city might bring more income, but it would throw her children alone into busy streets during the day or take most of her salary paying for day care. Now the only solution left seemed to be to go home to North Dakota, to the small town of Raub, where her parents lived. A few friends and relatives were still scattered on struggling farms nearby. "I could find a housekeeper's job there ——" Fern realized how vague her plan was as she talked it over, but it was no vaguer than anything else she could think of. She would take any kind of work she could get. Gifts of milk and vegetables from the farm would help the children. There wasn't a penny in the bank for moving. But somehow she would have to move.



"We'll help," Sam and Beryl had promised.

Again she walked to the welfare office, her mainstay now, to talk over job hopes. "If I go to North Dakota—and can't get work right away—will I still be able to get help or will I have to wait another year there?" This time she would not have to wait, Robert Keiffer assured her. Nevada was one of the few states that could help while she was transferring to another state. Once again, there was no way of knowing what the aid would be—it would depend on what housing she found, what job.

It would be a gamble that might lead nowhere.

"I would give up," Fern thought to herself on the way home, but there was no way to give up. There was nothing to do but struggle until she found another house, or raised money for bus fare, or looked for other part-time jobs, or resigned herself to living on welfare. She would go on polishing the children's shoes that were getting too worn to walk in, mending Connie's dress and brightening its frayed skirt with 35 cents' worth of rickrack, looking for a remnant for Judy. "Our home-ec teacher," Judy had said the night before, "wants us to make a tweed skirt, mother, but the material costs five dollars!" Fern had distractedly watched her daughter paring potatoes and all she could think to say was, "Make the peelings thinner, dear." Donnie needed a new coat. She would have to think.

Tonight the menu would be hamburger casserole again. She browned the meat, opened a can of corn, broke up the 25-cent head of lettuce bought for salad to help Judy practice nutritional meals. The children had all bowed heads while small Connie said grace:

". . . *Thank you, Lord, for birds that sing,*
Thank you, Lord, for everything!"

Days would go into days. After the children were in bed she would set her mind to it again. With their faces vulnerable and young, she would go on looking for an answer, and she would lie sleepless with the urgency of finding it as night closed in. END



Fern's job consists of cleaning 18 units a day at motel on main highway.

WHAT FERN HAD AS INCOME WHILE SHE WORKED

Her Social Security check paid $75.10 a month for support of the family. But by earning $1820 a year at the motel, she would have to sacrifice eight of her own $16.10 benefits a year, bringing the check down to $59.

At the motel she earned $35 a week but paid $6 a week for baby care, bringing her cash earnings down to $29.

Her cash income in round figures:

8 months a year—$125 from motel, $59 from Social Security, a total of $184 a month.

4 months a year—$125 from motel, $75 from Social Security, a total of $200 a month.

In the course of an earning year she would have $2272, or an average $189 a month, or under $44 a week to support six people in all daily needs plus emergencies.

HOW THE MORLANGS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

If Fern does not work (minor illnesses of children, slack season at motel have kept her home periodically) her outgo figures for the family remain much the same. ADC check, currently about $150 a month, supplements her Social Security income and keeps household going when she cannot earn. Relations still help out. Expenses are cut to the bone.

Food	$100	Appliance payments	18
Clothing	14	Transportation	2
Rent	40	Household supplies	3
Fuel, light, water	30	Dry cleaning, shoe repair	1
Recreation (children's allowances)	8	Miscellaneous school expense	1
Church	3	Magazines, newspapers	3
		Total	$223





VARICOSE VEINS

Tired Legs, Leg Cramps Relieved By The NEW

Dr Scholl's Super-Sheer

ELASTIC STOCKINGS

NYLON • FULL-FASHIONED • FULL-FOOTED

So sheer, they look just like regular nylons. No over-hose needed. Give comfortable, uniform support to varicose veins, tired, aching legs. Help prevent leg trouble during pregnancy. Colors: French Nude, White, Black. At Drug and Department Stores, also Surgical Supply Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shops. For booklet on Foot and Leg Care, write DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. E-2, Chicago 10, Ill.

OPPORTUNITY

IF YOU want extra money and have free time to put to use, this is for you! Spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss! Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you. Write that postal today to Vic Troxell.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
240 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.

FABULOUS

TRADE-IN ON **Lifetime WARE**

See your dealer for whopping big savings. Trade in your old, beat-up dishes towards colorful, new Lifetime Ware, the original Melamine Melmac® dinnerware. Guaranteed in writing against breakage.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

BONUS OFFER
Butter Dish $1.00
Reg. Value 2.65

Use coupon at right



THE WATERTOWN MFG. CO.
750 Porter St., Watertown, Conn.

☐ Please send me details on money-saving "Trade-in offer"

☐ Enclosed is $1.00 for butter dish in color checked below

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

☐ Yellow ☐ Grey ☐ Flamingo ☐ White
☐ Turquoise ☐ Coral

This offer expires Oct. 5, 1957

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

although he is entirely ignorant of human nature, and at the moment he is studying to get a degree in engineering. He speaks five languages and earns his living as a translator and tutor. Max let fly with words to the effect I was a stupid, uncultivated peasant, who should be grateful to him for rescuing me from a backwoods farm. My stepfather is a small-town druggist and I was a high-school graduate studying to be a nurse when I met Max. I answered with some choice and assorted words of my own. I then locked Max out of the house. I should be ashamed to admit it, but in a peculiar way that disgraceful scene was bracing and stimulating to me. It was as though I'd won some sort of victory over Max, proved he couldn't push me around any more. Yet I know my lack of control is harming our children, and my children mean everything to me.

"Max and I met back in Oklahoma when I was barely eighteen years old. He was serving his first hitch in the American Army; Korea was to come later. At this late date it's hard for me to comprehend why I was so wild to marry him. My experiences growing up hadn't recommended marriage to me. My mother and my stepfather fought all the time, although my mother tried to hide it by locking us kids out of the house whenever a fight was in progress. Many a night my brothers and I would be shivering on the porch until ten or eleven P.M. And every Sunday directly after we returned from church and ate dinner we were ordered outside and we stayed outside until evening. My mother and stepfather liked to loll around all Sunday afternoon in their dressing gowns and my mother was too much of a prude to want us kids to see them. It didn't ever occur to her we might peek through the windows and she didn't care how miserable it made us feel to be locked out of our own home. Other kids in our crowd weren't treated that way.

"When I married Max my mother refused to attend the wedding because he was of a different faith and was foreign. Actually I suppose it was Max's foreignness that first attracted me. Max was different from anybody else I had ever known. He was a man of twenty-six, not a callow boy. Things had happened to him, real things. He could talk about Rome and London, Vienna and Paris, cities I had only read about. He had wit and polish. In those days, when Max was opening the world to me, his good manners and his sense of humor hid his arrogance and meanness.

"Max and I met at a USO dance. Afterward we saw each other every day for three straight months. I couldn't get enough of his conversation. Max would telephone the hospital where I was training and ask the switchboard operator for Queen Anne—Anne is my middle name—and when I answered he would tell me he was Henry the Eighth. Max would tease me by pretending that he, like Henry the Eighth, was a great ladies' man, but I didn't believe him. He didn't even kiss me until we had gone together for a month; and with every other boy I knew it was smack, smack, smack after fifteen minutes.

"I quickly made up my mind I'd marry Max if I could catch him. Possibly my mistakes began right there. I was too humble, too dazzled by him. Nowadays, in our quarrels, he reminds me of how I chased him and insists he didn't want to marry. That isn't true. Max proposed to me. On a Saturday night we had dinner at the only decent restaurant in town. There were flowers on the table, bought by Max. After I admired the flowers Max suggested we exchange napkins. I was puzzled, but I took his napkin. Out tumbled a diamond ring and a wedding license made out in both our names. 'Marriage is what you want, isn't it?' asked Max. I gasped out that whether we married depended on what he wanted too. Max replied that he thought marriage might be good for him. 'Medicine might be good for you,' said I, 'but that doesn't necessarily mean you want to take it.'

"On Monday morning we married. I extracted only one condition from Max. That there would be children. He wanted none. To me a marriage without children is meaningless. Indeed, if I'd had the choice, Max and I wouldn't have stopped with a family of three boys. We would also have had a girl or two.

"Max has always been an abominable father. When our oldest boy was born—Bill is now ten—Max wasn't proud and pleased. He sulked and refused to help me in my first difficult days at home. Home by then was a Quonset hut in Northern California; Max was still in uniform, but he had been transferred to the Pacific Coast. We were still in the Quonset hut when the other boys came along; I used to marvel all of us weren't turtle-backed. Max doesn't love or feel responsibility for any of our youngsters, I'm sure. He hasn't ever slapped or cuffed our sons—he wouldn't dare with me around—but he's never treated them as genuine members of the family with rights and privileges as well as duties.

"After his World War Two discharge, Max was content to work at a piddling, poor-paying job while he acquired a second college degree under the G.I. bill. I thought he had ample education and that his learning should be turned to some practical advantage. But in those days I kept my sentiments to myself. Max continued his efforts to improve and educate me. I love to read, but I don't want to read philosophy every minute; I used to hide my paper-backed mystery novels under the mattress.

"Then along came Korea; and Max, as a member of the Army reserve, was called back to duty. When Max sailed for the Orient he had spent ten successful years convincing me that I was too stupid to draw a breath without his advice. I was lonely at first, but I soon found out that other people didn't consider me a hopeless dumbbell. Within a few weeks I landed a defense job at high wages, I met another working wife at the factory with whom I could trade baby-sitting hours, and I began to save money. When the bank account reached sizable proportions, I made a down payment on a decent house and moved my youngsters out of the Quonset hut.

"For the first time—no thanks to Max—we had a pleasant place to live. Frankly, the boys and I enjoyed his absence. We enjoyed the blessed silence; no nagging, no complaining, no one to pick on us. I enjoyed entering a room without stumbling over a stack of books, without comments on my awkwardness and illiteracy. But on the day Max returned our peace was ended. He was fiercely critical of the house and the furnishings. He objected to my new friends and my new clothes. He jeered at my haircut. He demanded that I quit work and I refused. He took a low-paid job himself and once again resumed the college study that leads nowhere.

"Max can be generous at times—but always with a purpose. He gives me what *he* wants, and with a smirk on his face like an emperor tossing an emerald at a slave girl. On our first Christmas together—this was back in Oklahoma—he gave me an electric blender, an appliance very hard to locate in those days. I was delighted. On Christmas afternoon Max broke the blender beyond repair trying to clean it. I still think he ruined my blender on purpose. His object was to show the friends visiting us for the day—his friends, incidentally—how lavish and devil-may-care he could be handling expensive, rare appliances. Max is stuffed with idiotic false pride.

"As a bride, I was too impressed by him and too timid to comment on the absurdity of his pretenses. I'm not that timid any more. On my last birthday Max gave me a vacuum cleaner and invited company to dinner to applaud his generosity. I myself enjoyed displaying the gift. But I went in the kitchen a minute and Max and our guests and my birthday present went outside to the driveway. The first thing I knew Max had hooked up my brand-new vacuum cleaner and was using it for the *first* time to clean his guests' dirty car. I put a stop to the demonstration and rescued my vacuum cleaner. But I had to scream like a fishwife to do it and nobody had much fun at my birthday dinner. Three months ago Max wiped out his bank account to buy me a mink cape when the fur I admired and wanted was squirrel and squirrel is a whole lot cheaper.

"I just don't get the point of his silly vanity. I cut our sons' hair and I used to cut Max's hair, too, but he turns pale whenever I mention the fact in public. Some of our worst arguments have occurred over my barbering skill. Max doesn't like me to excel in such mundane things. Nobody will ever convince me it is smart pretending to be rich when you are not.

"Max is an intellectual snob, but, despite his book learning, many of his ideas aren't too hot. He prides himself on the fact that he is a freethinker; he has borrowed some of his notions on sex from Bertrand Russell and theoretically he believes in polygamy. Yet he is shocked by my interest in sex and by my wish to experience both passion and tenderness. He regards me as too forward in both speech and behavior. He used to hurt my feelings by criticizing the ardor of my response to his love-making. We gave up love-making long ago. In his heart Max thinks there are good women and bad women—and I guess he can't decide which category to put me in.

"In many ways he is an old-fashioned man. He can't afford to hire five servants to wait on me as he would like. Lacking servants, he has done his darnedest to turn me into a built-in cookstove, pressing machine and launderette. He wants to wear two clean shirts a day and knife-creased trousers and eat three-course meals by candlelight—with no children in evidence. Our children led to us splitting up. I came home from my job one afternoon very late and found our three boys sitting forlornly on the doorstep. Their father had locked them

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188



Modern mothers everywhere use the safe, dependable Hankscraft way to care for their babies. No fuss — no bother — it's all automatic. Insist on Hankscraft—best for your new baby. At baby shops, drug, department and appliance stores everywhere.



Automatic 8-Bottle
STERILIZER and FORMULA SET

For regular sterilization or the terminal method — sterilizes bottles, nipples, caps and formula in one easy operation. Shuts off automatically. Bottles not included.

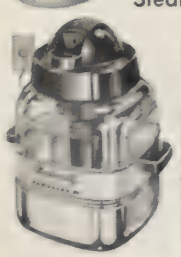
Model 201 (Complete Set) **$12.95** Other models $6.75 to $15.95



AUTOMATIC BABY BOTTLE WARMER and VAPORIZER
Model 1013-C - - - **$2.95**

AUTOMOBILE BABY BOTTLE WARMER
Model 10
$2.95

Steam Baby's Cold Away!
with an automatic
HANKSCRAFT VAPORIZER



. . . Doctors recommend steam for colds. Operates all night on one filling; shuts off automatically when water is gone.

Model 202-A - - - - **$6.95**
Other models $3.95 to $12.95

Hankscraft
America's Favorite Baby Line
THE HANKSCRAFT CO. ■ REEDSBURG, WIS.



"It's from your husband—four shirts that need buttons!"

Big family, no maid, tight budget!

(So they use SARAN WRAP and plenty of it!)

Meet the Read family of Ridgewood, N. J. Two boys with whopping appetites. Two teen-age girls with houseloads of friends. Mrs. Read is active in PTA and church work, manages a happy home with a beautiful combination of joy and efficiency.

Fourteen teen-agers coming tomorrow! Mrs. Read bakes cookies and party treats ahead of time, keeps them fresh and tasty in SARAN WRAP*. "It's my favorite wrap for protection because it fits tightly around bowls and dishes of all shapes."





Keeping six cake-eaters happy is easy with SARAN WRAP! She bakes two cakes, wraps extra slices snugly for freezer storage. "Moisture stays in . . . leftover pieces stay fresher . . . and everyone likes being served his own individually wrapped portion."



Potluck party and Mrs. Read's luscious salad goes in style, stays tasty and tempting in SARAN WRAP. "I wouldn't think of covering it with a wrap you couldn't see through. I like the way SARAN WRAP sparkles, too."

*Trademark



Tried the new package?

"I have and I like it! It's so easy to use now. The end never slips back into the box."

YOU'LL BE SARAN WRAP HAPPY, TOO!

DOW

The Dow Chemical Company

For that zesty flavor!

Zip up your cooking the quick and easy way with high-protein, low-calorie Herb-Ox Instant! Try the recipe below for a casserole dish with a truly different Spanish accent.





EMPANADA (Meat Pie)—Sauté 1 onion, 1 green pepper, chopped, and 1 lb. chopped beef; add 2 hard-boiled eggs, ½ cup raisins that have been soaked in water 1 hour; ½ cup stuffed green olives, sliced; add 1½ cups water with 2 tsps. Herb-Ox Instant Bouillon, thickened with 2 tbs. flour. Pour into casserole, top with crust. Bake in moderate oven until crust is brown. 25-35 mins.

Herb-Ox

INSTANT BOUILLON AND SEASONING

The Pure Food Company, Inc., Mamaroneck, N. Y.



This compact white enamel Washer has exclusive "AERATOR" fast washing action—TAKES ONLY THE SPACE OF A KITCHEN CHAIR. Now with ELECTRIC WRINGER that folds into Tub. Washes 5 lbs. in 5 minutes.

MONITOR WASHERS AVAILABLE IN SEVERAL MODELS from $59.95

At all better appliance and department stores.

MONITOR EQUIPMENT CORPORATION
Riverdale-on-Hudson
New York 71, N. Y. Dept. J-10

☐ Please send FREE booklet "Helpful Hints on Easier Washing and Drying".
☐ Also send information on new MONITOR JET DRYER.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 186

out of the house—my house—so he could read a book in quiet. It was then I told Max to find living accommodations somewhere else.

"We quarreled for two months before he finally took me at my word and went. The boys and I are better off without Max, and Max and I are more civilized and worth-while people when separated. I will be obliged if you will kindly tell him our marriage is finished."

Max Tells His Side:

"My reward for serving my country in Korea was to lose my wife," said thirty-eight-year-old Max. His face was sensitive, olive-skinned, narrow; his build was slight. "For ten years Jenny and I were happy together except for minor differences of opinion. For ten years Jenny respected my wishes, conceded that my intelligence was superior to hers and acknowledged that the man should be the master in his own home. While I was overseas Jenny changed into a different woman—a woman I hardly feel I know at all.

"Jenny now sports a man's haircut; she wears pants more often than she wears dresses. On the rare occasions she is in skirts she invariably chooses a color I dislike. Even in the old days Jenny had the habit of wanting to put on a blue dress when I preferred that she wear green, or a gray dress if I thought black would be appropriate. If I wanted veal for dinner the chances were excellent she would serve pork. She always overcooked the vegetables and she never learned to mix an acceptable salad dressing. For the most part, however, except where our sons were concerned, her character was gentle and yielding. At any rate, it seemed to be.

"Jenny has become a termagant and a shrew. She is determined to rule in everything. She flatly tells our sons not to obey my orders. In their presence she shouts that I am an overeducated egghead. It's hardly surprising they, too, are unmannerly and undisciplined.

"Jenny has completely forgotten the gratitude she used to feel at the pains I took to educate her. She now professes to be bored with Plato and Aristotle and the philosophers to whom I introduced her. In our honeymoon days she was fascinated by the world of ideas. She complains I waste my time on books and refuses to admit she is corroding her good brain by reading scores of trashy novels on the sly. Furthermore, she wastes her time working for the telephone company when she should be at home caring for her family. She declares our boys need the money she earns. What they need is more of a mother's company, a different type of mother from Jenny, a mother who would teach them to pay heed to their father's wishes, a sweet and gentle mother who could still be firm and maintain control.

"Jenny has become mercenary in spirit and intolerably penny-pinching. The two years I was in Korea I regularly sent back enough money to support her and our boys on a modest scale. She wasn't satisfied with that arrangement. She took a job without my permission and without my knowledge. She then proceeded to bank two hundred dollars a month until she had a sufficient sum to make the down payment on a house. I was overseas when she informed me in one of her infrequent and misspelled letters that she was the owner of a seven-room house. None of the other G.I.'s I soldiered with had wives who invested in real estate without their knowledge. Naturally I didn't like it. Nor do I like the house. The construction is wretched. Nevertheless, it rather amuses me to hear Jenny grandly refer to *my* house. Surely, since I supported her and the boys during my absence, it would be graceful of her to speak of *our* house.

"Nowadays it pleases Jenny to laugh at me because I respect spiritual and intellectual and, let us say, romantic values. I'm no money grubber, but it did appeal to my sense of pride a few months ago to give my wife a mink cape even though we were living apart. Jenny belittled my gift and humiliated me in the eyes of the saleswoman by announcing she preferred a cheaper fur, and then she stated bluntly that on my mediocre earnings I couldn't afford even the cheapest fur.

"As a boy I never intended to marry at all, but once married I certainly did not intend to degrade myself by becoming involved in a divorce. There was too much divorce in my childhood, far too much. My father was responsible. On the surface he was an educated man, a cultivated man, a philosopher, a student, but his marital antics matched those of an international playboy. Before I was twelve years old I had five different stepmothers. I've never understood my father. All I know is that I despise him. In my boyhood, as I was shifted from one household to another, carried here, carried there, by his amorous peregrinations, I used to put myself to sleep by imagining new methods of torturing him to death.

"My mother allowed my father custody rights because in those days a European divorced woman of her class found it difficult to marry a second time, and virtually impossible if she was burdened with a child. I never blamed my mother for giving me away, although long before I became a political refugee I well knew what it meant to be lost and adrift. I was obliged to adapt to one stepmother after another—none was as harsh and unkind to me as my father—and very early I had to learn to accustom myself to hideous quarrels. My quarrels with Jenny are ugly, God knows, but the quarrels of my childhood were worse.

"There was something pathologically amiss in my father. I was the only child of his many marriages, yet he had no affection for me. My scholarship was always high, but never high enough to suit him. He delighted in calling me stupid. On two occasions when he abandoned a wife he abandoned me with that wife. The humiliation, the fear, the lack of security was, I believe, harder on me than the ever-present threat of the war that hung over my youth.

"My father's conduct, combined with my upbringing, made me wary of women. Frankly, as a young man, I thought of sex as a commodity to be bought and paid for. As a young man I didn't dream of a wife and family. I didn't want to bring children into a world as troubled as the world I knew. I shrank from the idea of any permanent entanglement.

"In looking back, I sometimes think Jenny puzzled me into marriage. I assure you I was astounded to find a girl so casual and easy living in the Middle West, a region I'd supposed was provincial and strait-laced. I wasn't altogether charmed by her freedom of action; later, in the years I was overseas, I used to remember back and I would wonder and worry.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 191

Dieting doesn't always do it

By CAROL L. SCHLESINGER

Before		After
5'8	Height	5'8
175	Weight	174½ ★
36	Bust	36
29	Waist	29
43	Hips	43

★ *Originally weighed in a wool suit; second weighing, three months later, wearing cotton dress.*

For years I'd been reading success stories about "fatties" who had become sylphs through careful diet. For years I'd been comfortable in size 18. Well, comfortable except for occasional shortness of breath, and a strong reluctance to appear anywhere in a bathing suit. My children referred to me as "jolly mom," and my husband said, "Stay as round as you are; that's the way I like you."

Thus, with no incentive, I began my rigorous three-month schedule.

My diet left me cheerful, and my appetite satisfied.

My diet also left me weighing the same as when I'd started.

Somewhere, somehow —— Well, perhaps you can help me discover why I failed.

Here is a sample of three typical diet meals. You will notice that the total number of calories is slightly in excess of 1030 per day. The diet, of course, varied, but each day's total was pretty much the same. Except for an occasional pizza on Saturday nights, and a waffle or two on Sunday, I was most consistent.

Breakfast	No. of Calories
Orange juice	65
Boiled egg	70
Coffee, black	0
Total	135*

*Add a few extra. While cleaning table, I finished daddy's doughnut, Bobby's (age 5) oatmeal, and John's (age 3) buttered toast. (Hate to see things go to waste.)

Lunch	No. of Calories
Chicken bouillon	20
Chicken salad	270
Fruit gelatin, ½ cup	100
Coffee, black	0
Total	390*

*Add a few extra. Ate other half of Bobby's peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich, and John's chocolate cupcake.

Dinner	
Grapefruit	75
Hamburger patty	150
Broccoli	20
Rye wafers (3)	90
Skim milk	85
Total	420*

*Add a few extra. Finished both children's butterscotch pudding (won't make *that* again). Tasted daddy's spaghetti and meat balls, and helped with the garlic bread (well, you can't keep that for second day).

Before Retiring	
1 glass of skim milk	85*

*Just this once, had a piece of cherry pie neighbor brought to have me sample.

Total for Day 1030+ Calories*

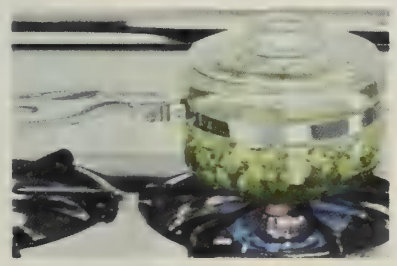
*Oh, yes, John was cranky at the supermarket, so we shared a box of chocolate-chip cookies.

As you can see, my diet is similar to many published in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and I really stuck to it—sort of—for three full months.

Do you think it could be my glands?



Announcing Tappan's new Gold Ribbon series—greatest ranges in Tappan's 78-year history. De luxe gas Built-in with separate oven and broiler starts, cooks, turns off—automatically. Automatic top burner won't let foods burn. Here is built-in beauty and convenience at its best, and it's the easiest and most economical built-in to install.



New Tappan Set 'n Forget Burner ends pot-watching and scouring. New Tappan Sizzle 'n Simmer Burners give fastest high heat or lowest turndown. Economical, too.



Chrome-Lined Visualite Oven. New wide-vision window lets you see entire cooking area. Chrome-lining wipes clean. Lift-off door for easier cleaning of oven interior.



Separate Full Roll-Out Broiler. What wonderful convenience—a broiler that rolls all the way out. Completely smokeless, you broil with the door closed.

OWN A TAPPAN GOLD RIBBON RANGE

for only $9.95 a month

Gas or Electric ranges $139.95 to $539.95

Nothing Cooks Like a **TAPPAN**

Tappan Gold Ribbon Gas Range. Exciting new styling with Tappan quality features—automatic top burner, chrome-lined Visualite oven, waist-high, smokeless broiler. Popular price.



Tappan's Wonderful Electric Built-in. Illuminated eye-level control panel. Chrome-lined Visualite oven with built-in rotisserie. New automatic Set 'n Forget surface unit.



The Tappan Stove Company, Mansfield, Ohio • Also, Canadian Tappan Stove Ltd., Montreal

Try all three...





The famous two... plus one that's new

NEW!



Get this shaker Free!





Makes perfect pancakes in 10 shakes!

It's so easy to make 'em when you *shake* 'em! Just pour in the ingredients, shake ten times, and pour out perfect pancakes *every* time! And now, besides Regular and Buckwheat, there's wonderful *new* Aunt Jemima *Buttermilk* Mix to complete the pancake picture in your pantry. So buy all three and get your plastic, self-measuring, Aunt Jemima shaker *free!* Just send the box-tops from all three mixes, with your name and address, to Shaker, Box 1088, Chicago 77, Ill. Offer expires at midnight, December 31, 1957.

AUNT JEMIMA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 188

"As a girl Jenny was amusing and original; she was the only person in the wretched, flea-ridden town where she was reared who was capable of speaking the king's English. Also, she knew the whole world wasn't contained in the county where she was born.

"Jenny now declares all twelve years of our marriage were a prolonged misery. It isn't true. I was a good husband to her and I am a far better father to my sons than *my* father was to me. Yet when I came home from Korea she and the boys made it painfully clear there was no room for me. They greeted me as though I were a stranger. They scorned and ignored me. My sons talked back to me while Jenny hurled insults. Once again I had the same lost, sick feeling I used to have when I was shunted among the many homes of my many stepmothers. Jenny didn't care.

"I've made concessions to her. I've given her dozens of presents since our separation. Women like gifts, don't they? Jenny loves gardening. I hate it. But last Sunday I stopped at a nursery and went to our house and planted two pear trees in the yard. Jenny promptly came storming out and told me there was no use bothering, that I would never live there to enjoy the shade.

"Jenny didn't used to be an unjust woman, nor was she greedy and grasping. I consider it most unfair of her to take away my sons and my house, but I don't see how to stop her from doing it. I've reached the point where I agree our marriage is done for. It's her fault, not mine."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"Sometimes almost miraculous results are achieved in a few hours. Some cases of unhappy marriage that are reviewed in my office seem at first glance to be hopeless. But after a minimum of discussion and analysis, aided by a process that can seem as mysterious as the laying on of hands, the couple go on their way reconciled and headed in the right direction. Such surprises, pleasant but fairly rare, offset the many disappointments we counselors encounter in our profession.

"No pleasant surprise greeted me in the case of Jenny and Max, nor did I expect such good fortune. At our initial interview I felt certain that to meet the challenge presented by Jenny and Max would involve much hard work. I didn't anticipate that the three of us would be consulting for nearly three years before the couple's affairs were straightened out and their marriage was salvaged and put on even keel.

"Jenny and Max came from different cultures and had very different traditions. Both had obstinately decided their particular conceptions, notions, values were correct. Both were what I call 'angry people.' They were long out of the habit of being at peace with each other and living in harmony with their children. Engaged in a struggle to dominate, they ate, slept and breathed conflict. A prolonged feud between a married couple is wasting and damaging, but feuds can be fascinating and absorbing.

"Jenny and Max believed their flaming, destructive quarrels were ignited by differences over money, sex, tastes in clothes, household decorations, friends, differing opinions on how to spend their time, bring up their children to the best advantage, and so on. In actuality the two were quarreling over who should be the boss. There are no bosses in a successful marriage, there are only partners.

"When I met Jenny and Max it had been months since they had held an adult conversation. The most casual remark immediately provoked one or the other into fierce rehashing of the injuries of the past. In an atmosphere of recriminations and accusation, marital problems cannot be solved. Both Jenny and Max had been deeply affronted by jeers and epithets hurled by the other. In this connection, however, in talking to Max, I did detect one hopeful note. Although Jenny seemed to have run through the whole encyclopedia of insults in denouncing Max, not once had she taunted him on the score of his religion. On this point, a point where Max, a refugee from Hitler's Austria, was acutely sensitive, Jenny *felt* no superiority to a man over whom she claimed superiority in nearly every aspect. Jenny's strident claims to one hundred per cent perfection of course cloaked her feelings of inferiority, feelings that Max, who himself felt inferior, had managed to exploit for many years.

"One other hopeful note was that both Jenny and Max, although emotional infants, ranked well above the average in intelligence. In the beginning, I had no opportunity to work with Jenny. Stubbornly insisting she didn't need assistance and wanted nothing except a divorce, she refused counseling. However, with a characteristic lack of logic, she then told Max he could no longer visit her house or her sons unless he accepted psychological aid.

"After I spent six months advising and consulting with Max, Jenny was so struck by the changes in his outward behavior, particularly in his relationship with the boys, that she agreed to see me. The welfare of the children was important to her, more important to her than defeating and destroying their father. She was bright enough to know that children need two parents.

"But let's revert briefly to Max. A novel-length book wouldn't cover our extensive consultations. A European upbringing had convinced him that the female of the species is inferior to the male, a handicap to any American husband. In addition, Max was a seriously disturbed person. Back in his disorderly childhood, he had acquired a perverse appetite for dissension and discord. In my opinion, some of the imaginary tortures he devised as a young boy to annihilate his detested father left an imprint on his personality. It took Max a long while to perceive that even in the early days of his marriage, the days when an awed and browbeaten Jenny strove to please, there was no faintest possibility she could satisfy him with the food she served, the dress she wore, the words she spoke. For it was his peculiar joy to torment and demean his wife and he battened upon her humiliations.

"It was easier for Max to acknowledge the truth about his unsatisfactory relationship with his sons. It wasn't the perilous state of the world, as he had believed, that made him a reluctant father. (In these uncertain days the birth rate everywhere is rising.) His personal history was responsible. Himself an unwanted child, Max wanted no children. Having acquired the family, Max endeavored to ensure that his three sons fare no better than he had fared. Once Max recognized that he had modeled himself into an autocratic father and husband—a father less cruel than his own but without tenderness and love—he was able to smash the mold, for he had no desire to resemble his father. He then became able to understand Jenny's fiery reaction to his treatment of their children. With her background, with her painful memories of shivering on a porch, she simply couldn't tolerate that her children should be locked out of their home so he could read a book in quiet. Upon reflection, Max also acknowledged that some of her impatience at his constant studying with no definite objective might be justified.

"In my belief, Jenny's eventual revolt from the pressures to which Max subjected her was inevitable. It was only her timidity and lack of self-confidence that kept her under his thumb so long. In many ways, even in their early years together, she had subtly defied his wishes and played little feminine tricks to lessen the shaky self-esteem screened by his arrogance. Max's absence in Korea presented her with a perfect opportunity to stage an all-out rebellion. When Jenny bought the house I think it likely she had an extra motive beyond providing a good home for the boys. She wanted to show Max how much better she could manage financially than he had done. Certainly he interpreted the purchase in that fashion.

"The first time Max took a box of candy to his sons—it was his own idea, not mine—Jenny returned to my office for counseling. She readily recognized that in her childhood home, like Max in his many homes, she had become habituated to a pattern of quarreling. Then, too, as a small girl dissatisfied with her looks and seeking individuality, she began to take pride in her 'frankness.' Jenny's conception of frankness was explosive indeed. It was based on a maxim that curiously enough she had picked up from an innocent Sunday-school teacher: that it is as bad to *think* something as to *say* it. By this reasoning if you think your friend's new baby is homely you may as well go ahead and tell her so. I seldom offer concrete advice. I did advise Jenny that very often people can't restrain themselves from entertaining uncomplimentary thoughts, but they can certainly refrain from making uncomplimentary, cutting remarks without becoming insincere. Indeed, I told Jenny that the sooner she began to hold her tongue the better off she would be.

"A year after our counseling began, Jenny and Max went back to living together again. Their troubles were by no means ended. Slowly they learned the damage of name calling, learned that vituperation may be an escape from problems but is no solution to them. Slowly they learned that marriage is a two-way partnership where both partners truly rank first. They learned that both of them could use every ounce of their leadership ability in an appropriate area. Gradually they learned to explore their differences of opinion with gentleness and tact instead of succumbing to a passion of rage and thus destroying any possibility of reaching a compromise and a solution. There is some anger in all people. Anger doesn't mean the end of a relationship, but Jenny and Max were obliged to learn that for them anger was a warning signal to tread warily and cautiously.

"In the end Jenny and Max achieved an unusually successful marriage. As they grew to understand themselves and each other their personalities and attitudes changed startlingly. They found there was pleasure to be had in mutual appreciation and consideration. Max stopped mocking Jenny's native state and her fondness for paper-backed novels. For the first time he allowed a television set to be installed in the home. Watching some of the programs with the boys brought him closer to them and their interests.

"For her part, Jenny allowed her hair to grow and saw to it that the number of skirts in her wardrobe balanced her numerous pairs of slacks. Conceding the value of Max's masculine pride, she also resigned from her job as soon as it was financially feasible. Her resignation occurred at the time Max stopped being a scholastic dilettante, permanantly quit college with an engineering degree and went to work as a well-paid engineer.

"By means of calm discussion Jenny and Max eventually worked out their individual spheres of influence to the satisfaction of them both. Their reward was personal content, the happiness of their sons and the realization that without all their hard work it was highly probable they would have drifted into marriage with other partners burdened with the same unsolved problems."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

NEXT MONTH

"IF I EVER HEAR EVEN ONE WHISPER ABOUT YOU AND ANY OTHER MAN . . .

I'll come back, Connie, and I'll destroy you as my brother's wife." Connie was one of the reasons why Matthew Dunbar, with three sons, had to fight alone, his back against the wall, in the grimmest battle of his life. "Dunbar's Cove," by Borden Deal, is a new novel of violent emotions and loyalties. Complete in the November issue.

ARE GOOD MANNERS IMPORTANT TODAY? AN INTERNATIONAL GROUP CONSIDERS THE CASE FOR POLITENESS EVERYWHERE

Ogden Nash, poet; Louise de Vilmarin, French novelist; Malcolm Muggeridge, British editor of Punch; Mrs. Emily Post; Paul Hyde Bonner, former diplomat; and Mrs. Robert Meyner, wife of the governor of New Jersey, meet for a panel discussion at the JOURNAL Workshop.

WHY MEN LOVE THEIR WIVES AND WHY WOMEN LOVE THEIR HUSBANDS

When the JOURNAL, tired of hearing about marriages that fail, asked readers who are happily married to write, telling us "Why I Love My Husband (or Wife)," the replies came by thousands—so moving and human they have made the editorial offices hum with excitement.

HOW THE WINNER OF $152,000 LIVES

When fame came to Teddy Nadler, he was earning $1.98 an hour. Now he and Clara and their three boys live in a newly purchased St. Louis home in which every stick of furniture is new. He has paid $82,000 in taxes, has defeated college presidents in quiz shows. But the Nadlers have some problems. Betty Hoffman takes you to meet the family in How America Lives.

"I FORGAVE MY HUSBAND'S INFIDELITY THE FIRST TIME . . .

But I'm in no mood," says Elise, "to do it twice." Tracy says, "I can't comprehend why she forgave me four years ago without batting an eye and yet can be so hard on me now. I don't want a divorce." The marriage counselor listens and advises in "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"

THE VERY BEST THANKSGIVING DINNER

It's traditional, but planned so that the day can be one of giving thanks by the cook too. "Thanksgiving in Appleyard Center," by Elizabeth Kent Gray, tells how to prepare and serve a turkey dinner for sixteen—with a very special pumpkin pie.

Also short stories, Dr. Spock's page for mothers, "Making Marriage Work," many pages of fashion news and practical helps for homemakers, all coming

IN THE NOVEMBER JOURNAL



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF
STANDARD BRANDS INC.

This coffee tells you it's fresher

It greets you with a louder *whoosh* and the livelier aroma that forecasts fresher, fuller-flavored coffee in each satisfying cup. Why? Because Chase & Sanborn Coffee is the *only* leading brand that's *pressure* packed. And pressure packing preserves coffee freshness and flavor better than any vacuum can or bag.

Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand.

Chase & Sanborn

Fresher because it's pressure packed

Give yourself a FLAVOR BREAK



INSTANT
CHASE & SANBORN—the full-bodied coffee



YES, THAT'S TOM EWELL . . . SEE HIM IN THE BROADWAY COMEDY, "TUNNEL OF LOVE."

Mrs. Wizard

Tempting low-cost meals for a family of six. Weekly budget, including 30 quarts of milk, $25.00.

By MARY JANE ENGEL

"Free hot school lunches are a wonderful help to my budget," says Fern Morlang. "Without them I would not be able to manage as well as I do."

Fern allows herself $25.00 a week for food—sometimes a dollar or two more. This allowance does not include the lunches for her four school children, as they are supplied without cost at school. The allowance covers lunches for herself and Peggy, the preschooler, breakfast and dinners for six during the weekdays, and the full three-meal schedule for the weekends.

Fern prepares her weekly menus on Friday, checking the local newspapers for best buys. Saturday is shopping day. Buying fresh vegetables and fruit when they are plentiful is a money saver, as well as using canned or dry milk in cooking, and margarine. Beef liver is a favorite with her children, and since it has excellent food value and is reasonable in price, she serves it weekly. Eggs, too, are very reasonable and used often.

Mealtime is family time with the Morlangs. Eager hands peel and scrape, and equally eager tongues chatter on about the events of the day. We have prepared a week's menus, typical of the Morlang family, that please the children and keep them well fed.

7 Days of Menus and Costs

Monday — $2.71

Breakfast
Orange-and-Grapefruit Juice
Poached Eggs on Toast
Milk

Lunch (for two)
Egg-Salad Sandwiches
Apple
Milk

Dinner
Macaroni-and-Meat Casserole*
Stewed Tomatoes
Lemon-Gelatin Dessert
Milk

Macaroni-and-meat casserole. . . . A bountiful meal-in-one-dish.

Macaroni-and-Meat Casserole (94c). Cook a 1-pound package macaroni according to the directions on the package. Sauté 1½ pounds ground beef in 1 tablespoon shortening until it begins to brown. Add ½ cup chopped onion and sauté until golden brown. Season the meat with 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Set aside. Melt 2 tablespoons margarine in a saucepan. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour and mix well. Gradually add 2½ cups milk and season with ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Layer in a 2-quart casserole first ⅓ of the macaroni, then ½ of the meat. Top the meat layer with ¼ pound sliced processed American cheese. Repeat and top with the remaining macaroni. Pour the sauce over all and sprinkle the top with paprika and commercial bread crumbs. Bake for 30 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 375° F. Makes 8 servings.

Tuesday — $3.07

Breakfast
Stewed Prunes
Boiled Eggs
Toast and Jelly
Milk

Lunch (for two)
Vegetable Soup
Crackers
Sliced Bananas
Milk

Dinner
Liver Loaf*
Baked Potatoes
Green Peas
Spicecake Squares
Milk

This satisfying liver loaf is a family favorite.

Liver Loaf (83c). Simmer 1½ pounds beef liver in salted water until tender. Put through a food mill or grinder. Prepare 1½ cups thick white sauce. In a bowl combine the liver, white sauce and 3 tablespoons mashed potatoes. Season with 1 teaspoon each grated onion, salt and lemon juice, and ¼ teaspoon each paprika and pepper. Bake in a greased loaf pan, in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 45 minutes to 1 hour. Serve with catchup or chili sauce. Makes 6 servings.

that's You!

When You Shop For Food



STUART

A Saturday favorite: bowls of hearty potato-frankfurter soup, crisp cheese crackers, tossed fruit salad, and tall glasses of milk: $1.27.

Wednesday $3.35

Breakfast
Orange Juice
Oatmeal with Milk and Sugar
Donnie's "Boy-Kind" Cinnamon Toast
(recipe on page 194)

Lunch (for two)
Cheese Sandwiches
Applesauce
Cookies
Milk

Dinner
Fried Chicken
Whipped Potatoes
Corn Niblets
Topped Apples*
Milk

Topped apples—apples at their peak in flavor and low in price with a golden-brown sugar topping.

Topped Apples (48c). Peel and core 8 good-sized tart apples (about 2 pounds). Slice them as you would for a pie. Place apples in parallel rows in a well-greased 8″x8″x2″ baking pan. Sprinkle apples with 1 tablespoon lemon juice and a mixture of 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Put 1 cup flour and 1 cup brown sugar in a bowl. Add ½ cup margarine and work with pastry blender until mixture is the consistency of crumbs. Sprinkle over and between apples and pat to make a smooth surface. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 30–40 minutes or until apples are tender. Makes 6 servings.

Thursday $3.13

Breakfast
Stewed Prunes
Scrambled Eggs
Toast and Jelly
Milk

Lunch (for two)
Peanut-Butter Sandwiches
Carrot and Celery Sticks
Cookies
Milk

Dinner
Porcupine Meat Balls*
Green Beans
Potatoes Boiled in Jackets
Spicecake (leftover)
Milk

Porcupine meat balls—a hearty dish using beef, pork and rice, and a tomato sauce.

Porcupine Meat Balls (95c). Mix together 1 pound ground beef with ½ pound ground pork sausage. Add 1 small onion, finely minced, ½ cup uncooked rice, ½ cup cracker crumbs and 1 egg, slightly beaten. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and a pinch of pepper. Handle mixture lightly, and form into about 2½″ balls. Place in a baking pan and cover with a sauce made with 1 cup condensed tomato soup and 1 soup can water. Bake, uncovered, in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 1 hour. Turn the meat balls after the first 30 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

[OVER]

Speedier shine–
more free time–with



New BRILLO soap pads



Polish off pots and pans fast—have time for things you really enjoy

There's special soap with
Jeweler's Polish in every pad!

Give pans twice the shine in half the time with New Brillo Soap Pads! Brillo whisks away greasy scorch and burned spots fast! Nothing shines aluminum like New Brillo Soap Pads. Wonderful for cleaning stoves too! *Results guaranteed!* A new utensil free if Brillo fails to clean!



Brillo Soap Pads (red box)
Soap-filled metal fiber pads
Brillo Cleanser (green box)
Metal fiber pads plus cake of soap

Brillo Mfg. Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THRIFTIER!
5 and 12 pad boxes!

P.S. to husbands—
Brillo speeds up *your* clean-ups, too!



NEW
BIG
SQUARE
and
DEEP

IT FRIES, BAKES, STEWS, BRAISES, PAN-BROILS... fast and evenly!

10" x 10" x 2"

It holds 20% MORE than ordinary round pans!

It's priced lower than any other quality square fry pan!

It's everything you need for real home economy cooking —cleans easily, quickly in a whisk!

NEW! SQUARE BACON GRID
No more corkscrew curling—no tedious turning—bacon fries flat, brown and crisp. Fits the new square fry pan like a glove. Makes pouring off grease a cinch—holding bacon in pan!

Keep your cooking reputation bright and shiny with WEAR·EVER ALUMINUM UTENSILS. WEAR·EVER means the *best* in aluminum—and ALUMINUM *is best* for all cooking!

WEAR·EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Famous-Quality
WEAR·EVER
aluminum
THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO., INC., NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

Mrs. Wizard — that's You!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 193



GUS BUNDY

Judy, the teen-ager, and Donnie do most of the marketing now and are becoming young experts.

Friday — $2.66

Breakfast
Orange-and-Grapefruit Juice
Crisp Rice Cereal—Sugar and Milk
Donnie's "Boy-Kind" Cinnamon Toast

Lunch (for two)
Tomato Soup
Crackers
Sliced Oranges
Milk

Dinner
Fish Sticks
Whipped Potatoes
Glazed Carrots
Rice Pudding*
Milk

Creamy rice pudding with plump raisins and a delicate lemon flavor.

Rice Pudding (24c). In a large bowl, mix together 2¼ cups milk, ½ cup sugar and a pinch of salt. Stir in 1 egg, slightly beaten, 1⅔ cups cooked rice, ⅓ cup raisins, 1 teaspoon vanilla and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Pour into a greased baking dish holding about 6 cups. Set dish in a hot-water bath and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 to 1¼ hours, stirring twice during last half hour of baking. Makes 6 servings.

Saturday — $4.54

Breakfast
Orange-and-Grapefruit Juice
Fried Eggs
Toast
Cocoa

Lunch (for six)
Potato-Frankfurter Soup*
Cheese Crackers
Tossed Fruit Salad
Milk

Dinner
Chuck Roast
Oven-Browned Potatoes
Chopped Spinach
Cookies
Milk

Potato-frankfurter soup is a favorite with everyone—low cost, easy to prepare, and so flavorful.

Potato-Frankfurter Soup (58c). Melt 2 tablespoons margarine in a large saucepan. Add 1 tablespoon grated onion and 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Gradually add 6 cups scalded milk, stirring constantly, and heat. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Add 2 cups potatoes that have been cooked and put through a ricer, or mashed. You will need to cook about 4–5 medium-sized potatoes. Bring soup to a boil. Add 6 frankfurters, cut into ½" slices, and simmer for 15 minutes. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley. This will make 6 servings.

Sunday — $3.15

Breakfast
Orange Juice
Oatmeal with Milk and Sugar
Donnie's "Boy-Kind" Cinnamon Toast*

Dinner
Leftover Beef, Sliced
Noodles
Green Peas
Cherry Cobbler
Milk

Snack
Vegetable Soup
Toasted Cheese Sandwiches
Homemade Applesauce
Milk

Donnie's "boy-kind" cinnamon toast—a quick and easy way to satisf that "sweet roll" desire.

Donnie's "Boy-Kind" Cinnamon Toast (28c). Soften ⅓ cup margarin Gradually add 1 pound confectioners' sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅛ cu milk. Mix well. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Spread the mixture o toasted raisin or white bread and sprinkle lightly with cinnamon. Put under broiler for about 1 minute. Cover remaining topping and store i the refrigerator. Makes about 1¾ cups. Cost does not include brea

THE EXECUTIONERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

They had held him over for the court-martial. The girl was fourteen, big for her age. Her father had been sick in the night and she had been on her way to her aunt's house to get help when the drunken soldier, Max Cady, had caught her and pulled her into the alley.

"Didn't they hang him?"

"No. But it was close. He was a twenty-five-year-old staff sergeant with seven years of service, and over two hundred days of combat in the islands. He'd been pulled out with a bad case of jungle rot and jungle nerves and sent to a rest camp near Melbourne. It was his first trip into the city. He was drunk. She looked older, and she was out on the street at two in the morning."

"But even so."

"They gave him life at hard labor."

He remembered how the sergeant had looked in court. Like an animal. Sullen, vicious and dangerous. And physically powerful. Sam looked at him and knew how lucky the punch had been. Cady had looked across the court at Sam as though he would dearly enjoy killing him with his hands. Dark hair grew low on his forehead. Heavy mouth and jaw. Small brown eyes set in deep and simian sockets. Sam could tell what Cady was thinking. A nice clean non-combat lieutenant. A meddler in a pretty uniform who'd never heard a shot fired in anger. So the pretty lieutenant should have backed right out of the alley and gone on his way and left a real soldier alone.

"Sam, darling, are you trying to say that——" She had a frightened look on her face.

"Now don't get jumpy. Don't get nervous, baby."

Liberty is always dangerous, but it is the safest thing we have.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

"Did you see that man on Thursday? Did they let him out?"

He sighed. "I never get a chance to finish anything. Yes. They let him out."

He had not expected Cady to come bobbing up out of ancient history. He had nearly forgotten the whole affair. Too many other impressions during those overseas years had blurred the memories of Cady. He had come home in 1945 with the rank of captain. He had got along well with his colonel, a man named Bill Stetch, and after the war he had come to New Essex at Bill's invitation and had joined the law firm.

"Tell me about it. What is he like? How in the world did he find you?"

"I don't think it's trouble. It can be handled. Anyway, when I headed for the lot on Thursday, a man fell in step with me. He kept grinning at me in a funny way. I thought he was crazy ——"

"Can we go in now? Can we? Is it time?" Bucky yelled shrilly, racing toward them.

Sam looked at his watch. "You've been goofing off, my small untidy friend. You could have been in five minutes ago."

"Hey, Jamie! It's time."

"Bucky, wait a minute," Carol said. "You don't go out beyond that rock. You *or* Jamie. Understand?"

"Nancy goes *way* out."

"And when you pass the lifesaving tests she's passed, you can go *way* out, too," Sam said.

They watched the boys go into the water. Nancy and her friend stood up. She waved at her parents. She tucked her dark hair into her cap as she walked to the stern of the Sweet Sioux. Sam looked at her and felt sad and ancient as he saw how quickly her slim figure was maturing. And, as always, he thanked private gods that Nancy took after her mother. The boys took after him. Sandy-red hair, knobby bone structure, pale blue eyes, freckles, oversized teeth. It was evident that at maturity both boys would be like their father, incurably lean, shambling, stringy, tall men of physical indolence and ropy toughness. It would have been tragic if he had willed his only daughter such a fate.

"It was that same sergeant, wasn't it?" Carol said in a small voice.

"The same. I'd forgotten his name. Max Cady. His sentence was reviewed. He was released last September. He served thirteen years at hard labor. I wouldn't have recognized him. He's about five nine, wide and thick-set. He's more than half bald and deeply tanned, and he looks as though you couldn't hurt him with an ax. The eyes are the same and the jaw and mouth are the same, but that's all."

"Did he threaten you?"

"Not in any explicit way. He had control of the situation. And he was enjoying himself. He kept telling me I never had the word, I never saw the picture. And he kept grinning at me. I can't remember ever seeing a more disconcerting grin. Or whiter, more artificial-looking teeth. He knew he was making me uncomfortable. He followed me into the lot and I got in the wagon and started it up. Then he moved like a cat and snatched the key out and leaned on the sill looking in at me. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't try to take the key away from him. That's nonsense."

"Could you have got out and gone after a policeman?"

"I guess so. But that didn't seem very . . . dignified. Like running to teacher. So I listened. He was proud of the way he found me. When his defense officer was questioning me, it came out that I got my law degree from Penn. So Cady went to Philadelphia and got somebody to check the alumni records for him and got my home address and business address that way. He wanted to give me the word on what thirteen years of hard labor was like. He called me 'lieutenant.' He used it in

NEW PABLUM ASSORTED PAK

with wider variety... more "freshness protection" than any other baby cereal

6 NEAT 1-OUNCE PACKAGES

NEW HIGH PROTEIN CEREAL

ZIP-TAB OPENING

RE-SEALABLE POUR SPOUT KEEPS CEREAL FRESH

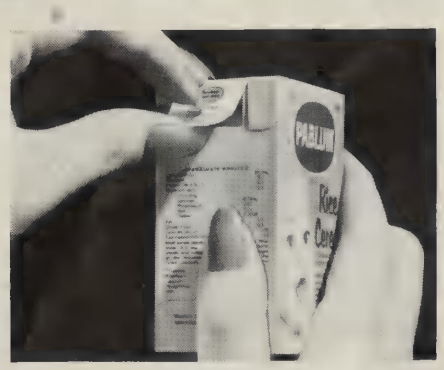


5 WONDERFUL FLAVOR VARIETIES

NOW WITH THIS MONEY-SAVING COUPON AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE

RE-SEALABLE POUR SPOUT—Pablum's is the *only* 1-oz. baby cereal package with this convenience. So neat. So sure to protect Pablum's freshness.

All the wonderful flavors in this Assorted Pak are made to Pablum's high pharmaceutical standards, prepared with that smooth, smooth texture Baby loves.



SO EASY TO POP INTO PURSE OR BAG when you go visiting with Baby. Just another convenience you'll love.

Pablum Products DIVISION OF MEAD JOHNSON & CO., EVANSVILLE, IND. Mfrs. of nutritional and pharmaceutical products.

every sentence. He made it sound like a dirty word. He said that because it was June it made it sort of an anniversary for us. And he said he'd been thinking about me for fourteen years. And he said he was glad I was doing so well. He said he wouldn't have wanted to find out I had a lot of problems."

"What . . . does he want to do?"

"All he said was he wanted to make sure I had the word, the big picture. Finally when I demanded my car key, he handed it to me. And he tried to give me a cigar. He had a shirt pocket full of them. He said they were good cigars. Two bits each. As I backed out he said, still grinning, 'Give my best to the wife and kids, lieutenant.'"

"It's creepy."

Sam wondered whether he should tell her the rest of it. And then he knew he had to. She should know the rest of it so that she would not be careless—if it came to that.

He patted her hand. "Now brace yourself, Carolbug. This may be only in my mind. I hope so. But this is what has been chewing on me. You remember that I was late on Thursday. Cady used up a half hour. I had a lot of chance to observe him. And the more I listened, the more a little warning bell rang, louder and louder. You don't have to be a trained psychoanalyst. Somehow, when a person is different, you know it. I suppose we all run in a pack, in a sense. And there are always little clues to the rogue beast. I don't think Cady is sane."

"Good heavens!"

"I think you should know that about him. I may be wrong. I don't know what words the doctors would have for it. Paranoid. I wouldn't know. But he can't blame himself. I tried to tell him it was his own fault. He said if they're big enough they're old enough, and she was just another tramp. I didn't have the word. I couldn't see the picture. He's come around to believing that incident in the alley was perfectly normal. So I took thirteen years out of his life, and I should pay for it."

"But he didn't say that?"

"No. He didn't say that. He was having a dandy time. He knew I was squirming. . . . What's the matter?"

Her eyes were very wide, and unfocused. She looked beyond him. "How long has he been in New Essex?"

"I don't know. I got the impression he'd been around a few weeks."

"Did he have a car?"

"I don't know."

"How was he dressed?"

"Khaki pants. not very clean. A white sports shirt with short sleeves. No hat."

"Something happened over a week ago. Maybe it doesn't mean anything. A week ago Wednesday, I think it was. In the morning. The kids were in school. I heard Marilyn barking her fool head off and I figured she had some horribly dangerous game treed—a chipmunk or something. So I didn't pay any attention until she gave a shrill yelp. So I went out into the yard. She was circling back through the field, tail tucked under, staring back toward the road. There was a gray car, sort of beat up, parked on the shoulder, and there was a man sitting on our stone wall, facing the house. He was well over a hundred yards away. I got the impression he was a heavy man, and he was bald, and he was smoking a cigar. I stared at him, but he didn't make a move. I didn't quite know what to do. I guessed Marilyn had been barking at him, but I couldn't be sure he'd thrown a stone or anything at her. If he'd just pretended to throw a stone, our courageous dog, friend of man, would have reacted the same way. And I didn't know if sitting on the wall is trespassing. The wall marks our line. So Marilyn and I went back into the house and she went under the living-room couch. The man made me sort of uneasy. You know, kind of alone out there. I told myself he was a salesman or something and he liked the view so he stopped to sit and look at it awhile. When I looked the second time, he was still there. But the next time I looked he was gone. I don't like to think it could have been . . . him."

"Neither do I. But I guess we better assume it was. We ought to get a better dog."

"They don't make better dogs. Marilyn isn't exactly brave, but she's sweet. Look at her."

Marilyn, awakened from her sleep by the whooping and splashing of the kids, had gone into the water. She was a spayed red setter with a beautiful coat and good lines. She churned around after the swimming children, yipping with her spasms of joy and excitement.

"Now that I've depressed you," he said with a heartiness he did not feel, "I can get over onto the bright side. Even though Dorrity, Stetch and Bowden do corporation and estate work and handle tax matters, I do have friends in the police force. And yesterday I had lunch with Charlie Hopper, our bright young city attorney. I told him the story."

"And I'll bet you made it sound like some kind of a joke."

"My hands weren't trembling and I didn't look haunted, but I think I made him see that I was concerned. Charlie didn't seem to think it would be a special problem. He took down the name and description. I believe the dainty phrase he used was to have the boys 'put the roust on him.' That seems to mean that the officers of the law find so many ways on the books to lean heavily on an undesirable citizen that he departs for more comfortable areas."

"But how could we be sure he leaves, and how would we know he wouldn't sneak back?"

"I wish you hadn't asked that question, honey. That's what I've been thinking about."

"Why don't they put him in jail?"

"What for? For what he might do? Honey, listen to me. I always use the light touch, I guess, when I talk about the law business. But I believe in the law. It's a creaking, shambling, infuriating structure. There are inequities in it. Sometimes I wonder how our system of law manages to survive. But at its base, it's an ethical structure. It is based on the inviolability of the freedom of every citizen. And it works more often than it doesn't. A lot of very little people have been trying to whittle it into a new shape during these mid years of our century, but the stubborn old monster refuses to be altered. Behind all the crowded calendars and the overworked judges and the unworkable legislation is a solid framework of equity under the law. And I like it. I live it. I like it the way a man might like an old house. It's drafty and it creaks, but the timbers are as honest as the day they were put up. So maybe it is the essence of my philosophy that this Cady thing has to be handled within the law. If the law can't protect us, then I'm dedicated to a myth, and I better wake up."

"I guess females are more opportunistic. I would be capable of taking that deer rifle of yours and shooting him right off our stone wall if he ever comes back."

"You think you could. . . . Shouldn't these two old parties try the water with the youngsuns?"

They walked toward the water. Carol looked up at him and said, "Don't get out of touch again, Sam. Please. Let me know what goes on."

"I'll let you know. And don't worry. I'm just superstitiously afraid because we have it so good."

"We have it very good."

As they stepped into the water, Nancy was clambering up over the stern of the Sweet Sioux. Water droplets sparkled on her bare shoulders. Her hips, so recently lanky, had begun to swell into woman lines. She balanced herself and dived off cleanly.

Carol touched Sam's arm. "That girl. How old was she?"

"Fourteen." He looked into Carol's eyes. He took her wrist and held it tightly. "Look now. Stop any of that kind of thinking. Stop it now."

"But you've thought it too."

"Just at this moment, when you drew your little conclusion," he said. "So we'll both discard that sickening little thought, right now."

"Yes, sir." She smiled. But the smile was not attached in the proper and usual way. They held the look a moment longer, and then waded in. He swam out with furious energy but he could not swim away from the sticky little tentacle of fear that had just fastened itself around his heart.

Sam Bowden was in his office the following Tuesday morning when Charlie Hopper phoned and said he was in the neighborhood and would it be convenient if he dropped in for a couple of minutes.

Charlie was a man in his early thirties, with a good-humored and ugly face, considerable energy and ambition, and a calculatedly indolent manner. He sat down and reached for his cigarettes and said, "Well, I started the wheels rolling on your old buddy. He's living in a rooming house at Two-eleven Jaekel Street, near the corner of Market. He checked in on May fifteenth. He's paid ahead until the end of June. This being only the eleventh, he had it in his mind to stay awhile. Our boys in blue check the registrations down there frequently. He drives a gray Chevvy sedan about eight years old. West Virginia plates. They plucked him out of a Market Street bar yesterday afternoon. Captain Mark Dutton says he made no fuss. Very mild and patient about the whole thing."

"Did they let him go?"

"They either have, or they're about to. They checked Kansas and found out he was released last September. They made him explain where he got money and where he got the car. Then they checked back on that. He comes from a little hill town near Charleston, West Virginia. When he was released he went back there. His brother had been working in Charleston and holding onto the home place. When Max came back, they sold it and split. He's got about three thousand bucks left and he carries it in a money belt. Charleston cleared him and Washington cleared him. His car registration and license are in order. They searched the car and his room. No gun. Nothing out of line. So they had to let him go."

"Did he give any reason for coming here?"

"Dutton handled it the way we decided he should. Your name wasn't brought into it. Cady said he liked the looks of the town. Dutton told me he was very cool, plausible."

"Did you make Dutton understand the situation?"

"I don't know. I think so. Dutton doesn't want that type drifting in any more than you do. So they'll keep an eye on him. If he spits on the sidewalk it will cost him fifty dollars. If he drives one mile an hour over the limit, it will cost him. They'll pick him up on a D and D when they see him coming out of a bar. He'll catch on. He'll move along. They always do."

"Charlie, I appreciate what you've done. I really do. But I have the feeling he isn't going to scare. I think he's psycho."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198



"Interesting article here on why men are more efficient housekeepers than women."



"I wonder if it was written by a woman."

Put more flavor, nutrition, smoothness
into your favorite foods with easy-to-use

Nonfat Dry Milk!



Nonfat Dry Milk is the answer to all-around-better meat balls

Nonfat dry milk can be the greatest little helper you ever brought into the kitchen!

It's so convenient, economical and easy to use. It supplies important protein and calcium. And it really does wonders in making things smoother and better tasting. Keep it on your pantry shelf. And remember: nonfat dry milk is low in calories.

BARBECUED MEAT BALLS

9″ baking dish **6 servings** **350° preheated oven**

2/3 cup nonfat dry milk
2/3 cup water
1 lb. ground beef, lean
2 slices fresh bread, finely crumbed
1/4 lb. cheddar cheese, grated
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper

Mix nonfat dry milk and water. Add other ingredients. Mix thoroughly and shape into 12 meat balls. Place in square 9″ baking dish. Pour your favorite *mild* barbecue sauce over them. Bake uncovered 50 minutes in preheated 350° oven. Turn meat when half done to brown evenly. Serve with fluffy hot rice.

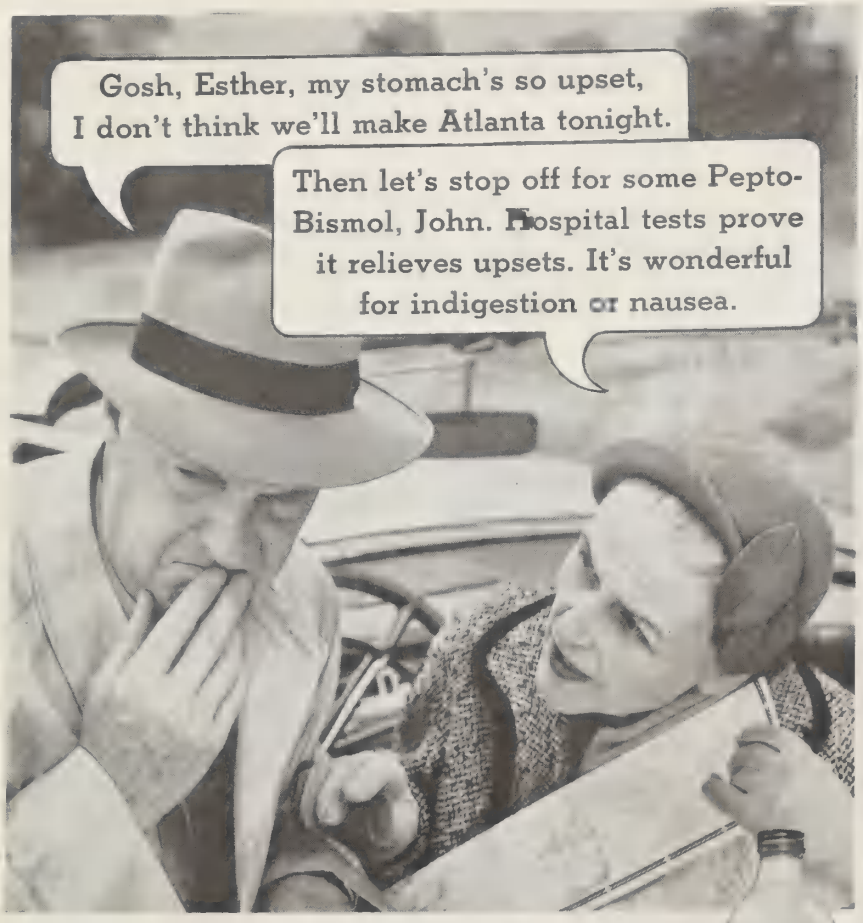


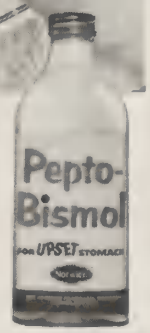
You never outgrow your need for foods made from milk



AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION · Chicago
Representing the dairy farmers in your area
See "The Perry Como Show" on NBC-TV

© 1957 AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION





Pepto-Bismol works where soda, seltzers and "tummy-aids" fail!
For upset stomach, indigestion, nausea, or diarrhea—Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes with a gentle coating action. It works both in the stomach *and* the intestinal tract—where soda and alkalizers never help. For children or adults, this wonderful *pink* liquid helps control simple diarrhea without constipating.

TAKE HOSPITAL TESTED PEPTO-BISMOL®...AND FEEL GOOD AGAIN!



Tweedie Footwear Corporation · Jefferson City, Missouri

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 196

"If so, Dutton didn't catch it. What do you think he wants to do?"

"I don't know. I have the feeling he wants to do something to hurt me the worst way he can. When you've got a wife and three kids and you live in the country, it can make you a little shaky." He told Charlie the incident of the parked car and the man on the stone wall. The fact that Carol remembered its being a gray car made it seem more likely that it had been Cady.

"Maybe he just wants to give you a bad case of the jumps."

Sam forced a smile. "He's doing fine, then."

"Maybe you can try something else, Sam. Do you know the Apex people?"

"Yes, of course. We've used them."

"It's a national organization and in some places they're weak, but they've got some good people here. I'm thinking of one boy in particular. Sievers, his name is. He's well trained. CIC background, I think. And police work too. He's rough as a cob and cold as a snake. It'll cost you, but it might be a good place to spend money. Do you know the manager over there?"

"Anderson. Yes."

"Call him up and see if he can give you Sievers."

"I think I'll do that."

"Have you got Cady's address?"

"I wrote it down. Two-eleven Jaekel Street, near the corner of Market."

"Right."

Sievers came to the office at four-thirty. He sat quietly and listened to Sam's account. He was a square-headed, gray-faced man who could have been anywhere between thirty-five and fifty. He made no needless movements. He listened and made Sam feel as though he were being an alarmist.

"How long do you want Cady covered?"

"I don't know. I want . . . an outside opinion as to whether he's planning to harm me or my family."

"We don't read minds," Sievers told him.

Sam felt his face get hot. "I realize that. And I'm not a hysterical woman, Sievers. It had occurred to me that by watching him you might get some clue as to what he has in mind. I want to know if he comes out to my home."

"And if he does?"

"Give him as much leeway as you think safe. It would help if we could get enough evidence of his intention to convict him."

"How do you want the reports?"

"Verbal reports will be adequate, Sievers. Can you start right away?"

Sievers shrugged. It was his first gesture of any kind. "I've started already."

The rain stopped just before Sam left the office. The evening sun came out as he edged his way through traffic and turned onto Route 18. The route followed the lake shore for five miles. Then it turned southwest toward the village of Harper, eight miles away.

He drove to his home just beyond the village limits. They had looked for a long time before they found the farmhouse in 1950, and hesitated a long time over the price. And had several estimates made on what it would cost to modernize it. But both he and Carol knew they were trapped. They had fallen in love with the old house. It sat on ten acres of farmland, all that was left of the original acreage. There were elms and oaks and a line of poplars. All the front windows overlooked a far vista of gentle hills.

The architect and the contractor had done superb jobs. The basic house was of brick painted white, and was set well back from the road. The long drive was on the right-hand side of the house as you faced it, and went back to what had once been and was still called the barn, even though it was primarily to house the Ford wagon and Carol's doughty and honorable and purposeful MG. The barn was of brick, too, painted white. The upstairs, which had been a hayloft, was children's area.

When Lassus, one of the wise men of Greece, was asked what was necessary to render life pleasant and comfortable, he gave this laconic answer: "Experience." BUCK

Marilyn, never without a whimper of alarm, could climb the wall ladder, but had to be carried down, tail furled, eyes rolling.

As Sam turned into his driveway he found himself wishing for the first time that they had close neighbors. They could see the peak of the roof of the Turner house. There were many houses along the road, but widely spaced, no houses very close.

He drove into the barn. Marilyn came scampering in, pleading for the expected attention. Sam, as he patted her, made a bicycle count and saw that of the three of them, only Bucky was home. It made him uneasy to think of Nancy and Jamie out on the roads. It was always a worry because of the traffic. But this was an extra worry. Yet he did not see how he could restrict them to the area.

Carol came halfway across the back yard to the barn, met him and kissed him and said, "Did you hear from Charlie?"

"Yes. It's a long story." He stared at her. "You're looking ominously dressed up, woman. I hope there isn't a party I've forgotten about."

"Oh, this? This was for morale. I was worried, so I got all fancied up."

He showered and changed. When he was out of the shower, Carol came and sat on the edge of her bed and listened to his account of the talk with Charlie and the employment of Sievers.

"Does he look . . . efficient?"

"I wouldn't know. He isn't the warmest guy anybody ever met. Charlie seems to think he's tops."

"Charlie would know, wouldn't he?"

"Charlie would know. Stop looking so strained, baby. The wheels are in motion."

"Isn't it going to be terribly expensive?"

"Not too bad," he lied. "Where are the kids?"

"Bucky is in his room. He and Andy are designing an airplane, they say. Jamie is at the Turners', and he is invited to stay for dinner. Nancy ought to be back from the village any minute."

"Is she with anybody?"

"She and Sandra went in on their bikes."

He looked at Carol. She smiled. "I guess we can't help it, darling. The early settlers had it all the time. Indians and animals. That's what it's like. Like an animal hiding back there in the woods near the creek."

He kissed her forehead. "It'll be over soon."

"It better be. I was hungry this noon, but all of a sudden I couldn't swallow. And I wanted to go down to the school and look at each one of them. But I didn't. I dug weeds in an absolute frenzy until the bus let them off in front of the house."

He could see the drive from the bedroom window and he saw Nancy cycling toward the barn, turning to wave and yell something back at someone out of sight. Sandra probably. She wore blue-jean shorts and a red blouse.

"There's ole Nance," he said, "right on the dot."

"She is, to use her own words, in a wild rage at Pike. There seems to be new talent at the school. Something with almost platinum hair. So now Pike is a thod."

"Thod?"

"It was new to me too. It seems to be a combination clod and thud. The translation was given with vast impatience. 'Oh, *mo*therrr!'"

They went downstairs. Nancy was sitting on a counter in the kitchen, talking on the phone. She gave them a look of helpless boredom, covered the mouthpiece and hissed, "I simply must study tonight."

"Then hang up," Sam said.

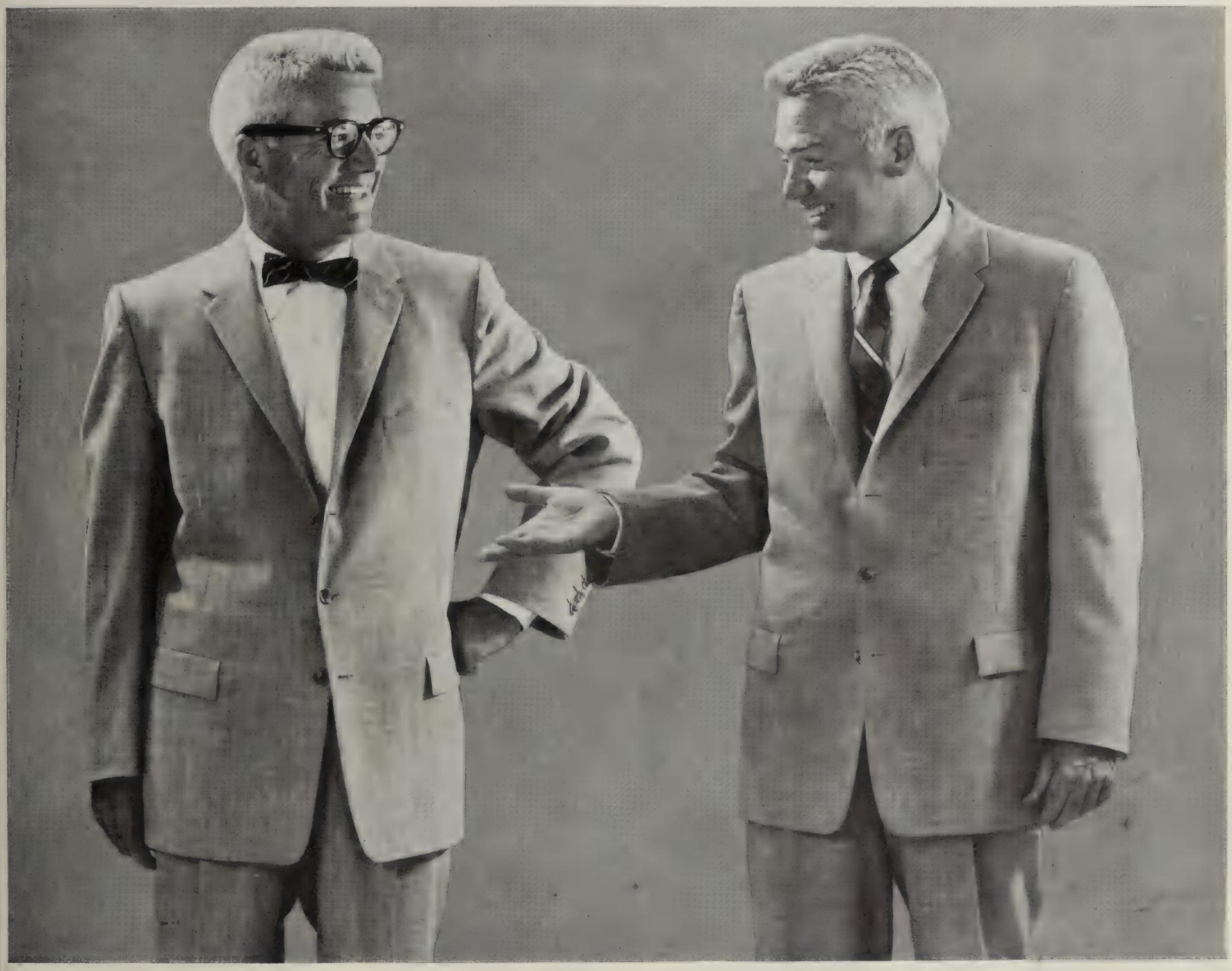
There was a sound like that of a rather underfed horse tumbling down the rear stairs. Bucky and his best friend, Andy, churned across the kitchen and out the screen door and down the steps, heading for the barn. The cylinder on the screen door sighed.

"Hello, dad," Sam said. "Hello, son. Hello, Andy. Hi, Mr. Bowden. What are you boys up

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

Which is the Brand New Suit...

and which has been Sanitone Dry Cleaned 50 times?

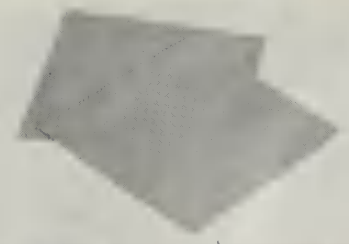


Here's Dramatic Proof That Repeated Quality Dry Cleanings Do Not Alter Look and Feel of Newness

No longer need you be concerned about how often to have your clothes dry cleaned. Do it whenever they become soiled or mussed because ingrained soil and perspiration are hard on clothes—NOT QUALITY DRY CLEANING! The makers of Sanitone have just run exhaustive tests to demonstrate this fact.

One of the identical, brand-new suits pictured above was Sanitone Dry Cleaned 50 (fifty) times and then examined by a committee of experts. Even they could detect no significant difference between this suit and the one that was brand new...either in *appearance*, or in the *feel* of the fabric.

That's why you can be sure you and your family will always look your best when your clothes are Sanitone Dry Cleaned regularly. Look in the classified section of your phone book for the dry cleaner who offers "Sanitone Approved Service." If you cannot locate him, write today for the name of your nearest Sanitone Dry Cleaner.



This test has been duplicated with swatches cut from the same bolt of cloth as the suits shown here. See them at your Sanitone Dry Cleaner's TODAY.

Sanitone Dry Cleaning Service

A Division of Emery Industries, Inc., Carew Tower, Cincinnati, Ohio

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 198

to? Why, we're on our way to the barn, dad. Fine. Run along, boys."

Nancy, listening raptly to the voice on the other end of the line, had kicked her right sandal off. With her bare toes she was absently trying to work the latch on the cupboard under the counter. Carol had opened the wall oven and she was looking in at whatever was in there.

Sam spread out the evening paper, but before he started to read he took a look around the kitchen. It was a big room. A center island, with sink and burners, divided the work area from the eating area. The cupboards and cabinets were of dark pine. A big window looked out at the wooded hill behind the barn. Graduated copper pots hung against a pine wall. There was a small fieldstone fireplace near the trestle table. It was the most used room in the house.

When Nancy hung up and retrieved her slipper, Sam said, "Hear you have some competition, Nance."

"What? Oh, *that!* Mother told you. She's an utterly rancid little thing. All frilly and with the cuteth little lithp and dreat big boo eyes. We all suspect she's trying out for Alice in Wonderland. The boys were positively clotted around her. A monstrous sight. Nauseous. And poor old Pike. He has absolutely no conversation, so all he could do was circle around her, bunching all his muscles. I'm in no sweat."

"Now there is an enchantingly feminine expression."

"Everybody says that," she said pityingly. "I've simply got to study. Really."

"What comes up tomorrow, dear?" Carol asked.

"History exam."

"Will you want any help?" Sam asked.

"Maybe on dates, later. I despise learning all those flabby old dates."

He looked at the doorway through which she had gone. Such a precious and precarious age. Half child and half woman. And when she was all woman, she was going to be extraordinarily lovely. And that would create its own special set of problems.

Just as he was finishing the paper he heard Carol dialing. "Hello, Liz? Carol. Is our middle child being reasonably civilized? . . . They are? Good. Your Mike is a perfect angel when he's here. I guess they all tend to react that way. . . . Could I please? Thanks, Liz. . . . Jamie? Dear, I don't want you and Mike to goof off on the studying. You hear? . . . All right, dear. No elbows on the table, no audible chomping, and home by nine-thirty. Good-by, honey."

She hung up and turned and gave Sam a guilty glance. "I know it's stupid. But I started worrying. And it's so easy to phone."

"I'm glad you did."

"If I keep this up we're all going to turn neurotic."

"I think it's a good idea to keep a closer check on them."

"Would you please call Bucky and send Andy home, dear?"

At nine o'clock, after seeing that Bucky was bedded down, Sam went down the hallway to his daughter's room. There was a fresh stack of records on her changer and the music was turned low. Nancy was at her desk; book and notebook open. She wore her pink terry-cloth robe. Her hair was rumpled. She gave him a look which implied that she was utterly exhausted.

"Ready for dates?"

"I guess so. I'll probably miss half of them. Here's the list, daddy."

He went over to the bed and moved the indispensable kangaroo and sat down. She had got Sally for her first birthday, and it had shared her bed wherever she was ever since.

"Do we do this to the background music of the gentleman with all the adenoids?"

Nancy leaned far over and turned off the player switch. "I'm ready. Wheel and deal."

He went through the list and after twenty minutes she had them all, no matter how he mixed up the order. She was a bright child, and highly competitive. In her own special way her mind was keenly logical, orderly, not creative. Bucky seemed to be like Nancy. Jamie was the dreamer, the slow student, the imaginative one.

He stood up and gave her the list, hesitated, and sat down again. "Parental department," he said.

"I think I have a very clean conscience. At the moment, that is."

"This is instruction, honey. Strange-men department."

"Gosh, we've been over that a zillion times. Mom too. Don't accept rides. Don't go off in the woods alone. Don't hitchhike ever. And if anybody acts funny, run like the wind."

"This is a little bit different, Nance. This is one specific man. I'd half decided not to tell you, but I think that would be a little stupid. This is a man who hates me."

"Hates *you*, daddy!"

He felt slightly annoyed. "It is possible for somebody to hate your mild, lovable, shabby old father."

"I didn't mean it like that. Why does he?"

"I was a witness against him a long time ago. During the war. Without my help, he wouldn't have been convicted. He's been in a military prison ever since. Now they've let him out. And he's in this area. Your mother and I believe he came out here one day a couple of weeks ago. He may do nothing at all. But we have to assume he might."

"Why did they put him in jail?"

He looked at her for a moment, gauging her fund of knowledge. "Rape. She was a girl your age."

"Golly!"

"He's not as tall as I am. He's about the size of John Turner, and just as big around as John, but not as soft. He's bald and quite tan, with very white cheap-looking false teeth. He dresses poorly and smokes cigars. Can you remember that?"

"Sure."

"Don't let any man answering that description get anywhere near you for any reason."

"I won't," Nancy said. "Golly, this is pretty exciting, isn't it?"

"That's one word for it."

"Can I tell the kids?"

He hesitated. "I don't see why not. I'm going to tell your brothers. The man's name is Cady. Max Cady."

"I can't wait to tell all the kids. Wow!"

He grinned at her and tousled her hair. "Big deal, hey? Drama enters the life of Nancy Ann Bowden, subdeb. Danger stalks. Tune in tomorrow for another chapter in the life of this American girl, who smiles bravely while ——"

"*Stop* it, now!"

"Want your door closed?"

"Hey, I nearly forgot. I saw Jake in the village. He says he's got room to pull the boat out now, and you know how he is, so I told him to go right ahead and we can work on her this weekend. Is that all right?"

"That's fine, chicken."

When he went downstairs Jamie was back home. Carol was in the process of shooing him off to bed. Sam told him to wait a moment.

"I just told Nance about Cady," he said.

Carol frowned and said, "But do you think —— Yes, I see. I think that's wise, Sam."

"What's happening?" Jamie demanded.

"Listen very carefully, son. I'm going to tell you something and I want you to remember it."

He explained the situation to Jamie. Jamie listened intently. Sam concluded by saying, "We'll tell this to Bucky, too, but I'm not sure how much difference it will make to him. He lives in his own Martian world. So I want you to stick closer than usual to your little brother. I realize that may cramp some of your fun, but this is for real, Jamie. This isn't a television show. You'll do that?"

"Sure. Why don't they arrest him?"

"He hasn't done anything."

"I'll bet they could arrest him. The cops have guns, see, that they've taken off dead murderers. Then they go up to the man and they shove a murder gun in his pocket and then they arrest him for carrying a gun without a license and put him jail, see. And then they put the gun in the laboratory and they look at it through a thing and they find out it was a murder gun and so then they electrocute him, real early in the morning sometime."

"Brother!" Carol said.

"James, my boy, the reason this is a very fine country is because that kind of thing can't happen. We don't jail innocent men. We don't jail people because we think they might do something. If that could happen you, Jamie Bowden, might find yourself in jail sometime because somebody lied about you."

Jamie thought it over scowlingly and then nodded. "That Scooter Prescott would have me locked up in a minute."

"Why?"

"Because I can do twenty-eight push ups now, see, and when I can do fifty I'm going up to him and I'm going to punch his fat nose."

"Does he know that?"

"Sure. I told him."

"You better go to bed now, dear," Carol said.

At the foot of the front stairs Jamie turned and said, "But there's one trouble. Scooter is doing push ups, too, darn it."

After he was gone Carol said, "How did Nancy take it?"

"Intelligently."

"I think it's wise to tell them."

"I know. But it makes me feel a little ineffectual. I'm the king of this little tribe. I



Are girdles the only way to whittle your waist?

Not at all! In fact, a trim figure will come naturally if you eat *Diet Delight low-calorie Foods*. Best of all, you're able to enjoy eating while you stay slim—*Diet Delight Foods* are so delicious and make so many exciting dishes. Try all the good-tasting *Diet Delight Foods*—Fruits, Juices, Vegetables, Salad Dressings. Each is packed without added salt or sugar. The fruits and juices are sweetened with non-caloric Sucaryl® (calcium cyclamate).



DIET DELIGHT

For **FREE** *recipe and menu booklet, "How to Diet Delightfully," write Dept. DL, Richmond-Chase Company, San Jose, California.*

should be able to go put the fear of God in Cady. But I don't see how I could. Not with this office-type physique. He looks like he's got muscles they haven't named yet."

"Is that Marilyn?"

He went out into the kitchen and let her in. She waggled and beamed at him and flounced over to her dish, stared with shock and disbelief at its emptiness, then turned and looked up at him.

"No dice, girl. You're on a diet, remember? Got to get your girlish figure back."

She rolled an eye at him and the long red brush of tail flapped twice. She yawned, with a little yowl at the end of the yawn.

He wandered back into the living room, yawned. Carol looked at him and yawned.

"I caught it from Marilyn and you caught it from me."

"So I'm taking it to bed."

"Make sure Nance has hit the sack," he said. "I'll be right along."

He turned off the lights, started to lock the front door and then opened it again and went out into the front yard. The air had the smell of June. The stars looked newly polished. He heard the dwindling snarl of a truck on Route 18 and, after it died, the remote song of a dog on a far-off farm across the valley.

The night was dark and the world was a very large place. And a man was almost excessively small, puny and vulnerable. His brood was abed.

Cady lived somewhere in this night, breathing the darkness.

He walked back across the damp grass to the house, locked up, and went up to bed.

Sievers reported to Sam in his office at ten on Thursday morning. He did not change expression as he spoke in his flat, bored voice.

"I picked him up at six o'clock coming out of the rooming house. He walked to Nicholson's bar three blocks down Market Street. He came out alone at seven-thirty and walked back and got his car. A woman came out and got in the car with him. A fat blonde with a loud laugh. I followed them. He started turning too many corners. I couldn't tell if he'd made me or he was being cute or maybe they were just looking for a place to eat. I had to hang way back. Finally they headed out of town on Route 18 east. He turned onto a secondary road. No traffic. He bluffed me by slowing down after he was around a bend. So I had to pass. When I was out of sight I turned off and cut the lights, but he didn't come along. So that means he was cute. I came back fast, but he had too many choices of turns. So I went back to Nicholson's. He goes there a lot, I found out. They know him only as Max. The woman is one of those Market Street characters. Bessie McGowan. He brought her back at three in the morning to the rooming house. I knocked off. Last night they went back to Nicholson's. He came out alone at nine and started walking down toward the lake front. He can see in all directions at once. And he can move. I lost him. I thought I'd lost him. Then he lit his cigar, right next to me. I nearly jumped out of my shoes. He gave me a good look and grinned and said, 'Nice night for it,' and walked back to Nicholson's. He took her to dinner at a steak house five miles out of town by the lake. They got back to the rooming house at three again. I guess they're still there. I goofed and I've got no apologies. What do you want next?"

"Should the agency use a different man?"

"I'm the best, Mr. Bowden. I'm not trying to kid you. Drop it. You're wasting your money. He expected to be covered. So he was looking for it. He'll keep on looking for it. And any time he wants to shake loose, he'll figure out a way. This one is cool and smart."

"You aren't much help. You don't seem to understand that this man wants to harm me. That's why he came here. He may try to get at me through my family. What would you do?"

The slate eyes seemed to change color, turn lighter. "Change his mind."

"How?"

"Don't quote me. I'd make some contacts. Bounce him into the hospital a couple of times, he gets the point. Work him over."

"But maybe he isn't planning anything."

"This way you're sure."

"I'm sorry, Sievers. Maybe it's a weakness with me, but I don't think so. I can't operate outside the law. The law is my business. I believe in due process."

Sievers stood up. "A type like that is an animal. So you fight like an animal. Anyway, I would. If you change your mind, we can have a private talk. This wouldn't be through the agency. You'll waste money keeping me on his tail." He paused at the door and looked back, hand on the knob. "You have to figure one angle on this. You've alerted the law. If he does anything, he is going to be picked up."

After Sievers was gone Sam tried to lose himself in his work, but his attention kept wandering back to Cady. As he drove home Thursday night, he decided there would be no point in telling Carol that Sievers was no longer on the job. It would be difficult to explain and would alarm her unnecessarily.

Carol called him at three o'clock on Friday afternoon. When he heard her tone of voice his hand clamped tightly on the phone. She was nearly incoherent.

"Carol, are the kids all right?"

"Yes, yes. They're all right. It's that—that fool dog." Her voice broke. "Could you come home? Please."

On his way out he stopped in Bill Stetch's office and told him there was trouble at home. The dog had probably been run over, and he was leaving for the day.

He made good time on the way home. It was a gray day. Carol came walking quickly out to the barn, the kids trailing after her. Carol looked haggard and gray. Nancy was a pasty white, her eyes swollen and red. Jamie held a trembling mouth clamped tightly shut. Bucky stumbled along, fists in his eyes, bellowing in such a hoarse way that Sam knew he had been crying for a long time.

Carol turned around, her voice sharp, and said, "Nancy, you take the boys back in the house, please."

"But I want to ——"

"Please!"

They went back toward the house. Bucky was still roaring. Carol turned back to him and her eyes filled with tears. "God deliver me from another forty minutes like I had today."

"What happened? Run over? Is she dead?"

"She's dead. But she wasn't run over. Doctor Lowney came right out. He was perfectly wonderful. We couldn't get her in the MG to take her in. The timing was absolutely superb. I heard the school bus stop and then pull away, and then I heard Nancy screaming. I came running out like I was shot out of a gun. I found out later that when the bus was coming to a stop Jamie looked out the window and saw Marilyn in the front yard, gobbling something down. She came prancing over to meet the kids as she always does, and then she started to whine and run in circles and bite herself in the side. Then she went into a kind of convulsion. That's what started Nancy screaming." The tears ran down Carol's face. "When I got there the dog was in agony. I've never seen anything so pitiful or frightening. And all three kids watching. I tried to get near her, but she snapped at me so viciously I didn't dare touch her. I told the kids not to touch her and I ran in and phoned Doctor Lowney and you. She was rolling and writhing and making the most awful screaming noise I ever heard a dog make. I didn't want the kids to watch, but I couldn't get them away. Then she began to run down, like a clock or a machine or something. Doctor Lowney arrived just before the end. She died about a minute later. So he took her in with him. That was about twenty minutes ago."

"He said she was poisoned?"

"He said it looked like it."

His eyes were stinging. "Can you handle the kids for a little while?"

We act as though comfort and luxury were the chief requirements of life, when all that we need to make us really happy is something to be enthusiastic about. CHARLES KINGSLEY



MASSAGE YOUR FEET!

Enjoy grateful relief from tired, aching feet, legs WHILE YOU RELAX

Recommended by Doctors



Exclusive 30 Degree Angle allows Feet, Legs to rest naturally, comfortably

The wonderful benefits of professional-like massage can now be yours while you sit and read, watch TV or relax, with the new 30 degree angle Dr. Scholl's Electric Foot Massager. This highly invigorating type of massage improves circulation in feet and legs . . . relieves fatigued, aching feeling . . . rests, refreshes, revitalizes the feet.

MAKES AN IDEAL GIFT

Choice of lovely pastel pink, green, ivory white. Model for both feet $16.95. Single foot model $8.95. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort* Shops. Mail orders filled if not obtainable locally. Write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. M2, Chicago 10, Illinois.

Dr Scholl's Electric FOOT MASSAGER

Try this → brush... specially designed FOR GUM LINE PROTECTION

Sensitive gum lines need *special* protection. Oral B gives you this protection with over 2500 *special* bristles of softer, finer nylon.

Use the same specially designed brush for both teeth and gums. Ask for Oral B!

Get yours at the nearest drug counter.

In 3 sizes for all the family



Oral B TOOTHBRUSH

© ORAL B COMPANY
San Jose, California

"Where are you going? Oh, down to the vet's?"

"Yes."

"Please don't be long."

Doctor Lowney was a big placid man with white hair and an easygoing manner. When Sam went in, Lowney stood at a workbench. Marilyn was on a table in the middle of the small room. The life had gone out of her coat. She lay like a dull red rag, one white slit of eye showing.

Lowney turned from the bench. There was no greeting, no affability. "I haven't got the best lab resources in the world, Sam, but I'm pretty sure it was strychnine, and a walloping big dose of it. It was administered in raw meat. Probably just cut a slit in a piece of meat and stuffed the crystals in."

One of her ears was folded back. Sam unfolded it. "It makes me so mad I feel sick," he said.

Lowney stood on the other side of the table and they both looked down at the dead dog. "I don't get much of this, thank God. It's a dirty shame the kids saw it."

"Maybe they were meant to see it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I don't know. I don't know what I mean."

"Sam, I wish you'd have let me talk you into taking her to obedience school last year. Then she'd never have touched that meat."

"We had her on a diet. She was an incorrigible beggar. And scared of her own shadow. But she was a wonderful dog. She had personality. Damn it all."

"Why don't you go back and decide where you want to bury her and get a big enough hole dug, and I'll drop her by after I close up here at five. I'll wrap her in something. No need for the kids to have to look at her again."

When Sam walked into the house Carol had managed to get Bucky quieted down. He was in the living room staring woodenly at television. His face was bloated and at intervals a strangled sob shook him like a massive hiccup. Carol was in the kitchen. He noted with instant approval that Marilyn's dishes and rug had been put away out of sight.

"Where's Nance and Jamie?"

"In their rooms. Did Doctor Lowney know what ——"

"Strychnine."

They were speaking in hushed voices. She turned into his arms and he held her. She spoke against the side of his throat. "I keep telling myself it was just a fool dog. But ——"

"I know."

She turned back toward the sink. "Who would do such a horrible thing, Sam?"

"It's hard to say. Somebody with a twisted mind."

"But it isn't like she was ranging around killing chickens or digging up flower beds. She never went off the place unless she was with the kids."

"Some people just don't like dogs."

She turned around, wiping her hands on a dish towel, her expression grim and intent. "You're never home when the school bus comes, Sam. Marilyn knew the sound it makes when it comes up the hill. And wherever she was, she'd head for the end of the drive and be there waiting when it stopped. If somebody followed the bus in a car they'd know about that. And then the next time they could go ahead of the bus and throw that poisoned stuff out where she'd be sure to find it when she came to meet the bus."

"It could have been just a coincidence ——"

"I think you know better than that. I think you feel the same way I do. I'm not being hysterical. There are dogs all along Milton Road. We've lived here seven years now, and I've never heard of such a thing happening. So, the first time it happens, why was it *our* dog?"

"Now, Carol ——"

"We're both thinking the same thing and you know it. Where was that wonderfully efficient private eye?"

Sam sighed. "He's not on the job any more."

"When did he stop?"

"Wednesday night."

"And just why did he stop?"

He explained Sievers' reasons to her. She listened intently, mechanically continuing to dry her hands on the towel.

"I should have told you. I'm sorry."

"So now this Cady can roam around at will and poison our dog, and work his way up to the children. Which do you think he'll start on first? The oldest or the youngest?"

"Carol, honey. Please. We haven't any proof it was Cady."

She threw the towel into the sink. "Listen to me. *I* have proof it was Cady. It's not the kind of proof you would like. No evidence. No testimony. Nothing legalistic. I just *know*. What kind of a man are you? This is your *family*. Marilyn was part of your *family*. Are you going to look up all the precedents and prepare a brief? You tell me the man hates you. You don't think he's sane. So *do* something about him!"

She had taken a step closer to him, glaring at him quite fiercely. And then her face crumpled and she was in his arms again, shivering this time. He held her and then he took her over to the bench by the trestle table and sat beside her, holding her hand.

She tried to smile and said, "I despise sniveling women."

"You have the best reason in the world to be upset, honey. I know how you feel. It would be a lot easier to handle Cady in more primitive times, or in a more primitive part of the world. I am a member of a social complex. He is the outsider. I would rally my gang and we would kill him. I would very much like to kill him. I might even be able to manage it. You are reacting on a primitive level. That is what your instinct tells you I should do. But your logic will tell you how impossible that is. I would be sent to prison."

"I—I know."

"You want me to be effectual and decisive. That is precisely what I want to be. I don't think I can frighten him away. I can't kill him. The police are being less help than I thought they would be. There are two things I can think of. I can see Captain Dutton on Monday and see if he'll co-operate the way Charlie promised he would. And if that doesn't work out, then we'll move out of his range."

"How?"

"School will be over next week, Wednesday is the last day. You can take off with the kids and find a place to stay and phone me at the office when you get located. We can close the house and I'll take a hotel room in town. I'll be careful. This thing can't last forever."

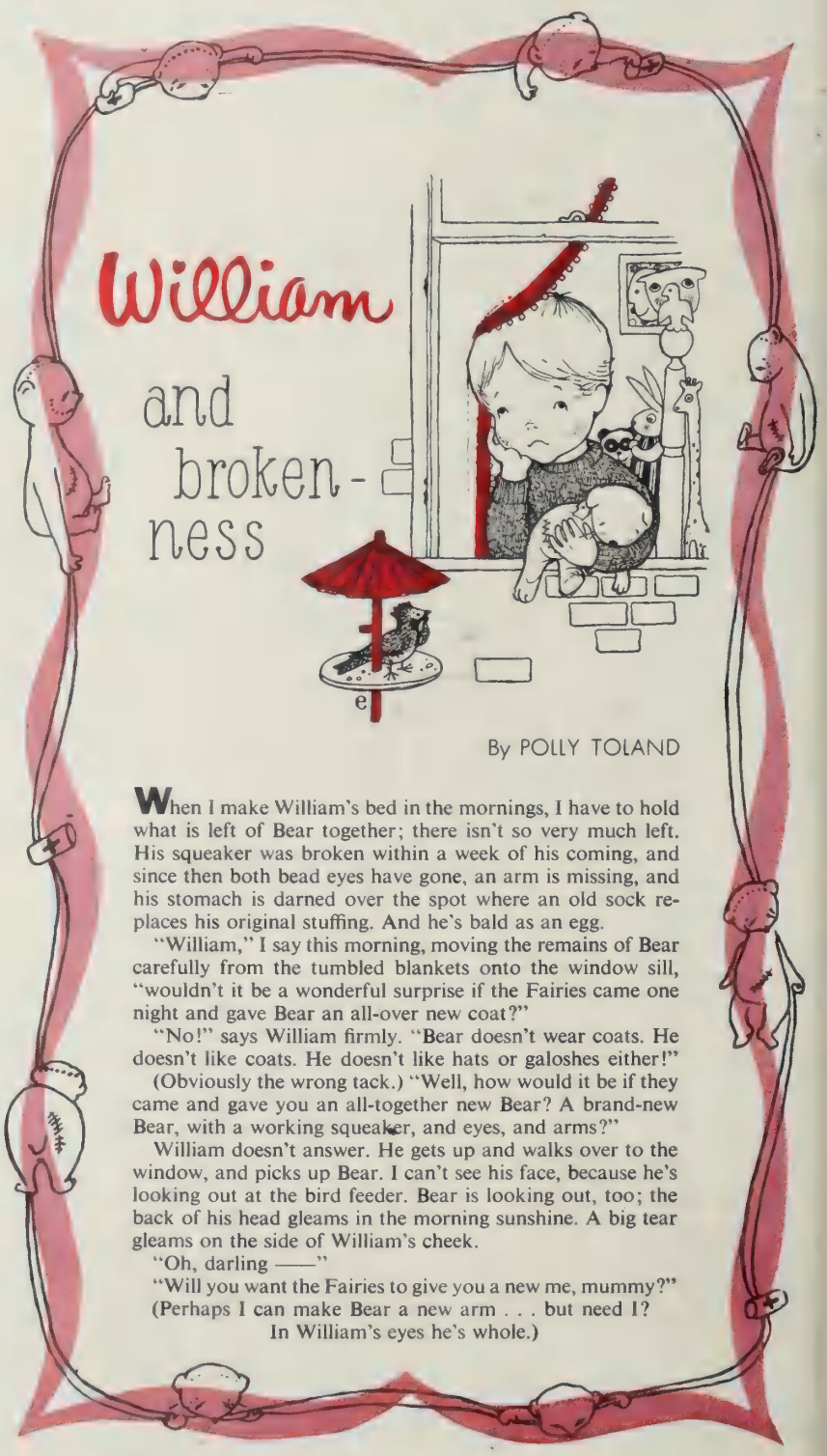
"But between now and then ——"

"I'm not certain of anything. But I can make a guess about how his mind works. He isn't going to rush. He's going to give us some time to think this over."

"Can we be carefuller anyway?"

"I'll use the MG next week. You can drive the kids in in the wagon and pick them up after school. I'll give orders they're to stay on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 205



By POLLY TOLAND

When I make William's bed in the mornings, I have to hold what is left of Bear together; there isn't so very much left. His squeaker was broken within a week of his coming, and since then both bead eyes have gone, an arm is missing, and his stomach is darned over the spot where an old sock replaces his original stuffing. And he's bald as an egg.

"William," I say this morning, moving the remains of Bear carefully from the tumbled blankets onto the window sill, "wouldn't it be a wonderful surprise if the Fairies came one night and gave Bear an all-over new coat?"

"No!" says William firmly. "Bear doesn't wear coats. He doesn't like coats. He doesn't like hats or galoshes either!"

(Obviously the wrong tack.) "Well, how would it be if they came and gave you an all-together new Bear? A brand-new Bear, with a working squeaker, and eyes, and arms?"

William doesn't answer. He gets up and walks over to the window, and picks up Bear. I can't see his face, because he's looking out at the bird feeder. Bear is looking out, too; the back of his head gleams in the morning sunshine. A big tear gleams on the side of William's cheek.

"Oh, darling ——"

"Will you want the Fairies to give you a new me, mummy?"

(Perhaps I can make Bear a new arm . . . but need I?
In William's eyes he's whole.)



NEW! Lotion-cleanser flows moisture in —as it flows dirt out!

Now! Your skin can be *pure* in every pore—*cleaner*, softer, smoother than ever before! Almost any cleanser—soap, cream or liquid—will clean the visible top-layer of your skin. But only new, *deep-down* BEAUTY CLEAN can *clean the unseen!* Here's a new *kind* of clean: a lavish lotion that works with the speed of light—takes a *deep plunge* to penetrate far, far below your skin's surface—flows out hidden dirt and makeup—leaves your skin *tingling-clean*, misted with delicious, young moisture—with a new, precious, poreless look! No drying, trying soaps or detergents in BEAUTY CLEAN; instead, it *fondles* your face to petal-soft, fine-textured freshness. *Begin tonight* to be more beautiful tomorrow!

1.25 plus tax

DESERT FLOWER
beauty clean
by **SHULTON**

Watch the new Eve Arden Show – every week on CBS-TV!

Red Cross Shoes designed for and inspired by . . .

TODAY'S AMERICAN WOMAN

Suit by Marquise • Hat by J. Frederics



ILLUSTRATED: THE DAYTIMER



PLAZA



PORTRAIT SLING

New daytime look:
tailored touches in polished calf

You'll see the traditional glow of polished calf in a new light, this fall. Smarter than ever with the added bright gleam of a little buckle atop a slim and tapered toe . . . an unexpected row of hand-stitching . . . little tailored touches that add up to an important new daytime look in your favorite, wonder-fitting Red Cross Shoes.

Largest selling brand of fine footwear in the world.

Styles from 10^{95} *to* 13^{95}

THIS PRODUCT HAS NO CONNECTION WHATEVER WITH THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS • THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORPORATION, CINCINNATI 7, OHIO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 202

the place. And tomorrow you get some target practice with the Woodsman."

She linked her fingers in his. "I'm sorry I blew up. I shouldn't have. I know you'll do everything you can, Sam."

"I've got to dig a grave for Marilyn. Where do you think?"

"How about that slope behind the barn near the aspens?"

"I'll go change."

He put on faded paint-spattered dungarees and his old blue shirt. He sensed that Carol was right. Instinct told her Cady had poisoned the dog. He found it curious he should be willing to accept that with so little proof. It was contrary to his training, to all his instincts.

He looked in on Jamie in his room. Jamie sat on the bed leafing through one of his dog-eared gun catalogues. He looked up at his father and said, "It was really poison, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was."

"And that man that hates us did it?"

"We don't know who did it, son."

The young eyes were pale and blue and hard. He held the catalogue out. "You see that thing? It's a blunderbuss. With a brass barrel. I'm going to put a double load in it and I'm going to fill it all the way up with dirty old rusty nails and stuff and I'm going to hit that old Cady right in the gut. Pow!" Tears stood in his eyes.

"Want to help me pick a spot for the grave?"

"O.K."

They got a spade from the barn. Sam got the hole well started and then let Jamie take his turn. The boy worked with dogged violence, grim-faced. As Sam stood watching, Nancy came up to him, walking slowly.

"This is a good place," she said. "Did you bring her back?"

"Doc Lowney is going to bring her."

"I saw you from my window. Mother thinks that man did it."

"I know she does. But there's no proof."

Jamie stopped digging. "I could dig a bigger hole. I could dig a hole for him and drop him down in it with snakes and things, and fill it with rocks and stomp it all down on him."

Sam could see the boy was winded. "I'll take a turn now. Let's have the shovel."

They stood and watched him finish it. Lowney arrived. He had the dog wrapped in a tattered old khaki blanket. Sam lifted her out of the car and carried her to the hole. He covered her quickly and shaped the mound with the shovel.

Dinner was a cheerless affair. During dinner Sam outlined the new rules. He had half expected objections. But the kids accepted without comment.

After the children were all in bed, Sam and Carol sat in the living room.

"It's so hard on them," Carol said.

There was a distant grumble of June thunder. Marilyn had always had a standard reaction to thunder. The head would go up and tilt. Then the ears would go back. She would stand up and give a vastly artificial yawn, lick her chops, eye them in a sidelong way and saunter in the general direction of the couch. With one more apologetic glance she would crawl under the couch. Once when a loud clap of thunder had come without previous warnings from the distance, she had shot across the room and miscalculated the clearance and banged her forehead mightily on the bottom edge. She had rebounded, staggered, recovered and scrambled under, and everybody had laughed except Bucky.

"It was like a charmed circle," Carol said. "And now something has come in out of the darkness and struck one of us down. The charm isn't working any more."

All five Bowdens had breakfast, for once, at the same time. Marilyn was not mentioned.

"Schedule," Sam said. "Attention all Bowdens. Nancy will help her mother swamp out the kitchen and make the beds while you boys help me find the stuff for the boat and load it in the wagon. Then we shall have a spot of target practice. You are in charge of hanging up the cans, Jamie. Then we go work on the boat."

The range was part way up the gentle hill behind the house. The backstop was a claybank. Jamie got a half dozen empty cans from the rubbish and tied cord on them and hung them from a red-maple limb in front of the claybank. They used up a box and a half of longs in the .22 automatic. Sam and Nancy were the best shots. Jamie, as usual, became infuriated with himself when Nancy outshot him. Carol listened with care to the hints Sam gave her. She did not flinch. Sam saw the set of her jaw and her frown of concentration. The kids were much quieter than usual. This had been a game they had played often. Today it was more than a game. There was a new flavor to it, sensed by all of them.

On Bucky's final turn he hit three of the riddled cans at sixty feet with an eight-shot clip. He flushed red with pride at the congratulations.

SO MANY CHILDREN

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

I heard the old woman who lived in the shoe
Bewailing the fact she knew not what to do
With so many children. "Oh dear and oh dear,
I've too many children to nourish and rear!
There's too many toothaches and noses to blow
And squabbles to settle and patches to sew
And bonnets to tie on and bruises to salve.
No woman should have all the children I have!"

I asked the poor woman so worried and worn,
"Then which of your brood do you wish were unborn?"
She looked at her moppets: the elfin, the grave,
The dimpled, the rosy, the shy and the brave.
She robed them with love and she crowned them with pride.
"There isn't a one I could spare!" she replied.

"Shall I take the cans down now?" Jamie asked.

"Leave them up," Sam said. "Maybe we'll get a little more practice in tomorrow. If we finish the boat."

"How about their homework?"

"Tonight and tomorrow night," Sam said.

"I was going to the drive-in tonight," Nancy said in a complaining tone.

"Forgotten the new rules already?" Sam asked.

"No; but gosh, dad, I'd already said yes."

"And just who has a car to take you to the drive-in?"

"Well, his name is Tommy Kent and he's a senior and he's eighteen, so he can drive at night, and it's a double date, sort of, and Sandra is going with Bobby."

"Is that the family that has the furniture store?" Carol asked.

"Yes, and it would be all right, honestly. They'll pick me up right here and we'll come right back after the movie. It's with John Wayne. I was going to ask about it Friday, but on account of Marilyn I forgot. Can't I go, please? Just this time?"

Sam looked at Carol and saw the almost imperceptible nod. "All right. But just this once. . . . You kids run along and get ready. We're going to the boatyard right now."

They ran down the hill. Sam and Carol followed more slowly. Sam said, "You crossed me up."

"I know. But I think this will be all right. And you would have no possible idea of how much I've heard about Tommy Kent, Tommy Kent, Tommy Kent. Before and during the Pike Foster era. He's a school figure. A big athlete. It's quite a coup for a junior-high girl to get a date with him. Tommy waited on me at the store one Saturday. He's quite a poised young man. She'll be safe and it will be better than having her gloom around. Pike's desertion hurt her morale. And this date built it back up again."

Jamie had let the two others go ahead. He stood by Marilyn's fresh grave, waiting for them. "Ever since I got up I keep feeling like I see her around. Sort of over to the side. Like if I turned my head quick enough I could see her."

Carol hugged him against her side. "I know, dear. We all feel the same way."

Jamie looked at his father from the circle of his mother's arm. "We could find where he eats and sneak in the kitchen and put something in his food and then when he eats it we could be looking through those round windows they have in the doors of the kitchens in restaurants and he'd be rolling around knocking tables over and everybody screaming until he's all quiet and dead."

"Those pants are too good for boat work," Carol said. She gave him a little push. "You run in the house and put on the rattiest pair of jeans you can find in your closet."

Jamie ran off. Carol said, "I wonder if it's healthy, the way his imagination works. Some of the things he comes out with are shocking."

"At eleven civilization is still a thin coating. Underneath is all savage."

"Sir, you are speaking of the children I love. But Jamie has such violent ideas."

"Speaking of violent ideas, can you manage to keep the automatic handy without being obvious about it?"

"I think so. My big straw bag."

"It won't make you feel too melodramatic?" Sam asked.

"My brood is threatened and I'm turning just as primitive as Jamie. While I was shooting up there I kept wondering if I could point it at a human being and pull the trigger and keep the sights lined up and not flinch. And I thought about Marilyn and I know I can."

The Harper Boat Club was on the lake shore between New Essex and Harper. The club building could more accurately be called a shack. The boat basin was small and crowded. Jake Barnes' boatyard was next door to the club. It was a cluttered, informal enterprise. Most members of the Harper Boat Club were ardent do-it-yourself addicts. Sam parked the station wagon in the rear of Jake's boatyard and checked off the things they had brought. Sandpaper, calking compound, antifouling marine hull paint, deck paint and varnish.

Jake ambled over to meet them as they came around the side of the main shed.

"Hi, Sam. Howya, Mizz Bowden. Hello, kids."

"Did you get her out?" Nancy asked.

"Sure did. Right down there on the last cradle. She needs some work, all right. Looked her over yesterday."

They walked down to the Sweet Sioux. Sam apportioned the work. They all began to work, using the sanding blocks. The sun was hot and it was tiring work. After a half hour Sam took off his shirt and hung it on a sawhorse. The slight breeze off the lake cooled the perspiration on his lean back.

Sam looked idly at his family. Nancy wore very short red shorts, old and faded, and a yellow linen halter. Her legs were long and brown and slim, beautifully shaped. She worked the sanding block with both hands, turning lithely at the waist. The smooth young muscles bunched and lengthened under the sheen and texture of her back.

They worked steadily, and by one o'clock Carol announced it was time for a lunch break. They would run home and eat and



"How we use Murine to rest our eyes"

Deborah Joan and Mrs. Bob Considine,

newspaper and magazine columnist, and star of The Millie Considine radio program.

"Deborah Joan has learned one of my pet comfort tricks," says Mrs. Bob Considine. "She enjoys using Murine as much as I. We like the cool, refreshing feeling Murine gives our eyes. It's wonderful after a day outdoors in the wind and sun." Great tip to remember next time your eyes feel slightly tired or tense. Murine's always safe, gentle and soothing. Now with new *unbreakable* dropper.

MURINE for your eyes*



The Murine Co., Inc.
Chicago, U.S.A.
*Trademarks Reg.
U.S. Pat. Off

come back. It was then that Nancy announced, quite demurely, that she had told Tommy Kent what they'd be doing and he had said he might stop around and help, so if it was all right, she would stay and keep working and they could bring her back a sandwich, please.

Sam drove Carol and the boys home. Carol made hefty sandwiches and a giant pitcher of iced tea. As she was wrapping Nancy's sandwich, Carol said, "You itching to get back to work?"

"I'd like to get that hull painted before dark."

"I'm going to make Bucky take a nap. He's completely pooped. He'll yelp at the idea, but he'll cork off in ten seconds. You go on ahead and I'll bring the boys down in an hour or so."

He took the MG and drove back to the boatyard. He walked around the shed, carrying the sandwich and a small vacuum bottle of iced tea. Nancy was sitting on her haunches, sanding the undercurve of the hull, a difficult place to get at.

She smiled up at him. "Please just set that stuff down, daddy. I want to finish this one place first."

He went over and put the sandwich and vacuum bottle on the sawhorse. As he was unbuttoning his shirt, he had his back to Nancy. He stopped, motionless, his finger tips touching the third button. Max Cady sat on a low pile of timbers thirty feet away. He had a can of beer and a cigar. He wore a yellow knit sports shirt and a pair of sharply creased slacks in a shade of cheap electric blue. He was smiling at Sam.

Sam walked over to him. It seemed to take a long time to walk thirty feet. Cady's smile didn't change.

"What are you doing here?" Sam kept his voice low.

"Well, I'm having a beer, lieutenant, and I'm smoking this here cigar."

"I don't want you hanging around here."

Cady looked quietly amused. "So the man sells me a beer and I'm thinking about maybe renting a boat. I haven't fished since I was a kid. Fishing any good in the lake?"

"What do you want?"

"That's your boat, hey?" He gestured with the cigar, winked with obscene significance and said, "Nice lines, lieutenant."

Sam looked back and saw Nancy sitting on her heels, the short red shorts pulled to strained tightness around the young hips.

"Cady, I ——"

"A man has a nice family and a boat like that and a job where he can take off when he feels like it, it must be nice. Go out into the lake and mess around. When you're locked up you think of things like that. You know. Like dreaming."

"What are you after? What do you want?"

The small deep-set brown eyes changed, but the smile still exposed the cheap white teeth. "We started pretty near even back there in 'Forty-three, lieutenant. You had a fancy education and a commission and little silver bars, but we both had a wife and a kid. Did you know that?"

"I remember hearing you were married."

"I got married when I was twenty. The boy was four when you got me sent up. I saw him when he was a couple weeks old. Mary dumped me after I got life. She never even visited. They make it easy to do when you're in for life. I signed the law papers. And I never got another letter. But my brother wrote how she got married again. Married a plumber there in Charleston, West Virginia. Had a whole litter of kids. My brother sent me clippings when the kid got killed. My kid. That was in 'Fifty-one. He was twelve, and he fell off his motor scooter under a delivery truck."

"I'm sorry about that."

"Are you, lieutenant? You must be a nice guy. You must be a real nice guy. I looked Mary up when I got back to Charleston. She near dropped dead when she recognized me. The kids were in school and the plumber was out plumbing. You know, she's still a pretty woman. I had to bust open the screen door to get to talk to her. She got one of those fireplace things and tried to hit me over the head with it. I took it away from her and bent it double and threw it in the fireplace. Then she came out quiet and got in the car."

"Why are you telling me this?"

"I want you to get the picture, like I told you last week. By then she was doing just what I told her, and I had her write me a love note and date it, asking me to take her away for a while. I made her write it full of dirty words. I stayed with her about three days in a hotel. By then I got tired of her sniveling all the time. All the fight was gone, but she was marked up from that first day when she was still trying to get away. Are you getting the picture, lieutenant?"

"I think so."

"I told her that if she ever tried to yell cop, I'd mail a photostat of the note to the plumber. And I'd come around and see if I could throw a couple of the plumber's kids under some delivery trucks. She was impressed. I had to put near a fifth of liquor into her before she passed out. Then I found one of those rough little roadhouses. I lifted her out and put her in an old heap parked there. About a mile back up the road I threw her shoes and her dress in a field."

"This is supposed to scare me?"

"No, lieutenant. This is just part of the picture."

"I don't want to listen to all this," Sam told him.

"But you'll listen, lieutenant. You want the word. I got this word for you. After I found out from my brother about her marrying again, I planned the whole thing, just exactly the way I did it."

"So?"

"You're supposed to be a big smart lawyer, lieutenant. I thought about her and I thought about you."

"And made plans for me?"

"Now you're getting warm. But I couldn't make plans for you because I didn't know how you were set. I wasn't even sure I could locate you."

"Are you threatening me?"

"I'm not threatening you, lieutenant. Like I said, we started pretty near even. Now you're a wife and three kids ahead of me."

"And you want us to be even again."

"I didn't say that."

They stared at each other, and Cady was still smiling. He looked entirely at ease. Sam Bowden could find no way to control the situation. "Did you poison our dog?" he demanded, and immediately regretted asking the question.

"Dog?" Cady's eyes went round with mock surprise. "Poison your dog? Why, lieutenant! You slander me."

"Oh, come off it!"

"Come off what? Now I wouldn't poison your dog any more than you'd put a plain-clothes cop on my tail. You wouldn't do a thing like that."

"When a couple of young people strongly devoted to each other commence to eat onions, it is safe to pronounce them engaged.
JAMES M. BAILEY

"You did it, you filthy ——"

"I've got to be careful. I can't take any punches at you, lieutenant. I get sent up for assault. Want a cigar? They're good ones."

Sam turned helplessly away. Nancy had stopped working. She was standing looking intently toward them, her eyes narrowed, and she was biting her underlip.

"There's a real stacked kid, lieutenant."

Sam turned back blindly and swung. Cady dropped his beer can and caught the punch deftly in the palm of his right hand.

"You get one sucker punch in a lifetime, lieutenant. You've had yours."

"Get out of here!"

Cady had stood up. He put the cigar in the corner of his mouth and spoke around it. "Sure. Maybe after a while you'll get the whole picture, lieutenant." He walked toward the shed, moving lightly and easily. He grinned back at Sam, then waved his cigar at Nancy and said, "See you around, beautiful."

Nancy came over to Sam. "Is that him? Is it? Daddy! You're shaking!"

Sam, ignoring her, followed Cady around the shed. Cady got behind the wheel of an old gray Chevvy. He beamed at Sam and Nancy and drove out.

"He *is* the one, isn't he? He's horrible! The way he looked at me made me feel all crawly, like worms do."

"That's Cady," he said. His voice was unexpectedly husky.

"Why did he come *here?*"

"To put a little more pressure on. God knows how he found out we'd be here. I'm glad your mother and the boys weren't here."

They walked back to the boat. He glanced down at her as she walked beside him. Her face was solemn, thoughtful. She looked up at him. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know."

"What is he going to do?"

"I don't know that either."

"Daddy, do you remember a long time ago when I was little and the nightmares I had after we went to the circus?"

"I remember. What was the name of that ape? Gargantua."

"That's right. The place where they had him had glass walls and you held me by the hand and he turned and he looked right at me. Not at any of the other people. Right at me. And I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 208



The Picture of Health for October



by **MAXINE DAVIS**

Fighting the battle of the bulge? Keep it up! These excess pounds cause all sorts of trouble, for instance, if you're pregnant. If you are pregnant they're a serious menace. Today *obstetricians control gain*, and thin down overweight to avert complications and make pregnancy and childbirth safe.

Extra pounds are depressing. The fat girl isn't really jolly, knowing she's not attractive, ashamed of her lack of self-restraint.

Extra pounds are expensive. You have to feed and clothe them; pay higher life insurance; spend so much energy toting them that you're inefficient; you don't earn the income you might without them.

They're uncomfortable, unhealthy; hard on the feet. They overwork all the vital organs; cause ailments ranging from headache to heart trouble. In so many ways, they're bad news!

Your doctor may advise thinning down; you've become used to over-eating. A great help will be a bottle of KESSAMIN #14 tablets. These contain essential nutritional vitamins and iron as well as a neutral food additive. Together with enjoyable Kessamin menus, they make up the New KESSAMIN PLAN. I've found the New KESSAMIN PLAN the only way to be perfectly satisfied with small servings, even of gourmet foods. My doctor told me about Kessamin! I find it really works.

It's been a good summer—our family has stored up health. The job now is to keep it. So I think it's smart to supplement my family's diet with Bexel Vitamin-mineral capsules. Get them for the entire family—small fry and grown-ups too. For adults, keep them as handy as sugar or salt at breakfast. The young will enjoy the gay red child-size BEXEL capsules or pleasant BEXEL syrup.

Vitamins provide the additional nutritional elements that can help make you feel top of the world. With BEXEL (in her formula) the baby gets what doctors advise. Maybe vitamins will even help your husband break par! The family's on the up-beat!

But Ann has problems! You worry about that young one. She's sulky and miserable, afflicted by adolescence and acne. And her dresses are pulling out at the seams.

Whether her pimples and pounds are the reason or result of those appalling soda fountain messes she consumes is neither here nor there. Ann is sadly in need of help.

You can't cure adolescence, or acne either; but, thank goodness, with UTOL you can make those twin trials relatively painless. UTOL, an antiseptic antibiotic ointment is invaluable; it helps relieve the minor irritation and itching that keeps reminding Ann of her "spots", and also prevents re-infection. UTOL is flesh-tinted to hide blemishes. So have her apply it as a foundation cream under her make-up.

With UTOL she'll be OK, her gay un-self-conscious self again. She'll try for the Junior High Girls Hockey Team after all!

Now you can relax. You've taken the basic preventive measures to guard the family against autumn ailments. So if your husband brings a rough throat and croaking voice home from a smoke-filled conference room, don't get the thermometer; get NEO-AQUA-DRIN. Those antibiotic anti-pain lozenges are just what he needs.

Now from the laboratories of McKesson comes the

first antibiotic deodorant

...used over 2 years by thousands of women to give longer, safer protection!



Fluffy, white Yodora won't irritate delicate skin. So mild, so gentle you could actually use it for underarm shaving.

AMONG the great medical discoveries in recent years is the use of antibiotics to wipe out bacteria.

Now, for the first time, an antibiotic is used to end perspiration odor. For what causes odor in perspiration, is the bacteria that breed there—and remain in your clothes, to make them objectionable too.

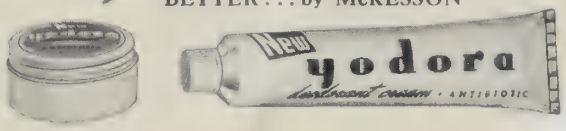
McKesson scientific research now ends this old problem with New antibiotic Yodora. New Yodora stops perspiration bacteria up to 48 hours. And gives this lasting protection without harsh chemicals so it does not injure clothing or irritate your skin. In fact, it is so mild and gentle that you could actually use this fluffy, white cream for underarm shaving.

It is only natural that McKesson laboratories, after years of dedicated research, should pioneer this amazing new principle to take care of unwelcome perspiration odor.

Ask your druggist, whose professional training you can trust, about New antibiotic Yodora. He can tell you why New Yodora is years ahead . . . why it does a better job, naturally, to keep you and your clothes fresh and odor-free. New antibiotic Yodora, in jars or tubes, is economically priced. It is just another example of McKesson's great conscience for perfection, which always strives to "make it better—better for you." © 1957, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N. Y.

NEW* yodora

BETTER . . . by McKESSON



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 206

felt like something inside me curled up and died. It was something savage that didn't have any right to be in the same world I was in. Do you know what I mean?"

"Of course."

"That man is like that. I think that man is all bad."

Never before, he thought, *have we been able to talk on an equivalently adult level without a mutual shyness.* "I suppose I could understand him, if I wanted to. He was a combat-fatigue case, and he went right from that into life imprisonment at hard labor. There had to be somebody to blame. And he couldn't blame himself. I became the symbol. He doesn't see me. He doesn't see Sam Bowden, lawyer, homeowner, family type. He sees the lieutenant, the young J.A.G. full of puritanical righteousness who ruined his life."

"In our psychology class Mr. Proctor told us that all mental illness is a condition where the individual can't make a rational interpretation of reality. I had to memorize that. So if Mr. Cady can't be rational ——"

"I believe he's mentally sick."

"Then shouldn't he be treated?"

"The law in this state is designed to protect people from being wrongly committed. A close relative can sign commitment papers which will put a person away for a period of observation, usually sixty days. Or if a person commits an act of violence or, in public, acts in an irrational manner, he can be committed on the basis of the testimony of the law officers who witness the violence or irrationality. There's no other way."

She turned and ran her fingers along the sanded hull. "So there isn't much to do."

"I would appreciate it if you'd break your date tonight. I'm not ordering you to. You would probably be safe, but we wouldn't know if you were safe."

She thought it over, frowning. "I'll stay home."

"I guess we can break out the paint."

"All right. Are you going to tell mother about this?"

"Yes. She has the right to know everything that happens."

Tommy Kent appeared a few minutes before Carol and the boys came back. He was a rangy, good-looking boy, polite, amusing and just deferent enough. He was given a brush. He and Nancy painted in the same area of the hull, each objecting to the other's sloppy work. Sam was glad to see how she handled him. She was fencing with him with pert confidence and the sure-footedness of self-respect, quietly aware of her own attractiveness. He heard her break the date. She was just sufficiently apologetic to avoid being rude. And just vague enough to awaken suspicion and jealousy. Sam saw the black scowl on Tommy's face after Nancy turned away from him and thought, *Young man, she just sank the hook. Pike Foster never had a chance, and now she's ready for bigger game.*

After Carol arrived and made Nancy take time off for her sandwich and tea, and the four young ones were busily painting, Sam took Carol down to one of Jake's sagging docks and sat beside her, feet dangling just above the water. There he told her about Max Cady.

For a moment Sam was tempted to keep the story of Cady's wife to himself. But he plodded through it, trying to do an unemotional job of straight reporting, looking down at the green bay water. Carol did not interrupt. When he looked at her he saw for the first time how she would look when she became old.

"It's hideous!" she said. Her head was bent and he saw the tears clinging to her black lashes. He put his hand on her arm.

"It will be all right," he said. She shook her head violently. "Look. It's Saturday. The sun is shining. There's the whole brood. We'll make out. They can't lick the Bowdens."

Her voice was muffled. "You go back and help. I'll stay here a little while."

After he picked up his brush he looked back. She looked small out on the dock. Small, humbled and dreadfully afraid.

On Monday morning after he had finished his mail and switched some of his appointments around, Sam made an eleven-o'clock appointment with Capt. Mark Dutton at New Essex police headquarters. Dutton had gray hair and a quiet manner. He could have been broker, insurance agent, advertising man—until he looked directly at you. Then you saw the cop eyes and the cop look—direct, skeptical and full of a hard and weary wisdom.

After they shook hands and Sam was seated, Dutton said, "This is the same thing Charlie Hopper saw me about?"

"Yes. About Max Cady. Charlie seemed to think that you people would be able to . . . badger him. I don't want to ask special favors, you understand. But I think he's dangerous."

"Charlie is a politician. The first aim is to make people happy. The second aim is to make people think they're happy."

"You didn't promise him anything?"

"We pulled Cady in and held him while we checked."

"Charlie told me. He isn't wanted anywhere."

"No. Like they say, he's paid his debt to society. He can account for the car and the money. He's not indigent. Because of the nature of the only conviction on his record, we set up a card for him in the known-deviate file."

"Is it possible for you people to . . . force someone to leave town?"

Dutton nodded. "We've done it, not frequently. The last time was three years ago. This is a clean town. Cleanest of its size in the state. That doesn't mean spotlessly clean, Mr. Bowden. But it means that we've kept the syndicate type of operation out. Three years ago two of the big Chicago-Miami-Las Vegas types rolled into town with their sunglasses, their pigskin luggage, their lavender Cadillac and a pair of the kind of blond secretaries who can't quite type. They took suites at the New Essex House and started to circulate. They wanted to sell syndication. Chief Turner and Mayor Haskill and Commissioner Goldman and I had ourselves a conference. We inter-



preted the law our own way. Leave them alone and we'd have trouble. Big bad trouble.

"So we gave them trouble first. They couldn't turn around without breaking some ordinance they'd never heard of. It took four days and fifty-six hundred dollars in fines before they gave up. We checked the route they took out of town and alerted the county boys and the state boys. They were grabbed four times for speeding before they hit the state line. Speeding and drunken driving. They all had licenses, and we lifted all but one so there'd be one driver left, one of the girls to get them over the state line. They haven't been back."

"You couldn't do that to Cady?"

"It could be done. It would take a bunch of men and a lot of time. I checked him over myself while he was in the shop. He won't scare and you can't hurt his dignity because he hasn't got any."

"Will you do it?"

Dutton looked sharply at Sam and said, "No."

"Can you give me a reason, captain?"

"I can give you a lot of reasons. One: We're undermanned, underequipped, underpaid and overworked. Two: This is something which, as a lawyer, you can understand. It would set a curious precedent. We used extralegal methods and a lot of time and man power to avert a definite threat to the whole city, not to just one individual. Were we to do this, there would be questions asked. If Cady should employ the right shyster—forgive the term—it could get very hot around here. Three: You are not a resident of this city. You work here, but your home is not here. You pay no city taxes. Your firm does, but this is not the business of your firm. As an individual, you pay no fractional part of my salary."

Sam flushed and said, "I didn't know it would sound ——"

"Let me finish. Lastly, I got a look at the man. He looks clever. He doesn't seem to be in any murderous rage. I think he's just trying to pressure you a little. But I don't want you to go away from this office thinking you're getting no co-operation at all. If this Cady steps out of line anywhere inside my area of authority, I will see that the arresting officers and the judge are properly informed. And they will whack him with the stiffest deal the law allows."

"Thank you very much, captain. Have you got time to listen to what he's done so far?"

"I'd be very interested."

Sam told him about Sievers, and the dog, and the meeting at the boatyard.

Dutton leaned back and frowned and rubbed the eraser end of the yellow pencil against the side of his nose. "If he made Sievers that fast and shook him that easy, then he's got a talent for the game. Do you have any proof about the dog?"

"No. But after talking to him, I'm certain."

"That's outside our boundaries, of course."

"I know that."

Dutton thought a few more moments. "I'm sorry, Mr. Bowden. I can't offer you any more than I've already told you I'd do. If you're genuinely alarmed about this, I suggest you pack your family off somewhere."

"We've talked about that."

"It might be a good idea. He'll get tired of his game and leave town after a while. Let me know any new developments." He stood up and held his hand out. Sam thanked him and left.

At three in the afternoon as he was passing Bill Stetch's office he glanced in and saw that Bill was alone. On impulse he went in and told him the whole story. Bill was shocked and sympathetic and completely without any constructive suggestions. Sam had the curious feeling that Bill did not want to be pulled into the situation in any way.

"It puts you in a pretty uncomfortable position," Bill said.

"It's doing some funny things to me—going to the police and politely asking them to do something outside the law."

Stetch chuckled. "You're a smart attorney, Sammy. You are a good man who believes in himself and the law. Too few do. Keep your regard for the lady with the scales. But don't get too appalled at yourself when you ask the police for an extralegal favor. Life is a continual process of compromise, Sammy. The idea is to come out the other end still clutching a few shreds of self-respect. End of lecture for today. I hope you solve your nasty problem."

Back in his own office, Sam sat behind his desk and thought of himself with contempt. *The dreamer with the starry eyes. Stop bleeding, Bowden. Stop marching around waving all your little flags. Cady shoots your kids while you cry onto your diploma and look through all the dusty books for a way to slap his wrist legally.*

He phoned Apex and left his number for Sievers to call him back.

At quarter to six, as he was leaving, Sievers phoned and they made arrangements to meet at a bar three blocks from Sam's office in ten minutes. Sam phoned Carol and said he would be late. She said the children were all right.

Sievers was standing at the bar when Sam walked in. He nodded and then walked to a rear booth.

"I talked to Captain Dutton today. He won't do anything."

"I don't see how he could. Do you want to go ahead with what we talked about?"

"I—I think so."

Sievers had a thin smile. "No more talk about the legal way?"

"I've had enough of that kind of talk today to last me quite a while."

"You're sharpening up."

"Because of what has happened. Friday he drove out and poisoned my dog. The children's dog. There's no proof. Saturday he came to the boatyard, bold as brass."

"He'll soften up."

"Can you do what you said?"

"It can be done right for three hundred bucks, Bowden. I won't dig up the talent myself. I've got a friend. He's got the right contacts. He'll put three of them on him. I know the place too. Out in back of Two-eleven Jaekel Street. There's a shed and a fence near where he parks the car. They can wait in the angle of the shed and the fence."

"What will they do?"

"What do you think? They'll beat him. They'll do a professional job. A hospital job." His eyes changed, became remote. "There isn't one man out of fifty—and understand, I've seen these figures work—who is ever worth much after a thorough professional beating. They have rabbit blood for the rest of their lives. You're doing the right thing."

"There isn't any chance they might kill him by accident?"

"These are professionals, Bowden!"

"When do you think it will happen?" Sam asked.

"Tomorrow night or Wednesday night. No later."

Sam smiled crookedly and said, "Does this sort of thing happen often? I'm pretty naïve, I guess."

"It happens. People get too wise. They have to be straightened out, and sometimes this is the only way you can give them the word."

"That's one of Cady's favorite expressions."

"Then he'll be real pleased."

"At what?"

"To get the word."

He saved all three stories until both the boys were in bed and Nancy was in her room studying for her last exam of the year. Carol listened, her face quite still and remote.

XXXXXXXXXXXXX

How the great religions express the Second Great Commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." (The First Great Commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.")

Christianity: **All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.**

Judaism: **What is hateful to you, do not to your fellow man. That is the entire law; all the rest is commentary.**

Buddhism: **Hurt not others in ways that you yourself would find hurtful.**

Islam: **No one of you is a believer until he desires for his brother that which he desires for himself.**

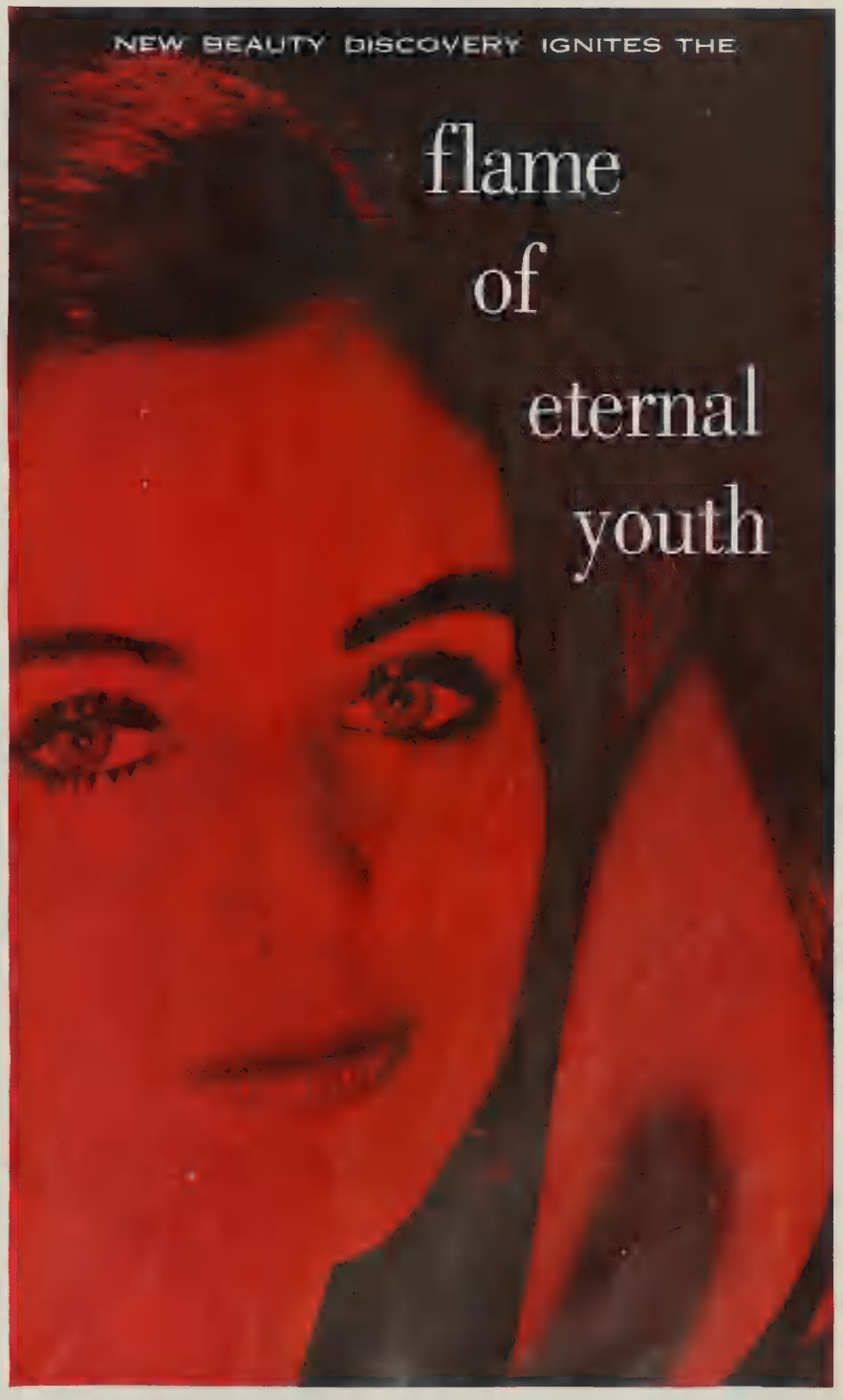
Brahmanism: **This is the sum of duty: Do nought unto others which would cause you pain if done to you.**

Confucianism: **Is there one maxim which ought to be acted upon throughout one's whole life? Surely it is the maxim of loving-kindness: Do not unto others what you would not have them do unto you.**

Taoism: **Regard your neighbor's gain as your own gain, and your neighbor's loss as your own loss.**

Zoroastrianism: **That nature alone is good which refrains from doing unto others whatsoever is not good for itself.**

XXXXXXXXXXXXX





A flame of beauty exists within you. Perhaps it smolders close to the surface. Or maybe it lies deep inside, simply waiting to be sparked to vibrant life. ● New scientific findings have produced a formula which has the power to *light this flame*, to re-kindle the fires of youth and fan them into vivid, triumphant beauty. ● The discovery is an *invisible* face cream, Instant Endocreme. Totally free of inert, pore-clogging waxes (commonly found in creams and lotions), it is absorbed immediately, completely. *No visible trace lingers on your skin.* ● Instant Endocreme has no hormones. But it has new youth-restoring ingredients which do everything hormones do, and more. *Exciting results come faster.* ● When you use Instant Endocreme at night, it simply melts into your skin, leaving no shine, working while you sleep. When you use Instant Endocreme as a "moisturizer" under make-up, it makes you feel freshly beautiful every hour of the day. ● Discover your own unquenchable flame of youth! Simply dip, daily, into the silky fire contained in this brilliant lacquer-red jar. Five dollars plus the tax.

INSTANT ENDOCREME *distributed by Hirestra Laboratories, Inc.* • *745 Fifth Avenue, New York*

"So you're going to pay three hundred dollars to have him beaten to within an inch of his life."

"Yes. I am. But don't you see, it's the only ——"

"Oh, darling, don't try to explain or apologize. I don't mean it that way. I'd mow lawns and do other people's laundry to get that three hundred dollars."

He stood up and moved about the room restlessly. "It's still a wrong thing to do," he said. "It's wrong that it should be possible to do a thing like this. It makes the world sound like a jungle. There's supposed to be law and order."

She followed him and linked her arms around his waist and looked up at him. "Poor Samuel! Darling, maybe for us, right now, it is a jungle. And we know there's an animal in the jungle."

After Carol was asleep he got quietly out of bed and moved to the bedroom window, pulled the blinds up with silent cautiousness and looked out. The night was empty. His four incredibly precious hostages to fortune were in deep sleep. The earth turned and the stars were high. This, he told himself, was reality. Night, earth, stars and the slumber of his family. And the other thing that had seemed so valuable was just a dusty and archaic code which enabled men to live close together in reasonable peace and safety. In olden times the village elders punished those who broke the taboos. And all the law was a vast top-heavy superstructure built on the basic idea of the group enforcing the punishment of the nonconformist. Law was a tribal rite, with white wigs, robes and oaths. It just did not happen to apply to his own situation. Yet two thousand years ago he could have sat in council with the elders and explained his peril and gained the support of the village, and the predator would be stoned to death. So this action he had taken today was a supplement to the law. Thus it was right. Yet when he go back into bed, he still could not accept hi rationalization.

Sievers made no report on Wednesday, an Sam could find nothing in the paper. O Thursday morning at nine-thirty he received call from Dutton.

"This is Captain Dutton, Mr. Bowden. got some news for you on your boy."

"Yes?"

"We got him for disorderly conduct, dis turbing the peace and resisting arrest. He go into a fight last night at about midnight in th yard in back of that rooming house on Jaeke Street. Three local punks jumped him. They marked him up pretty good before he got untracked. One got away and two are in the hospital. He threw one through the side of a shed and gave him a sprained back and multiple bruises. The other one's got a broken jaw, a broken wrist, concussion and some ribs kicked loose."

"Will he be put in jail?"

"Definitely, Mr. Bowden. He was dazed, I guess, and it was dark in the yard, and he swung on a patrolman when he came running across the yard and gave him a nose as flat as a sheet of paper. The second patrolman dropped him with a night stick and they brought him in. He's yelling for a lawyer."

Sievers phoned at four. "You should get a refund."

"What happened?"

"They got careless. And he purely scared those boys. The word is going around. It's going to be hard to line up boys for a second shot at him. I'm sorry it was handled so badly, Mr Bowden."

"But he will go to jail."

"And he will be released."

"Then what do I do?"

"I guess you pay for another treatment. You better set aside a thousand for this one. He isn't going to be caught napping a second time."

By the time Sam got home Carol had most of the information from the evening paper, a single paragraph on a back page that gave the names of the two in the hospital and told of Cady's arrest.

Cady pleaded guilty to striking the officer. The two other charges were dismissed. He was sentenced to pay a hundred-dollar fine and spend thirty days in city jail.

It was thirty days of grace. Thirty days without fear. And thirty days of anticipation of the fear to come. As far as the Bowdens' morale was concerned, Cady could not have planned it better.

School had ended. The restrictions on the children were lifted. Cady's thirty days began officially on the nineteenth of June. He would be released on Friday, the nineteenth of July.

They had planned that Nancy would go again to summer camp. It would be her fourth year at Minnatalla, and would begin on the first day of July. Jamie would return for his second year to Gannatalla, the boy's camp that was three miles away and under the same management. The camps were on the shore of a small lake in the southern part of the state, a hundred and forty miles from Harper.

Nancy became vibrant about the plan, excited, going about with tiptoe pleasure. She confessed that Tommy Kent had a job as assistant director of athletics at Gannatalla.

"She'll be fifteen on the twentieth," Sam reminded Carol. "What day does that come on?"

"A Saturday this year. We can drive down, bearing gifts." She paused and gave him a sudden stricken look. "I didn't think before. That's the day after ——"

"I know."

"What about them down there? Jamie and Nance. Will they be safe?"

"I suppose he could find out where they are. Almost any contemporary in the village would know where they go. I've thought about that. You know how it is down there. They travel in packs. Great yelping packs, full of muscular enthusiasm. I've planned to instruct the kids and have a talk with the management when we drive them down. But having Tommy there may simplify it. I can talk to him. I think I like

CONTINUED ON PAGE 212

A Special Introduction

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

"Never buy a one-occasion dress" is one of Barbara J.'s firmest convictions. But there's an exception to every rule, and especially when it comes to her own Saturday night "at home" with guests for dinner. Strictly informal, Barbara still feels she wants something bright and festive to put her in *exactly* the right frame of mind. A fashion check of her winter wardrobe-in-the-making, however, tells her she needs a practical costume for casual wear as a final fill-in. The problem (not really one at all for Barbara) she solves in a lunch hour of shopping. She buys a skirt, in a wonderful fabric, at a wonderful price, $10.95—a full sweep of a wool blanket plaid in varying shades of brilliant blues. The skirt, introduced at a party, will be seen innumerable times *and* places thereafter.

By BET HART



The party— a guaranteed success, at least as far as Barbara's fashion menu is concerned. Barbara wears the white jersey blouse she made last month, thinks it takes on an added elegance tied to the front. (It's Vogue Design No. 9278, and can be worn the other way around just as easily.) The skirt, held out by a soft petticoat, shows off the huge squares of blue, fringed front, and three pearl buttons.

PRIGENT



Autumn and outdoors. Right in the city or away on a weekend, the "special occasion" purchase worn as a very practical casual. The skirt could be pretty with Barbara's white sweater, but she has further ideas, and invests a few fashion $'s in a blue pullover, $4.95. The neckline can be buttoned, or as shown here, open and filled with a scarf. The sweater picks up the darkest shade of the plaid, and a pretty one it is.

Winter's Wardrobe Complete

Red coat from last year
Black faille dress and overskirt, tweed suit and blouse from two preceding months
Plaid skirt and blue sweater ($15.90)

TOTAL....$65.38

© 1957, BUXTON, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



For the woman on the go: accessories with a look of breeding. Our new matched sets in antiqued California Saddle Leather, bearing an old coin reproduction.

The Ranch Wagon Set by **LADY BUXTON**

best for your money

AVAILABLE IN CONTOUR® KEY-TAINER,® $3.50 • CONVERTIBLE® BILLFOLD, $7.50 • CIGARETTE LIGHTER, $2.50 • SNAP-TOP CIGARETTE CASE, $3.95 • FRENCH PURSE, $7.50 • SPEC-TAINER,® $3.50 • ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 210

that kid. There's a look of competence about him."

"He and Nancy have a date tonight. They're going to the benefit barn dance at the firehouse. He's picking her up at eight."

"I never knew this routine was going to start so soon."

"We gals with Indian blood grow up early."

That evening Nancy raced through her dinner and was ready by quarter to eight. Sam cornered her in the living room. "Very rustic," he said approvingly.

"Do I look all right?"

"What are those things called?"

"These? Ranch jeans for girls. They're cut sort of like men's."

"Sort of. But just to humor the idle curiosity of your senile male parent, just how do you get into them?"

"Oh, that's easy! Concealed zippers from your knee to your ankle."

"Very effective with that shirt. It looks like a tablecloth from an Italian restaurant. Nance, honey, I assume you've told Tommy about our . . . problem."

"Heck, yes."

"When he arrives do you mind pretending you're not ready yet? So I can have a little chat with him?"

When Tommy arrived, Sam came down from the porch and met him. "Farmer Brown, I presume," Sam said. Tommy wore bib overalls, a blue work shirt and a straw hat.

"Pretty corny outfit, isn't it, sir?"

"A proper uniform for the occasion. Nancy will be ready in a few minutes. I want to talk to you a minute, Tommy."

"Yes, sir?"

"Nancy says she's told you about a man who is giving us a bad time?"

"Yes, she told me."

"Cady is in jail now. But he'll be released next month on the nineteenth. You're old enough so I can lay it on the line. I think the man is dangerous. I know he is. He wants to hurt me through my family. That's the way he could hurt me the worst. He may go down to camp. I want to give you an extra responsibility. I want to tuck Jamie under your wing. Make sure he isn't ever alone. Give the other people down there the word. I think you could achieve the best degree of alertness down there if you tell them there's been a kidnap threat. My wife and I talked this over, and we think he'll be safer there than here. Are you willing to do this?"

"Yes, sir. But what about Nancy?"

"You'll be three miles away from the other camp. I'm going to talk to them when we take the kids down. She's older than Jamie, and less likely to forget to be cautious. But I think . . . she's a more logical target. I'm going to try to handle the problem here when Cady is released. If it is handled, I'll get word to you at once, Tommy."

"I understand there aren't many men over at Minnatalla," Tommy said dubiously.

"I know that. You will see Nancy off and on, I assume. Keep reminding her to stay with the pack. She's seen Cady. That's going to be a help to her." He gave Tommy a detailed description of the man and said, "If a situation should come up, don't try to be impulsive and heroic. You're husky and you're an athlete, but you'd be no match for the man. He's got the size and speed and ruthlessness of a bear. And I don't think you could stop him with a pipe wrench."

"I understand."

"And understand this, too: I'm not being dramatic."

"I know that, sir. I know about the dog. I never heard of anything like that before. I'll make certain they'll both be all right, Mr. Bowden. I won't goof it."

"I know you won't. . . . Here comes the farmer's lady."

He watched them walk out to the car. After they left, waving and yelling, Sam went back to the porch. Carol came out and sat on the railing near him. He said thoughtfully, "I suspect we're near the end of the glamour days of juvenile delinquency. I think a very unusual crop of kids is coming along. They've become bored with the dissipations of their elders and the animal philosophies of some of their contemporaries. They are tired of using the bogeyman of military service as a built-in excuse for riot and disorder. This is a very moral crop of kids. They are sophisticates, but they practice moderation by choice. They seem to have a sense of moral purpose and decent goals, which, God knows, is something difficult to find in the here and now. They are all right. Tommy is a good kid."

She clapped solemnly. "Hear, hear."

They sat in silence while night came. Jamie and some of his friends were playing in the barn. The shrilling of their voices merged with the insects' song. He tried to submerge himself completely in the subtle rhythms of the summer night, but he could not halt the ticking of the clock in the back of his mind. Each second brought them closer to the return of danger. And he knew that Carol, too, listened to that clock. It was, he thought, somewhat like the knowledge of a mortal illness. It made the immediate beauties more vivid, all pleasures sharper, while at the same time it stained beauty and pleasure with a distressing poignancy.

They left early for camp on Monday, the first day of July. They arrived at eleven, going to Minnatalla first. Nancy's friends of other summers waved and called to her. After Sam and Jamie had off-loaded Nancy's gear into her cabin, he drove to the administration cottage and had a talk with the camp supervisor, a new man, younger than the man he had replaced. The man's name was Teller. He was gently patronizing, and it was clear that he thought he was dealing with an overprotective parent.

"All our campers are carefully supervised, Mr. Bowden. They're busy every moment of the day. Lights out is strictly enforced, and we have a very competent night watchman who makes a tour of the entire camp area four times a night. We permit all wearers of the Minnatalla merit button to go into Shadyside on Saturday afternoons. One of our staff supervises the junior campers, but the senior girls can ——"

Sam interrupted. "Nancy is not to go into Shadyside at any time."

Teller looked pained. "But surely that is unfair to the child, Mr. Bowden. When she sees others being given permission ——"

"Nancy is perfectly willing to forgo those trips. She is . . . mature enough to recognize the fact she may be harmed."

Teller flushed. "I do not know how wise it is to frighten a child, Mr. Bowden."

"I haven't made a special study of it myself. Are we in agreement? No trips to Shadyside for Nancy?"

"Yes, Mr. Bowden."

The situation at Gannatalla was more reassuring. After Jamie was unloaded, Sam looked up Mr. Menard. He recognized Sam from the previous year. "Hello, Mr. Bowden. Glad to have Jamie back."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 214



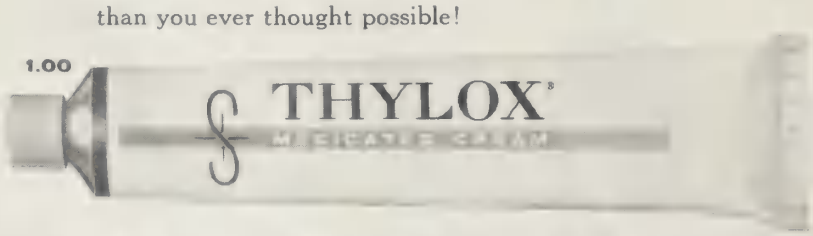
Pimples dry up fast!

THYLOX MEDICATED CREAM

heals and clears blemishes while you sleep!

Thylox Medicated Cream penetrates up to ten times faster than other products—treats and heals pimples from the very *first* application . . . as proved in hundreds of clinical tests.

At the first sign of pimples, don't wait. Even little blemishes may develop into acne pimples that leave scars! Get Thylox! Its exclusive curative ingredient has been recommended by doctors for over 10 years—now, no prescription needed. Thylox will give you a cleaner, clearer, better-looking skin—quicker than you ever thought possible!



Also make Thylox Medicated Soap your daily soap. Cleans and erases blackheads, clears pores. Contains a germicidal agent that prevents spread of acne infection. Relieves oily skin without drying it . . . . . **50¢**

PRODUCTS OF THE PHARMACEUTICAL DIVISION OF SHULTON

FIRES

By OLIVER HALE

We brought up twigs and branches to the fire,
as much as we felt that it would require,
then gathered around watching it grow hazy
and brighten up at times; till we were lazy
with desultory talk and each mind wandered
on a private travel, or perhaps pondered
over some little or big thought.

My own thought
was that fire is not fulfilled until caught
by wind, and that it is the same with people
who dream of heights and reach the village steeple.
All of us burn with some flame, and require
a wind to make it break into a fire;
but the thing is, the wind must be within us,
or else the flame dies with the spirit in us.

Classics in a new fashion yarn! **BAN·LON** at Sears



©1957 SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

Always soft, and neat as new because BAN-LON will not fuzz!

The big news in these sweaters is in the yarn! Ban-Lon is a totally new kind of textured nylon...the softest you've ever touched...the most fuzz-resistant ever made. Ban-Lon sweaters are washable, dry quickly without blocking...moth and perspiration resistant, too! And they come in the clearest, loveliest fall fashion colors! See them now at your nearest Sears Retail Store or Catalog Sales Office...or order from Sears catalog in your home by mail or phone. Buy on Sears Easy Payment Plan. Many of our stores offer Sears Revolving Charge Accounts, too.

MISSES' KERRYBROOKE Full Fashioned Ban-Lon sweaters in red, light blue, light pink, beige, coral, turquoise, white. Short-sleeved pullover, **4.98.** Long-sleeved cardigan, **6.98.** Both, sizes 34-40.

GIRLS' HONEYLANE Ban-Lon sweaters have mock fashion stitching at the shoulders. Short-sleeved pullover in white, pink, red, turquoise, **3.50.** Long-sleeved cardigan in white, red, turquoise, navy, **4.50.** Both, sizes 7-14.

LITTLE GIRLS' HONEYSUCKLE Ban-Lon sweaters have mock fashion stitching at the shoulders. Short-sleeved pullover in aqua, white, red, pink, mint green, **2.98.** Long-sleeved cardigan in aqua, white, red, pink, navy, **3.98.** Both, sizes 3-6X.

SEARS
ROEBUCK AND CO.

errybrooke, Honeylane, and Honeysuckle are national brands sold only at Sears. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 212

"I wanted to talk to you about ——"

"A possible kidnaping deal? Tommy Kent gave me the word. I've advised everybody on the staff. I told them how to handle it. We won't treat Jamie differently than we treat anybody else. But, without being obvious about it, we're going to keep a special eye on him, and be on the lookout for anybody hanging around. We don't want you people worrying about him. There's no need to. And I'm going to talk to him about how he can cooperate."

"I certainly appreciate this. Over there at the female department, Mr. Teller made me feel as if he thought I was making the whole thing up."

"Bert is new and he's taking himself a little seriously right now. I'll have a little talk with him."

"I'll appreciate that very much. This sort of thing . . . isn't very good for the nerves."

"Anybody who goes after a man's kids hits him where he lives."

They were home by four. Bucky rose up in stuporous condition and drunk-walked to the house. The sky was dark and low and the clouds that hurried by seemed just above the tops of the elms. The wind was gusty and humid. It rattled the windows of the house. The house had a feeling of emptiness. At six the heavy rains came. July had come too quickly. And nineteen days could not be made to last.

Sievers phoned Sam on Monday morning and came to his office. "Something has come up," he said. "I'm being transferred. California. It won't be possible for me to arrange the deal we were talking about."

"Can't you arrange it before you go?"

"Too far ahead. But I did a little fixing for you. Want to write this down? Joe Tanelli. Eighteen-twenty-one Market. It's a candy-and-cigar store, and a small-time horse room in the back. He'll expect you on Wednesday, the seventeenth. Don't give him your name. Mention my name. He'll know the score. He'll want five hundred down. That's all right. Give it to him. And he'll want the other five after it's been taken care of. He'll round up better talent than last time."

To Sam the situation was curiously unreal. He had not thought such a conversation possible in his office. And there was nothing particularly conspiratorial about Sievers' attitude. He could have been talking about the best place to buy fresh eggs.

"I appreciate this."

Sievers looked at Sam. "I don't want to make you any more nervous than you are, Mr. Bowden, but I might as well tell you this: Just out of curiosity I had Apex in Wheeling run a check. Max Cady wasn't any angel. None of the four Cady boys was. Max got in the Army after he cut a man badly with a broken bottle. It was a fuss over a woman. The court gave him the choice of enlisting or going to prison, so he enlisted. The old man was in and out of prison his whole life. He was a moonshiner with a violent temper. The boys' mother has been feeble-minded her whole life. The oldest brother was shot to death eight years ago in a running gun battle with Federal agents. The next oldest was killed in a prison riot in Georgia. He was serving a life sentence for felony murder. My pride was hurt when I did so bad tailing Cady. Now I don't feel so bad. He's one of the wild ones. They don't think the way people do. He was headed for jail whether he got caught on that rape charge or not. People like that have no comprehension of right and wrong."

"Isn't there a word for that?"

"Psychopathic personality. They make us learn the terms. But that's a classification where they put people they don't know what else to call. People they can't treat. People who don't respond to any appeal you can make to them. Except maybe the one we're trying to make." He stood up. "I've got a lot of stuff to clean up before I take off in the morning. Joe will fix it up for you."

It was a long time after Sievers left before Sam could get his concentration back on his work. He respected Sievers for giving him all the unpalatable facts, but they served to make Cady even more ominous than he had been thus far. It was like when you were a child and a frightening shadow seemed to grow larger and blacker and more threatening as you watched it. He told himself Cady was human and vulnerable. He told himself it was shameful to be frightened of a man. And he decided there was no point at all in telling Carol what Sievers had learned. He would tell her of the new arrangement, but she needed no new reasons to be afraid of Cady.

On Friday, the twelfth of July, after the dinner dishes were done, Sam looked up from his book when he heard Carol make an odd sound. She was sitting on the couch, reading the paper. She lowered the paper and stared at him with an odd expression.

"What's the matter?"

"What was the name of the man you have to see next Wednesday night?"

"Tanelli. Joe Tanelli."

"Come and look at this."

He sat beside her and read the obituary of a Joseph Tanelli, age fifty-six, who had died the previous night in Memorial Hospital of a heart attack. Mr. Tanelli had been a retail merchant in New Essex for the past eighteen years.

"It's probably not the same one, dear."

"But what if it is?"

He spoke confidently. "Even if it is, I can make contact with somebody else at the address Sievers gave me."

"Are you sure?"

"Practically positive."

But underneath his assurance he knew it was the same man. A malicious fate was dealing Cady every joker in the deck.

Market Street was a neighborhood where you automatically locked the car. No. 1821 displayed a few weary soft-drink posters and cigar ads. In peeling gilt across the window was painted Cigars—Magazines—Candy. A half dozen stone steps went up to the entrance of the neighboring building. A fat woman with red hair sat on the top step.

He tried the door, but it was locked.

"It's locked on account of Joe," a loud brassy voice informed him. He looked up into the round face of the fat woman. "Joe died."

"Have any idea when they'll open up again?"

"They're open. It's just the front door locked sort of like a courtesy to Joe. You know. If you want to get in you go down there to the first alley and take a left and count three doors and knock on the third one."

He thanked her and followed her instructions. It was a door of heavy construction, with no window in it. It opened six inches and a round white face of uncooked dough with raisin eyes looked out at him and said, "Yah?"

"I—I want to talk to whoever is in charge." He could hear a rumble of voices beyond the door.

"What about?"

"I . . . Sievers sent me."

"Hold on." The door closed. A full minute passed. It opened again. "Nobody ever heard of no Sievers."

"Joe Tanelli knew him."

"That's great." The raisin eyes seemed to be looking through him and beyond him.

"Listen to me. Joe was going to do something for me. Now he can't. But I still want it done and I still want to pay for it, and I want to know who to see."

"Me. So what was it?"

"I can't stand here in the alley and tell you," Sam said.

"Look, Mack, I don't make private deals. Joe made private deals. He had his way and I got my way." The door started to shut and then opened again. "And don't hang around, Mack, and don't knock on the door any more or somebody comes out and reasons with you." The door banged shut.

Sam did not leave the Market Street area. It was always so effortlessly accomplished in the movies. Sinister types were always available to the hero. He hit the roughest-looking bars he could find. He tried to select suitable-looking types and start a conversation and steer it around to the point where he could state his problem in a hypothetical way.

One sad-faced bartender gave him a low-key lecture. "Chief, you better stay away from that television set. We got tough, smart cops here."

Sam knew from the way his mouth felt that he was getting slightly drunk. "I'll tell you what I really want."

"I don't want to hear it. I don't want to know nothing about what you've got to buy or sell. The less I know, the better I sleep."

He drove carefully home. "I was a great success," he told Carol bitterly. "I was overwhelmed by my own competence. It was like trying to sell dirty post cards at a Sunday-school wienie roast."

"How much have you had to drink?"

"Plenty," Sam told her. "It was an occupational hazard. I skulked through low dives, my collar turned up. I've been called Doc, Mack and Chief."

"Can't you do *anything?*"

"I can call Sievers Monday morning."

"What a ghastly piece of luck, Mr. Tanelli dying like that."

The last drink seemed to be having more effect than all the others. He swayed and peered down at her. "Ghastly luck for good old Joe too."

"Don't be nasty to me."

"I've got it figured out. You know what it is, don't you? It's the finger of fate diddling little Sammy Bowden. That good man. That noble and righteous man. Ah, how he's slipped. Now he goes forth to hire assassins."

"Darling, please."

"Law and Order Bowden, we all called him around the office. He could break but not bend. He would never compromise with his honor. And what a pitiful sight he is these days. Slinking through the slums ——"

The crack of her small hard palm against his cheek was loud and shocking. The sting made his eyes water. He looked down at her and she did not look angry or hurt. She stared up at him quite calmly.

"Hey!" he said.

"Drinks or no drinks, I don't think it is an awfully good time for us to start feeling sorry for ourselves, dear."

"But I was just ——"

"Mad at yourself for not being able to do something entirely out of your line and contrary to what you believe in. So you were starting to roll in bathos."

"That's a sneaky right you've got there, pardner."

"Well, were you?"

"I guess."

"I need a lot of strength to lean on at this point. Up until a few minutes ago there's been plenty."

"It's back now. Resume leaning."

To his astonishment she began to cry. *All our emotional reactions are becoming shrill and*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 217



50 YEARS TOO LATE!

A "cookie break" from autumn chores would have happened much more often in granddad's day if grandmother could have had more time for baking . . . or if Archway cookies had been available then. Actually, Archway's ready-to-serve home style cookies came 50 years too late for granddad, but your man around the house can have their old fashioned goodness *anytime!* Buy him delicious Archway cookies. He'll love you for it!

"Old Fashioned Goodness"



HOW YOU CAN HELP UNICEF

■ This coming year, 45,000,000 mothers and children in 100 countries will be helped by UNICEF (United Nations children's fund). Whole communities have been altered as parents have observed the benefits of better sanitation, health habits and immunizations. Nations assisted in the past are assuming more and more responsibility for health measures for their people.

But there are still 600,000,000 children in underprivileged countries who need assistance. By joining the United States Committee for UNICEF, you can have a personal part in this program, which provides milk and other foods; establishes maternal- and child-health centers; provides treatment and preventive measures for malaria, whooping cough, diphtheria, trachoma, leprosy, yaws and other diseases.

Associate memberships may be taken out as follows: Regular, $5 a year; contributing, $10 a year; supporting, $25 a year; patron, $100 a year, or as much more as you would like to give. Send your membership fee to United States Committee for UNICEF, United Nations, New York.



Better "Surface Cooking" than you can get on any range!

NEW UNIVERSAL

Cookamatic Controlled Cooking

Now you can bake, grill, fry, roast, stew or simmer without guesswork, matching your best cooking results day after day. The secret? A simple, detachable control that plugs into any one of your Universal Cookamatic Appliances, regulating the heat with thermostatic accuracy. And, as it fits them all, you save $6.95 on each extra appliance you add. See these wonderful, new automatic meal-makers at your Universal dealer's now!

ONE MAGIC CONTROL serves them all . . . costs only $6.95



Automatic Griddle

Fry bacon, eggs, make pancakes right at the table, or use for keeping buffet meals warm. Special drain keeps foods greaseless . . . $16.95

Automatic 5-Quart Saucepan

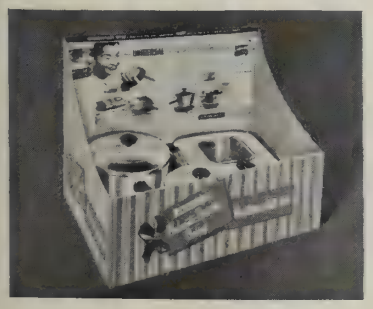
Perfect for one dish meals, stews, roasts, even bakes potatoes, pops corn or deep fries. Self-basting cover keeps meats and vegetables from drying out. Complete with trivet and cover . . . $18.95

Automatic Frying Pan

Fry, braise, bake upside-down cake, and it's extra deep for sauces. "Peek-in" glass insert lets you check cooking without removing cover. Exclusive "Fingerguard" handle keeps hands from hot surface. Medium or large size . . . from $12.95. Cover extra.

Automatic 3-Quart Saucepan

Eliminates need of double boiler—sauces won't separate, foods won't boil over. Keeps foods warm without over-cooking. Self-basting cover lets you cook with less water. Foods stay moist, retain their valuable vitamins. With cover . . . $14.95



SAVE $6.95 ON THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Get an extra $6.95 Cookamatic Control FREE with this 4-piece Hostess Gift Set of large Frying Pan with "Peek-in" cover, 3 and 5-quart Saucepans and Cookamatic Control. The perfect wedding gift.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Hamilton

Fall laundry festival

Know what's so wonderful about today? It's the beginning of Hamilton's Fall Laundry Festival! And for the next few weeks only, your Hamilton Dealer is offering once-a-year buys on famous Hamilton automatic washers and clothes dryers. Comes at a perfect time, too, with winter washdays almost here. Fall Laundry Festival—at your Hamilton Dealer's right now—don't miss it!



Hamilton

Copyright 1957 Hamilton Manufacturing Company, Two Rivers, Wisconsin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 214

raggedy, he thought. *Tension is washing the sand from under our castle walls.*

On Monday morning the local branch of Apex gave him the information he needed in order to phone Sievers in California. Though the connection was clear, Sievers had a sound of remoteness, of lack of interest.

"Heart attack? That's too bad."

"It makes it pretty awkward for me, Sievers."

"I can see how it would."

"Who shall I contact for the same kind of service?"

"I don't think there's anybody else to go to."

"What do I do? Maybe I can find somebody on my own."

"I don't think you can. And it would be a bad risk. You might better just . . . get your people out of the way."

"I—I see."

"Sorry I can't be more helpful."

It was a most unsatisfactory conversation. And it meant the end of a possible line of defense. They would have to fall back to another defensive position.

He talked it over on Monday night with Carol. She took it more calmly than he had anticipated.

"I know that it makes a certain kind of sense," she said, "but we will be so dispersed. Nance and Jamie down at camp. Bucky and me off God knows where. It leaves only you and that frightens me, darling. What good will any of us be if something happens to you?"

"I'm going to be the most devout coward you ever heard of, honey. I'll take a room at the New Essex House and I won't go out after dark, and I won't open the door unless I know for sure who has knocked."

"And then suppose nothing happens? When do we come back? When do we know it's over?"

"I don't think he's going to be very patient when he gets out. I think he'll make a move and I think he'll make it at me, and I'm going to make certain it will be unsuccessful; and if he does, then we'll have the evidence that will send him back for a long time."

"Oh, yes. For a year, or three years, and then we can have such a fine time planning just what we'll do when they let him out again."

"It will work out. Tomorrow I am becoming a dashing and dangerous figure, with the help of Captain Dutton."

"What do you mean?"

"He is arranging the permit for me. He wasn't as reluctant as I expected him to be. At lunchtime I go pick up a very ugly and efficient device manufactured by Smith and Wesson. And when the harness is properly fitted, it will hang right here. It will nestle in a thing called a spring-clip holster. Nobody can snatch it away, but when I reach for it properly it will, Dutton claims, jump right into my hand."

She looked at him in a level way. "So many gay little jokes. And such a wide, glassy, self-conscious smile."

"What do you want me to do? Clench my teeth and look steely-eyed? Of course I'm self-conscious about it! It isn't exactly my line, you know. I'm scared of Cady. I'm scared the way a kid having a nightmare is scared. The thought of him makes my hands sweat and makes my belly feel hollow. I'm so scared I'm going to wear that gun and tomorrow night I'm going to take so many cartridges up on the hill that by the time I'm through I'm going to be able to draw and fire and hit what I aim at.

"Now then. Back to scheduling. We leave early Friday morning. We find a place for you and Bucky. We stay there Friday night. Saturday we see the birthday girl. I stay with you Saturday night at the place we find and Sunday I drive back into town and ——"

"Why don't we take both cars, dear? When we go to camp we can leave the MG at the place where I'm going to stay, and then on Sunday you can drive it back to the city when you check into the hotel."

He wore the short-barreled revolver home on Tuesday night, feeling vastly foolish, and suspecting that everyone who glanced at him on the street saw the suspicious bulge under his left arm.

He stood inspection while Carol circled him. Finally she said, "I know it's there, so I can see the sort of lump it makes, but actually, darling, I guess you're the type. You're thin and you like your jackets cut loosely anyway."

He went up to the range with three boxes of shells, and a piece of sheeting and some twine. He tied the sheeting around a tree thick enough to simulate a man's torso. He penciled a crude heart on the left side of the chest. At first he was discouragingly slow, awkward and inaccurate. The weapon had a flat gutty bark, much more authoritative than the snapping of the .22. He fired a couple of dozen rounds for accuracy, and then went back to the routine of drawing and firing, improving doggedly.

Carol came up the hill.

"Does the demonstration make you feel any better?"

She nodded. "It does, Sam. It really does. But it's funny to think of you . . . I mean ——"

"If you mean I don't consider myself a dashing figure, you're right. I am a sedentary forty-year-old office worker, with a mortgage, a family and an insurance program. I am not suited to this new aroma of violence and menace."

She came up to him and held his wrists. "You are as brave as any man. You have warmth and strength. You know how to love and be loved. That is a great and rare art. You are my man, and I wouldn't want you changed in any way."

He kissed her and then stood, holding her in his arms. He looked down over her shoulder and the dark gleam of the gun in his right hand looked incongruous. He was holding his wrist canted so the weapon would not touch her. And beyond the gun he could see the white target and the penciled heart.

On Friday they left early and drove southeast toward the pleasant little vacation villages in the lake area. Bucky seemed willing to accept the idea that Carol wanted a vacation from doing all the housework and he could come along too. It was, they told him, the next best thing to going away to camp.

They drove slowly in the two cars and arrived at the town of Suffern, ninety miles from Harper, at lunchtime. They had a good lunch in the quiet dining room of a lakeside inn called The West Wind. It was an old-fashioned frame building, with the tall and awkward dignity of the Victorian period. A busy little cricket of a man showed them two third-floor rooms on the lake side with connecting bath. The weekly rate was reasonable and the rooms, with maple furniture and rag rugs, were clean and cheery. The rate included breakfasts and dinners, the use of the tiny beach, the hotel rowboats when available, the English croquet course, and the two tennis courts. There were other children in the hotel.

It was not at all necessary, Sam decided, to use a different name. It would be theatrical, ludicrous and unnecessary. Carol said she would write directly to Sam's office and, as an additional precaution, use envelopes not marked with the return address of The West Wind.

After Carol and Bucky had unpacked and changed, they went for a walk through the village.

That night, after they were in the big double bed, Carol said, "I wish it could stay like this. I mean so safe. I don't want Sunday to come and I don't want to stand out there making my mouth smile while you drive away."

"Don't think about it."

"I can't stop."

As had been prearranged by letter, they picked Jamie up at his camp before lunch. He was brown and thin and scrubbed to a startling state of cleanliness. Then they drove three miles along the lake-shore road to Minnatalla to get Nancy. Nancy looked overwhelmingly healthy, and she had stars in her eyes.

They drove thirty miles due east to the small city of Aldermont for a festive meal in the dining room of the Hotel Aldermont. The hostess gave them an alcove off the dining room, where they had more privacy.

After lunch Sam went out and got the presents out of the car. Nancy was delighted with everything. There were the traditional small consolation presents, one apiece for Jamie and Bucky. Consolation for its being somebody else's birthday.

Carol, by prearrangement, took Bucky off and left Sam at the table with Nancy and Jamie so he could tell them about the new arrangement. They could know their mother and Bucky were at The West Wind in Suffern, but they were to keep it to themselves. Nancy asked if she could tell Tommy, and Sam told her she could. In the event of serious emergency they could phone their mother in Suffern, and phone him at either the office or the New Essex House.

Jamie looked somberly at his father and said, "It's just like running away, isn't it?"

"You hush!" Nancy said.

"Never mind, Nance," Sam told her. "Yes, son. In a sense it is. But I'm not hiding. I'm going to be careful, but I'm not going to hide. They put the women and children in the lifeboats first."

"Tommy and Mr. Menard keep telling me to stay with the other kids all the time," Jamie said.

"Don't either of you get careless," Sam said. "The man has a car. He's out of jail. When he finds the house closed, he can easily find out in the village where you kids go in the summer. I know he knows Nancy by sight, and I'd guess he knows you by sight too. Ready to go? Your mother and Bucky will be out in the lobby."

"It's funny to think about nobody being home," Nancy said. She touched her father's arm shyly as they stood up. "Please be careful, daddy."

"I will."

On Sunday night Sam had dinner in the grillroom at the New Essex House by himself and then went to bed. He felt very alone in the world. At the end of the drive that went up to the side entrance of The West Wind he had stopped and looked back and waved. Carol and Bucky, standing close together on the green grass of the lawn, waved back. He drove the little car too fast all the way back to New Essex.

Nothing happened on Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday. Sam followed his cautious routine. He called Carol twice from the office. She had a determined cheerfulness plastered over her tension and her loneliness. But the camouflage was imperfect. On Wednesday morning there was a long chatty letter from her. She described the other guests in the hotel. She had found a tennis partner, a rangy powerful girl whose husband was a marine captain on overseas duty. Her game was rusty but it was beginning to come back. Bucky had shown such an interest she had found him a small racket and she was teaching him the basic strokes. He was learning quite quickly. Bucky was contemptuous of the poor television reception in the lounge. There was a good loan library in the big drugstore in the town. And she missed him. They both missed him and missed the house and missed the campers.

On Thursday afternoon he decided that he had had enough of waiting and wondering. It was time the white mouse ventured out of the hole and found where the cat was.

He arrived at Nicholson's Bar on Market Street at six o'clock. The bar had a scuffed, worn look. The mirrors and the chrome were peeling. The television over the bar was on and there was an out-of-order sign on the jukebox. There were three men sitting at the far end of the bar, heads close together, talking in low important voices. There were no other customers.

The bartender stood endlessly polishing a glass and watching the television screen. Sam took a stool on the curve of the bar near the door, then, feeling self-conscious, he moved to the end stool around the curve where, by sitting sideways, his back was to the wall and he could see the door.

The bartender drifted over to him, looking at the screen until the last possible moment. He wiped the bar in front of Sam and said, "Yes sir?"

"Beer."

"Coming up."

He brought the beer and a glass, picked up Sam's dollar, rang it up, put a half dollar and a nickel on the bar.

"Pretty slow?"

"Always is, this time of day. We do a late business."

"Has Max been in lately?"

He saw the bartender look him over more carefully. "What Max do you mean? We got a lot of Maxes."

"The bald one with the tan."

The bartender pulled at his underlip. "Oh, *that* Max. I see him one time lately. Let me



"I know I asked you, Ronald, but that has nothing to do with it! I'm not going out with anyone who can't be more tactful about his honest opinions!"

think back. Sure, it was last Saturday night. He had some trouble, you know. He slugged a cop and they put him in city jail for thirty days."

"How about Bessie McGowan? She been in?"

"She's always in, mister," the bartender told him. "I wish that she'd pick another spot for a change. She ought to be coming in any time now."

Ten minutes later a woman walked in. She could not have selected anything to wear which could have made her look more grotesque. She had on white pumps with four-inch heels, skin-tight black bullfighter pants, a wide white leather belt with a gilt buckle, a tight sweater-blouse in a red-and-white horizontal candy stripe. A woman with a perfect figure might have been able to carry it off with a certain amount of theatrical success. But this was a woman in her middle years, with a mop of hair so abused by dyes that it was the color and texture of sun-bleached hemp. She had a puffy chipmunk face, square red lips painted boldly on. She was grotesque, ludicrous and incredible. Yet there was nothing pathetic about her. She was carrying on her own war against time in her own way.

She plopped a white bag on the bar and said in a voice worn by tobacco, whisky and long use into a texture that was like a stage whisper by a baritone, "Jolt and water, Nick."

"The check come?" the bartender asked warily.

"Yes, yes, the check came." She slapped a five-dollar bill on the bar.

As he reached for the bottle the bartender said, motioning toward Sam, "Friend of yours asking after you, Bessie."

She turned and stared at him and then walked over to him. He saw that her eyes were large and gray and exceptionally lovely. She sat on the stool next to him, and studied him, puzzled. "I draw a blank. Clue me."

The bartender put the shot glass of whisky, a glass of water and her change in front of her.

"Well over a month ago, Bessie. You were out at one of the joints on the shore east of town. With a bald man named Max. You told me this was your favorite spot."

"I remember that Max. I was with him. But what were we doing talking to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"You've got a haircut and clean fingernails and a press in your suit, mister. You talk like your folks sent you to college. You could be a doctor or a dentist. Max would talk to bums. Nobody but bums. You gentlemen types made him ugly."

"So since you recommended the place, I thought I'd stop and get a drink."

"So you thought you'd stop and get a drink." She looked at him with a compelling and horrible coquetry.

He said quickly, "Seen Max around lately?"

"No thanks. He was in jail. I guess he's out now. Let me tell you about that Max Cady. He's all man. I got to give him that. But he's mean as a snake. He doesn't give a damn for anybody in the world but Max Cady. You know what he did to me?" She lowered her voice and her face hardened. "He beat me. I thought he was going to kill me, honest. All the lights went out. When I woke up he was gone. I got the doc over and told him I fell downstairs. I've never yelled cop in my life, but I was close. Three cracked ribs. Forty-three bucks dental. I looked so awful it was a week before I stirred out of the place. He isn't a human being. That Max is an animal. All I did was ask questions. All he had to do was say shut up."

"So he's no friend of yours, Bessie."

"If I saw him dead in the street, I'd buy drinks for the house."

"He's no friend of mine."

She shrugged. "How do you mean, just seeing us that once?"

"I didn't. I made that up."

The gray eyes turned very cold. "I don't like gags."

"My name is Sam Bowden."

"So what's that got to do with —— Did you say Bowden?"

"Maybe he called me the lieutenant."

"Yes, he did."

"Bessie, I want you to help me. I don't know what to expect. He's going to try to hurt me. Somehow. I want to know if he gave you any clue."

She kept her voice very low. "He was a funny guy, Sam. He didn't have much to say. But twice he talked about Lieutenant Bowden. And both times it gave me the cold creepers, right up and down my back. Part the way he looked. He didn't say anything that made any sense, though. One time he said you were an old Army buddy and to show you how much he liked you, he was going to kill you six times. He said he was going to make you last. He was drinking, and I tried to, you know, kinda laugh it off like telling him he wouldn't kill anybody for real."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. He just gave me a look and he didn't say any more that time. Do you know what he meant? How can you kill anybody six times?"

He looked down into his beer glass. "If a man had a wife, three kids and a dog."

She tried to laugh. "Nobody'd do that."

"He started with the dog. He poisoned it."

Her face turned chalky. "Dear sweet Jesus!"

"What else did he say?"

"There was just the one other time he talked about you. He said something like 'By the time I get around to the lieutenant, I'll be doing him a favor. He'll be begging for it. That kind of fits with the other, doesn't it?'"

"Would you come with me to police headquarters and sign a statement about what you heard him say?"

She looked at him for ten seconds. "I've seen the inside of that place too many times already. They wouldn't listen to anything Bessie McGowan says. I'm sorry if you got problems, but that's the way the ball bounces."

"I'll beg you to ——"

She got off the stool. "I don't have to do anything about anything."

"Not so loud, Bessie," Nick said.

She picked up her change. "I'm finding a better joint." She yanked the street door shut behind her.

Nick sighed. "Once upon a time she was Miss Indiana. She showed me the clippings. Well, come back and see us."

Sam walked down to Jaekel Street. No. 21 was a square three-story frame house painted brown with yellow trim. A window sign announced Room for Rent. He pushed the door bell and heard it ring in the back of the house. There was a smell of mold and acid and cabbage and soiled bedding. There was a screaming quarrel going on upstairs.

A gaunt old woman came down the hall a way toward him. "Yay-yuss?"

"Does Mr. Cady live here."

"Nope."

"Mr. Max Cady?"

"Nope."

"But he did live here?"

"Yay-yuss. But he don't no more. I want no truck with fighting and police and jail folk. That's where he was. Jailed. Come back Friday and got his stuff. He didn't want to pay me rent for parking space ahind the house but I said as how I'd have the law right back on him in a minute and then he paid me and he drove his car off and that's the last of him."

"Did he leave a forwarding address?"

"Now that would be downright stupid for a man never got any mail at all, wouldn't it?"

"Has anybody else come around asking for him?"

"You're the very first and I surely pray you're the last."

He phoned Dutton the next morning. Dutton said he would see if anybody could get a line on Cady.

Nothing happened on Friday. On Saturday he drove down to Suffern and on Sunday they visited Nancy and Jamie. He was back at his desk on Monday morning. He had not told Carol about the story he got from Bessie McGowan. He did not want her to know he had gone down into Cady's area, nor did he wish to alarm her.

Nothing happened on Monday. Or Tuesday.

The phone call from Mr. Menard came through on Wednesday, at ten in the morning, on the last day of July, the day when Carol was to have gone down and picked Jamie up in the afternoon and taken him back to Suffern with her. It was his final day of camp.

When he realized who was calling, he felt as though his heart had stopped.

"Mr. Bowden? Jamie's been hurt."

"How was he hurt?"

"I think you'd better come down. He's on his way over to the Aldermont Hospital now and it will probably be best if you go directly there. It's not serious. He's not in danger. Sheriff Kantz will want to talk to you. I have to . . . give him what information I had, of course."

"I'll leave right away. Have you informed my wife?"

"She left before the call got through. I understand she's on her way here. I'll send her over to Aldermont and we could keep the little fellow here with us, if she agrees to that."

"Tell her I think that would be a good idea. Where's Nancy?"

"On the way over with her brother and Tommy Kent."

"Can you please tell me what happened to the boy?"

"He was shot, Mr. Bowden."

(To be Concluded)

ROYLEDGE



shelves go gay the modern way

Dress your shelves in glory with patterns festive and gay. Any room is bright with decorator-right Royledge. And you save because it costs only pennies a shelf. Save again—Royledge stays fresh longer—won't fade, won't wilt, won't curl . . . like ordinary shelf coverings. Regular or Plasti-Chrome Xtra-Width (which goes all the way back on the shelf)...both with regular or narrow edging (for shelves close together). **New!** Brilliant shelving discovery! 3-Ply Roylfoyl. Covered with durable, permanent plastic . . . it washes and wears longer. The "magic metal" layer drapes and shapes easier . . . seems to glow from within. At your Variety, Supermarket and Department Store.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Royledge
SHELF LINING PAPER & EDGING
all-in-one

DESIGNED FOR ROYAL LIVING EVERY DAY!
Royal Lace Paper Works, Brooklyn 1, N.Y. *(Division of Eastern Corporation)*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

or Four-Eyes. Perhaps she's really upset. I don't know why, but every time I come home I am always afraid that something has happened. But even from the hall I can see that nothing has happened. Everything is normal. On the floor, right in front of the door, is my oldest son, stretched out on his back with his legs at a right angle and a comic book on his knees.

"Hi," he says, without looking at me. And bursts into a roar of laughter at something in his comic book.

They say that sons take after their mothers. In my home they all take after their mother, sons and daughters both. Proceeding along the corridor between banged-up tricycles and toy automobiles overturned like dying beetles, I meet a daughter one hand span tall and two wide, with the beginnings of a comma for a nose and four beginnings of commas for hair, with pink pants on inside out and somebody else's bib which covers her from her neck to her feet.

"Gianna ug," she informs me. "Ug Gianna."

Gianna is she, if I have figured correctly, but I am astounded that she calls herself ugly. She is usually very vain.

"Why?" I ask her suspiciously. The women in my family always make me suspicious.

"Gianna foon," she explains to me. "Mamma fooooooon!"

I told you that they all take after their mother. They are all abstract. Gianna foon. Mamma fooooooon—maybe it's an early poetic attempt. I continue on to the living room.

I find the usual scene there. My wife is sitting in front of her writing table and typing like ten typing people. She has a green handkerchief on her head, a pair of enormous ski pants, two tufts of cotton in her ears, a daughter drawing a picture seated on her feet and a son who is shooting rubber bands at her back.

The reason for the handkerchief on her head is plain: headache. All writers always have headaches, if you want to know. Whether they all put handkerchiefs on their heads I don't know. As for the tufts of cotton in her ears, they are acoustical insulation. ("My antibells" she calls them.) The result is that the children, to attract her attention, shout like ten shouting people or else pull violently at her elbow until she, defeated, removes the cotton, listens, solves, comments, praises, puts back the cotton and picks up the thread again.

Don't ask me why, in the month of July, my wife wears ski pants to write a story, because I don't know. She says that these ski pants—these and only these—bring her good luck. That they are magnetic and attract inspiration. "Who has seen my magnets?" she says when she has to begin writing. "A hundred lire to the first one who finds my magnets." And the whole family scurries to look for the magnets—that is, the pants—which, like everything else in this house, are never where they ought to be. When the magnets are found, she puts them on and inspiration is assured. Perhaps even Dante, while he was writing the Inferno, wore ski pants.

I look at her. Her "working" glasses, which are enormous, hide half her face and her nose, seen in profile, is more than ever like a comma. *Hi, Four-Eyes.* I feel something fluttering around me which dangerously resembles a cloud and I move forward a step.

She hasn't heard me arrive because of the cotton. I put a hand on her shoulder and she leaps a foot in the air. "Don't tell me it's dinnertime already!"

It's a cry from the heart. Other wives wait for their husbands, all dressed up and trembling, watching the clock and twisting their hands, and when he arrives they run to meet him with their heart in their eyes. All wives do it. Even the ones in *her* stories. And she—look at her there. Her devoted young husband comes home tired from work. She looks at him and what does she say? "Don't tell me it's dinnertime already!"

There's not a trace of cloud remaining. I see before me a creature with horrible glasses, horrible ski pants and a horrible handkerchief on her head. A presumptuous little monster to whom I have sacrificed, God alone knows why, the ten best years of my life.

"Well, I suppose I'd better go into the kitchen," she sighs, looking at the typewriter

When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as though you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

as an exile might look at the coast of his native land. "I'll finish it later."

The story, she means. That it is eight o'clock and I am as famished as ten famished people and that nothing is ready doesn't bother her in the least. Oh, but it won't end like this, I resolve while waiting for dinner. Who does she think she is? For a few scribbled stories that she writes, does she think she can treat me like a worm? Furthermore, if I weren't around to reread them and criticize them and correct all her millions of typing errors, does she think they would be published? Pff! Oh, but I'll make her understand, I who ——

Dinner is ready in less than a half hour. To compensate, it is terrible as it generally is. The older boy eats with his comic book leaning against his glass, the older girl eats with her left hand so she can draw surrealistic beasts with her right hand, the younger boy keeps firing without pause, the younger girl gives something to eat all around, to my arm, to h r mother's arm, to the twelve stuffed animals wi'h scanty fur among the dishes, to the napkins and to the glasses. "Papa, 'lasses, goo' 'lasses, papa." Their mother nibbles a finger and gazes at everyone from an infinite distance. That's my wife.

I get up and pretend to read a newspaper in my armchair, gritting my teeth to hold back my bitterness. Behind me the children carry on their abstract discussions, interspersed with sinister tinklings and frightful crashes which mean my wife is clearing the table.

"How hot it is," she says vaguely. But she doesn't take off the ski pants for fear that later inspiration may escape her. "Oh, heavens, how hot it is. Gianna, don't eat the knife. What will the knife's mother say if you eat it? She will cry, oh, how she will cry. What. Giorgio? What, Marina? One at a time, please, Eh? Who? Where? Don't shoot at the light bulb, Momo, because it will get mad and burst and then papa will get mad and burst too. What, Marina-Giorgio? Who? Why? One at a time, please. Oh, heavens, heavens, how hot it is!"

One last crash farther away informs me that my wife has moved into the kitchen. But not for long (she washes the dishes at two A.M. or even not at all). Another series of "Eh? What? Who? Where? One-at-a-time-please. Oh-heavens-how-hot-it-is," announces her return.

Here she is, tiny and crazy, with her handkerchief on her head. She resembles a pirate after three days of starvation. She looks at me; I look at her. The atmosphere between us could be cut with a knife.

"Hey," she says.

I turn to look at the paper. If she thinks she can set everything straight with a hey ——

3 Great NEW Sunbeam AUTOMATIC MIXMASTERS

New Deluxe SUNBEAM MIXMASTER



NEW! 12-speed Mix-Finder Dial

NEW! More Powerful Motor

NEW! Modern Design

The New Deluxe Sunbeam Mixmaster is America's finest! New twelve speeds, larger Bowl-Fit beaters, automatic Bowl-Speed control give perfect mixing results. Enjoy higher, finer textured cakes; fluffier mashed potatoes; smoother icings and sauces. All foods taste better. Beaters eject automatically for easier cleaning. Bowl-Shift lever correctly positions Bowl-Fit beaters in either large or small bowl. Blender, food chopper, meat grinder, juice extractor available at extra cost. From $45.50*



On a stand . . . or in your hand

NEW Sunbeam MIXMASTER

Two-in-One Combination

Also available in white



EXCLUSIVE BOWL-FIT BEATERS

Only SUNBEAM has larger, exclusive Bowl-Fit beaters that fit the contour of the sides and bottom of the bowl to mix ALL the batter.

*Manufacturer's recommended Retail or Fair Trade price

AVAILABLE IN COLORS

Yellow

Pink

Turquoise

Chrome



NEW SUNBEAM MIXMASTER HAND MIXER

Gives you all these advantages

- Powerful Motor
- Larger Full-Mix Beaters
- 6 Mix Settings
- Thumb-Tip Speed Control
- Automatic Beater Ejector
- Wide Base Heel Rest
- Always handy—stores on wall.
- Available in colors and chrome.

From $19.95*

A stand mixer for automatic food mixing that quickly converts to a powerful yet lightweight hand mixer with a wide base heel rest. Either way, Sunbeam's powerful motor rotates the "full-mix" beaters to whip, beat, fold, blend, stir or mix all foods more thoroughly and evenly. And all six settings, as well as beater ejector are thumb-tip controlled. You'll have better mixing results with a new Sunbeam Mixmaster. From $27.95*

Look for the MARK OF QUALITY Sunbeam THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES Famous for IRONMASTER, Frypan, Saucepan, etc. SUNBEAM CORPORATION, Dept. 50, Chicago 50, Illinois • Canada: Toronto 18

© S.C. ® SUNBEAM, MIXMASTER, MIX-FINDER, IRONMASTER

Good thing they wear Health-tex

It plays hard all day



Health-tex clothes for children, sizes 6 months to 6 years of flannels, knit and woven cottons, corduroys and other fine washable fabrics. STANDARD ROMPER CO., INC., 1350 Broadway, New York 18.

"Hey you," she insists.

I raise my eyes and turn to look at her. In the space between the glasses and the commas a dimple has appeared. It's not fair. *Now she'll take off her glasses*, I think, and press my hands on the armrests to resist this injustice.

She doesn't take off her glasses. She doesn't even dream of it. She takes one hand from behind her back and in it there are some typewritten pages.

"If you want to read my story ——" she says magnanimously.

That's what she says, understand? During innumerable and rather animated discussions I have made clear to my wife my wholehearted masculine contempt for stories in general and hers in particular. If, however, she should send in a story without having me read it first she would offend me mortally and she knows it.

I get up slowly and I feel myself swelling like an avalanche. The air whistles around me.

"Blast your stories!" I shout like ten shouting people. However, instead of "blast" I use another word. More incisive and adapted to my state of mind.

Through the whistling air I hear Gianna's sweet voice, "Papa sout. Oh papa sout." And I see my wife bend over to pick up something that hasn't fallen. She is laughing—laughing at *me*, understand? I think I could commit murder.

"Perhaps you didn't understand me, my friend," I say, shaking her scrawny little arm. "I was speaking *seriously*. Blast your kitchenmaid stories and double blast you, you madwoman," I say, shaking her again. "You half-baked p-pirate!"

She jerks her arm free. "Well, then, get out!" she shouts, pounding her fist on the table. "You and your Grecian nose and your broad shoulders and your brain like a r-rooster! Good only to criticize and swear. What use are you to me? Get out. What are you waiting for?"

"Nothing," I say. "I'm not waiting for anything. I'm going."

And I slam the door too. Papa pam.

She said it herself, didn't she? Get out, she said. What use are you to me? she said. With your Grecian nose and your brain like a rooster. She said it herself. So it's fair, isn't it, that I am here at Floretta's bar? Since I'm no use to my wife, I, who gave up blondes for her. Possibly I might be of some use to someone else. Possibly my shoulders and my nose might make the eyes of twenty-two-year-old shapely blondes flutter. It may be. Take a look at the cashier's desk and see if Floretta is fluttering her eyes. Did you see? I need only stretch out my hand. And you may be sure that this time I will stretch it out. Oh, and how I will stretch it out. The bar is half empty. Watch.

"Look at Floretta," the bartender whispers confidentially. "Just take a look at her."

I take a look at her. She is not only fluttering her eyes; she is drying them with a handkerchief.

"It's always like that," sneers the bartender, tapping his forehead with his finger. "When she reads that stuff she always weeps."

"What is it?" I ask him. "The obituary page?"

"Worse," he says. "The stories of Minni Liccioli. . . . What's the matter, did you choke? Look up at the ceiling and it will stop. Look at the little bird, my mother used to say whenever I choked."

While I look at the little bird and the bartender beats me on the back Floretta finishes reading. She blows her nose once more, puts the magazine in her bag and comes toward me, undulating. She sits down on the stool next to me, smiles, and I stop looking at the little bird. I had almost forgotten what twenty-two-year-old girls are like when they are pretty.

"It's a lovely evening," I say. "Would you like to go for a stroll with me?"

The bartender coughs.

"Oh, I'd love to," she says. "I'd madly love to."

STOP PAIN INSTANTLY
COMBAT INFECTION-PROMOTE HEALING
WITH STAINLESS
Campho-Phenique
(PRONOUNCED CAM-FO-FIN-EEK)
WHEN USED ON **PIMPLES-ACNE**

CAMPHO-PHENIQUE HELPS PREVENT THEIR SPREAD AND RE-INFECTION

It's wonderful, too, for fever blisters, cold sores, gum boils, cuts and scratches, minor burns caused by book matches, hot cooking utensils, hot water or steam. Campho-Phenique relieves itching of insect bites, poison ivy, etc. Just apply Campho-Phenique next time and see how fast this pain-relieving antiseptic goes to work. And it doesn't stain the skin! Get a bottle today.



THE ONE WAY TO HELP
SPLITTING NAILS
which has been proved by published medical research, is that tried and true
KNOX Gelatine



Once a day drink one 5¢ envelope (115-120 grains) in bouillon, fruit juice or water. In 90 days it makes most nails lovely and pliant. Directions in package. For scientific proof write to Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N. Y., Box LH-25.

AT YOUR GROCER'S



© 1957 Knox Gelatine Co.

WHAT IS A BOY?

By HERBERT HOOVER

A boy has two jobs: one is just being a boy, the other is growing up to be a man. What is a boy made of and what does he need beside parents, food, clothes and shelter?

First: He has an unbelievable amount of dynamism in his muscles and is equipped with a complete self-starter. With his impelling desire to take exercise, what he will do next is unpredictable. He needs to exhaust these surplus energies in an indestructible place.

Second: He has an insatiable curiosity and a large supply of imagination. At times he seems to be an illuminated interrogation point. That requires that his newly discovered world be explored all over, including remote ideas. He needs a place for adventure.

Third: He has a yen for battle, strife and competition. The battle instinct needs to be channeled into constructive competition with due recognition of his prowess. He also needs companionship and friendship.

Fourth: He wants to belong to something. He likes to play games. He needs every implement from checkers to a baseball bat.

Fifth: He takes to water and should have a periodic bath. He is equipped with all the known physiological organs. They need to be occasionally inspected by a doctor.

Sixth: He has a sense of orderly conduct, or he can be instilled with it. He needs a place to try his hand in the problems of self-government.

Seventh: He must someday learn a skilled occupation at which he can earn a living. He needs a chance to taste many trades to find his occupational bent.

Eighth: He is an American citizen from birth. He must be taught the responsibilities of citizenship. He has a soul, and it needs moral and spiritual guidance. He comes from every race, color and religion. He needs to learn to respect the dignity of all of them.

These are the characteristic needs of all boys. Some boys are fortunate in their neighborhoods: some are not. Some have to live and play in an environment of bricks and pavement, in streets heavy with traffic. The Boys' Clubs of America help to meet the needs of these, the pavement boys of our congested cities, so that they may have an equal chance with other boys to grow to good and useful manhood.

A boy presents joys, hopes and especially paradoxes. He strains our nerves, yet he is a complex of cells teeming with affection. He is a periodic nuisance. He is a part-time wrecker, yet he radiates sunlight to all the world and can become a joy forever.

There are 437 boys' clubs in 287 communities. They provide opportunity for 420,000 boys. The results are difficult to measure, but one is certain: each year for fifty years the Boys' Clubs of America have given this nation an army of good citizens.

There! In the palm of my hand.

"Let's go," I say, gallantly helping her down m the stool. The bartender coughs again. I take her arm and I am a handsome young n without a past who is walking along the rm, empty streets in the evening with a per- ned blonde on my arm. It's a lovely feel- g—melancholy and stimulating and lovely. *n't talk, Floretta.*

But she talks.

"I've been wanting to ask you for a long ne," she says, "but you were so reserved that ever had the courage."

"Ask me what?" I inquire.

"About your wife," she says. "Please, uldn't you get me a photograph of your e?"

Oh, no! It can't be.

"How do you know that I am my wife's sband?" I ask brusquely.

"A friend of mine told me. She is the friend the sister of the niece of one of the tenants your building and she d to me, 'See that guy h the pug nose? He's husband of Minni ccioli.' 'No-o-o,' I d. 'Yes,' she said, 's the one. Honest.' d that's how I know."

I understand. Dreamy s, tender voice, a ousand smiles—not me at all but for my e's husband. I un- stand everything. A ment ago on this ewalk there was a ndsome young man h a Grecian nose, rsting with charm; w there is a heap of oble.

She speaks again. "I'd e wonderful care of The photograph, I an. I'd put it in a autiful frame and ng it up over the cash ister."

The photograph with sses over Floretta's h register! God of beciles, look down.

"I wrote to your e," she continues. aybe that letter of oretta's is pinned to wall.) "I wrote to twice, you know? e first time she didn't en answer me." (Then e must have lost the ter. It might be in the en closet. Or in the rigerator.) "But I kept on loving her just same. I'm a fan of hers like mad. I always l everybody, 'Minni Liccioli is a wonder.' read all her stories twice and sometimes ee times. She's marvelous. You can't help ing her like mad. But you know all that, ?"

It's strange, but I do know it. And suddenly eel frighteningly angry and frighteningly oud and frighteningly sad.

"And so I wrote her another time," she s. "And she answered me. A little note t's so cute I always carry it around with e. Look."

My wife's small, untidy handwriting. Her l love letters—funny as twenty funny letters, d so alive and so much hers and so much ne. Oh, Four-Eyes!

"However, she didn't want to send me a otograph," Floretta continues, carefully tting the note away. "She says she doesn't ve one," she adds, dubious.

But it's true. Those few snapshots which manage to take with our ancient family mera are all of the children and me. You are handsome, she says. Oh, Four-Eyes. I am t handsome. I am a guy with a pug nose d rocks in my head. Why did you marry me, ur-Eyes?

"And so I thought I'd ask you for the pic- e," Floretta goes on. "You'll give me one, n't you? Look, it doesn't matter if your wife is a little bit ugly. I love her like mad just the same."

"Ugly!" I say. "Who told you my wife was ugly?"

"No, no, nobody," she answers, frightened. "It's only that . . . since she didn't want to send me a picture I thought maybe ——"

Don't think, girl. Thinking doesn't suit you. My wife ugly! Now you listen to me, girl. "My wife ——" I begin.

I must have spoken for quite a while; my throat is dry. Dry and closed up. And there, in the warm air, among the neon lights and the people strolling and the evening voices, is my wife, born of my voice, alive and funny and mine as if she were really there and I really saw her. With her glasses and her commas and her disorder and her nerves and her gaiety. With her magnetic ski pants and her cotton in her ears and her glasses and her headaches and her laughs and her games. With her indomitable little body and her heart as big as a house. A big house, crowded and untidy and brave and alive. My home. Four-Eyes, let me come in.

"You must love her like mad," says a voice near me.

What is this creature with yellow hair doing here?

"You made me get a lump in my throat," she says. And means it. She's not a creature; she's Floretta, a girl who is fond of my wife. *You're nice, Floretta.*

"You'll give me that photograph?" she begs.

Certainly. I will take lots and lots of photographs, one more beautiful than the other, and then I will give you one, Floretta. To put over the cash register. And one of these days I'll bring my wife in for you to see.

"Honestly?" she says. "How wonderful! You promise?"

Yes, I promise. But now I am going home.

The typewriter is silent. The children's rooms are quiet. The lights are out. Where are you, Four-Eyes? Even if I am only a stupid piece of furniture with a pug nose and some complexes, let me come in, please.

I find her in our room, curled up in a chair, nibbling a finger. *Mamma mia*, she has put on her dress-up glasses. With rhinestones. And a stylish dress. And earrings and the air of being tired to death.

I look at her and inside me a savage wave of gratitude and prayer is released and I would like to do something for her that she might always see with her four eyes, always touch with her funny inky hands and *know*. I want to make a poem for her, a love poem for my wife.

"Hey!" I say. That is the poem.

"Hey," she breathes. She gets up and spreads out her hands like a lost child. "You didn't come back for ages," she says. And in those few words there is everything I needed to hear.

I open my arms and she comes inside them, my girl for always, with her tiny body and her heart big as a house, and I am not a piece of furniture. I am the master of the house. Tired and happy and frighteningly proud. I don't kiss her; I just hold her against me, inside the old cloud.

"Where've you been?" she asks sleepily, with her face tucked down in the hollow of my arm.

"With a girl," I answer.

I tell her about Floretta. And when I come to the key scene ("Can you let me have a picture of your wife?") she opens both her eyes wide, bigger than the glasses, and then starts to roll on the bed, laughing like ten laughing people. I start to roll myself and that makes twenty of us.

Finally I grab her by the hair.

"What a sight, Bob Taylor," she says. "I'll make a story out of it."

Blast! She's really capable of doing it, you know. She's capable of putting on those blasted magnets and running off to write it immediately. And while I squeeze her winking little face between my hands, I feel with a sharp, suffocating happiness, that tomorrow will be just like today and like yesterday and like ten years ago and like twenty years from now; the crazy fights and the crazy laughs and the tiredness and the merriment and the hard work and the children and us. Our funny, dear, limping marriage. Thanks, Four-Eyes.

"Hi, Dante," I say to her.

"Hi, Bob," she whispers.

She takes off her glasses and my legs are like piecrust.

"And the story?" I murmur, after that soft, amazed silence. "Aren't you going to write it?"

"Tomorrow," her voice replies inside the cloud. "I'll write it tomorrow." END

WHERE CHILDREN HAVE PLAYED

By BYRON BUCK

There is a silence where children have played,
A stillness you feel with your skin,
A quiet so lonely you're almost afraid
Where children have been.

Blocks that lie scattered where no child crawls
Form shifting designs as you stare.
The room is all corners and ceiling and walls
When the children aren't there.

The room is bewitched; the dolls will not wake;
Charmed all the toys you discern.
A spell has been cast that nobody can break
Till the children return.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

THESE ADVERTISERS WILL BE GLAD TO SEND BULLETINS AND ARRANGE PERSONAL INTERVIEWS. IN WRITING, MENTION YOUR REQUIREMENTS.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 555 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

Boys' School

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY
In Beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Thorough college preparation; fully accredited. Individual guidance. Band. All sports. 2 gyms. Pool. Fine health record. Fireproof buildings. Separate Junior School. Illus. Catalog write Supt. S.M.A. Box J10, Staunton, Va.
BASIC COURSE R.O.T.C. BY U. S. ARMY INSTRUCTORS.



Founded 1860

Fine & Applied Arts

Ray-Vogue Schools
Commercial Art, Photography, Interior Decoration, Dress Design. Fashion Merchandising with Modeling. Fashion Illustration. Coed. Attractive residence for girls. Enter Oct. 7., Nov. 4. Specify course. Write Registrar, Room 706, Ray-Vogue Schools, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11

Art Institute of Pittsburgh
More jobs offered our graduates than we can fill. 18-month Diploma courses in Commercial Art; Fashion Art; Dress Design; Interior Design. Veteran approved. Co-ed. 35th Year. For King Size Factbook, write
Willis J. Shook, Director, 635 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

Vocational

Be a Hotel Hostess



Enjoy Your Work! Fascinating positions in hotels, motels, clubs, apartment house projects as Hostess, Executive Housekeeper, Manager, etc. Alice Behr writes: "Am Hotel Hostess-Housekeeper and my position is well-paid." Write for FREE book, "Your Big Opportunity." Approved for ALL Veteran Training. Lewis Hotel Training School, Sta. CR-501, Washington 7, D. C. 42nd Year.

Junior College

Co-educational, Campus College
Associate In Arts Degree
Terminal and Transfer Courses. Small, friendly, co-ed college near Boston. Athletics. Swimming pool.
W. L. Garner, Pres.
Franklin Mass.
Dean JUNIOR COLLEGE

Business & Secretarial
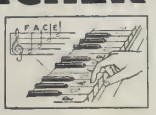
Bryant College Earn your B.S. in 2 years! Business Administration: majors in Management, Acctg, Marketing. 2-yr. degree in Exec. Sec'l: majors in Admin., Med., Legal, Acctg. 4-yr. degree in Bus. Teacher Tr. Coed. Campus life. 24 bldgs. Dorms. Self-help. Vet. approved Register Early! Catalog:
Ruth West, Bryant College, Providence 6, R. I.

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS
Write 120 Words Per Minute.
Age No Obstacle—LOWEST COST
Famous SPEEDWRITING shorthand. No symbols; no machines; uses ABC's. Easiest to learn and use. Fast preparation for better position. Nationally used in leading offices and Civil Service. 120 words per minute—50% FASTER than Civil Service requirements. Over 350,000 taught at home or through classroom instruction. The very low cost will surprise you. Typing available. 35th Year. Schools in over 400 cities in U. S., Canada, Cuba and Hawaii. Write for Free Booklet to: School of
DID YOU SEE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE ON
© Speedwriting ®
Dept. 9910-7, W. 42 St., N. Y. 36

Home Study Schools

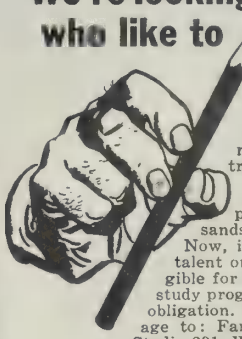
ACCOUNTANT BECOME AN EXPERT
TO THE WOMAN WHO WANTS TO ENJOY AN ACCOUNTING CAREER
FREE SAMPLE LESSON
Thousands of firms need women accountants. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for well paying accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of CPAs and expert accountants. Placement counsel. Write for sample lesson and illustrated free book, "Opportunities in Accounting" which describes the opportunities for women in this profitable field.
LASALLE Extension University, 417 So. Dearborn St.
A Correspondence Institution, Dept. H 837 Chicago 5, Ill.

BE YOUR OWN MUSIC TEACHER
LEARN quickly, right at home, to play piano, guitar, *any* instrument. Our famous *pictured* lessons make it easy. No scales or "exercises". Start playing simple pieces *right away*. Few cents a lesson. 900,000 students! *WRITE FOR FREE BOOK.* U. S. School of Music, Studio A6310, Port Washington, N. Y.



Calvert School You can educate your child at home with famous Calvert School-At-Home Courses. Kindergarten—9th grade. Accredited. Easy-to-follow teaching manual; lessons, books, supplies. No experience needed. Guidance by Calvert teachers. Start any time. 52nd year. Catalog. Give age, school grade.
Calvert School, 8510 E. Tuscany Rd., Baltimore 10, Md.

"We're looking for people who like to draw..."



says Norman Rockwell, one of America's 12 Most Famous Artists. If *you* like to draw, you may have talent worth training for full or part-time art career. Find out with our 12-page Talent Test. Thousands paid $1 to take it. Now, it's FREE. If you show talent on test, you will be eligible for training under home-study program we developed. No obligation. Send name, address, age to: Famous Artists Schools, Studio 291, Westport, Conn.

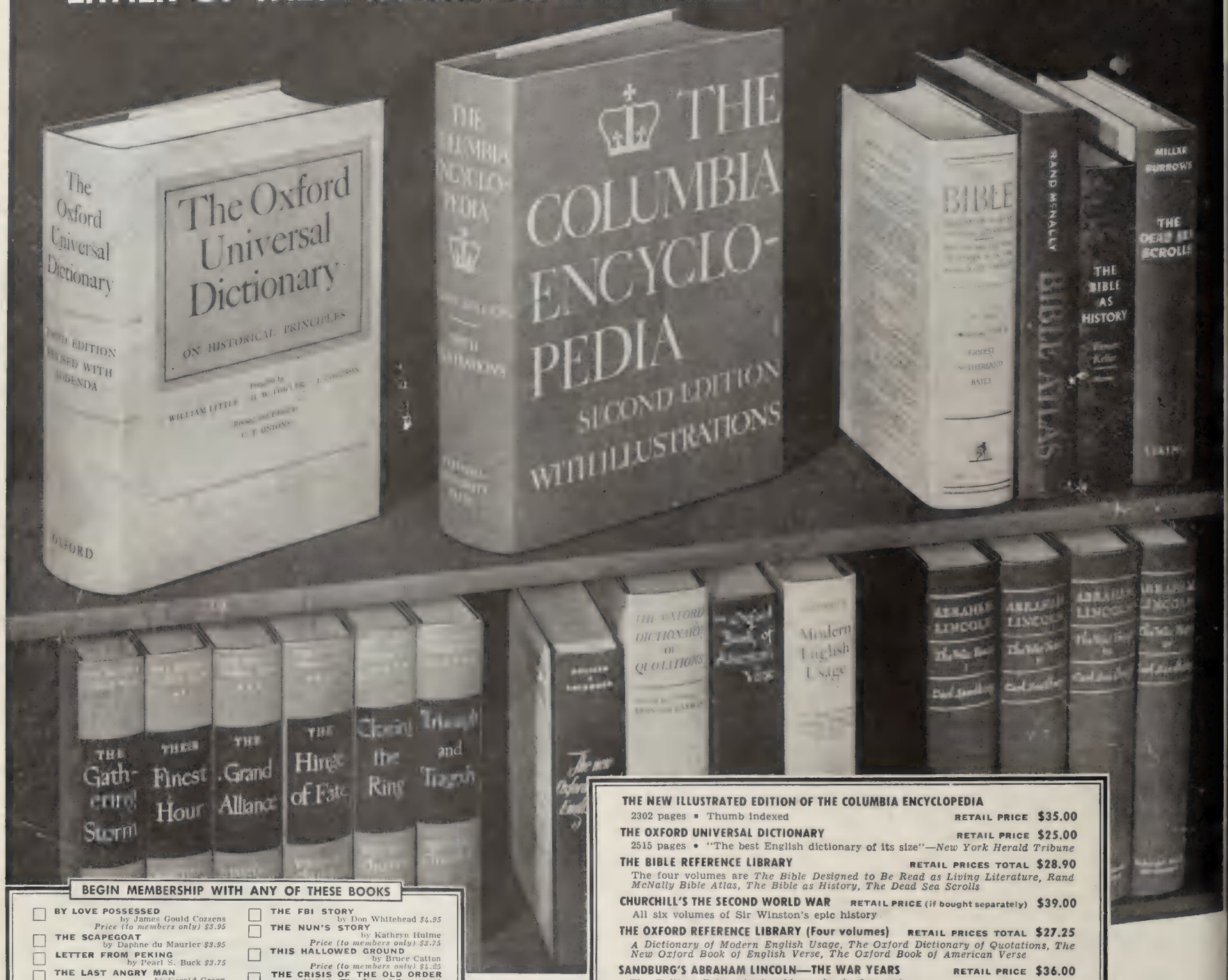
HIGH SCHOOL at HOME
You can still finish High School—at home, in your spare time. No interference with job, or social life. Win more pay, better job, social recognition. Take only the subjects you need. Complete lesson and answer service. Personalized instruction. Low cost. Diploma to graduates.
I.C.S. is oldest and largest (257 courses). Write today for free books: (1) 36-page "How to Succeed," (2) sample lesson (Math), (3) Career Catalogue—indicate course desired.
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
SCRANTON 9, PENNA. DEPT. 39112 J

Now available is a booklet of information on academic and vocational schools, two-year and four-year colleges, and summer camps. It is a handy reference directory of more than 100 announcements appearing in spring and summer issues of the Journal's school section this year. To secure your copy without charge or obligation just send your name and address, plainly written or typed, to: **Schools, Colleges, and Camps, Ladies' Home Journal, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.**

A DRAMATIC DEMONSTRATION OF ONE OF THE BENEFITS OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE **BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB**

Given to you... WITH THE FIRST BOOK YOU BUY IF YOU AGREE TO BUY FIVE ADDITIONAL BOOKS DURING THE NEXT YEAR

EITHER OF THESE REFERENCE WORKS OR ANY ONE OF THE SETS



THE NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA
2302 pages ▪ Thumb Indexed — RETAIL PRICE **$35.00**

THE OXFORD UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY — RETAIL PRICE **$25.00**
2515 pages • "The best English dictionary of its size"—*New York Herald Tribune*

THE BIBLE REFERENCE LIBRARY — RETAIL PRICES TOTAL **$28.90**
The four volumes are *The Bible Designed to Be Read as Living Literature, Rand McNally Bible Atlas, The Bible as History, The Dead Sea Scrolls*

CHURCHILL'S THE SECOND WORLD WAR — RETAIL PRICE (if bought separately) **$39.00**
All six volumes of Sir Winston's epic history

THE OXFORD REFERENCE LIBRARY (Four volumes) — RETAIL PRICES TOTAL **$27.25**
A Dictionary of Modern English Usage, The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, The New Oxford Book of English Verse, The Oxford Book of American Verse

SANDBURG'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN—THE WAR YEARS — RETAIL PRICE **$36.00**
The Pulitzer Prize winning biography in four volumes

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE BOOKS

- ☐ **BY LOVE POSSESSED** by James Gould Cozzens *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE SCAPEGOAT** by Daphne du Maurier *$3.95*
- ☐ **LETTER FROM PEKING** by Pearl S. Buck *$3.75*
- ☐ **THE LAST ANGRY MAN** by Gerald Green *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE SHORT REIGN OF PIPPIN IV** by John Steinbeck *$3.00*
- ☐ **THE ETRUSCAN** by Mika Waltari *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE DURABLE FIRE** by Howard Swiggett *Price (to members only) $3.75*
- ☐ **THE FBI STORY** by Don Whitehead *$4.95*
- ☐ **THE NUN'S STORY** by Kathryn Hulme *Price (to members only) $3.75*
- ☐ **THIS HALLOWED GROUND** by Bruce Catton *Price (to members only) $4.25*
- ☐ **THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER Vol. I: The Age of Roosevelt** by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. *Price (to members only) $4.50*
- ☐ **THE TURN OF THE TIDE** by Arthur Bryant *Price (to members only) $4.50*
- ☐ **DAY OF INFAMY** by Walter Lord *$3.95*
- ☐ **PROFILES IN COURAGE** by John F. Kennedy *$3.50*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, A1610
345 Hudson St., New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as ▪ member of the Book-of-the-Month Club* and send, free, the work I have indicated below with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am ▪ member. Thereafter I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend* with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

PLEASE NOTE: A "Double Selection"—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as ▪ *single book* in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

PLEASE SEND ME, FREE, WITH MY FIRST PURCHASE SPECIFIED ABOVE

.....
(Choose one of the reference works or sets illustrated above)

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No..... State.....

Books for Canadian members are priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto duty free, and may be paid for in either U. S. or Canadian currency.

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

GOOD SENSE FOR READING FAMILIES: A TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

As a trial subscriber to the Book-of-the-Month Club you can fully experience—over ▪ short period of time—the unique benefits all members enjoy. There are at least three that are beyond question. First, as a member you share in more than $13,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) now distributed annually as Book-Dividends. This is actually ▪ form of member profit-sharing, similar to that of ▪ consumer co-operative. The offer outlined here really represents "advanced" Book-Dividends earned by the purchase of the books you engage to buy later. Second, you effectually keep yourself from missing, through overbusyness or procrastination, the new books you are most eager to read. (For example, see the list in the coupon.) Third, you get these books, which you will want to buy anyway, at a considerable saving—an average of 20%, plus the Book-Dividends. Thus, membership is plainly good sense for every reading family.

- ✶ The books you agree to buy can be chosen from at least 100 Club Selections and Alternates made available during the year.
- ✶ Each month you receive ▪ full report about the next Book-of-the-Month. If you judge it is a book you would not enjoy, you send back ▪ form (always provided) specifying some other book. Or you may simply say, "Send me nothing."
- ✶ If you continue after this trial subscription, you will receive a Book-Dividend, averaging $6.00 in retail value, with every second book you buy.
- ✶ The editions of these works printed for new members were necessarily limited. If the supply is exhausted, there will be a delay in fulfilling orders—at least four months, since it takes that long to print and bind any added edition of such works. For that reason, immediate acceptance is advisable if you are interested.

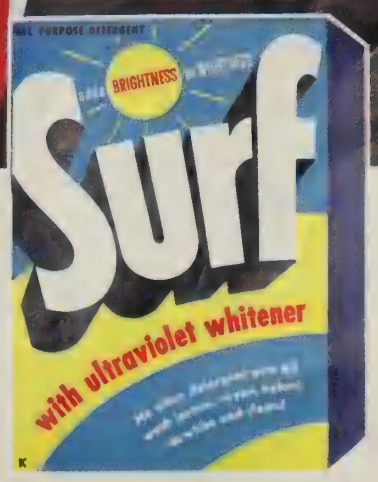
SURF ADDS BRIGHTNESS

(yes...even to perfect whiteness)



Brightens colors too!

A wash that's merely white is no longer the best you can do. Now all-purpose Surf has a special brightener that puts ultra-violet rays (like those in sunshine) to work for you. Surf actually adds brightness—even to perfect whiteness. Brightens colors, too. Try today's Surf and see. If you don't get the whitest, brightest wash ever, Lever Brothers will refund every penny.





4 FOR THE PRICE OF 3

4 Cakes of Personal Size Ivory Soap cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet Soaps!

Take a look at prices of leading toilet soaps next time you shop. See how much less Personal Size Ivory Soap costs—4 cakes for no more than you'd pay for 3 of other brands. Why, that makes the 4th cake pure savings! And such a beautiful way to save. Ivory is the finest soap you can buy—pure, mild, gentle enough for a baby's skin. So right for your complexion, too. Yes—take a look—That Ivory Look for your skin. So radiantly fresh and clear—so economically yours!



Personal Size Ivory is your best beauty buy

99 44/100% pure*... it floats

JOURNAL

NOVEMBER
1957 · 35¢

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN



'S QUIZ CHAMP: TEDDY NADLER—How He Spent That $152,000

GOTHIC TALE BY ISAK DINESEN

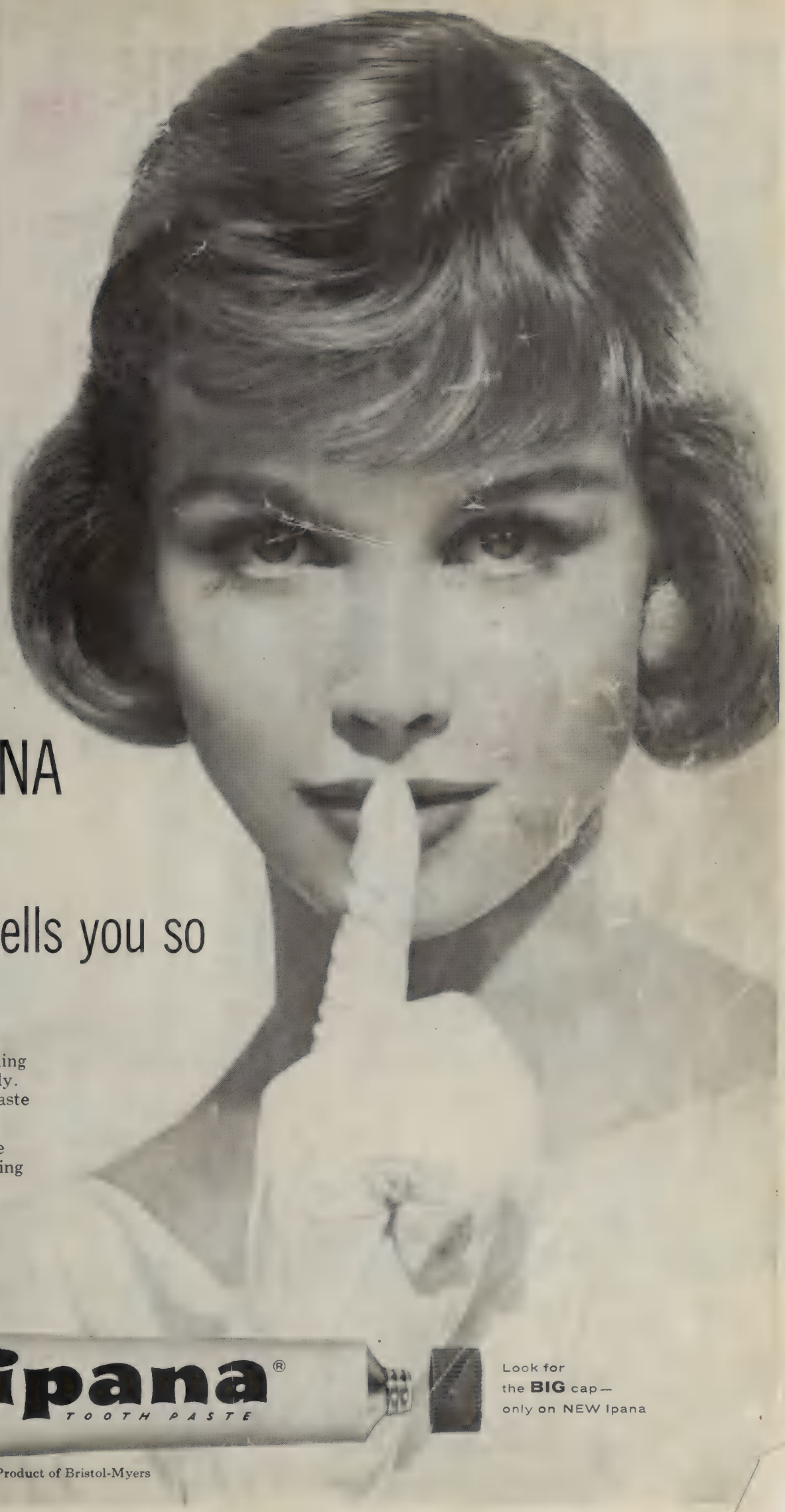
JSBANDS AND WIVES TELL WHY THEY LOVE EACH OTHER

Condensed NOVEL COMPLETE in This Issue

"I FORGAVE HIS INFIDELITY ONCE"

Beautiful Enduring Christmas Presents for Less Than

"I REDUC



NOT A WHISPER OF BAD BREATH WITH NEW IPANA

..its distinct taste tells you so

• New Ipana® Tooth Paste with germ-killing WD-9 prevents bad breath. Use it regularly. Ipana's distinct taste and refreshing after-taste tell you it cleans your entire mouth.

• Ipana with WD-9 actually has twice the decay-germ killing power of any other leading tooth paste. So it can help your children fight tooth decay effectively, too.

ipana®
TOOTH PASTE

Look for the **BIG** cap— only on NEW Ipana

Product of Bristol-Myers

Red Cross Shoes designed for and inspired by . . .

TODAY'S AMERICAN WOMAN



ILLUSTRATED: THE CAD



TRAVELER



ROUNDTOWNER TIE

Ranch Tan:
Fall's smart new companion color

This is it . . . the luscious new neutral that gets along beautifully with so many colors, so many textures . . . wi your whole wonderful world of tweeds and flannels. *Ext* wonderful in these easy-going Cobbies that were born live your busy, modern life . . . *and love it.*

Smart young Cobbies 8^{95} *to* 11

THIS PRODUCT HAS NO CONNECTION WHATEVER WITH THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS • THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORPORATION, CINCINNATI 7, O

Ladies' Home Journal

CONTENTS

VOL. LXXIV NO. 11

November, 1957

JOURNALITIES



Hamlen Hunt

If it weren't for the interesting people, we'd say don't bother looking at this column this month. We read it a moment ago, backward, beginning at the bottom of a blank sheet of paper, and all it does is point Morals, a boring thing to do. To avoid this at the start, let's point to HAMLEN HUNT, a Pretty Author who is *not* boring. She wrote *Marry I Must* (on page 72; but why not wait until you come to it, leafing through?). It's a short story about a girl named T. J. (that's all), whose only purpose in going to college is to get a man and home of her own. Well! You can't guess what happens to her! There's a moral to it—you'll see. The author's brief: "Born in New York City, of painter parents, attended Columbia University and Radcliffe College, married a doctor from Mobile, Alabama; we now live near Boston and have two daughters of notable charm."



Betty Hoffman

BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN frequently writes for the JOURNAL and is practically a member of the family, so we needn't pay much attention to her. She is a Wonderful Wife (of lawyer-husband Bob); a Wonderful Mother (of three); a Good Cook (she writes well too). About her inner life she says cats and reactionaries make her nervous and so do horses, only more so. This month she writes about the amazing Teddy Nadler and his family (*How America Lives*, page 161). Mr. Nadler is the $152,000 TV quiz-show winner whose photographic memory bested that of renowned scholars in many fields of knowledge. Yet, as former laborer Nadler explains, except for answering quiz questions, knowledge alone is useless and will bring you neither love nor fame nor money.



Tina Fredericks

Our photo editor, TINA FREDERICKS, was born in Berlin, Germany, and christened Anna-Katarina. Her father was in the publishing business and frequently brought home dozens of magazines. As a baby she ate a good many of them, she says, and that's how magazines got into her system. Her two daughters, Devon and Stacey, do *not* eat magazines. Tina is responsible for planning the series of cover photographs depicting episodes in the life of a Young Couple. Watch them. In time they will perform all the ordinary miracles. The miracle on this month's cover is a lopsided birthday cake—his. She is pleased; he is dubious, but he is going to eat it and like it. The moral is obvious. The photographer is MARK SHAW.

Book Condensation Complete in This Issue

DUNBAR'S COVE, *Borden Deal* . 62

Stories

THE CARYATIDS, *Isak Dinesen* . 64
THE EXECUTIONERS (Conclusion), *John D. MacDonald* . 66
MARRY I MUST, *Hamlen Hunt* . 72
SCENT OF CLOVES (Third part of four), *Norah Lofts* . 84

Special Features

ARE OUR TEEN-AGERS SO DUMB?, *Dorothy Thompson* . 11
THE NEIGHBORS' CHILDREN: VISITING ANGELS OR IMPS?, *Benjamin Spock, M.D.* . 18
SOMEONE CARES AT CHILDREN'S VILLAGE . 43
HELP WANTED, *Margaret Hickey* . 43
WHY I LOVE MY HUSBAND . 68
WHY I LOVE MY WIFE . 69
ARE GOOD MANNERS IMPORTANT TODAY? . 74
CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?, *Dorothy Cameron Disney* . 82
ZOO PARADE, *Janet Boe* . 128
HOW AMERICA LIVES: FAMOUS OVERNIGHT, *Betty Hannah Hoffman* . 161
WHAT IS INTELLIGENCE?, *Leslie B. Hohman, M.D.* . 172
YOUR SPECIAL HOLIDAY GREETINGS, *Jeanne Baker Walworth* . 194

General Features

OUR READERS WRITE US . 4
UNDER COVER, *Bernardine Kielty* . 30
DIARY OF DOMESTICITY, *Gladys Taber* . 34
THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE, *Harlan Miller* . 54
MAKING MARRIAGE WORK, *Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D.* . 56
FIFTY YEARS AGO ▪ JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN . 61
REFERENCE LIBRARY . 169
ASK ANY WOMAN, *Marcelene Cox* . 182
THIS IS A GREEDY GABBER, *Munro Leaf* . 187

Fashion and Beauty

PARIS FASHIONS WITH AN AMERICAN FUTURE, *Wilhela Cushman* . 76
SEPARATES—NIGHT OR DAY, *Nora O'Leary* . 80
"FROM HIPPO TO SLIMMO," *Dawn Crowell Norman* . 86
HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING, *Bet Hart* . 141

Food and Homemaking

THANKSGIVING AT APPLEYARD CENTER, *Elizabeth Kent Gay* . 88
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS: PIES . 90
GOOD-TIME BUFFET FOR 8, *Margaretta Stevenson* . 120
CLARA NADLER QUIZZES THE JOURNAL, *Margaret Davidson* . 184

Gardening and Interior Decoration

MUSEUM ART FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING, *Cynthia McAdoo Wheatland* . 70
ALL THIS FOR $1000 LESS THAN A TWO-CAR GARAGE, *Richard Pratt* . 83

Poems

Merrill Moore 40 ▪ *Jean Todd Freeman* 102 • *Suzanne Douglass* 124
Virginia Scott Miner 127 ▪ *Elizabeth McFarland* 137
Jane H. Merchant 148 ▪ *Ingeborg Kayko* 181

Cover: Mark Shaw, Photographer
Tina S. Fredericks, Picture Editor

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

At least ▪ days before ▪ change is to take effect please send your complete name, new address and ▪ mailing label from a recent issue. If this is ▪▪ possible, write out your old address ▪▪ ▪▪ it with the new one, including ▪▪▪ number. Address the Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide necessary postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Ladies' Home Journal, © 1957 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published on last Friday of month preceding date by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered ▪▪ Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered ▪▪ Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada—1 Yr., $3.50; 2 Yrs., $6; 3 Yrs., $8.50; 4 Yrs., $11. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $4. All other countries—1 Yr., $7. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company. Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Richard Ziesing, Jr., Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of Ladies' Home Journal. The Company also publishes The Saturday Evening Post, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

EVERY SINGLE DAY WILL BE

Wonderful

WONDERFUL because I made some big changes—in dress, make-up, job! I even changed my sanitary protection—changed to *Tampax*—and now, even "problem days" can be wonderful, too!



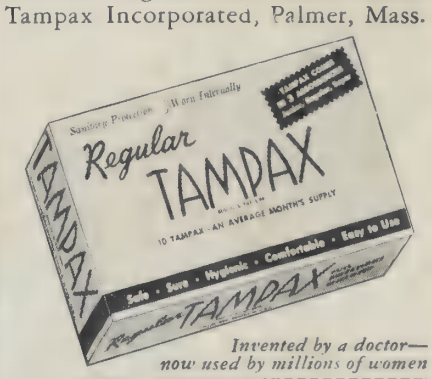
AT WORK . . . I can go about my duties without a care about chafing, binding pads, or embarrassing odor. Tampax® internal sanitary protection is completely *comfortable, dainty.*



AT PARTIES . . . I can wear the sleekest dress—feel poised, *sure.* For Tampax is invisible, unfelt when in place. Lets me move about in perfect freedom—as on any day of the month.



ANYWHERE . . . Tampax is easy to use, change and dispose of. Convenient to carry extras. Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.

Please send me in plain wrapper ▪ trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name_____
(Please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____



For weight watchers... new low-calorie **D-ZERTA GELATIN**

With D-Zerta Gelatin you can make tempting, low-calorie salads, and delicious desserts that contain only 12 calories.

D-Zerta Gelatin is made without sugar, yet it has all the goodness and flavor of America's best-liked gelatin. Try all 6 flavors—and get plenty—because the whole family will enjoy it.

And now weight watchers can enjoy sweet, satisfying *low-calorie D-Zerta Puddings*—vanilla, chocolate and butterscotch.

D-Zerta and Jell-O are registered trade-marks of General Foods

Compare the calories in one serving	
Mince Pie	398
Gingerbread	206
1 Macaroon	108
D-Zerta Pudding (*with nonfat milk*)	[illegible]
D-Zerta Gelatin (*all 6 flavors*)	12



Made by the makers of JELL-O desserts . . . so you know it's good!

OUR READERS WRITE US

Most Fascinating Query of the Month

Victoria, Texas

Dear Editor of Ladies' Home Journal: I am a girl twelve years of age, and I would like to tell you something.

Many girls in this city like the JOURNAL. But most of the stories are for grownups. So we (our club) wrote three stories that we thought would interest twelve-year-olds. But we can't write these stories over and over. So we thought of your magazine. We decided to write you and ask if you could print one of our stories for others to read. Could you? American girls would love it. The titles are:

Shan—a story of a wild mare, tamed by a little boy.

The Courageous Cat—a story of a scientist woman in the African jungle, only a pet panther with her.

The Mysterious Teen-Age Girl—a teen-age girl is invited to the prom by the most popular boy in high school. Her friend, jealous, tries to compete, which causes lots of laughs.

Even if you can't print them, *please* write.

Sincerely,
CAROLE HALK,
Sec. and Treasurer

Loiter But Not Litter

Griswoldville, Massachusetts

Dear Editors: I thought of your timely and searching article on litterbugs (May JOURNAL) when I came across the following notice posted on the Esplanade in Sydney, Cape Breton:

"Loiter but not litter,
Rest but not molest,
Enjoy but not destroy."

Sincerely,
ADELAIDE R. KEMP

▶ *We've gone musical in Philadelphia, where many trash receptacles bear the sign: "Hey there, you with that trash in your hand." ED.*

Well-Stocked Library

Streetsville, Ontario

Dear Editors: In June, 1896, the members of our library board included the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL among the list of subscriptions, and our readers have been enjoying it ever since. The only magazine to which our library subscribed before 1896 and which is still coming is the Illustrated London News; but for a while it was dropped, so your JOURNAL has the record.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. H. MANNING
Secretary,
Streetsville Public Library (Founded 1854)

Sadism in Delivery Rooms?

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editor: I feel compelled to write you this letter asking you to investigate the tortures that go on in modern delivery rooms.

When I first started in my profession, I thought it would be wonderful to help bring a new life into this world. I was and am still shocked at the manner in which a mother-to-be is rushed into the delivery room and strapped down with cuffs around her arms and legs and steel clamps over her shoulders and chest.

At one hospital I know of it is common practice to take the mother right into the delivery room as soon as she is "prepared." Often she is strapped in the lithotomy position, with knees pulled far apart, for as long as eight hours. On one occasion, an obstetrician informed the nurses on duty that he was going to a dinner and that they should slow up things. The young mother was taken into the delivery room and strapped down hand and foot with her legs tied together.

I have seen doctors who have charming examination-table manners show traces of sadism in the delivery room. One I know does cutting and suturing operations without anesthetic because he almost lost a patient from an overdose some years ago. He has nurses use a mask to stifle the patient's outcry.

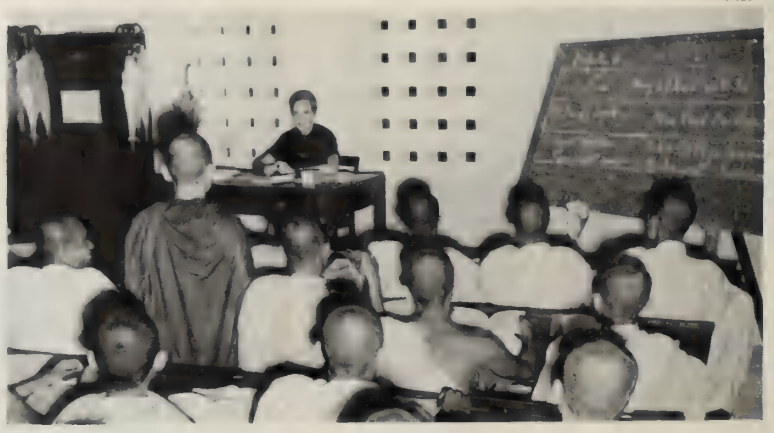
Great strides have been made in maternal care, but some doctors still say, "Tie them down so they won't give us any trouble." I know that thousands of women are expertly and considerately treated during childbirth for every one that endures cruel treatment. But that one is too many. You of the JOURNAL have long been a champion of women's rights. I feel that an exposé of this type of medical practice would go a long way to aiding child-bearing women.

REGISTERED NURSE

▶ *We occasionally hear of discourteous, inconsiderate or, as in this case, downright inhumane treatment of young mothers and others in hospitals. We hopefully assume it is extremely rare. Would other readers care to report? ED.*

East Meets West

U.S.I.S.



The monks and I.

Richmond, Indiana

Dear Editors: On a hot, sultry day half a world away in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, a young shaven-headed Buddhist monk named Prum Chhon is sitting in his saffron-colored robe, balancing a pad of paper on his knee. He is struggling with the hardest job he has ever tackled—writing a letter.

This painstaking epistle is written to me, wife of an American architect and mother of four children. For I had the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

That Ivory Look-so clear...so fresh ...so easily yours



Gentle enough for a baby's skin, pure, mild Ivory Soap is so right for your skin, too.

What a sunny, sparkling look—a look that can brighten your complexion, too, when you use Ivory Soap. Remember, in skin care, there's no substitute for mildness—and Ivory has a mildness all its own. A change to simple, regular Ivory care leaves your skin softer, smoother textured—so fresh and clear with That Ivory Look.



99 44/100% pure®...it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

–And then she said,
"I am not allowed to love. But I will love you if that is your desire..."

THIS IS
MARLON BRANDO
AND AN
EXQUISITE
NEW
JAPANESE STAR.
THEY *LIVE*
JAMES A.
MICHENER'S
STORY OF
DEFIANT
DESIRE.
IT IS
CALLED

SAYONARA



Filmed in Japan in the never-before-seen beauty of
TECHNIRAMA®
and
TECHNICOLOR®
presented by
WARNER BROS.

CO-STARRING PATRICIA OWENS · RED BUTTONS · RICARDO MONTALBAN · MARTHA SCOTT · MIYOSHI UMEKI · JAMES GARNER

AND INTRODUCING FOR THE FIRST TIME
MIIKO TAKA

PRODUCED BY
WILLIAM GOETZ · DIRECTED BY JOSHUA LOGAN · BASED ON THE NOVEL BY JAMES A. MICHENER · SCREEN PLAY BY PAUL OSBORN

Song 'SAYONARA' Words and Music by IRVING BERLIN
MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN

the softest way to say goodnight...Arnel

the fiber that makes pretty fashions so easy to care for



Sears new Charmode Sleepwear stays lovely through laundering—drips dry, needs no ironing

Sears gives you the most deliciously soft *brushed* knit fashions you've ever slept in, made with Celanese Arnel and rayon (75%-25%) blend. And it's as carefree as it's cozy! Thanks to Arnel, you can wash these fashions in the machine or by hand; they dry quickly, rarely need ironing, keep their shape and delicate luster.

Find all of these new Charmode fashions in pink, maize, or nile green. *Shown left to right:* Tailored pajamas about $5.98. Luxuriously full granny gown, about $5.98. Fitted gown, about $4.98. All sizes 32 to 40. Bedjacket (not shown), small, medium, large, about $3.98. At all Sears, Roebuck and Co. retail stores, catalog sales offices, or order from Sears Catalog in your home, by mail or telephone. In Canada, Simpsons-Sears Ltd. retail stores only.

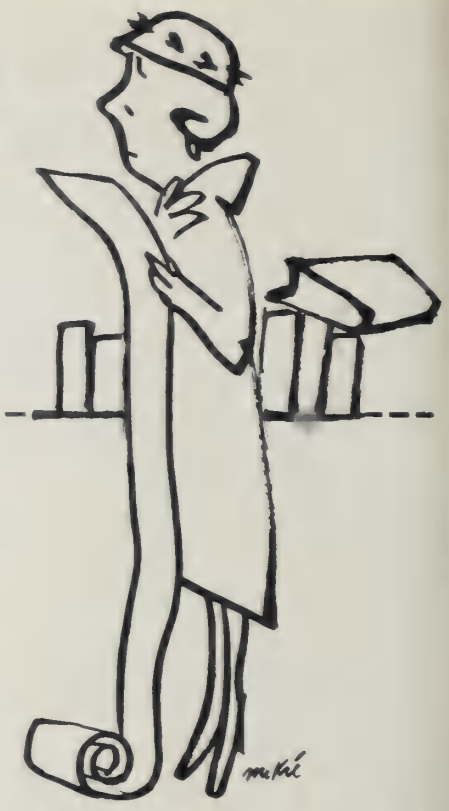
Buy now on Sears Easy Payment Plan . . . Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back—Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Celanese® Arnel® triacetate

SEARS
ROEBUCK AND CO.

There's a book here for almost everyone...

If you've promised him a sailboat, only a sailboat will do. But for everyone else on that long list, there's a good book. Now, this Christmas, booksellers across the nation are featuring displays of fine books from *Doubleday* and *Better Homes and Gardens*, two of America's leading publishers. You'll find books on this list and at your bookseller's that will suit every taste, and flatter anyone who receives them. With just one stop at your book store, you'll take care of all your gift requirements easily and conveniently, and you'll spend less than you expected.



History and Biography



DREAMERS OF THE AMERICAN DREAM. By Stewart H. Holbrook. The visionaries, the fanatics, the idealists – suffragettes, prison reformers, labor organizers – who tried to create what they could not find in America. This is the latest in the Mainstream of America series, a distinguished collection presenting the entire sweep of our nation's past. Ask for Bruce Catton's *This Hallowed Ground*, Irving Stone's *Men to Match My Mountains*, John Dos Passos's *The Men Who Made the Nation*. $5.00 to $5.95

THE CHARLES M. RUSSELL BOOK. By Harold McCracken. A magnificent picture collection and full, accurate biography of the famous "cowboy artist." 35 thrilling, full-color paintings, more than 150 black-and-white illustrations on fine paper, handsomely bound – a perfect book for the man in your life. $18.50 from now to January 1, 1958, thereafter $23.50. De luxe edition, $28.00.

Humor



RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS! By Max Shulman. The year's funniest book, about a typical suburban town and what happens when the Army moves in with a guided missile base. More laughs than ever from the author of *Barefoot Boy With Cheek*. $3.50

ESQUIRE CARTOON ALBUM. The cream of 24 years of Esquire's bold, offbeat cartoonery. A handsome, big, colorful volume for men who grew up on *Esquire* humor. $5.95

For the Home



THORNDIKE-BARNHART COMPREHENSIVE DESK DICTIONARY. A superior, low-cost dictionary that, word for word, is your best buy. More Thorndike-Barnhart dictionaries are used in American schools than all others combined, the best reason to give several copies for Christmas. $2.95 regular, $3.50 thumb-indexed

BETTER HOMES & GARDENS HANDYMAN'S BOOK. Men will find instructions for most home repair jobs in the 480 pages of this easily-understood, step-by-step illustrated best-seller. $3.95

BETTER HOMES & GARDENS DECORATING BOOK. 432 pages of how-to in home decorating. Explains basic color principles, hints on home glamorizing, avoiding mistakes. For newlyweds and women moving into new homes. 320 color illustrations. $5.95

AMY VANDERBILT'S COMPLETE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE. Give the gift of graciousness. Today's modern authority on well-mannered living offers practical advice on how to cope with every situation. $5.50 regular, $6.00 thumb-indexed

BETTER HOMES & GARDENS BABY BOOK. Young mothers find assurance and excellent advice on all phases of child care in this handy book—from conception through the sixth year. $3.95

Fiction



BELOW THE SALT. By Thomas B. Costain. Superb story of men and women of Magna Charta England with a strong tie to the present . . . of a 20th-century American with a strange tie to the past. $3.95

THE SOUND OF THUNDER. By Taylor Caldwell. In the grand Caldwell tradition – a three-generation family chronicle about the men and women, fools and geniuses, of a rich chain-store empire. $3.95

Garden and Nature



BETTER HOMES & GARDENS GARDEN BOOK. Everybody has a "green thumb" with this complete guide. Over 1000 step-by-step drawings and photographs, many in full color, tab-indexed, handy ring binder, 480 pages. $3.95

JOHN KIERAN'S TREASURY OF GREAT NATURE WRITING. Over 60 stories and articles by the world's best nature writers. 704 pages of enjoyment for all nature lovers. $4.95

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF FLOWER ARRANGEMENT. By F. F. Rockwell and Esther C. Grayson. Flower arranging's an art, and here's a book to thrill any woman who likes to do things *right*. The most comprehensive, lavishly illustrated book on flower arrangement ever published. $4.95

Cook Books



BETTER HOMES & GARDENS NEW COOK BOOK. Over 6 million of this famous personal cook book have been sold. 1403 recipes triple-tested . . . ring binding . . . dishes pictured as they look when finished. Tab-indexed. $3.95

BETTER HOMES & GARDENS BARBECUE BOOK. Complete guide to outdoor cooking to help Dad's reputation as a "charcoal chef." 250 tested, can't-miss recipes, many photographs. $2.50

AMERICAN WOMAN'S COOK BOOK. Edited by Ruth Berolzheimer. 5000 easy-to-follow recipes, illustrated with 230 photos to guide the queen of the kitchen. $3.95

Something Special



THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. The most beautiful, one-volume edition of his works. 40 full-page illustrations by Rockwell Kent, the Temple Notes, preface by Christopher Morley. $5.95

CHARLES H. GOREN'S NEW CONTRACT BRIDGE COMPLETE. The famous "bridge-players' Bible" in a revised, expanded, updated edition. Perfect for beginners or experts. Thumb-indexed. $4.95

BETTER HOMES & GARDENS DIET BOOK. Scientific nutrition for overweight or underweight persons. Authoritative, medically-correct guide. $2.50

For the Small Fry



THE GIANT NURSERY BOOK. Selected and illustrated by Tony Palazzo. Hundreds of verses, stories, games and fables with many, many humorous, colorful drawings. 192 pages, giant 9" x 12" size. $3.95

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF ENERGY. Latest in the magnificent "Wonderful World" series. Big (10½ x 12½), colorfully illustrated, exciting reading for boys and girls from 10 up. They're just right for children who ask "why." See also *The Wonderful World*, *The Wonderful World of Mathematics*, *The Wonderful World of Archaeology*, and *The Wonderful World of the Sea*. Only $2.95 each

BETTER HOMES & GARDENS STORY BOOK. 50 childhood classics to delight youngsters and parents alike. 600 illustrations from original editions. $2.95

BETTER HOMES & GARDENS JUNIOR COOK BOOK. Easy, tasty recipes to teach youngsters skills they'll need in later life. Same methods, same format as mother's book. Full of pictures. $2.95

FAVORITE POEMS OLD AND NEW. Selected for boys and girls by Helen Ferris. Classic poets and the moderns are both represented in this rich collection by a famous children's book editor; illustrated by the prize-winning artist Leonard Weisgard. 640 pages, 710 poems, de luxe format. $4.75



Your bookseller *is featuring all these books from now until Christmas. Tear this page out, use it as your buying guide when you visit him. You'll find him an invaluable help in filling your holiday gift needs. And while you're there, buy yourself a book, too!*

BOOKS BY
Doubleday
Garden City, New York
Better Homes and Gardens
Des Moines, Iowa

"Me? Wear a strapless bra in November?"



"Of course, darling!... you feel so free in good news by WARNER'S"





The back can't budge...so the front stays up!

Wouldn't you like the easy freedom of your strapless bra all year? Trouble is, it slides or (horrors!) even slips. So you only wear it with special dresses, mostly in summer. But that's all changed now—with Good News[tm].

Here at last is a strapless that truly stays put—not sometimes, not mostly, but *always*. So, now for the first time you'll live in strapless freedom through every season, under everything—whether you're pounding a typewriter, belle-ing it at a ball or bathing a scrappy child.

The back, you see, is one unbroken line of cotton-lined latex. Thus it hugs you gently, with *never* an embarrassing tug. Where does Good News close? In the front, darling.

So—away with cutting shoulder straps! Good News is at your nicest stores. If not, write Warner's® at Bridgeport 1, Conn.

#P1031 (*above*). Front hook closing. Deep plunge style; white or black. #P1041. Front zipper. White. Both gently foam-lined cotton; both $6.50.



This is an actual photograph of the hands of Mrs. Margaret Lane, Seattle, Wash. Only her right hand was treated with Jergens.

Simple as 1 2 3 to stop "Detergent Hands"

It's simple to have lovely hands. Over 450 women proved it in a scientific test.* They soaked *both* hands in detergents 3 times a day. In several days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse and red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft and lovely. No other lotion similarly tested kept hands so soft, smooth Jergens stops *all* chapping and dryness. It doesn' "glove" hands with sticky film...it *penetrates* t help replace natural moisture lost to wind an weather, indoor and outdoor chores. It's th world's most popular hand care! Only 15¢ to $1

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists—for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohi

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
EDITORS

COLIN SIMKIN COLLECTION



HOME TO THANKSGIVING

ARE OUR TEEN-AGERS SO DUMB?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Social scientists at Purdue University have been studying American high-school pupils for years, using the sampling method to obtain from students themselves, in answer to questionnaires, or in letters from pupils, signed and unsigned, a picture of American high-school students. Their first report, issued as a book entitled The American Teen-ager, and published during the current year, is startling in many respects, discouraging in some ways, and encouraging in others.

This reader of the report was far more horrified than its authors appear to be to learn from the answers of high-school pupils, whether to specific questions or in more or less spontaneous letters, that the typical high-school student misspells even the simplest words, has not apparently the foggiest notion of grammar or syntax, has failed to learn from "social studies" even the most elementary facts about the American Constitution and American history, geography and science.

The height of illiteracy is struck by a high-school junior who writes in regard to his problems, "It seems like I never have nothing to do and when I got to do it, it bores me." One can only ask (which the authors don't): How did that boy ever pass grade after grade through eleven years of schooling? Why with his ignorance and boredom should he be in high school at all, instead of learning a trade by practice?

The boy is *not* typical. But there is hardly one communication from pupils that is written in correct grammar without egregious misspelling. Examples (a high-school senior): "The things that make me mad *is* ——" "I have tried many remmetics [remedies]." "Talking *won't do no* good." . . . "It worked out *perfect*."

A senior-high-school girl, complaining of parents, says, "[They] won't let children make up their own *mines*. Parents don't stop and think that maybe *there* children don't want to make *there* career in the same field." I don't know what "career" this young woman hopes for. But this again is typical. In speaking of their futures they invariably speak about "careers," never about work, and all of them expect to be able to pick and choose what they will do. A minor writes, "I'm still a *miner*." (Perhaps he also hopes to make up his own mine.) Another writes, "*Now* matter" for *no* matter, and remarks "as time *gos* by."

"I don't get *to* good a grade. . . . I *trie* to study," explains one youth, complaining of continual noise at home from TV, as does another who writes, "My school work is *beging* neglected and my marks show this *neglegence*. . . . Time [watching TV] *go* by so fast . . . many good as well as *eductionally* programs on . . . I'm *shore* many people of my age have the same handicap."

Written by D. H. Radler from the findings of the group headed by H. H. Remmers, the report is filled with interpretations and deductions which doubtless represent the sentiments of the group as a whole. I say "sentiments" advisedly, because the authors are not devoid of their own convictions or prejudices in interpreting the material. They express their own shock at some of the things they find, and are curiously indifferent to other things, finding them more humorous than serious. They appear to be far more concerned, for instance, about the adolescents' attitude toward civil liberties, sex, parents and future career than with their actual accomplishments for their age.

Because there are many complaints of not knowing how to study, the social scientists suggest that a course on study methods might be added to the high-school curriculum. But since when have elementary- and high-school teachers been unable to guide and help their pupils to study in the courses they teach? Or are they actually permitted to do so?

How about the teen-agers' knowledge of American history? Ten per cent of the cross section queried thought Lincoln wrote the Declaration of Independence. Of science? Over one third thought the earth the center of the universe. Of geography? Seventy-five per cent think Venezuela is south of the Equator.

A junior in California writes, to the evident satisfaction of the investigators, as far as her views are concerned, "Another one of my dislikes is the segregation in the southern school. Our *Constitution* says CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

Executive Editor: Mary Bass
Special Projects Editor: Laura Lou Brookman
Associate Editors: Hugh MacNair Kahler, Wilhela Cushman, William E. Fink, Richard Pratt, Louella G. Shouer, Mary Lea Page, Dawn Crowell Norman, Margaret Davidson, Nora O'Leary, Glenn Matthew White, Donald Stuart, Tina S. Fredericks, Helen Everitt, Peter Briggs, Anne Einselen, Margaret Parton, Cynthia McAdoo Wheatland
Contributing Editors: Bernardine Kielty, Gladys Taber, Gladys Denny Shultz, Margaret Hickey, Ruth Mills Teague, Barbara Benson
Assistant to the Editor: Nelle Keys Perry
Editorial Associates: John Werner, Ruth Mary Packard, Ruth Shapley Matthews, Alice Conkling, Joseph Di Pietro, Elizabeth Goetsch, Nancy Crawford Wood, Jean Todd Freeman, Eileen Sharpe, Betty Coe Spicer
Assistant Editors: Victoria Harris, Alice Kastberg, Virginia Price, Dorothy Anne Robinson, Albert Serwazi, June Schwartz, Liane Waite, Joyce Posson, Neal Gilkyson Stuart, Ruth Imler, Elizabeth Hart, Elizabeth McFarland
Editorial Assistants: Lee Stowell Cullen, Patricia Martin, Flora Casparian, Alberte Wright, Simone Smith, Hazel Owen, Corinna Wildman, Isabel Blythe, Helen Olchvary, Olivia Donovan, Abbot Mills, Sally Platt, Marley Marseilles, Dorothy Markinko

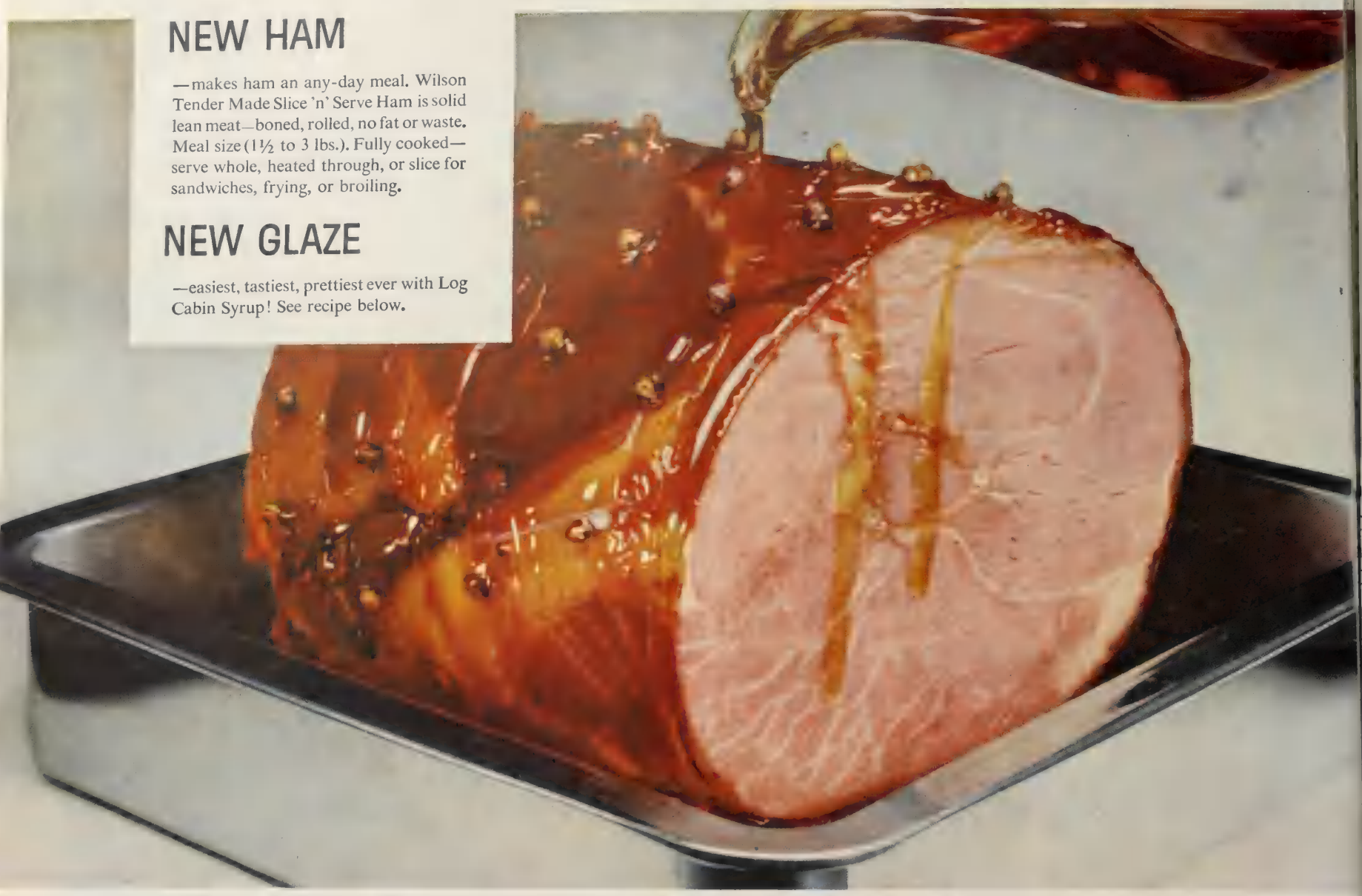
Wilson's new Tender Made Ham loves Log Cabin Syrup!

NEW HAM

—makes ham an any-day meal. Wilson Tender Made Slice 'n' Serve Ham is solid lean meat—boned, rolled, no fat or waste. Meal size (1½ to 3 lbs.). Fully cooked—serve whole, heated through, or slice for sandwiches, frying, or broiling.

NEW GLAZE

—easiest, tastiest, prettiest ever with Log Cabin Syrup! See recipe below.



Log Cabin's "Glaze of Glory!" No brown sugar fuss! Just pour one cup of Log Cabin over ham, pop it into a 325-degree oven for 1 to 1¼ hours. Baste frequently. Log Cabin seals in all the ham flavor. The real maple sugar blended into Log Cabin makes it taste extra good.

New Ham Steak Fixin'—Melt two tbs. butter in skillet with one cup Log Cabin, pinch of dry mustard. Simmer 5 min. Add cooked sweet potatoes and turn for 5 min. Add thick slice of Wilson's new Tender Made Ham and canned apples. Heat 10 min., turning ham once.



erfect with Pancakes—Crisp Wilson Bacon curls with golden Log abin Syrup. Wilson Bacon has that tantalizing taste that comes from ardwood smoking. Perch bacon atop pancakes and cover with Log abin's maple goodness—blended with real maple sugar!

Wonderful with Waffles—New waffle idea! Add crumbled, crisped Wilson Bacon to waffle batter for that sweet-smoke flavor all through your waffles! Put more bacon on top, pour on lots of Log Cabin. You can't get enough of that real maple flavor.

Wilson Bacon loves Log Cabin, too!





Wilson & Co., Inc.,
General Offices, Chicago, Ill.

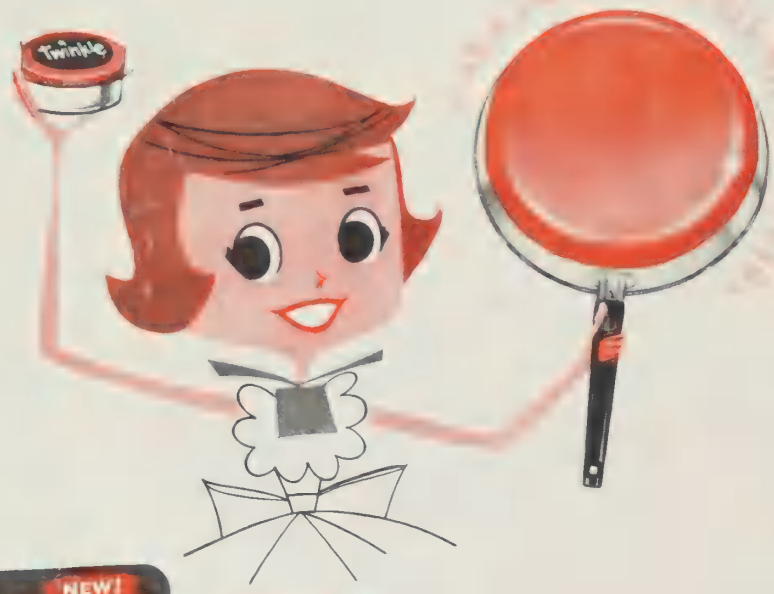
A product of
General Foods

"I was plenty powder-burned!"



"I scoured and scrubbed—I spilled and wasted using a powdered copper cleaner."

"NOW I SHINE IN ½ the time with Twinkle paste!"





...IT'S THRIFTY! I save because creamy TWINKLE can't spill, can't scatter—goes much farther—"There's no waste with paste!"

...IT'S SPEEDY! I quickly get copper clean and bright. TWINKLE smooths away grease, tarnish, burner stains instantly!

...MORE BEAUTY! I shine copper to brand new lustre, brand new beauty with creamy TWINKLE paste.

Twinkle is tops for stainless steel too! At grocery stores everywhere.



Made by the makers of Drāno and Windex.

NO WASTE WITH PASTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

that all men are created equal but the way *thing* are today, well, *it* a *discrace*. Just because *thier* skin is black doesn't mean *thier* different *than* white. They want an education, home, job just like anybody else." The authors do not catch her up on confusing the Declaration of Independence with the Constitution.

On the other hand, a sophomore in a North Carolina high school writes one of the most literate and cogently argued letters of those published, in favor of segregation. It contains not one misspelled word and only a very minor grammatical error. He argues that the Supreme Court decision, in his opinion—"I may be wrong"—has usurped the legislative power.

Clearly his views reflect the opinion of the white community in which he lives. But if his letter is at all representative of the literacy achieved in an all-white Southern school, and the girl's typical of the literacy of a California mixed school, the letters taken together do not successfully argue the case for desegregation.

In summing up the answers received on the subject of civil liberties, the researchers express real shock. They find that the typical teen-ager believes himself and large masses of adult people incapable of deciding what's best; that behavior can and should be scrutinized by police, using wiretapping; and that he endorses censorship of books, newspapers, magazines and other media. Twenty-five per cent would do away with warrants

It destroys one's nerves to be amiable every day to the same human being. DISRAELI

for search of private homes; one third believe some public assemblages should be prohibited; 13 per cent would restrict by law religious belief and worship.

I find it dangerous to draw deductions from answers that must be made by "yes" or "no," without explanation or qualification, and significant that the researchers did not query the pupils at all about one item in the Bill of Rights (in the famous Fifth Amendment), namely, that "no person . . . [can be] deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation."

But how can young people be expected to defend the constitutional American liberties, or even recognize them as such, if they confuse the Declaration of Independence with the Emancipation Proclamation; do not recognize a slight paraphrase of the Constitution when they see it, and quite evidently have never been taught constitutional origins and background, or learned why the eighteenth-century men who wrote it wished to curb and check the powers of government?

Books, magazines and newspapers air the complaints of citizens and educators that American children, despite lavish expenditures on new luxury schools, are not getting a proper education at all.

In this debate it is clear that educators and citizens do not even agree on what should be the purpose of primary and secondary education. Is it to impart knowledge? If so, *what* knowledge? What factual knowledge ought an American child and adolescent have acquired before he is eighteen years old? Is its purpose to develop the individual personality and foster rugged self-reliance or to gear the child and youth to satisfactory conformity with society as it exists and is likely to develop? Is it to prepare youth for further studies in college or university, or to train them for an immediate vocation—and to do both in the same school?

American education is at cross purposes in the exact meaning of that phrase. It is attempting to do contradictory things with contradictory aims while, at the same time,

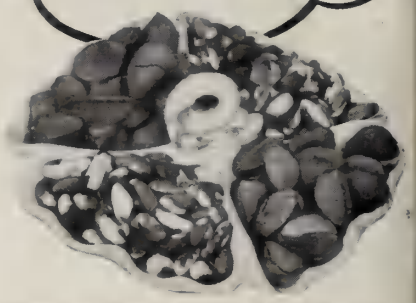
CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

KERNEL NUT OF BRAZIL SAYS



HOLIDAY TIME IS BRAZIL NUT TIME

Fill the nut bowl with sweet, crunchy Brazil Nuts!



New crop Brazils are here! Buy them in handy cellophane bags and keep plenty on hand in your kitchen!

CAKES, PIES, COOKIES, candies and dozens of main dishes are made more delicious—more nutritious with versatile Brazil Nuts.

Try Brazil Nut Turkey Stuffing

Just add one cup of chopped or ground Brazil Nuts to every 4 cups of bread cubes. Gives turkey stuffing marvelous new flavor!

FREE—79 other fascinating Brazil Nut recipes. Write: Brazil Nut Association, Dept. LH-14, 100 Hudson Street, New York 13, N.Y.

Juicy Golden Chicken



More tender brushed with POMPEIAN Pure Virgin Imported OLIVE OIL 2 oz. to 1 gal.

A naturally unsaturated oil. It's better for you.

Free recipe book. Dept. L11 Pompeian, Balto. 24, Md.



MORE PEOPLE USE Sugarine

SWEETER THAN SUGAR YET NO FOOD VALUE

Doctors recommend Sugarine for diabetics, overweights, lo-calorie diets. Pure, Harmless, Economical.

GUARANTEED NON-FATTENING 4 OZ.—75¢

AT FOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

New! Exciting GIFT WRAP BOOK

"How to Gift Wrap" is just off the press and features sixteen full-color pages of helpful, easy-to-follow gift wrapping and bow tying instructions.

Available at Variety Stores everywhere. If not available yet in your store, send 25¢ and coupon below.



BEN-MONT PAPERS, INC.
Dept. B, Bennington, Vt.

Please send your gift wrap book. I enclose 25¢.

Name_____

Address_____



Godfrey says: "Don't miss this armchair safari !"

COLORFUL PICTORIAL MAP OF AFRICA

only 25¢ and the front from any Lipton Soup Mix envelope

Decorative, educational. What an interesting addition to any den or library . . . wonderful for the children's room, too! A really exciting way to learn about this mysterious continent!

This unusual pictorial map leads you on a thrilling expedition through Africa's wilds and wonders! Points out animals, birds, tribes. Numbered symbols locate, describe what you'd see as an explorer!

Beautifully illustrated, completely authentic guide. So realistically drawn, it will bring Africa to life for you! Full color 24" x 25½" on fine map stock, suitable for framing. A genuine Rand McNally Map you'd pay $1.00 for in their stores . . . yours for only a fraction of the retail price!

Arthur Godfrey says, "Every adventurer-at-heart will love this exciting map. It's full of the little-known facts that make Africa so fascinating."

Don't miss your chance to own this extraordinary map. Send right away. At the same time enjoy *real* soup with home-cooked goodness that's exclusively Lipton's. Hurry, mail 25¢ and the front from any Lipton Soup Mix envelope for this $1.00 value.

Lipton Soups are an adventure in eating!

- Lipton soups have hearty, home-cooked goodness.
- Rich in protein and other essential nutrients.
- So easy to make in minutes. So savory, satisfying.
- Tomato Vegetable • Chicken Noodle • Onion • Beef Vegetable • Green Pea.

HURRY! Offer subject to withdrawal without notice. Good only in U. S. A. and its possessions.

Double-your-money-back guarantee. If you are not fully satisfied with the Pictorial Map of Africa as represented here, just return it with a note requesting double your money back to Lipton Soups, Box 52, New York 46, N. Y. and you will receive 50¢ for the 25¢ you spent.

SEND FOR YOUR PICTORIAL MAP NOW!

LIPTON SOUP, Box 1220, New York 46, N. Y.

Please send me____Pictorial Maps of Africa. I enclose 25¢ in coin (no stamps, please) and the front from any Lipton Soup Mix envelope for each map ordered.

Name_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Street_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

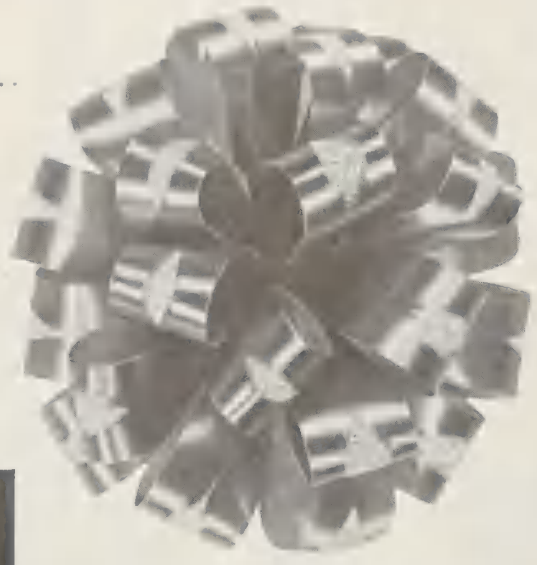
Please allow about 4 weeks for delivery. This offer void in any state, territory or municipality where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted.

Can you tie this ?

You certainly can . . . with gleaming

Sasheen®

the ribbon that makes the "Magic Bow"







The Glitter Bow makes gifts glow—"almost too pretty to open". Follow the "Magic Bow" instructions that are on your roll of Sasheen Brand Ribbon. But cut V-shaped notches in the "bow tie", as shown at left. Then pull out loops, back up diamond shapes with "SCOTCH" Cellophane Tape and sprinkle with glitter. Result: dazzling! Choose from a Christmas rainbow of Sasheen colors at your favorite store.

"Magic Bow" and method of making patented U. S. Pat. No. RE 23835

"Magic Bow" instructions are on every roll of Sasheen®, Decorette® and "Magic Bow"® Brand Ribbons

PRODUCTS OF 3M COMPANY RESEARCH — MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, St. Paul 6, Minnesota © 1M Co.

Does your child have trouble reading?

To read with ease, a child must read with understanding. But all too often, children fail to read well for the simple reason that they don't know the definition or recognize the spelling of the printed words they see.

You can correct this, and help your child now and for years to come, by encouraging the use of a dictionary at home . . . not an adult dictionary, but one compiled especially for children's needs. Ask at your department, book, or stationery store for Webster's Elementary Dictionary, the *first* ever written specifically for children in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh grades. It is the *only* dictionary based on actual usage of the words found in books and magazines for elementary-school children. A genuine *Merriam*-Webster. G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield 2, Massachusetts.

BUY BY MAIL



Flexible DOLLHOUSE Dolls

Children love—and learn—with these almost human dolls. Soft plastic bodies can be bent into 1000 life-like positions. They sit, kneel, stand, dance, etc. Hand painting and authentic handmade costumes add to realistic appearance. Washable—durable. 4½" Father, Mother; 3½" Son, Daughter; 1¼" Baby; in Dollhouse Box—$5.00 ppd. Ten pc. set (illus.)—$10.95 ppd. (Larger Dolls available).

FREE: Colorful catalog showing over 100 exquisite dolls

FLAGG FLEXIBLE DOLLS

Box 205K Jamaica Plain, Mass.

GIFTMATES IN VELVET... FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER



Nite-Aires
LEISURE LOVELIES

Rich velvet glitters with gold or silver sparkle . . . for the sophisticated hostess.

Nitie-Nites
CHILDREN'S SLIPPERS

Daughter wears "grown-up" velvet . . . a rose blooming from a puff of fur. (Mother can get Nite-Aires just like it!)

Nite-Aires and Nitie-Nites, from $3 to $6.

For name of store nearest you, write:

MIDWEST FOOTWEAR INC. SULLIVAN, MO.

In Canada: Nite-Aires, Ltd. 111 Mt. Pleasant Ave., London, Ontario

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

vastly extending the numbers of children and adolescents it is keeping in school. All but a small fraction of our young population now go to high school, and an ever-increasing number attend, or expect to attend, colleges or other institutions for further learning. If measured in terms of years spent in school, we are the *most* educated people in the world. Are we the *best* educated?

The researchers repeatedly betray their own biases. A majority of high-school students (57 per cent), and a much larger one (72 per cent) of college students, queried by Time agreed that "Democracy depends fundamentally on the existence of free enterprise." The authors comment, "The experts disagree with this statement because they are aware that *individual rights* [italics theirs] are more fundamental to democracy than free enterprise.

It is here that this reader agrees with the pupils and disagrees with the "experts," whoever they may be. (How can anyone be an "expert" on such a question?) Is not opportunity freely to engage in economic enterprise and accumulate and be secure in property also an *individual* right? And do the authors know of any country in which free business enterprise has been taken over in all sectors of the economy and other freedoms retained? "Our students," comment the authors, "seem to be poorly informed about the difference between economic and political systems." Our "typical" students appear to be poorly informed about nearly everything under the sun. But if they

The world is all of us, and if we do not collapse, it will not.
BOOTH TARKINGTON

have a hunch that political and economic systems reflect each other, they show more sense than their critics.

Actually, answers to specific questions reveal that from 11 per cent to 62 per cent share one or another Socialist idea—that government should abolish inheritances, own basic industries, control railroads and mines, run all banks and credit; that the price of goods should be limited by the cost of production; that large idle estates should be divided among the poor for farming.

The researchers apparently see no danger in the prevalence of these ideas, and object to the prevailing view of the students that Communism and Fascism amount to the same thing, again saying that "the experts" think differently. But are not both as they have developed forms of national socialism? Can students unable to make even simple differentiations, or articulately to express themselves even on personal problems, be expected to make intelligent differentiations between various forms of the totalitarian state?

The researchers display other biases. They publish a really moving letter from a girl who, wishing to be popular with the boys, got a reputation (apparently deserved) for being all too easy, but who, after great effort, had decided against permitting any kind of sexual play and has finally found that although this attitude has limited her range of dates it has not precluded companionship with the best and cleanest boys. The researchers comment, "She might have profited from being taught that sex experience, if it stops short of intercourse, is conducive to growth and valuable as preparation for marriage." Just who should have taught her that promiscuous necking, if only interrupted at the critical point, is valuable in any way? Her mother? Her teachers? How many cases of rape rise from the frustrations of such interruptions? And how many high-school pregnancies from going one very short step too far?

The researchers have discovered that typical American teen-agers have strong religious leanings without being dogmatic, that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

New Miracle Tea!

NESTEA®
Instant Tea

(Equal Parts of Tea and Carbohydrates)

- Modern! Delicious!
- No tea bag mess... no brewing time!
- Just add hot water and serve!

MAGIC GRAINS OF TEA— Pre-brewed from the heartiest leaves



COOK'S FRIEND



GRAVY MASTER, the many splendored all-vegetable cooking aid, browns, seasons, and accents the flavor of gravies, soups, left-overs, and when brushed on meats before cooking seals in the juices and tenderizes for that luscious "Charcoal Broil" plus. Its great variety of uses make it truly the cook's best friend.

DEPENDABLE ECONOMICAL

GRAVY MASTER does much more for GRAVIES & MEAT DISHES

VARICOSE VEINS



Tired Legs, Leg Cramps Relieved By The NEW

Dr. Scholl's Super-Sheer

ELASTIC STOCKINGS

NYLON ▪ FULL-FASHIONED ▪ FULL-FOOTED

So sheer, they look just like regular nylons. No over-hose needed. Give comfortable, uniform support to varicose veins, tired, aching legs. Help prevent leg trouble during pregnancy. Colors: French Nude, White, Black. At Drug and Department Stores, also Surgical Supply Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops. For booklet on Foot and Leg Care, write DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. E-2, Chicago 10, Ill.

The Bake-before-Christmas Cookies that won a great big prize!



This is Amanda, favorite doll of a little girl now grown big. Why not have *your* best-beloved doll offer these delicious butter cookies to guests at your Christmas table?

A Pillsbury Grand National Prize-winning Butter Cookie

Once there was a lady called Mrs. Woods who won a great big Pillsbury prize for inventing some deliciously delicious cookies. Everybody loved them! "They look so good!" people said. "And they taste Christmassy as Christmas!" You know why? Every little buttery-rich cookie was nibbly with French's so-nice Nutmeg. And daringly dashed with French's Rum Flavor! And filled with the fine, pure goodness of French's fragrant Vanilla. Why don't you have a Baking Bee right now? Bake these cookies, tuck them in the freezer. Frost, decorate, and serve them at Christmas!

NUTMEG COOKIE LOGS (adapted by Ann Pillsbury)

1 cup butter
2 tsp. French's Vanilla
2 tsp. French's Rum Flavor
¾ cup sugar
1 unbeaten egg
3 cups sifted Pillsbury Best Enriched Flour
1 tsp. French's Nutmeg

Cream together butter, vanilla, rum flavor. Gradually add sugar. Blend in egg. Add sifted flour and nutmeg gradually; mix thoroughly. Shape pieces of dough on lightly floured surface into long logs, ½" in diameter. Cut in 3" lengths. Bake on ungreased tins, in moderate oven (350°) 12 to 15 min. until light golden brown. Cool. Tuck in freezer till Christmas. Frost, mark with fork tines. Decorate with French's Decorets. Makes about 8 doz. cookies.

FROSTING

3 tbsps. butter
½ tsp. French's Vanilla
1 tsp. French's Rum Flavor
2 ½ cups confectioners' sugar
2 to 3 tbsps. cream or milk

Cream butter, vanilla, rum. Blend in sifted confectioners' sugar alternately with cream or milk. Beat well.





New! Butter Cookie Cookbook

Cookies to bake, freeze, serve at Christmas!

Get this brand new recipe collection of delicious Pillsbury Grand National Prize-Winning Butter Cookies. For your copy, mail 20¢ with this coupon to Box 37, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



Make prize-winning cookies with FRENCH'S flavorings



"How I use Murine to rest my eyes"

Patrice Munsel

Singing star of the Metropolitan Opera, concert stage and screen

"I use Murine often. It's such pleasant comfort to my eyes when they're feeling tired from the harsh, stage light glare", says Patrice Munsel. Good tip! Murine comforts eyes tired from any exposure or "close work". You can use Murine *often*, any time your eyes need resting. Just two drops from the *unbreakable* dropper and your eyes feel comfortable.

MURINE *for your eyes**



The Murine Co. Inc., Chicago, U.S.A.
*Trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



"Don't be deterred by the visiting child who says, 'At home I don't have to do that.'"

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

The neighbors' children: visiting angels, or imps?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



The would-be guest can be told cheerfully, "We'd love to have you for supper, but it will have to be another time."

I want to bring up some common difficulties parents have with neighborhood children and adults. One mother asks, "What's the best treatment for the neighbor child who flatly disobeys a rule such as 'No playing with the power mower'? Do we scold or send him home or speak to mamma? What about the gang of ten-year-olds who stay around for half an hour's sport, leaving wrecked trikes and wagons in their wake? Do we stand guard or use a club? What about house rules such as 'No building sets in the living room'? We can't keep on sending children home. Or can we?"

Another writes: "What on earth do you do about other people's children? I don't know where my duty lies. I attended a teachers' college and took a lot of psychology and I love children. They always love me, too, no matter how I treat them, because I am fair. But when my three (ages six, four and one) are quietly sleeping or playing elsewhere, I hate answering the door time after time—or worse, having everybody walk in on me without knocking. I just wish I could in some way, have other children for one or two hours at a time. We have lived in a half-dozen communities in our eight years of marriage and have had the same trouble in all of them. Parents do not know where their children are or what they do because they do not watch them. It seems they just don't want to be bothered with them.

"Last year in another city, two little girls came before my children got up and stayed till we sent them home at night. Apparently their mother served no lunch at their house. I did not feed them, though they always asked me to. I had tried that before and ended up feeding certain children five times a week. I cannot manage or teach my children when there are others around all the time.

"If our garage is not locked, they help themselves. Then we can't find anything when we want it—toys, fishing equipment, lawn tools.

"I have been out four times this morning to tell a little neighbor boy to stop throwing rocks (from his yard, and both his parents home) at my daughter who is minding her own business in our yard.

"Today I missed my fountain pen. I have to lock all doors whenever I go out to hang clothes or weed the garden. I have to watch the children when they are inside. This is the third pen taken in this manner. Then I went outside and the spokes of two tricycles had been broken badly. Since my son is away today, the gang wants to borrow his new skates. I told them they could today, but never again. I can't know who destroys things when so many use them. We can't afford to buy toys for the whole neighborhood. Surely that should be understood by parents who can't replace the things their children have broken."

I can tell how harassed this mother feels by the way she jumps from subject to subject.

These letters bring up a number of angles worth considering.

There is no doubt that many children are not very welcome in their own homes. A mother who feels kindly toward children finds a lot of waifs on her hands. And one who gives them a good time draws them like a Pied Piper. Parents who keep their children well supplied with equipment—bikes, wagons, swings, sandbox—find they have created a crowded amusement park in their own back yard. (It was that way in our yard on Cold Spring Street in New Haven when I was growing up.)

It's not all disadvantage in running a popular home. It helps to teach your own child, particularly if he's an only one, how to get along with all kinds—not just how to put up with them, but how to enjoy them. Some of your own popularity and the popularity of the equipment rubs off on your child. In the long run he can't get very far in the world with reflected popularity, but still it may send him off to a good start and make it easier for him to build his own popularity.

A great advantage of having the children come to your house is that you can keep better track of who your own are playing with and what's happening. If I had to choose between having my child always elsewhere or having the whole mob in my yard, I'd much prefer the latter. (Perhaps that's partly because I'm not a mother and wouldn't have to take the consequences.)

There are simple rules which, if the parent sticks to them consistently, should avoid some of the problems raised in the letters. Of course they would differ in different families. I myself would make it plain, for instance, that my children don't come out to play until 9 A.M. when chores are finished, and that visitors don't come in before that. I'd also have a rule that my young children come in for supper at 5:30 and that the others are expected to go home at that time.

For families which are extremely popular or in which the children are always asking the mother if a visitor can come to supper, right in front of the visitor, a simple rule is: No guests to be invited unless mother and child agree to it in private, before anything is said to the guest. At all other times, the would-be guest can be told cheerfully, "We'd love to have you for supper, dear, but it will have to be another time."

If bold neighbor children were making nuisances of themselves in the garage, I'd close the doors, have a very firm rule that nobody was to go in, and make a big issue of it the few times the law was disobeyed. There's not only a lot of damageable stuff in most garages—there are usually several poisonous substances, too, nowadays.

I think a mother is entitled to be very definite about when she wants neighbor children inside her house, in which rooms,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22



On Baby: Rosebud Gown. Snap-fastened front closing. Tied hem. Pastels. 3-6 mos. $1.75.

How to get sent as a gift

Hello! I'm a soft, cuddly rosebud gown just made for wrapping a brand-new baby with love. And, since I wear the Carter's label, you know I was sent by someone who really cares about babies. Cares about their busy mothers, too, for every stitch of me is no-iron, machine-washable cotton knit. I have a surprise up my Nevabind sleeve, and here's what it is. Fold back my Handy-Cuffs and find a tiny bouquet of rosy fingers! Then open my drawstring bottom —and *there's* a bunch of rosebud toes!

Carter's

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO., NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

All are Carter-Set® so won't shrink out of fit.

Pin Check Kimono. Snap closing. Featherstitch trim. Pastels 6mos. $1.69





Brushed Cotton Sleeping Bag. Zipper front. Bless-Me-Too print. One size. Grows to 3 yrs. $4.00



Jiffon-Nevabind Shirt. Diapenda tapes. White, 3 mos.-3 yrs. Pastels, 6 mos.-1 yr. 79¢

"LOOK, MOM—ONLY MOTHERS C



Norman Rockwell

ENTRY BLANK

Here is my contest entry (complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less): "I believe my family should brush with Crest because

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____."

Be sure to enclose both end flaps from any size Crest carton. You can get additional entry blanks at the store where you buy Crest.

My name is _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If you are not a mother, put the name and address of the mother you would like to win the prize here: _____

_____

I bought Crest at (name and address of store) _____

_____

MAIL TO: CREST Contest for Mom, Dept. C-1
P. O. Box 115, Cincinnati 99, Ohio

CAN WIN THIS CONTEST!"

$86,000 IN PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE—FOR MOTHERS ONLY

$20,000 CASH IN YOUR BANK

SECOND PRIZES—FOR MOTHERS ONLY

15 NEW '58 FORDS

STATION WAGONS



New model 1958 Ford Country Squire Station Wagons, combining all-steel bodies with the traditional beauty of wood-like trim! Thunderbird V-8 engine, new Cushion-Quiet body mounting, and other 1958 features!

THIRD PRIZES—FOR MOTHERS ONLY

10 $1,000 CHARGE ACCOUNTS at the store of your choice

It's easy to enter . . . just tell us why your family should brush with Crest.

or the first time, here's a contest where all the prizes go to you ıothers. Imagine how much better an opportunity you mothers ave to win.

ou don't have to be a "mom" to enter—but if you're not, send the name of the mother you would like to win the prize.

imply tell us what Crest Toothpaste can mean to your family's ealth by completing this sentence in 25 additional words or less—I believe my family should brush with Crest because . . . "

's easy to think of reasons for brushing with Crest. For instance: I believe my family should brush with Crest because we'll all ave far fewer cavities, and Crest tastes good, too."

lere are hints to help you win. Because Crest has Fluoristan, an xclusive fluoride formula, it stops soft spots on teeth from turn-ıg into cavities. Children who brushed with Crest averaged 49% ewer new cavities than those who brushed with regular toothpaste. Grownups averaged 42% fewer new cavities. This was proven in he greatest "in-use" tests ever made on any toothpaste.

'ou'll find a helpful message about Crest in the current *Reader's Digest* and *Parents' Magazine*—and in the recent August, Septem-er and October issues of *Reader's Digest*, *McCall's*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *Parents' Magazine*.

nter as often as you like. Be sure to enclose both end flaps rom any size carton of Crest with each entry. Don't delay—go fter those wonderful prizes today. And good luck!

JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES:

1. Crest Toothpaste means far less decay—far fewer cavities for both grownups and children. Think how important regular brushing with Crest is to your family's health. Tell us about it by completing this easy sentence in 25 additional words or less:

"I believe my family should brush with Crest because . . . "

Write on the entry blank or one side of a sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address.

2. Mail your entry together with both end flaps from a carton of Crest to:

Crest Contest for Mom, Dept. C-1
P. O. Box 115, Cincinnati 99, Ohio

Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 1, 1958 and received not later than March 15, 1958. You may submit as many entries as you wish, provided each entry is accompanied by both end flaps from a Crest carton.

3. This contest is open to any resident of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii, except employees of Procter & Gamble, its advertising agencies, and their families. However, only bona fide mothers may enter the contest in their own name. (If your children are adopted or deceased, you are eligible to enter the contest in your own name.)

Persons other than mothers must include, in addition to their own name and address, the name of a mother to whom a prize could be awarded. Prizes (listed above) will be awarded only to mothers not excluded by the rules.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of the most original, sincere, and apt statement completing the sentence:

"I believe my family should brush with Crest because . . . "

All entries must be from a bona fide mother or contain the name of a mother to whom a prize could be awarded. Prizes will be awarded only to mothers. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. The judges' decision will be final. Except for incidental help from families and friends, entries must be wholly the work of the person submitting the entry, and will be disqualified for outside, professional, or compensated help. The purpose of this rule is to disqualify entries prepared in whole or in part by professional or compensated contest writers, schools, or services. Only one prize will be awarded to any person. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Procter & Gamble for any and all purposes. The winners will be notified by mail about eight weeks after all entries are received. Contest is subject to government regulations.



COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Fluoristan is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter.

©1957, The Procter & Gamble Co.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

doing what. When young neighbors try to get in at unwanted times, there are a half-dozen good excuses the lady of the house can give, like, "Helen is busy right now" or "Helen will be out in a little while."

The question of whether neighborhood children should be allowed to use the family's playthings, with the greater likelihood of damage, would be answered in the affirmative by most parents. They want their own children to share and to share graciously. And most playthings are subject to damage when used continually. But this answer doesn't cover the situation, for instance, when a group of older boys appear on the scene in a troublemaking mood and start deliberately to abuse the equipment. Then the parent has to come out and firmly interfere.

When other children come to ask to play with the possessions of a child who is not at home and who therefore can't protect his things against misuse, it seems fair all around for the parent to say, "I'm sorry, but Jackie isn't here. Why don't you come back tomorrow morning?"

As far as general principles are concerned, I think the most obvious one is that a mother is entitled to lay down the rules for all the children playing on her premises and that she doesn't need to be deterred by a visitor who says, "At home I don't have to do that." What do you do if a visitor deliberately disobeys a rule? I think that calling his mother is, for general use, an inferior method, because it implies that you aren't capable of managing him yourself—you're just a tattletale. In the long run he'll respect you much more and

Whatever happens, there is always someone who knew it would.

behave better if you show him that you feel quite confident in managing him. Of course there are exceptions, when the misbehavior is very serious and something that his own parents would definitely want to know about. Sending a visitor home is often a logical and effective punishment, but I think it is best saved as a last resort, for occasional use. It, too, implies that you've given up trying to control him, at least for today, and this weakens your own discipline. In theory, the most effective method—just as in the case of your own child—is to show by your assured and firm approach that you *can* make him behave and can even make him like it. But of course in actuality this is the hardest to accomplish.

How firm or how disagreeable is the parent entitled to become in making neighbor children behave? All of us can remember in our own childhoods certain adult neighbors who were particularly unpleasant. We hated them and were prejudiced against their children. Or we remember adults who were easily provoked, and, although we were generally law-abiding, we never lost an opportunity to tease them or make trouble for them. On the other hand, we can usually remember people who were strict but whose strictness we respected, especially if they showed that they liked us. There isn't too much connection between strictness and unpopularity. In fact, the too lenient, the timid neighbor will often be scorned or taken advantage of. The crux of the matter is the spirit with which the adult operates. If he is basically friendly and self-assured, he can get away with reasonably firm rules and have them obeyed. But if he acts as if he is expecting to have trouble, if he has a chip on his shoulder, if he's cross to begin with, he'll either be resented or persecuted or scorned, and his children will bear some of the brunt of these feelings.

The principles are the same that apply in the parent's management of his own children or in the officer's control over his men or in the executive's relationship with his subordinates. The leader who is agreeable but who isn't sure of what he wants or is afraid to ask for it runs a confused, inefficient outfit. The individuals under him are uneasy and demanding. The leader who is harsh, unfriendly, yet capable,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26



However you "cream" your coffee —

You'll love the fresh taste and the convenience of PREAM!



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

© 1957, THE C. F. MUELLER CO., COLUMBUS 16, OHIO

Yes, new instant Pream is *everything* you want your coffee "creamer" to be! Um-m-m . . . sweet fresh cream and other natural milk products, blended by the exclusive Pream® process. And, Pream *stays* fresh tasting . . . without refrigeration. Never sours!

So, try Pream soon—in the Regular *or* New Large Economy Size Jar. If you like it "with," you'll *love* it with Pream!

Easy recipe! **POTATOES A LA PREAM**

Bake large, greased potatoes in 400°F. oven until done. Scoop out. Mash with 1 tbsp. Pream, 2 tbsp. hot water, 1 tbsp. butter or margarine, ¼ tsp. salt per potato. Pile into shell. Bake 10-15 mins. or until lightly browned.



FREE RECIPE FOLDER! Write Sally Ross, Pream Test Kitchen, Box 447, Columbus 16, Ohio.

MASSAGE YOUR FEET!

Enjoy grateful relief from tired, aching feet, legs WHILE YOU RELAX



Recommended by Doctors

Exclusive 30 Degree Angle allows Feet, Legs to rest naturally, comfortably

The wonderful benefits of professional-like massage can now be yours while you sit and read, watch TV or relax, with the new 30 degree angle Dr. Scholl's Electric Foot Massager. This highly invigorating type of massage improves circulation in feet and legs . . . relieves fatigued, aching feeling . . . rests, refreshes, revitalizes the feet.

MAKES AN IDEAL GIFT

Choice of lovely pastel pink, green, ivory white. Model for both feet $16.95. Single foot model $8.95. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops. Mail orders filled if not obtainable locally. Write **Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. M2, Chicago 10, Illinois.**

Dr. Scholl's Electric FOOT MASSAGER

SCHOOLS

Boys' School

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY



In Beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Thorough college preparation; fully accredited. Individual guidance. Band. All sports. 2 gyms. Pool. Fine health record. Fireproof buildings. Separate Junior School. Illus. Catalog write Supt. S.M.A. Box J11, Staunton, Va.
BASIC COURSE R.O.T.C. BY U. S. ARMY INSTRUCTORS.
Founded 1860

Business & Secretarial

Bryant College Earn your B.S. in 2 years! Executive Secretarial Course: majors in Admin., Legal, Acctg. or Mtcd. Sec'l. Also 2-yr. degree in Bus. Adm.; 4-yr. degree in Bus. Teacher Tr.; 1-yr. Sec'l diploma. Coed. Traditional campus life. 24 bldgs. Dorms. Self-help. Veteran approved. Register Early! Catalog: **Ruth West, Bryant College, Providence 6, R. I.**

Fine & Applied Arts

Ray-Vogue Schools
Commercial Art, Photography, Interior Decoration, Dress Design, Fashion Merchandising with Modeling, Fashion Illustration. Coed. Attractive residence for girls. Enter Nov. 4; Jan. 6. Specify course. Write **Registrar, Room 706, Ray-Vogue Schools, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11**

Vocational

Be a Hotel Hostess



Enjoy Your Work! Fascinating positions in hotels, motels, clubs, apartment house projects as Hostess, Executive Housekeeper, Manager, etc. Celestia Foster writes: "Am Hostess-Housekeeper in a hotel and happy in my work." Write for **FREE** book, "Your Big Opportunity." Approved for ALL Veteran Training. **Lewis Hotel Training School, Sta. CS-501, Washington 7, D. C. 42nd Year.**

Home Study School

HIGH SCHOOL at HOME
You can still finish High School—at home, in your spare time. No interference with job, or social life. Win more pay, a better job, social recognition. Take only the subjects you need. Complete lesson and answer service. Personalized instruction. Low cost. Diploma to graduates.
I.C.S. is oldest and largest (257 courses). Write today for 3 free books: (1) 36-page "How to Succeed," (2) sample lesson (Math), (3) Career Catalogue—indicate course desired.
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
SCRANTON 9, PENNA. DEPT. 39112K

Photo by Lucian and Mary Brown

It's "Cream of Wheat" weather.
Guard your family with hot "Cream of Wheat"

Gives you a nice warm feeling to know you've given them good, nutritious "Cream of Wheat" on days like this . . . gives them a nice warm feeling, too.



© 1957, THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORP.



Cut out this coupon and take it to your favorite store—save 10¢ on the most amazing skin-care discovery of our time! →

Soap dries your skin, but

DOVE creams your skin while you wash!

New bath and toilet bar is one-quarter cleansing cream

DOVE is a completely new formula. One-quarter of every bar is *cleansing cream*. That's why DOVE makes your skin feel so soft and smooth—with none of that dry, tight feeling you get from using soap. DOVE actually *creams* your skin while you wash!

DOVE looks different, too. It has a fascinating new *shape*—sculptured to fit the hand.

Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees that you will like DOVE better than any soap—for your face, your hands, *all* of you. If you don't agree—we'll give you back every penny you paid.

So cut out the coupon on the opposite page—take it to your favorite store and save 10¢ on amazing new DOVE! You'll never go back to soap!



New DOVE is one-quarter cleansing cream. DOVE is *good* for your skin.

More grown-ups and growing-ups
depend on Mum than on any other deodorant



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

New MUM stops odor... without irritation

So gentle for any normal skin you can use it every day

If you've ever worried about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—or right after shaving or a hot bath—you can set your mind at ease. New Mum Cream is so gentle for normal skin, you can use it whenever you please.

Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can't possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way. Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor . . . contains no astringent aluminum salts. And it keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum's wonderful hexachlorophene that destroys *both odor* and *odor-causing bacteria!* When Mum is so effective—yet so gentle—isn't it the deodorant for *you?* Try new Mum Cream today.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — WON'T DAMAGE CLOTHES

MUM contains M-3 (*bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene*)
...stops odor 24 hours a day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

keeps things in order, but he is heartily disliked. The leader who is unsure of himself and expresses it in an irritable, mistrustful attitude toward his charges usually has the worst organization of all. His subordinates take delight in living up to his worst expectations. They don't want to get along with him. They want to tease and provoke him. When he becomes punitive, it doesn't chasten them. They feel unfairly treated and react with more hostility.

So good leadership, I think, always has to combine the element of confidence in one's right to lead, a genuine liking for those being led, and definite ideas of what to expect from them. Then subordinates not only respect the leader and do their best, but they enjoy it too.

This brings us back to the woman who wrote the second frantic letter. She isn't having trouble with other people's children simply because she can't think up some sensible rules herself or because she hasn't read the right articles. The problem must lie in her own feelings. Something is making it impossible for her to protect herself from being imposed upon. Before we try to guess what her trouble is, we'll have to admit that there are always plenty of adults and children in every community who are ready to impose. Some of them are bold and completely insensitive. It seems as if you have to fend them off with a club. At least you have to speak very frankly and with a loud voice to be understood. Other people impose in a more sensitive manner. Unconsciously they are watching to be sure they don't go far enough to make you really angry. But they

Life is the flower of which love is the honey. VICTOR HUGO

keep inching up when they sense they can get away with it (something like "Still pond, no more moving"). I guess it's more honest to say that almost all of us will take advantage of a too-willing victim. If he will *always* cheerfully run an errand for us or loan us his clothes and money or take care of our child, we will have to be extraordinarily scrupulous to resist the temptation to impose.

Some people never get imposed on, some people get imposed on all the time, and the rest of us know how to protect ourselves most of the time but get imposed on occasionally when we are caught off guard.

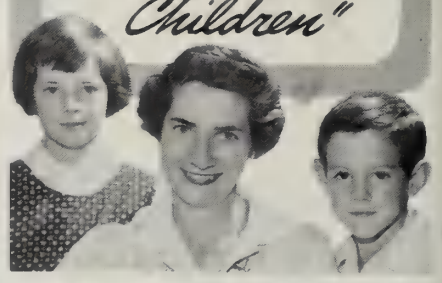
A very few individuals enjoy being willing slaves. It gives them a feeling of being appreciated which they can achieve in no other way. Most people who get imposed on, though, resent it, but they are afraid to resist.

The person easily imposed on is usually a sensitive individual who has been brought up close to his parents but in excessive awe of their disapproval. They, in training him, have relied heavily on the threat of not loving him. Instead of simply saying, "You mustn't be impolite or selfish," they have implied, "We won't love you any more (or nobody will love you) if you are impolite or selfish." I don't mean that the parents have necessarily used these words. They may have given him the feeling of being rejected merely by their look of severe disapproval. (They aren't just disliking the behavior, they are disliking the child.) This is a frightening feeling to a child who is close to his parents, especially in early childhood, because he senses that his entire security depends on their continued love. He gets mad at his parents occasionally, as any child does, perhaps more so, but any anger expressed toward them brings a shocked condemnation which is particularly disturbing. So the child grows up with an exaggerated fear of disapproval or anger, an excessive need to please, and an inability to stand up for his own rights. As an adult he or she accepts inferior merchandise without outward protest, lets himself in for tough assignments in the office or on a committee, is easily pressured by door-to-door salesmen, and by relatives and neighbors wanting loans of money or equipment or food. He fumes and kicks himself afterward, but the next time he finds himself saying, "Of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

MRS. JOS. CASTERLINE, *St. Louis, says:*

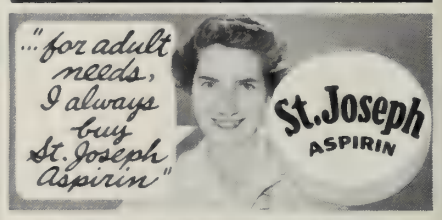
"My doctor prescribes St. Joseph Aspirin For Children"



More doctors approve this specialized tablet than any other brand. More mothers trust its accurate dosage, and more children prefer the pure orange flavor of St. Joseph Aspirin For Children and always accept it readily. America's mother-and-child favorite! Always buy the best for your own child.

World's Largest Selling Aspirin For Children



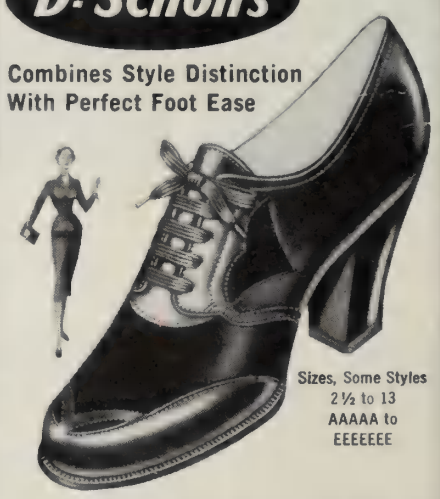


200 Tablets 79c • 100 Tablets 49c • 12 Tablets 12c

The Shoe That's KIND To Your Troubled Feet!

Dr. Scholl's

Combines Style Distinction With Perfect Foot Ease



Sizes, Some Styles 2½ to 13 AAAAA to EEEEEEE

Dr. Scholl's Shoes are ever so kind to your feet by letting your toes have their own sweet way . . . by helping keep your arches in place and by snugly, comfortably hugging your heels. For everything your heart desires and your feet require in a shoe—it's Dr. Scholl's.

Dr. Scholl's Shoes are made in all sizes for *all types of feet*. Expertly fitted at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops in principal cities and selected Shoe and Department Stores. If not obtainable locally, write for catalog to **DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. J117, Chicago 10, Ill.**

© 1957, BUXTON, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



The cigarette case that not only flips its lid but *holds any pack:* regular or king size...snap-top or rip-top. The Opening Nighter Snap-top Cigarette Case by

LADY BUXTON

best for your money



GALA "OPENING NIGHTER" LEATHER ACCESSORIES, AVAILABLE IN MATCHED SETS: SNAP-TOP CIGARETTE CASE, $3.95. LIGHTER, $2.50. CONVERTIBLE® BILLFOLD, $7.50. SPEC-TAINER,® $3.50. CONTOUR® KEY-TAINER,® $3.50. FRENCH PURSE, $7.50. IN FIVE DRAMATIC COLORS. ALL PRICES PLUS TAX


I dreamed I posed for a Fashion Ad
in my maidenform* bra

Look twice at **TWICE-OVER**** – newest *maidenform** bra!

Here's the first and only elastic bra that's firm where a bra should be firm!

One look! You see a light, fantastic elastic bra. It's flexible as you are — breathes as you breathe. It's cut criss-cross under the arms — *keeps* its just-bought shape, *feels* like next to nothing on!

Another look! You see the *cups* are fashioned of silky cotton broadcloth, circular-stitched to mold and hold as if it were made *just* for you! Don't put off till tomorrow what you can put on today... new Maidenform Twice-Over!



Criss-cross cut *double elastic* under the arms. It's more supple and stronger, *lasts* much longer than ordinary elastic bras!



Elastic *outlines* and *underscores* the cups, for comfort and cling where it counts. Twice-Over fits better, feels better on!



Firm cotton broadcloth where *support* counts — in the *double-stitched* cups, center and straps! Keeps its shape better!



3.95

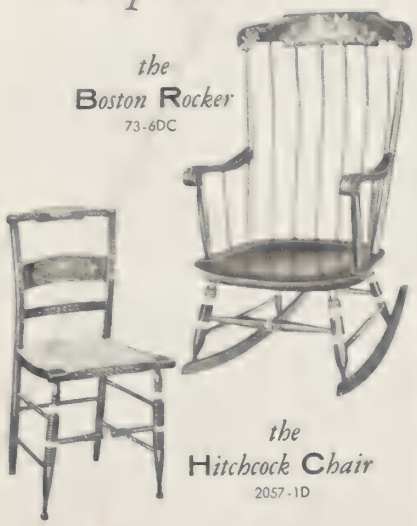
Look for this colorful package at fine stores everywhere!

NEW *maidenform* TWICE-OVER

©MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., NEW YORK 16, N.Y. **PAT. PEND. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COSTUME BY SYLVAN RICH

Early American Reproductions

the Boston Rocker
73-6DC

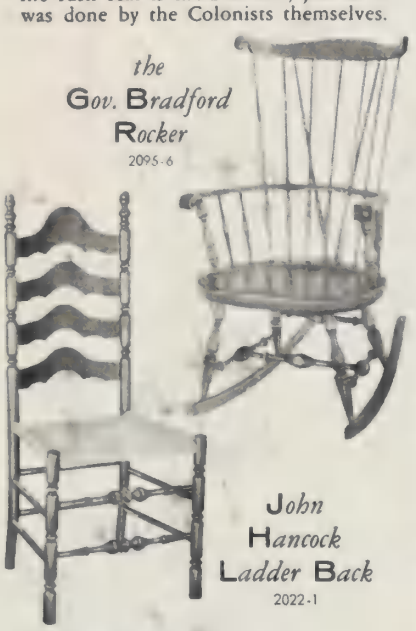


the Hitchcock Chair
2057-1D

The Boston Rocker was the *first* rocker ever made . . . way back about 1800. This reproduction faithfully copies the high gilded top rail, the slender tapering back spindles, and the low-slung saucer seat of an early model.

The original Hitchcock also dates back 100 years or more, and is here exactingly reproduced in fine detail. Even the genuine rush seat is hand-woven, just as it was done by the Colonists themselves.

the Gov. Bradford Rocker
2095-6



John Hancock Ladder Back
2022-1

The high, braced comb-back, with its carved head rest, and the sweeping armrail of this comfortable rocker are characteristic of the many and varied Windsors of pre-Revolutionary times.

With its four slightly curved back slats, sausage-and-ring turnings, and its hand-woven flagg seat, the John Hancock Ladder Back is obviously of colonial New England origin . . . and is also available in manor house armchair style.

These and other reproductions at better furniture and department stores

1857 1957 100th ANNIVERSARY

The Home of Windsor Chairs

Nichols & Stone

How To Choose
The Right Colonial Chair. Pages of helpful ideas, interesting illustrations, and complete historical information.



NICHOLS & STONE CO.
Box 411, Gardner, Mass.

Please send me your 32-page booklet "How To Choose The Right Colonial Chair." Enclosed is 25¢ in coin.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



TAKEN FROM COLLIER'S, 3/11/50—BY HANK KETCHAM

"Ever see such nervous people?"

"We've learned what happens to young boys. . . . A four-and-a-half year-old blonde named Cleo (in nursery school) had had her eye on Johnny. On Monday she gave him a penny. On Tuesday she gave him a Davey Crockett button. On Wednesday she pushed him into a box and broke his arm in two places. Clearly this girl means business, and I think Johnny should keep the heck away from her. I asked him recently whatever happened to Cleo and he replied solemnly, 'I don't know, but I hear she's going to have to sit in a corner for the rest of her life.'"

Jean Kerr, the mother of Johnny and three other sons, all under seven, has written a record of their pursuits in a therapeutic book called PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES (Doubleday). I giggled all through it and insisted on reading passages aloud. How the four boys will feel about it fifteen years from now is another matter.

●

R. C. Hutchinson fans will be happy to know that he has a new novel out, MARCH NINTH (Rinehart). For those who haven't yet sampled Hutchinson, let me say that here is a writer of the James Gould Cozzens, Henry James, Joseph Conrad school, whose novels are long, carefully woven, intense; they always have considerable suspense, built up, as in life, on a gradual disclosure of persons and of motives. Like Conrad, Hutchinson always places his stories against strange moody backgrounds. *March Ninth* is set in Yugoslavia, and although a novel of today, its motivation lies in a terrific occurrence of the past, a bloody reprisal of the Germans against the Partisans, and the undying resentment of a whole village.

(*I. A. R. Wylie used much the same theme in* The Undefeated, *about a French village.*)

■

Another fine book about Yugoslavia is THE HERETIC, by ***Sir Fitzroy MacLean*** (Harper). This is a biography of Tito, the report of a dedicated Communist, from secret agent to national leader. MacLean, sent over by Churchill, was close to Tito during the war; he apparently knows him well now; and if anyone can grasp the subtleties of Balkan politics, it should be he.

But the most important political book, perhaps, of our generation is **THE NEW CLASS: An Analysis of the Communist System**, *by* ***Miloran Djilas*** *(Frederick Praeger). Here is a long-time Communist, close friend and adviser of Tito, who came to realize through his own practical experience, and through a study of its forty-year trial, that Communism is never going to gain its professed aims in any country. Thrown into prison by Tito for expressing these (to Tito) traitorous revelations, Djilas wrote this new book, this amazingly keen and honest re-evaluation of Communism, and consented to its publication even though he knew it might cost him his life.*

●

But to get back to America. Here are two appealing country books, not brand-new, but sure to be popular.

First, ***Leonard Hall*** A COUNTRY YEAR (Harper), a leisurely personal account of his one-family experimental farm, Possum Trot, in the Missouri Ozarks. It starts in March. . . . "Can you remember it—the smell of wood smoke on a frosty March night?"

Second, BEYOND THE CABIN DOOR, by ***Walter Collins O'Kane***, straight from the heart of New Hampshire, a reminder that there is woodland still, and peace and quiet and beauty, if only we'd have the patience to stay with it. (Richard Smith, West Rindge, N.H.)

●

Children's Book Week comes this month. "Explore With Books" is the theme (Geophysical Year), and if you're lucky you will be able to attend one of the book fairs, in Orlando, Florida; Little Rock, Arkansas; Detroit, New York, Chicago, Washington, Cleveland, Minneapolis; or Hampton, Virginia. Information, Children's Book Council, 50 W. 53rd St., N.Y. 19.

A very good book (I hear) on teaching reading is THE WRITING ROAD TO READING, by ***Romalda Spalding***, with ***Walter Spalding*** (Morrow). Mrs. Spalding has had twenty years of teaching, and has devised a phonic method taught through writing, with which she has had extraordinary results.

Another new approach, this time to the *retarded* child, is through musical therapy. Retardation is *not* a barrier to musical response, it seems, and it has been demonstrated that by using that intact area of response the child can learn, and can adapt. This has been worked out under the aegis of the Musicians Emergency Fund, 113 W. 57th St., New York 19. It bears looking into. Write to that organization and, if possible, help them by a donation toward work in this very important field.

●

BELOW THE SALT (Doubleday) is ***Thomas Costain's*** latest historical novel, and to my taste almost his best. It concerns Eleanor, the lost princess of Brittany who lived in the day of King John and Magna Charta; but it opens in the present with American Senator O'Rawn. The deft handling, through which the present and the past merge, suggests a robust *Berkeley Square*. A provocative, imaginative book.

●

If you like to read a book that gives you the feeling that you've had a good long talk with a person brimming over with ideas, someone who expresses himself uncommonly well and occasionally puts into words some cloudy thought you may even have had yourself, then take up a book of essays. It's a term that has gone out of fashion, but a style that is having a wholesome revival.

Read ***Clifton Fadiman's*** ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY (World). This is a stimulating collection of short pieces about puns, books, real-estate agents, highbrows, name-dropping, and a good many more serious items to try your teeth on.

(Speaking of highbrows, in Israel they call them *Phudnicks*. A *Nudnick* is a frightful bore, a *Phudnick* is a *Nudnick* with a Ph.D.)

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION
© 1941 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.



"I feel so guilty enjoying it after what Brooks Atkinson said!"

THE FINE ART OF READING, by ***Lord David Cecil*** (Bobbs-Merrill), moves along in the same groove, but farther back in time. Lord Cecil writes about Jane Austen, Joseph Conrad (a wonderful chapter), Hazlitt, *women* letter writers.

"*Letter writing is a private art*," *he says*, "*and private life is woman's native and triumphant sphere of achievement. . . . Private life is half of life; and, in some respects, the more important half, for it has to do with more intimate and individual strains in human character.*" *Cecil is the author of* Melbourne.



Twice-Rich: rich in flavor, rich in vitamins. And lower in calories than any other type of juice!

Non-fattening *Libby's* ...3 times a day...

makes it easier to stay with your slimming program

On your way to a new figure? Bravo for you! And a suggestion for making it easier: Have Libby's whenever hunger pangs strike. This is the *satisfying* tomato juice that quenches between-meal yearnings. (Gives you more of the vitamins and minerals you need, too.) For all its luscious-rich taste, Libby's has just 25 calories to the 4-ounce glass! *Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 9, Illinois.*



See Libby's Tomato Juice label for special offer on Slimdown Cocktail Glasses.

Your gifts of towels and sheets mean more



Happy the bride-to-be or any woman who is given Cannon's new Vanity Fair bath ensembles. Wide, wide stripes of Carefree color with white. Soft, luscious, absorbent terry that will keep its promise of long years of use.



Silver threads (soft and washable, of course) gleam against thick loops of snowy white terry. Also gold on white and pastels. Handsome anniversary gift. Glamorous hostess gift. And a warmly welcomed thank-you, too.



Sweet sixteen or sixty, every woman loves Cannon Carefree colors and knows what a fresh modern look they give to any period of decoration. Give them for birthdays and housewarmings.



A bed of flowers is every woman's dream come true, with Cannon's new forget-me-not printed percale pillowcases and bordered sheets. And because they're Combspun, their luxury lasts for years and years.

TRADE MARK CANNON

CANNON MILLS, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York 13, N.Y. · Towels · Sheets · Bedspreads · Draperies · Stockings · Terry Cloth

when they're labeled CANNON

Every woman knows that!



Ready for bed the night *after* Christmas? Santa remembered with holiday-hued Cannon percales, so smooth and sleep-inviting. Only Cannon percales are *Combspun* for extra beauty, extra comfort, and extra wear.



The gift that lightens housework! Cannon fitted sheets with *Ezy-matic** corners (and *only* Cannon has them). They slip on without mattress lifting and stay tucked, comfortably smooth. There's no need to iron them!



Make it a merry, terry Christmas with Cannon's famous Empress towels in the new Taffy color – mixed excitingly with Green Mist. These big, luxurious towels decorate a bathroom all by themselves!



Don't you know women just like yourself who'd love to have these new Sun Beau towels on any occasion? "Gold" glitter border on Firefly Yellow; also gold on White, Pink Whisper, Green Mist and Aqua.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

If you like good things to eat,

make them with Almonds



TAKE A LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF PROGRESSIVE CANDYMAKERS. In famous candy bars and box candies, crisp, crunchy almonds add flavor and distinction. You'll find there's hardly anything you serve that doesn't look and taste better when almonds are included. The world's finest almonds are available to you under the Blue Diamond trademark, at your food market in vacuum tins and cello packs.



BLUE DIAMOND ALMONDS

CALIFORNIA ALMOND GROWERS EXCHANGE, SACRAMENTO

DIARY of DOMESTICITY

By Gladys Taber



The dogs enjoy the last bit of balmy air. We dream of Thanksgiving and rich, savory turkey.

This is the still time in New England. The sound of silos being filled is gone. The cicadas and crickets gradually diminish after August. Brooks run quietly, now the rains are over. They ease into their narrow beds as if they, too, were readying for the long cold. A few late leaves drift down silently in the hazy autumnal air.

It is, to many of us, a resting season after the brisk October chores. The garden is put to bed, the lawn stays put instead of springing up overnight. It does not need mowing at all. The jams and jellies are tucked away, the cabbages and squash safe in the coolest part of the cellar. Some thrifty farmers have already stacked pine boughs against their houses as insulation; the white buildings look like Christmas cards, edged in green.

The valley is soft with haze, and people talk about whether this is really Indian summer or whether it is not. Nobody ever agrees, but everybody is pleasant about it, not at one another's throats. After all, it is a mild day; we all agree on that.

Erma, who helps take care of Stillmeadow, now decides this is the time to *get ready*. But I feel this smoky-blue weather might go on all the rest of my life. The sun seems to stand still over the hills. The air has a good smell. And I cannot believe in the reality of winter. When I go down for gas for the car, I consult about antifreeze. And this shows how feckless I am. I know we can have a sudden drop around Thanksgiving or just after, plus a blizzard. But I mentally put it off.

Instead of *taking steps*, I am apt to wander down to the pond and see the way the pale sky falls in it. The water at dusk is dark amber, and the once-vocal frogs are down below somewhere. If I dip my hand in the water, my fingers feel as if I had laid them in the freezer for a minute. But the water has such a cool and cleansing touch that I wish I dared swim just once more.

The cockers and Irish always act according to the season too. The wild skirmishes of October are done with. Now they bask, and it almost seems as if they are soaking up the last balmy sunny air to store against the dark months coming. Perhaps they have a feeling, perhaps it is instinct, but they lie in the sun on the south side of the house now. Even Holly is less active, and for an Irish to be less active is news.

The wild folk are getting ready for winter. Squirrels are still busy under the nut trees, and I wonder how they remember where they bury their hoards. I do not think any naturalist or scientist can ever answer that question of *why*. Why do they know? Why do the birds at my feeding station eat more and come oftener? The air is mellow. What threat is there that drives the migratory ones away and brings the winter birds close to the house for the peanut butter and suet and sunflower seeds and grain? The world is full of mysteries, but this is a special one, for their little heads are not big enough to house a forecasting. The whole weather bureau with all its mechanics has trouble forecasting the path of one hurricane. But the birds know.

Country folk tend to forecast weather by the birds. When they gather on the telephone wires and circle around, we know. It will be cold tomorrow. The birds are going to migrate. When birds circle lazily in the sky, it is mild and will be. But when they skim over the house, wings wide, we bring in wood and check the storm lanterns. Of course it is the movements of air that make our weather, and the birds know it first.

Birds also remember. Last summer we had a pheasant who came to the feeder daily. I named her Lydia. She grew to be so tame that, like all secure people, she became imperious, and would climb up the back steps (if the dogs were in the house) to tell me her meal was five minutes overdue.

This year she came back, with five small babies. They ate seed, they drank from the birdbath, they took dust baths in the sand under the feeder. She kept a motherly eye on them, and when she heard a car coming down the road, she gave them a command. Unlike most children, they did not say, "Oh, let me just stay here five minutes more." They simply pattered after her on their toothpick legs.

It made me wonder why bird children could be so well behaved. Discipline no problem at all. Mamma knew best. At the same time we had a pair of quail. Papa walked ahead, mamma behind.

. CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

What's new? Kraft Catalina!

A spicy-sweet French Dressing
with just a whisper of garlic...and
tomato-y thick, so it clings to the greens



TRY CATALINA THIS WAY:
Line a bowl with romaine and
fill it with shredded head lettuce and
bite-size pieces of curly endive. Add radish slices,
onion rings, and cauliflower florets. Make a ring of peeled tomato
wedges on top and fill with more cauliflower florets: sprinkle
with chopped chives. Toss with spicy-sweet Catalina. Marvelous!

Spicy-sweet
and tomato-y
thick.
Grand on hot
vegetables,
too!

fresh-ground spices sealed in fresh-pressed oil

Variety is
the spice
of a salad!



Lemon Custard! Betty





The delicate tang of lemon! The rich moistness of custard! The high lightness of 13-egg angel food!

Men love it! Children love it! You'll love it! Our brand-new Lemon Custard Angel Food Cake Mix! A beautiful new color – sunshine gold! A distinctive new flavor—lemon custard! This glorious cake is as high, light, and tender as our regular angel food, and every bit as easy to make. The whites of 13 farm-fresh eggs are right in the mix—you don't add a thing but water! It's the prettiest cake you ever baked—*and* the best-tasting!

"I guarantee a perfect* angel food cake—homemade-perfect

Crocker's newest Angel Food Mix!

New flavor! New moistness! New golden color!



NEW! Lemon Custard Angel Ring. Bake our Lemon Custard Angel Food Mix according to directions. Arrange slices around bowl of rich vanilla ice cream.



NEW! Double Custard Delight. Bake cake as directed. Frost with packaged vanilla pudding. Cover top and sides with toasted flaked coconut. Chill before serving.



NEW! Lemon Custard Angel Hawaii. Topping: Fold ¼ cup each drained crushed pineapple, chopped toasted almonds and flaked coconut into 1 cup whipped cream.



NEW! Fruit 'n Cream-Filled Angel Roll. Bake in two 15½ x 10½ x 1" jelly roll pans 15 min. Cool. Ease onto towel dusted with confectioners' sugar. Fill and roll.



THREE OTHER HEAVENLY ANGELS —FROM BETTY CROCKER!



REGULAR ANGEL FOOD



CONFETTI ANGEL FOOD



LI'L ANGEL FOOD



—cake . . . after cake . . . after cake!" Betty Crocker General Mills

* Yes, every mix we make for you is guaranteed to come out perfect, or send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.



New, exciting styling with Tappan quality features—automatic top burner, chrome-lined Visualite oven, separate waist-high, smokeless broiler. Popular price.

OWN A TAPPAN GOLD RIBBON RANGE

for only $9.95 a month

Gas or Electric ranges $139.95 to $539.95

Nothing Cooks Like a TAPPAN

New Tappan Automatic Set 'n Forget Burner ends pot-watching and scouring. Sizzle 'n Simmer burners give fastest high-heat, or lowest turn-down. Economical, too.



Chrome-Lined Visualite Oven makes cleaning a breeze—bakes more evenly. New wide-vision window lets you see entire cooking area without opening the oven door.



De luxe Gas Built-in with separate oven and broiler starts, cooks, turns off—**automatically.** Automatic Set 'n Forget top burner won't let foods burn—ends pot-watching and scouring. Here's built-in beauty and convenience—and it's the easiest and most economical built-in to install.



The Tappan Stove Company, Mansfield, Ohio · Also, Canadian Tappan Stove Company Ltd., Montreal

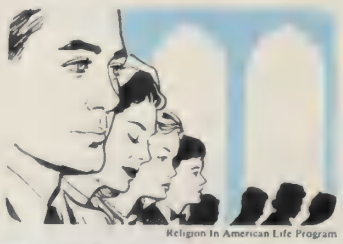
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

When he felt it was safe, he gave ■ melodious command, and she came rushing. When he decided they should go, he said so, in a firm tone, and they went. And as I watched them skipping along, I wondered whether it wasn't ■ very fine idea for the man to make the decisions and the little woman to follow. I myself would go along with that as a good basis. Not that I wish to raise the controversial sex battle flag. But I noticed that papa watched constantly, led the way, took the hazard of invading new territory. Protected her and, I may say, worried. She was quite tranquil. He took the hard end. And naturally, he would get shot, in hunting season, while she worried with the babies.

By hunting season, we hope the small ones are big enough to run. The bright ones run faster. The slower ones get confused. So it may be this is the way to make the species more intelligent. But I, of course, do not want Lydia's least one to be shot. And with game birds, one always has a problem. If they get to like the way you talk and what you say, they will walk right up to any human, and the next time they may get that bullet in the heart.

My attempt to maintain a kind of U.N. deal with the birds is silly. On the one hand, I recognize my special ones, and they know me. Then I am afraid for them and get impersonal. In the end, we are both thoroughly confused.

Find the strength for your life...



Religion In American Life Program

WORSHIP TOGETHER THIS WEEK

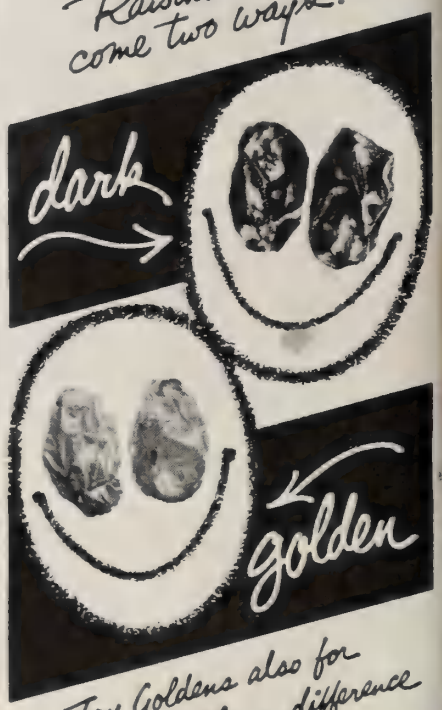
Thanksgiving is our particularly national feast day. In my childhood, turkey was for Thanksgiving, and we never tasted it any other time of year. We dreamed of it, rich, brown, savory with chestnut stuffing. Nowadays, all the Thanksgiving specialties are available year round, but the spirit of the family gathering has never lost its special value. The crisply brown turkey and the ruby cranberry sauce and the fluffy snowy mashed potatoes and the glazed onions, these are all traditional. In our family, the mashed turnips are traditional, too, although the children are not too fond of turnips.

But the year we had peas instead, such an outcry arose. Where are the turnips, we have *always* had turnips! Well, you don't like turnips, we said. But you can't go around changing Thanksgiving, they said. Since Jill and I both consider turnips a fine vegetable, we went back to them happily.

Getting ready for Thanksgiving weekend involves cooking ahead as much as possible. And I feel it does no harm to have ■ good baked ham on hand to alternate with the turkey or pinch-hit for an extra meal. A casserole of sweet potatoes may be done the day before you use it. I like the way my friend Eva does it. To make this dish, you cook scrubbed sweet potatoes in boiling water until tender, then drain (save the water) and peel and slice thin. Arrange ■ layer in a greased casserole or baking dish. Sprinkle with nutmeg, cinnamon and thin slices of lemon. Top with more sweet potatoes, more spice and lemon until the dish is full. Meanwhile, make ■ sauce of ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup white sugar, 1 cup of the potato water, 3 teaspoons cornstarch dissolved in 2 tablespoons water. Cook until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Pour over the potatoes. Dot with butter or margarine. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) ¾ hour.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

Raisins come two ways...



Try Goldens also for their subtle flavor difference next time you buy...

raisins the taste surprise fruit

CALIFORNIA RAISIN ADVISORY BOARD FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

WORLD'S FASTEST FUDGE

NEW



Real old-fashioned flavor... in just 4 minutes!

Only *new* "Junket" Quick Fudge Mix is pre-cooked, pre-creamed. No testing. No beating. Smooth, luscious fudge guaranteed every time.

CHOCOLATE • PENUCHE • COCONUT

Perfect Corn Bread Mixed in Seconds

and no bowl or pan to wash!



OU GET ALL THREE—Mix, throw-away Mixing ag and aluminum Pan. (No bowl or pan to wash!)



40 SECONDS TO MIX! Just add egg and milk, squeeze bag to blend, pour into pan and bake.



PERFECT CORN BREAD every time! Velvet-textured—heavenly golden crust, top and bottom.

New Way Takes All The Work Out Of Making Corn Bread!

Actually, you *could* mix this corn bread right on your living room table—there is no muss, no dishes to wash. And butter never melted on more delicious corn bread—6 to 8 golden squares of it that slip out of the special pan like magic! One thing more—a plate of oven-fresh corn bread can sure turn a skimpy meal into one you're proud to serve! That name again? Aunt Jemima Corn Bread Easy-Mix.

See Aunt Jemima Corn Bread Easy-Mix demonstrated on "Jane Wyman", NBC-TV, Thursday evenings.



Neat, gold-foil package takes up so little shelf room! Buy several.

Aunt Jemima CORN BREAD EASY-MIX

NOT FOR ONLY A MONTH
NOT FOR ONLY A YEAR...

"I reduced for keeps"

"That is why I recommend the Knox Eat-and-Reduce Plan to all my overweight friends," *writes Miss Rose Lee Grace, New York Nutritionist*



"On November 26, 1954 I weighed 224 pounds—far above normal."

"Several months later I was 61 pounds lighter and happier."



"TODAY I am even 7 pounds lighter than when I finished the Knox Plan."

READ WHAT MISS GRACE WROTE TO US

"I am a restaurant meal planner. I know nutrition and I know that reducing and then gaining weight is a vicious cycle. I've been through it in the past. So when I read the Knox Eat-and-Reduce Plan book, with its Choice-of-Foods Charts, I realized it could really help me get down to normal weight and stay that way. I could see that it was safe, natural and practical. And it involved nothing but good food. I love good eating.

"I found it was easy and actually pleasant to follow, at home and at restaurants. I ate almost everything I like, including desserts, with three meals a day and sometimes between-meal snacks. My job is not an easy one, and as my weight went down I felt no loss of energy. I felt better, physically and mentally.

"Well, a few months later I was 61 pounds lighter.

"And now comes the amazing part of it! Without conscious effort I had acquired the easy habit of balanced eating, without giving up any of my favorite foods or the pleasures of eating. Today, instead of being fat again, I am actually 7 pounds lighter than when I finished eating-by-plan."

SLIM DOWN FOR LIFE. Miss Grace's happy experience with the Knox Eat-and-Reduce Plan is typical of hundreds of thousands. Whether you would like to be 10 pounds lighter or 70 pounds lighter, the Knox Plan, different in many ways from any other, may help you—without hunger, discomfort or loss of energy. We suggest you read Miss Grace's statement again, then send for the free book below.



One of the keys to this modern reducing plan is the pleasant habit of drinking Knox Unflavored Gelatine in your favorite beverage. At your grocer's in the 4-envelope family size or the 32-envelope economy size.

©1957 Knox Gelatine Co.

FREE... the book more than 8 million have ordered



The new 1957 edition of the 36-page book that started Miss Grace to *lasting* slimness includes the now famous Choice-of-Foods Charts, gives delicious menu suggestions; 74 recipes and variations; your own weight-and-measurement chart; complete advice on safe, *natural*, enjoyable reducing; and the easy way to *maintain slimness*. Mail the coupon and get ready for good news in your mirror.

MAIL THIS TODAY

Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N. Y. Box LH-28

Mail me my free copy of the new 1957 edition of the Knox Eat-and-Reduce Plan book with the Choice-of-Foods Charts.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

The cockers and Irish have almost finished digging up the yard. Sister and Jonquil obviously talked it over and felt they might leave further excavation of the terrace. After all, it is not hot any more, Sister said sensibly. So they went off to the back yard where there are plenty of sticktights to get into. Also burs.

Holly, the pure color of autumn herself, lies by the old well with her collection of favored tin cans, old galoshes, a bath towel and a pink rabbit (left by a summer visitor). When she decides to come in to see what's cooking, she chooses a treasure to carry in, and offers it to me as if it were a diamond bracelet. And the way I feel about Holly, I prefer an old galosh with her love to a bracelet any day!

"Holly Relaxes by the Wisteria Well" would be the magazine caption. I have noted that all the famous people who are pictured in magazines are forever relaxing. They relax by the swimming pool. Relax at night clubs. (How do they?) Relax on front porches (country touch). Or just relax with their family, barbecuing steaks for twenty. I get the horrid feeling that if you are a famous writer, actress, painter, movie star, TV star, opera star, you simply relax. They must, now and then, *do* something, one would think. Even the great political figures relax with four or more grandchildren. This is a good trick. We cannot relax with just two grandchildren. We find them charming, wonderful, burning with genius, and a good many other things. But not relaxing.

Twilights are violet now, from the smoke of late-burning leaves. Days grow short, night closes in swiftly. The change of one season into another is such a gradual thing that there is never a point at which you say, "This is the beginning." The tide of summer has ebbed, but just when did it reach the true low, and the tide of autumn move against the valleys? And now, as I walk in the crisp smoky-sweet dusk, the great bitter tide of winter begins to rise, a ripple here, a foam of frost there.

But tomorrow will be fair, so we still may eat lunch in the Quiet Garden (quiet indeed now without the golden hum of bees). Tomorrow we shall be thankful for sun and soft air and gentle skies.

And for love and laughter which know no season!

END

TIME MAKES ALL PEOPLE NECROPHILIACS

By MERRILL MOORE

Ultimately we come to love the dead;
They replace the living in whose stead
They replace morons and maniacs
And even quiet people. If you love
A flower, lily, peony or rose,
Soon it dies, its petals wilt and fall.

You may have the memory of it
Or a jar where dried rose petals fit
To make a spicy-scented potpourri
Of odors that were roses yesterday.

And so it is with living flesh and blood,
Men and women, floating on the flood
Of time, along the river to the sea
Of death deferred awhile by memory.



for the complexion that looks as young as you feel

new L.O.L.
the wonder lotion© for troubled skin

For a youthfully fresh complexion, use this amazing antiseptic lotion that quickly clears away excessive oiliness, blackheads, reduces enlarged pores and relieves skin irritations. Truly a wonder lotion—easy to apply, invisible when on! L.O.L. clears, refreshes, soothes . . . laboratory tests prove its germ-killing powers are long lasting. 4 oz. **$2.00.** 8 oz. **$3.25.** At fine drug and department stores.



Lydia O'Leary

Creator of famous, medically recommended **COVERMARK**; **SPOTSTIK**, purse-sized cover-up; and **COLORLES** Finishing Powder to keep all foundations from changing color.
Write Department J, LYDIA O'LEARY, INC., 41 E. 57th St., New York 22, N.Y.

$1,000.00 INSURED GUARANTEE!
CLOTHING REPLACED IF DAMAGED BY MOTHS



Odor-Aire Moth Blocks, Nuggets & Crystals; Bowl Clean; Bathroom Deodorant; Roach Block; Mildew Block; Insect Block; Diaper Pail Deodorizer; Garbage Block.

Beware of Sore Toes from New or Tight Shoes

Warns Dr. Scholl!



Remember—only *one* thing causes corns—shoe pressure and friction. The warning sign is *sore toes*. Promptly apply soft, soothing, cushioning, protective Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—and presto!—gone is the discomfort and corns or callouses stopped *before* they can develop! But—if you already have corns or callouses — Zino-pads will remove them one of the fastest ways known to medical science. At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

HOT, TENDER FEET?

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tired, tender, perspiring, odorous feet. Eases new or tight shoes. *Get a can today!*



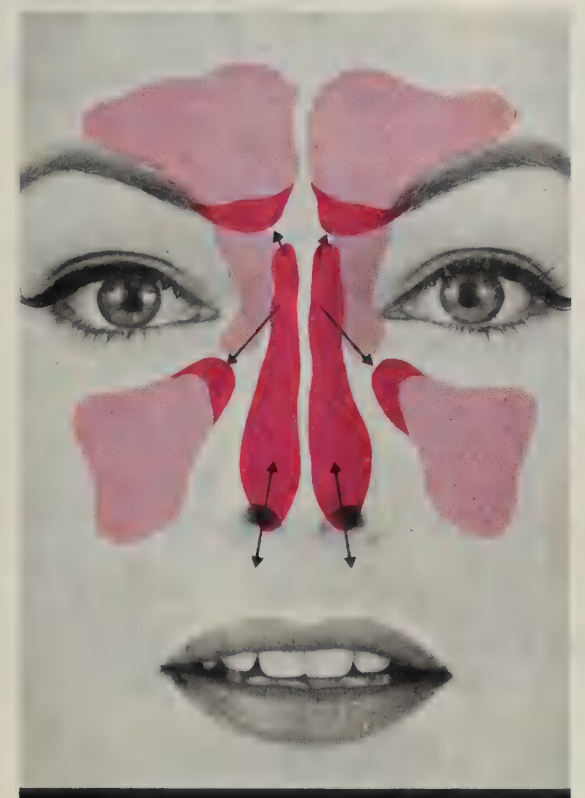
Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER

How does your cold develop?



1 SORE THROAT

2. Coughing
3. Sniffles, Sneezing, Stuffy Nose
4. Tight Chest
5. Ache All Over



1 SNEEZING, SNIFFLES, STUFFY NOSE

2. Sore Throat
3. Coughing
4. Tight Chest
5. Ache All Over



1 ACHE ALL OVER

2. Sneezing, Sniffles, Stuffy Nose
3. Sore Throat
4. Coughing
5. Tight Chest

Coldene attacks all these symptoms in any stage of the common cold

Gives feelable relief in minutes . . .
Most powerful cold medicine you can buy without a prescription

The common cold is not a simple ailment. It is a disorder which attacks various parts of your system, bringing a variety of miseries to different parts of your body as it spreads. Some sufferers seem to feel one misery more quickly, others another.

Hence, Coldene is unlike any cold-and-cough medicine ever offered over druggists' counters. For it doesn't rely on the limited powers of one or two drugs, but unites the powers of several potent ingredients . . . all in proper balance.

When you take Coldene, here are the things that happen almost at once—within minutes. **First:** The instant Coldene touches your raw, inflamed throat, relief begins. **Second:** If you've been coughing, Coldene relieves that cough spasm. Right then and there! **Third:** Coldene goes to work to dry up and open your nose. You get feelable relief within minutes! **Fourth:** If your chest is tight and breathing is difficult—you breathe again! **Fifth:** If you ache and feel just plain miserable—Coldene relieves the pain, even reduces fever, gives the fullest possible help.

The reason? There's a powerful, specific, correct ingredient in Coldene for each of the miseries of the common cold. That's why Coldene can catch your cold at any of its 5 stages. Now available in its original Liquid form or in the new Coldene Tablets . . . Coldene, most powerful cold medicine you can buy without a prescription.

Copyright 1957 Pharma-Craft Company, Batavia, Illinois



NEW!



Quickly relieves chest colds without grease, strong odor or tears—COLDENE STICK CHEST RUB



For fast, localized treatment of head cold distress—COLDENE ANTIBIOTIC NASAL SPRAY

$1.00 EACH

If you're taking aspirin for colds, try COLDENE TABLETS for broader relief.

A bright new "busy-day" idea with Jell-O Instant Pudding—

Surprise Sauces





ORANGE SAUCE

1½ cups cold reconstituted frozen Orange Juice
1 package Jell-O Lemon Instant Pudding • Dash of salt

Pour cold orange juice into mixing bowl. Add pudding mix and salt and beat slowly with egg beater just until well mixed, about 1 minute. Do not overbeat; mixture will be thin. Let stand to thicken slightly. Especially good over gingerbread or cake. Sauce may be stored in refrigerator.



SATIN SAUCE

¾ cup cold light cream
1 package Jell-O Butterscotch Instant Pudding • Dash of salt
¾ cup light corn syrup

Pour cream into mixing bowl. Add pudding mix and salt and beat slowly with egg beater just until well mixed, about 1 minute. Do not overbeat; mixture will be thin. Stir in corn syrup. Chill, if desired, or serve immediately to add even more delight to ice cream or cake.

Made in a minute ... no cooking!

Everyone knows Jell-O Instant Pudding as a favorite no-trouble dessert, delicious all by itself without further fixing.

Now discover its magic as a quick and easy way to make an infinite variety of sauce surprises for dressing up other desserts!

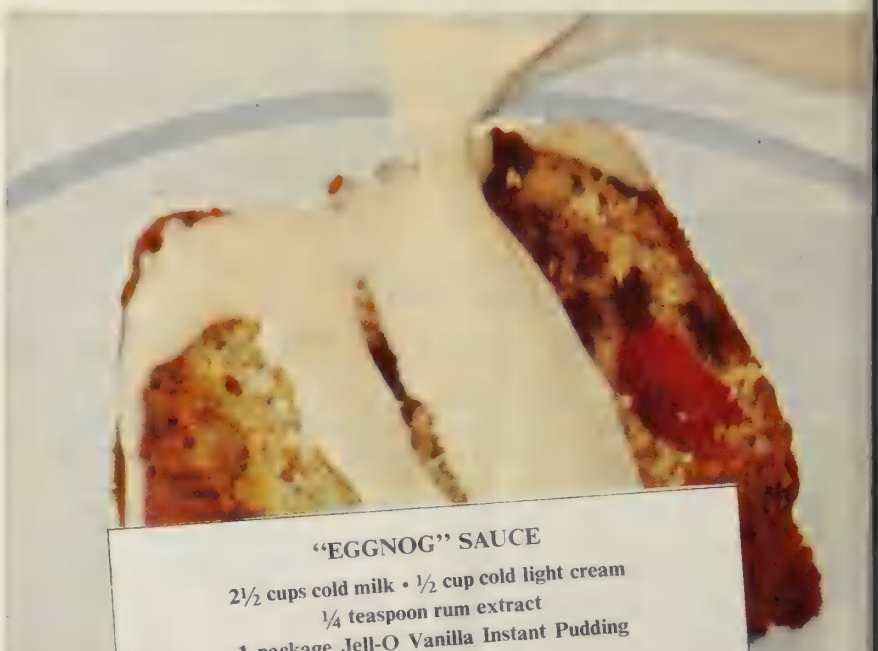
Just keep several flavors of Jell-O Instant Pudding on hand . . . plus a cup of imagination . . . and you'll always have a *different* answer when the family asks "what's for dessert?"



PINK SAUCE

2½ cups cold milk • ½ cup cold light cream
2 tablespoons sugar • ¼ teaspoon almond extract
1 package Jell-O Strawberry Instant Pudding

Pour milk and cream into bowl. Add sugar and almond extract. Add pudding mix and beat slowly until well mixed, about 1 minute. Do not overbeat; mixture will be thin. Let stand to set. Chill if desired. Just before serving stir until smooth and creamy. Try it on Jell-O Gelatin tonight!



"EGGNOG" SAUCE

2½ cups cold milk • ½ cup cold light cream
¼ teaspoon rum extract
1 package Jell-O Vanilla Instant Pudding
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

Pour milk, cream, and rum extract into mixing bowl. Add pudding mix and nutmeg. Beat slowly with egg beater just until well mixed, about 1 minute. Let stand until set—takes about 5 minutes. Serve over steamed plum or fig pudding, or as good company for holiday fruit cake.

Jell-O is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corporation



CLARK DEAN



Children's Village is a happy place—where youngsters learn not only about cleanliness (above left), but also about having fun together. After a temporary stay some go to foster or adoptive homes, others return to their families.

SOMEONE CARES . . . AT CHILDREN'S VILLAGE Fargo, North Dakota

Help Wanted

By MARGARET HICKEY

Almost every woman who has visited a children's home remembers with quickened heartbeat the hugs and kisses eagerly bestowed, the tugs at the skirt for attention, and perhaps most of all the excited question, "Are you going to be our housemother?"

Our child-caring institutions shelter some 87,000 youngsters. Because many are rejected and insecure, they long more than anything else to be wanted and loved. But unfortunately there are never enough warmhearted, dedicated people to give all the individual guidance and help these children need.

House parents in most institutions are recruited through newspaper advertisements or by other house parents. But nearly all are without experience (except for rearing families of their own) or training for the job of helping the severely disturbed children who often are sent to an institution for care. Last year 23 children's institutions in six Southeastern states banded together in a project to bring training workshops from the University of North Carolina School of Social Work right onto the grounds of the institutions themselves. Among the topics the workshops cover are how the house parent can develop leadership in children, teach responsibility and appreciation, foster healthy boy-girl relationships—all among children deprived of a normal family life.

In addition to house parents, trained professional workers also are needed. For them, too, it is a demanding, often lonely job, and many qualified young people soon discover that other work pays better.

Throughout the Middle West the need for trained social workers is probably greatest. North Dakota, whose Children's Village is featured this month, has only 50 to serve its entire population of nearly 620,000. But the state is making an effort to attract more through educational stipends and worker-in-training programs. In other states civic groups are active. Junior Leagues, for example, in Portland, Oregon; St. Joseph, Missouri; and Salt Lake City, Utah, all have given funds to help pay tuition for students in social work.

Vacation jobs for selected high-school and college students often lead to career futures in social work. In Providence, Rhode Island, Children's Friend and Service Agency offers its summertime aides job-counseling service as well as information about available scholarships. END

"Don't go yet, Mrs. K.—stay and tell me another story." The ten-year-old looks up pleadingly and kisses the dark-eyed woman sitting on the edge of his bed.

As housemother at Children's Village in Fargo, North Dakota, Mrs. Irene Ketterl is busiest at bedtime. That is the hour a motherless youngster most needs the reassurance of love, the comfort of having someone brush away tears of loneliness or listen to a little prayer. But with Ricky it was different—until tonight. At ten years of age, Ricky was a little "tough guy" without a friend in the world. Ever since he could remember he had heard almost nothing but curses from a family that had taught him one thing from the time he was old enough to learn: stealing. Ricky and his sister, two years younger, would go into a store where Ricky would start a fight. While clerks rushed to the aid of the sobbing girl, the boy would slyly take off the counter anything within arm's reach.

Now he was at Children's Village. At first, when Mrs. Ketterl tried to help him get ready for bed, he knocked off her glasses and kicked them across the room. Mrs. Ketterl simply held Ricky more firmly, pushed his arms through the sleeves of his pajamas, steered him to the bed and tucked him in. Then she said a little prayer, patted his head and left the room.

After everyone had retired, Ricky frequently riffled through drawers and closets.

"Why do you get up in the middle of the night and take things?" Mrs. Ketterl asked him gently.

"Don't you know *anything?*" the boy mocked. "That's the best time, when it's quiet and people are asleep."

At Children's Village, the little tough guy got the first kindness and affection he had ever known. For a change someone cared whether he fell down and skinned his elbow, or whether he got a D in spelling at school. And *he* began to change. Now, after four months at the Village, instead of striking out at Mrs. Ketterl, he kissed her and begged for a story. Her fervent hope was that perhaps soon Ricky would be ready to go into a boarding home with loving foster parents to give him all the attention he needs and craves.

Since 1897, 10,000 such youngsters have found a refuge in Children's Village, until recently known as North Dakota Children's Home. But even though the Village has a rich history as the state's only private child-caring agency, its story is just beginning. In June, 1956, 35 youngsters ranging in age from two to sixteen moved out of the big white two-story Children's Home into two modern cottages in a new neighborhood of rambler dwellings on the edge of the Fargo plain. In the Village, children who formerly slept in barrackslike dormitories now share a bedroom with only one other child. The older ones go to public school, do household chores, entertain their friends and go on dates—as any other normal youngsters.

But their pasts are far from normal. Many come from broken or unhappy homes to which they can never return, always in need of reassurance and love. Such a child was fourteen-year-old Connie. Beaten by her father and called "dummy" by an indolent, fun-loving mother, she ran away from home in hopes of being picked up and taken away from her family. When she first came to Children's Village—sent there by county welfare workers who persuaded her parents it was for the child's own good—she was fearful about making friends and certain she couldn't learn to do anything, even the simplest chore. But gradually through trust, kindness and discipline—the sort a concerned parent would give—the child's self-esteem began to grow. The friendliness of the other youngsters and the staff helped. So did her ability to get good marks at school, once she felt calm inside. When Mrs. Ketterl asked her to bake a cake for sewing club, which meets each Tuesday, Connie, with painful exactness, measured out the ingredients, mixed the batter, waited watchfully by the oven. When the finished cake came out of the pan, Mrs. Ketterl was lavish with praise. "Gosh, you think I'm good for something, don't you?" the amazed girl exclaimed.

"Some of them look as though they'll never smile again when they first come here," Mrs. Anna Ehlert, who is housemother in the boys' cottage, tells you. She was thinking of Leroy, whose mother was ill and deserted by her husband. Five months ago Leroy skulked in a corner, ate dinner alone, kept his eyes constantly downward. Mrs. Ehlert, who has three grown children of her own and has had experience in a similar home in Montana, used her tried-and-true technique on Leroy. Each evening before dinner, when only a few others were around,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46



Extra flavor!

More juice!

More turkey!

(Up to 20% Less Shrink)

...when you **Bake it with**



Butter is churned
from 100% real cream.
On hot foods, like turkey, you
taste the big difference even more.

© 1957, AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION

You don't need even a *whit* of experience to turn out a simp superb butter-baked turkey! Just follow the easy pictur directions over at the right.

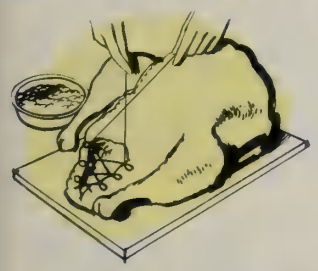
Your turkey will be juicier, more flavorful. And since shrin is controlled (up to 20% less shrinkage), you get more turke for your money when you bake it with real butter.

OVEN TEMPERATURES

LBS.	8-10	10-14	14-18	18-20	20-25
TEMP.	325° F.	325° F.	300° F.	300° F.	300° F.
BAKING TIME	3-3½ hrs.	3½-4 hrs.	4-4½ hrs.	4½-5 hrs.	6½-8 hrs.

SERVING IDEA: Cranberry sherbet goes great with turkey!

real Butter !



1. STUFF with bread cubes toasted in oven with real butter, plus minced onions, salt, pepper and poultry seasoning. Mix well. Fill turkey loosely. Truss with skewers and cord.



2. SPREAD softened butter over entire turkey, especially on drumsticks, breast and wings. This helps seal in natural juices and imparts real butter flavor. Place breast up on rack.



3. BEFORE roasting, cover bird with moist cheesecloth dipped in melted butter. Pound of butter (large turkey) for spreading and moistening cheesecloth, retards shrinkage.



4. DURING roasting, baste frequently with melted butter. Leave roaster uncovered. Do not add water nor puncture skin. Before carving place in warming oven 10 minutes.



You never outgrow your need for foods made from milk.

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION
Chicago
Representing the dairy farmers in your area
See "The Perry Como Show" on NBC-TV



What I'd Like to Tell Girls...

These are not just my own peeves. Other fellows I know feel the same way. Anyway, here they are for what they're worth.

Don't use pet phrases over and over
Don't try to attract other men's attention when you're on a date
Don't act possessive in public
Don't use heavy make-up

If you girls only knew how men admire a clean, fresh, natural complexion you'd throw away those old-looking, chalky cover-ups and start using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They're the only things I know that really work—and work fast—on blackheads and externally caused pimples. And at the same time make a girl's skin look soft, smooth and exciting.

I'm told the reason is Cuticura Soap is *superemollient* to maintain the natural moisture and normal, healthy acidity of the skin—and Cuticura Ointment softens and stimulates as it helps relieve. All I know is—the girls I like most are girls who use Cuticura.

Send 25¢ (no stamps) to cover mailing for miniature Good Looks Kit containing trial size Cuticura Soap, Ointment, Medicated Liquid, and sample shaker of Talcum with antiseptic-deodorant C-8. Write Cuticura, Dept. LH-711, Malden 48, Mass.



Cuticura

COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

Wishing won't help your skin — Cuticura will!

Available in Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

she asked him to help with little chores in the kitchen. Working side by side with Mrs. Ehlert, who though a grandmother has beautiful wavy red hair and a calm quiet manner that inspires confidence, Leroy began to talk. Little by little he expressed his bitterness because his father had left home and never tried to get in touch with him. When Leroy discovered that Mrs. Ehlert could be trusted not to "spread it around," he told her other things about himself, how he felt about school and about living at the Village, and gradually he was able to overcome successfully the hurt caused by his father's desertion. Today Leroy is a personable, poised lad of twelve, active in Boy Scouts, tops in his class and looked up to as a leader by schoolmates.

Another newcomer, the fifteen-year-old daughter of a man sent to prison for robbery, refused to speak to anyone at Children's Village. Through Miss Betty Beierle, the caseworker, she got a baby-sitting job with an understanding family who often invited her to dinner. Miss Beierle wanted the girl to learn what family living *could* be like, discover that people liked her no matter what her background—so that later on perhaps she herself might be ready to move into a foster home and lead the kind of life she had never had with her own parents. The youngster soon was able to talk a little about her fears—"Am I to blame for what my father has done?" she wondered—and with the caseworker's help slowly but surely gained self-confidence.

But in an institution no child ever gets as much attention as he needs. Perhaps that explains why Charlotte, who seemed for a while to be doing so well, lately has been getting demerits for neglecting her work and acting sassy. Or why eight-year-old Ralph, who is in a special-learning class at school, pokes his head in the door of Betty Beierle's office regularly to see if she is free to listen to him read for a few minutes. And why Susan, who cries a lot at night and can give no reason, writes Miss Beierle little notes about her innermost thoughts.

If you will help run our government in the American way, then there will never be danger of our government running America in the wrong way. GEN. OMAR N. BRADLEY

Every member of the staff finds it difficult at times to be a substitute parent to all 35, for each is so demanding of attention. Whenever Mrs. Lund walks into the girls' cottage, for example, a plump little blonde rushes up for a kiss, while a dimpled three-year-old tugs at her skirt to be picked up and held on her lap. And Olive, a flat-faced, rather unappealing child, shows her the button she is sewing, with difficulty, on her best blouse. Olive floats back to her room on a pink cloud because Mrs. Lund has called her "Princess."

Children's Village, though located in Fargo, does a state-wide job. Check the map of North Dakota on the wall in Betty Beierle's office. Pretty, blond Miss Beierle, just two years out of the University of North Dakota, is one of two social workers on the Village staff. The scope of her duties would probably shock the average graduate social worker. Each of the 87 pins on the map represents an adoptive or boarding home (or prospective adoptive home yet to be investigated) under the supervision of Children's Village. Many are farm homes scattered all over the state. All must be visited and studied by Miss Beierle or her co-worker, though local county welfare workers usually co-operate by checking on children in the foster boarding homes.

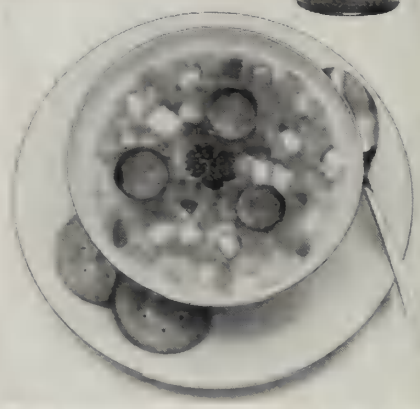
A branch of the Village to supervise the foster and adoptive homes throughout the western part of the state—and also to find just the right foster home for a special problem—has been a dream of superintendents through the years. For Children's Village is just a temporary home where youngsters stay from six to nine months. About 20 per cent of them

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

Flavor in a flash!

Delicious goodness—zesty flavor—wholesome nutrition—at your fingertips with high-protein, low-calorie Herb-Ox Instant. So quick, so easy to use. Just sprinkle in one level teaspoonful for a real taste-thrill. Try this quick luncheon dish.





POTATO SOUP SURPRISE—Cook slowly in 4 cups water with 4 tsps. Herb-Ox Instant Bouillon, 1 large Idaho potato, cubed; 1 piece celery & 2 leeks, chopped; 1 frankfurter, cut up; pepper & salt.

Herb-Ox

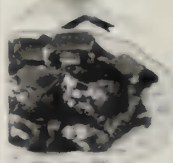
INSTANT BOUILLON AND SEASONING

The Pure Food Company, Inc., Mamaroneck, N.Y.



You'll LOVE My FUDGE!

Lynne White
fluff's Home Economist



Smooth, delicious — easy to make! See my simple recipe on Fluff label! *Send for my FREE Dessert Recipe Book in full color.*

Lynne White, Dept. L11, Box 470, Lynn, Mass.

COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

MARSHMALLOW fluff

WHY NOT EARN MORE?

You can easily earn extra money by selling magazine subscriptions in your spare time. Thousands of our representatives made their start by asking for our generous commission offer. No obligation. Address a postal today!

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
251 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

YOUR OLD FUR COAT INTO NEW CAPE STOLE OR JACKET $22.95 TAX FREE

LET MORTON'S REMODEL your old, worn or out-of-style fur coat, jacket, even your old cape into a glamorous new style, complete with new lining, interlining, monogram cleaning, glazing, only $22.95.

- Morton's is world's first ■ largest 1-price fur service.
- Widest selection of styles! Over 30 Lovely Fashions!
- Morton's styling and work praised by Harper's Bazaar, Glamour, other fashion leaders.
- Send no money. Just mail us your old fur. State dress size and height. Pay postman when restyled fashion arrives. Or write for new 1958 style book.

YOU SAVE 50%



WRITE FOR NEW 1958 FREE STYLE BOOK

MORTON'S Dept. 158-K
Washington 4, D. C.



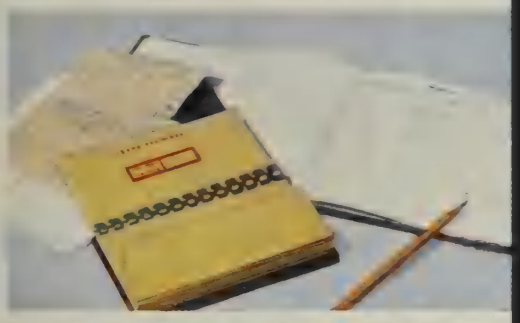
Bing says—

"Make it a White Christmas! Give her a Gas appliance!"

See why he chose a Philco-Bendix® GAS Duomatic for his own home!



A WASHER . . . A GAS DRYER . . . TWO IN ONE. You don't need to transfer wet clothes from one machine to another. Duomatic soaks, washes, rinses, fluff-dries—all automatically. And you can use the Gas Duomatic as a separate washer or dryer, too.



SAVES YOU MONEY! Because low-cost Gas fuels the Duomatic, it can save you up to $32.30 each year in operating costs. And only Philco-Bendix gives you the wonderful economy of GAS in a washer-dryer combination—two machines in one!

It washes cleaner! The Big Filter Drum performs washday miracles in the Philco-Bendix Gas Duomatic washer-dryer combination. Clothes plunge two feet into penetrating suds and 2,880 filter holes eliminate sand . . . make lint a thing of the past. Clothes then get a total of three clear-water rinses for extra-clean results! There's no better washing system made!

It dries faster! The same Big Filter Drum that washes your clothes so clean fluff-dries them, too, in the Philco-Bendix Gas Duomatic. And it does the whole job in as little as an hour—up to 45 minutes *faster* than other combinations! Thermostats regulate the heat, make your Gas Duomatic safe for any fabric. There's no better drying system made! AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION





Cabinets by American Kitchens

See this new Gas washer-dryer at your Gas company or Gas appliance dealer's.
PHILCO-BENDIX Home Laundry Appliances are brought to you by PHILCO CORPORATION.

ONLY GAS does so much more...for so much less!

The modern, economical fuel for automatic cooking . refrigeration . water-heating . clothes-drying . house-heating . air-conditioning . incineration.

Watch "Playhouse 90" with Julia Meade on CBS-TV. Sponsored by your Gas company and the Gas industry. See local listings for time and station.

The 28th in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide America's Children to a Better Future

Should your child be a Medical Technologist?

by CHARLOTTE STREET

Chief Medical Technologist, The Papanicolaou Cytology Laboratory, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, and Assistant in Pathology, Cornell University Medical College (As told to LLEWELLYN MILLER)



The increasing use of electron microscopes in hospitals and research laboratories has created a demand for Technologists trained in their operation. With these microscopes, doctors can examine body tissues sliced thin as a millionth of an inch . . . study cells magnified as much as 150,000 times . . . detect polio and other viruses.

"EXACTLY what is a Medical Technologist—a special kind of nurse?"

That question is frequently asked by young people, and quite understandably.

My profession is one of the newest in the field of medical science. College degrees in Medical Technology have been granted for only about 35 years. Since most of our work is done behind the doors of laboratories, few people have a clear idea of what we do or realize how much our efforts contribute to those of physicians and research scientists, though we are neither doctors nor nurses.

Perhaps the best way to explain how many interesting, important and varied opportunities my chosen career offers to young men and women of suitable ability and temperament is to take you behind the scenes and show you some Medical Technologists at their tasks.

Let's start in a hospital.

A young woman in white is leaving the Accident Receiving Room. Her uniform is similar to that of a nurse, but without a cap. She has just taken a sample of blood from a child who has cut an artery. He is in critical condition, in immediate need of a blood transfusion.

She has life or death in her hands.

The doctor must use blood compatible with that of the child. Any other type may be fatal. So will delay.

She moves calmly, but quickly, to a near-by laboratory. With methodical speed she tests the child's blood, using slides, microscope and known typing sera. Her results show that Blood Type A, Rh positive is required. Seconds are precious, but all depends on her accuracy as well as her speed. She checks by cross-matching the child's blood with some of the same type from the Blood Bank stock. In a matter of minutes, she is in the operating room with the blood needed to save the child.

All of the work of Medical Technologists is not so dramatic in demand for speed.

Let's look elsewhere in hospital laboratories at the Technologists who are under less pressure. They are using test tubes, stains, chemicals and many delicate instruments. One may be making a blood count which will tell the doctor if his patient is threatened with anemia. Another may be making a liver function test to see if a patient has infectious hepatitis. Others may be checking for evidence of other maladies, such as cancer or diabetes.

Let's move into one of the big pharmaceutical houses. Here Technologists are making analyses of medications for purity and strength. Without the careful work of hundreds of such highly trained people, it would have been impossible to produce the great quantity of Salk vaccine, to give just one example, when it was needed to protect the children of the nation from polio.

Or look into a research laboratory where many of us find the greatest challenge and reward. There Technologists are assisting in experiments, working directly with distinguished scientists whose careers are dedicated to the search for new knowledge and new remedies. It is a great moment when a discovery has its final proof and the Technologist can say, "I saw it happen—and I helped."

Some of our work is routine, some has great variety, but all of it is equally important in that the Medical Technologist's highly specialized skills free the doctor for the many other duties for which he is so greatly needed.

Before World War I, most practicing physicians had to perform laboratory tests for themselves. Only in large communities could they call on a pathologist for aid. (A pathologist is a specialist—a physician who is sometimes called a "doctor's doctor." He is an expert in laboratory procedures. His knowledge helps those doctors who have concentrated in other specialties to make decisions as to diagnosis and treatment of disease.)

As medical knowledge grew and as many new drugs were discovered, pathologists were swamped with work. So were doctors who maintained their own laboratories. They could not keep up with the increasing demand for the tests that were becoming more valuable—and more complicated—with each passing year. Through necessity,

they began to teach assistants to take over some of the laboratory duties which require great care, accuracy and special knowledge, but which do not demand all of the skills of a doctor. Still the laboratories were snowed under. The logical solution was to create schools to give standardized training in Medical Technology.

And so a new career in medicine came about.

Our profession is particularly attractive to girls, but is by no means limited to them. About ninety percent of Technologists are women, but the proportion of men is steadily increasing.

It has strong appeal to young people who are keenly interested in medical sciences, but do not want, or cannot afford, to devote the eight to twelve years of study and training needed by a doctor before he is ready to practice.

It also appeals to those who want to aid the sick, but would rather not work directly with very ill patients, as do nurses.

After as little as three years of study, a student may take a valued place in the team of healers as a Registered Medical Technologist.



Laboratory analysis of body fluids is an important part of Medical Technology. These Technologists are determining certain chemical constituents of a blood sample through titration.

Required training

There are short cuts to employment in laboratories, but the young person who wants a career as a Medical Technologist and a chance at the most interesting work and the highest pay—rather than just a job—needs a minimum of two years in college and another twelve months in a School of Medical Technology which is connected with a hospital, medical school, or State Board of Health and which has been approved by The American Medical Association.

Such preparation leads, after examination, to a Certificate from the Registry of Medical Technologists of The American Society of Clinical Pathologists and the right to place M.T. (ASCP) after one's name. In other words, the student has won the title: Registered Medical Technologist.

Some colleges give a Bachelor's Degree in Science after three years of college and one year in an Approved School of Medical Technology.

The student who wishes to specialize in one particular type of laboratory work may do so without taking the twelve months' course in Medical Technology, provided he holds a college degree and has taken certain required science courses.

A college degree obtained in either of these ways is the best start for a career, since it leads to more advancement and greater responsibility. Many young Technologists, however, go to work after three years of study and work for their degrees around the edges of a job. This is practical and convenient, since so many laboratories are in hospitals connected with universities.

Cost of training

One of the many attractions of my profession is that training is markedly less expensive than in many comparable fields. The cost of college preparation varies, of course, depending on the college chosen, but, of the more than 650 Approved Schools of Medical Technology, about two-thirds make no charge whatever for tuition.

Therefore, a student living at home can complete the necessary final year for no more than the cost of maintenance.

In many of the Approved Schools, students even receive a small stipend for the laboratory work they do as part of their training.

I know of no other field except nursing where training for so important a profession can be had for so little cost.

The financial future

There are nearly 24,000 Registered Medical Technologists (as well as many who are non-registered) in the United States today. It is estimated that 50,000 qualified laboratory workers will be needed by 1960. Therefore, graduates have immediate choice of many different positions—no need to worry about getting a rapid start when training is complete.

Salaries vary from one part of the country to another, as they do in all professions. The range for recent graduates is from $3,400 to $4,200 in hospitals. Positions in industry offer somewhat more. Those who advance to supervisory and teaching positions are well rewarded. Chief Medical Technologists and specialists in certain fields can earn $6,000 or more, and rate of pay is steadily increasing.

The girl who wants to take a few years away from her career to have a family will find her skills in demand when she wants to return to work. If her husband's career calls for a transfer to a new territory, she can find a position, usually with no delay whatever, in their new home town.

Requirements for success

There is a place for many different temperaments in my profession.

Boys and girls who like to be surrounded by people will be stimulated by the busy life of a hospital. In large ones, they will become specialists. If variety of tasks is of greatest appeal, a small hospital provides something different every hour of the day. Laboratory work in a physician's office or a clinic usually calls for some direct contact with patients. The more retiring person will enjoy the laboratories where long months may be devoted to a special research project. Those with a talent for teaching are in great demand.



The work of skilled Medical Technologists is of vital importance in today's fight against cancer. Here, at the Papanicolaou Cytology Laboratory, a Technologist prepares slides of samplings of cells shed from body tissues for microscopic study, which may reveal the presence of cancer long before it could be detected by other means.

But any young person who chooses any branch of Medical Technology must have certain attributes:

A natural interest in the sciences. Is your child showing keen interest and making good grades in biology, chemistry, and other sciences in high school? Does she question about *how* things work? Is she interested in *the reason* one ingredient curdles a sauce and another doesn't? Curiosity about the why and wherefore, interest in cause and effect are important in the laboratory.

Accuracy. Does your child follow instructions carefully and make precise measurements? The youngster who is satisfied with a slap-dash piece of carpentry or sewing will be happier and more successful in another profession. The Technologist must be a perfectionist. There is no such thing as being half right in a laboratory.

Reliability. Does your child carry through a task in faithful detail without supervision? Medical Technologists must be absolutely trustworthy. Lives often depend on their work.

Cooperativeness. Does your child do a fair share of work at home voluntarily? Does your child get along easily with older people, as well as those of the same age, and take criticism and suggestion good-naturedly? A Technologist is part of a team.

Capacity for patient, thorough effort. If your girl starts a piece of knitting, will she finish it rather than abandon it half done? Is she willing to go back and correct a mistake? Ability to complete a job, and do it well, is of prime importance in a laboratory.

Manual dexterity. Is your child deft? The Medical Technologist works with fragile glassware and delicate instruments. The laboratory is no place for a butterfingers.

Steady nerves. Medical Technologists sometimes work under heavy pressure. They must be calm and efficient under stress. The excitable child who panics in emergency is not cut out for the laboratory.

Everyone is not suited for a career in Medical Technology. Those who are will find a warm welcome, a valued place in the absorbing world of science and a respected place in the community.

They will also find a satisfaction beyond the many tangible rewards—the sure knowledge that their chosen life work is of importance to others, as well as to themselves, because even the smallest duty in the laboratory contributes, in some degree, to the safety, health and comfort of mankind.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Medical Technology is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science, Librarianship, the Armed Forces, Engineering *and* Food Retailing. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

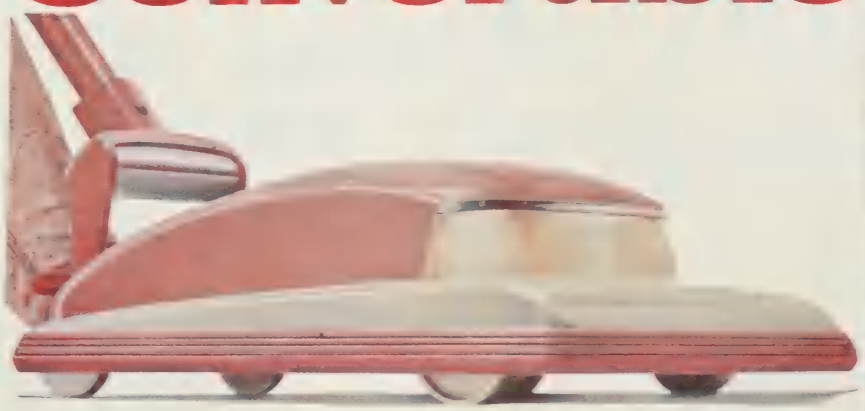
NEW YORK LIFE Insurance Company

51 Madison Ave., Dept. 28-J, New York 10, N. Y.

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

Copyright 1957, New York Life Insurance Company

New Hoover Convertible



The Cleaner with the Automatic Shift!

Low gear for carpets ..... *Shift!* ..... *High gear for everything else*



New Hoover *Convertible* is actually two cleaners in one

Fastest and cleanest pickup of all!

Long, low, and rarin' to go. From Hoover comes a new kind of cleaner—the *Convertible*. Its two-speed motor with Automatic Shift makes it the most complete cleaner that ever came down the carpet.

You get more than just the right power for carpets. The *Convertible*, being a true Hoover, *beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans* to get the deep-down dirt other cleaners can't get.

How Automatic Shift works—Just click in the converter and the big motor automatically shifts into high. Presto! . . . an extra burst of power for straight-suction cleaning—50% more than ever before. Rear connection lets the cleaner follow you. Double-stretch hose, too.

So get cleaning over with faster and do a better job of it to boot. Get the new Hoover *Convertible*. Complete with accessories—$132.90.

HOOVER® FINE APPLIANCES

...around the house, around the world

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

eventually are adopted; the others go to foster homes when it is not possible to return them to their own families or relatives.

Mrs. Lucy J. Hall, recently retired after forty-two years as a caseworker with the old Children's Home, tells about the many times she has crisscrossed North Dakota in search of the right foster home for a child. Until 1952, she carried on her investigations without any help. James C. Baccus, superintendent, and Milton F. Weber, president of the board, have pledged themselves to active fund-raising so that the Village can hire two more caseworkers and raise the salaries of the house parents, who presently receive $175 a month.

Some counseling and psychological testing now are available through the Children's Social Service Center in Fargo, set up in 1954 by the Cass County Welfare Board and staffed by a full-time psychologist and psychiatric social worker. But throughout the state there is still great need for treatment facilities for children with serious emotional disturbances.

Children's Village is using the Social Service Center whenever possible—for sometimes love is not enough. The roots of rejection often are deep, too deep for a foster or a house parent to reach. One teen-aged girl, emotionally disturbed when she came to Children's Village, was sent first to one foster home, then another.

The happiest wife is not the one who marries the best man, but the one who makes the best of the man she marries. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON
Harper & Bros.

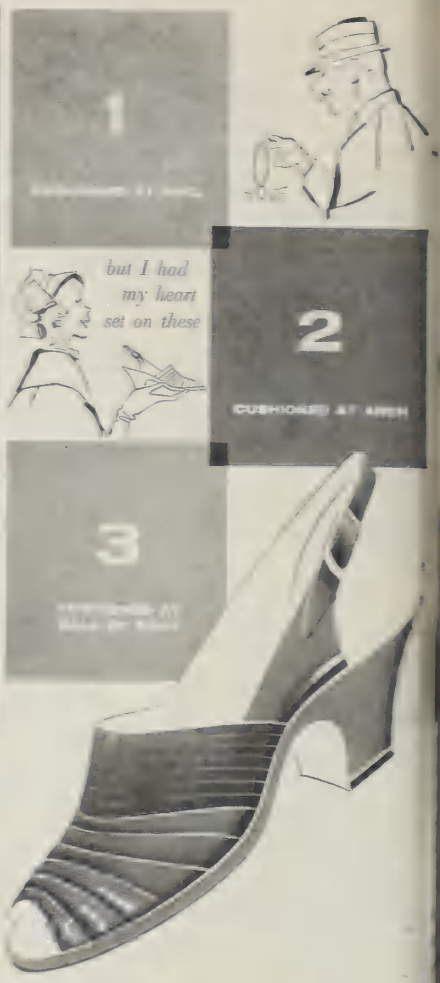
Each time she threw temper tantrums or ran away. The foster mothers, without counseling from a caseworker or psychologist, all failed, and finally the child was sent to an institution for girls where she will get discipline tempered with understanding. Another boy who stole habitually couldn't reform and finally was sent to Nebraska Boys' Town.

Money for the $80,000 annual budget of Children's Village comes from gifts and bequests from the people of North Dakota, from the Community Welfare Association and from public-welfare funds. In 1955 and 1956, when plans for the new buildings were getting under way, county agents, country-weekly editors and adoptive parents throughout the state led a campaign that raised $68,000. An initial $147,000 had already come as a bequest from a businessman's estate. In the 1956–57 fiscal year, contributions from the Community Welfare Association totaled $6274, and services and care purchased for individual children by the public welfare board, $40,889.

Anyone who contributes to Children's Village is considered a "member" and invited to attend the annual May meetings to elect seven directors who serve three-year terms on a twenty-one-member board. Both Mr. Weber, an insurance man, and Mr. Baccus, formerly promotion director of the North Dakota Farm Bureau, have special reasons for their interest in their work. Each has two youngsters adopted through Children's Village.

What Children's Village lacks in staff highly trained in psychological and emotional problems it makes up for, partly anyway, in a comfortable atmosphere for youngsters who must live away from home. At the Village they are learning things their families never taught them. Some have led such undisciplined and neglected lives that the first thing they have to understand is that families must abide by rules and regulations and that they can be happy even though restricted. A number are learning about cleanliness—for a neglected child is usually a dirty child—and table manners, and getting along in a group.

Others are gaining an appreciation of spiritual values. At Christmas, just before leaving for a foster home, Ricky gave Mrs. Ketterl a tiny red wreath and begged her to put it in her window every year. "When you look at it, think of me," he smiled, "and remember that you taught me how to pray." END



rhythm step

JOHNSON, STEPHENS & SHINKLE SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Best for Baby—evenflo

Give a gift she wants
evenflo baby gifts

New! **evenflo** Hot Water Faucet Bottle Warmer $2.50 Gift-Packaged



Attaches to any faucet. Flow of hot water rotates bottle so formula warms thoroughly, speedily. Economical, easy to clean, wears and wears.

evenflo Food Warmer $2.99 Gift-Packaged



Strong plastic dish has Walt Disney characters, Sure-Grip—No Slip suction cup base.

evenflo Deluxe Electric Sterilizer

Eight-bottle sterilizer saves space on the range, shuts off automatically. Other models as low as $3.98.

$10.95



evenflo

See these and other Evenflo gifts at your favorite baby counters everywhere.

EVENFLO, RAVENNA, OHIO

The Picture of Health for November



by MAXINE DAVIS

Vitamins are essential as oxygen. Ever ask why? How many are there? How much do we need? Which foods contain them all? Can they be dangerous? Here are some answers:

They are nutrients, indispensable to life and health. Scientists ve found twenty of them—so far! Your daily re- irement is less than a teaspoonful. But no one food, t even milk, contains all of them; they are spread nong components of seven basic food groups. So you n see why vitamin concentrates are so very important.

Doctors prescribe them when they restrict diets for ch diseases as stomach ulcer or allergy; when they eat illness, poor appetite, or old age. They order em to improve the nutrition of babies, pregnant omen, and nursing mothers.

Because individual requirements vary so, our mily doctor recommends BEXEL vitamin-mineral psules. BEXEL is tailored to every age and purpose keeping well or getting well. No one gets too little too much. There's BEXEL syrup or child-size cap- les for the small fry, high-potency for Grandfather, d other preparations for the rest of us, including e baby. Result: our notably healthier household!

Everyone's full of vim and vigor these autumn ys. The Head of the House walks to work, and plays lf on week-ends. Tom's on the freshman football am at college and Jane's black and blue from ing all out at field hockey.

I used to worry because their feet perspired even this crisp weather. All three of them have suffered iserably from athlete's foot and know that this ngus disease flourishes on damp feet.

Now they use OCTOFEN Powder for prevention, or worst, OCTOFEN Liquid as a healing relief. They dry eir feet thoroughly after showering, dust them specially between the toes) with OCTOFEN Powder, d sprinkle it into their shoes and clean socks. TOFEN Liquid will help prevent another attack.

Scientific findings indicate that no other fungicide s been more successful. OCTOFEN is the only medica- n approved by the authoritative National Foot ealth Council for athlete's foot.

This exhilarating autumn, we're all so bouncy that e use almost as much YODORA as in July. For the bac- ria that are the source of the unpleasant odor of rspiration grow just as freely.

The New YODORA—light, delicate, soothing, healing -contains an antibiotic that paralyzes those germs d keeps underarms dainty for as long as twenty-four urs—sometimes longer. With it one *is* as fresh as e's new winter suit *looks!*

If you try to rake leaves, dig your dahlia bulbs, d put the perennials to bed all in one zestful fall y, you can overdo. You'll suffer with stiff muscles d your arthritic joints.

But there's great help. Use SURIN. It's not a cure; ere isn't any. But smooth on SURIN where pain urts; then put moist hot towels over it for two inutes. You'll find SURIN gets down to where the ain is and relieves it. Then you can think happily f tomorrow.

Even throat irritation of colds yields to remarkable medication that

Fights Germs...Soothes Throat Fast!



Neo-Aqua-Drin gives longer lasting help!

An unique balance of antibiotic and pain soothing ingredients, in pleasant lozenges.

Neo-Aqua-Drin Lozenges offer safe, fast medication that does a thorough job for your family's protection.

So keep Neo-Aqua-Drin in the home all year, especially now when winter-time colds strike. It's a blessing to have with you, any time, for relief of dry scratchy throat due to colds, smoking, or sudden raw weather. Get several little vials of Lozenges from your druggist—for the medicine chest, for your purse, for your husband's pocket.

Now, with Neo-Aqua-Drin Lozenges you can attack throat germs right where they multiply and begin to cause real harm. As they fight germs, they bring soothing relief—even to the raw, irritated throat membranes.

Neo-Aqua-Drin is the result of exacting McKesson research to successfully combine antibiotic protection with pain soothing ingredients—in an unique balance. So, each ingredient helps the other to give you more effective, longer-lasting relief.

Your doctor knows the wisdom of guarding against throat irritation, so ask your druggist today for Neo-Aqua-Drin Lozenges.

Ask your druggist too for Neo-Aqua-Drin Nasal Spray and Nose Drops. All three are the result of the most painstaking McKesson laboratory research to *make it better—so it's better for you.*



Neo-Aqua-Drin Nasal Spray mist helps to open stopped-up nose for easy breathing. Checks germs. Does not sting or burn. Contains NO ephedrine.

Neo-Aqua-Drin Nose Drops with medication for those who prefer drops.

BETTER ... by McKESSON © 1957 McKesson & Robbins



Modess introduces the flexible tampon



...a tampon you can trust even on "first" days

SHAPES TO FIT YOU

The flexible Modess Tampon conforms to inner body contours, leaving *no area unprotected* (often the cause of embarrassing accidents with old-style rigid tampons).

TWICE AS PROTECTIVE

Gives twice the protection, more absorbency than any other tampon—safe as a napkin. Most women will need no extra precautions, even on "first" days.

BLESSEDLY COMFORTABLE

Modess-soft and dainty . . . easy to insert with slim, individual applicators. Regular, Super, or Junior.

NEW MODESS® TAMPONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

privilege of being the first and probably the only woman ever to teach in ■ college for Buddhist monks. Ordinarily a monk is supposed never to look at a woman, never to speak to one, never to allow his robe to be brushed by one in the street, never to receive anything from her hand. But for once, urgent need overcame the taboos. The Venerable Ones in charge of instruction were determined that Cambodian monks would be able to communicate with other Buddhists throughout the world, and the only language available to all the others was English. The Asia Foundation offered to supply a teacher, and when the appeal was sent out by the U. S. Information Service to American women in Phnom Penh, I volunteered.

There are over two thousand *bonzes*, yellow-clad monks, in Phnom Penh alone. They do no "work," beg for their one daily meal of rice, and own nothing but a yellow strip of cloth, an umbrella, a pair of sandals and a begging bowl. Secretly I had plenty of apprehensions at the prospect of teaching 177 of them in classes of 59 each, with sessions lasting two hours. But how better could I get a real glimpse of this enchanting land and its people?

At my first session, the Cambodian teacher who had given them their first instruction in English introduced me and disappeared. The monks sat in six rows, with five crowded to a bench on either side of a central aisle. I was thoroughly scared, and then I realized that they were far more frightened than I. They didn't dare look at me, for I was a woman, but they didn't dare *not* look, for I was ■ teacher. I began speaking slowly and clearly. I met blank, frozen, expressionless faces. Did they understand? I asked. Still blank. They were lost and so was I. Finally I held up my pencil. "What is this?" To my amazement, back came the answer from 59 throats in unison, "This izza pencil."

Our combined relief was enormous. Joyfully we explored our common territory. They knew what a book was, a desk, ■ tree. When they hesitated over umbrella, I wrote it on the blackboard. They were pleased to learn its English name.

If I tried to single out one student at a time to answer questions, he would freeze in embarrassment, so I asked questions by rows. As I walked up the aisle to hear the replies from the back, the monks sitting next to the aisle shrank away. I let their glances skid perilously past my shoulder, all the while maintaining the serene neutrality of a pagoda. Gradually the tension relaxed. They could even begin to smile as I corrected their buzzing *Dzank you very mush*. They learned to have the courage to answer my frequent "Do you understand?" with a joyful *yes* or emphatic *no*. When the bell rang, I repeated, "Whenever you have any questions, be sure to ask me." Several gathered around my desk. Then one managed to ask the first question: "How old are you?"

Although I had the best manuals available for teaching English, I found the subject matter hopelessly unsuitable for my *bonzes*. "New York is larger than Washington." "Snow falls in winter." Gradually I began experimenting with dialogues about Cambodia. I could soon count to five in Cambodian, and they were overjoyed as we drilled. Later, I found some English translations from sacred Buddhist writings in Pali, and approval was given for me to use these booklets once a week. At first the students were bewildered, but then came delighted recognition of the Pali chant. Often I would let one side chant the rolling Pali phrases, and the other side reply with the English equivalent.

What did it all mean, this outreach across the barriers of language, across cultural and religious backgrounds?

For me, I came to love these Buddhist monks for their sweetness and utter guilelessness. Intellectually they were no giants, but in knowledge of the heart they were truly educated. I often thought of them as children—but children without jealousy, anger or strife. These young men had achieved an absolute gentleness of spirit. Even in a two-hour class, jammed together on hard, backless benches, in sweltering heat, there was never a sign of disorder or irritability. Although I was often exhausted after a long session, I invariably felt I had received more than I had been able to give.

As for them, let Prum Chhon speak for "my" *bonzes* in his letter:

"Hello dear," he writes. "During last long time I never wrote any letter to you and I did not know that you had ■ good time or not. When you left Cambodia, to the U.S.A., did you have free on your trip? I was afraid on it. If you had free, I would enjoy very much. However, do you and your relatives have a good time every day?

"Oh, my former teacher! I miss you very much, because you was a popular teacher to me. Every time I want to write ■ letter to you, but I cannot write it still. If I can write it, I almost write many letters to you. Because the English language is difficul. If you and your family are getting on all right, we, students at the Buddhist College are very glad to hear it, and as we are getting on all right we should know about you and your family.

"Finally, I have nothing for you, but I have this one of letter which souvenir for you. Excuse me on this my letter please. My name, Prum Chhon."

Sincerely,
MARGARET BEIDLER

Must Schools be Palaces?

Appleton, Wisconsin

Sir: We hope you have not acted too harshly with the editor responsible for allowing the question Must Schools be Palaces? (August JOURNAL) to be commented on by Dorothy Thompson.

MAUREY LEE ALLEN, A. I. A.
Architect

West Haven, Connecticut

In Must Schools be Palaces? it was asserted that we should go back to building on two floors to secure "twice as much room under one roof and on one foundation, and greatly decreasing building and heating costs." Since Miss Thompson mentioned the disadvantages of single-story buildings, in all fairness some of the advantages should be presented:

1. Costly stairways and the space they occupy are eliminated.
2. Foundation footings need to be planned to accommodate only the weight of a single story.
3. Non-load-bearing walls can be used, which greatly reduces costs.
4. The cluster or finger plan of schoolrooms can eliminate costly excavation by following the natural contours of the site.
5. Costly plumbing facilities do not have to be duplicated on additional floors.
6. Buildings can be evacuated much more rapidly in emergencies. (A most important point, don't you think?)

Other advantages are less fancy ornamentation and a school that harmonizes with the improving environment of other modern buildings. I hope that people will "think before they pass judgment" also—and will consult some of the studies which cite the values on each side of the question.

GEORGE J. COLLINS

Indianapolis, Indiana

Dorothy Thompson states that "architects and contractors first of all . . . are always active in promotion" (of larger schools). May I, as an architect of twenty years' experience, protest this insult to the architectural profession? I assure you that no architect would or could design ■ larger building than that which the owner required, desired or could afford; and state and school authorities have established rigid legal requirements for every phase of schoolhouse planning. The school in Tangier described by Miss Thompson is a small private school catering to a select group and under no legal restrictions, and has no comparison to a large American school for public education and governed by strict state educational and construction standards. (That wide, open staircase sounds like a fire trap to me.) We are trying to make the public schools good enough for everyone and equal to 1957 standards in other fields.

ROSE MARY BEST

Berrien Springs, Michigan

Does it really cost more to paint rooms in gay, bright colors instead of dark gloomy ones? And there is a reason for "all that glass"—tests have shown the light isn't sufficient without it! Of course the new schools cost money; but what doesn't now? Regardless of our school taxes, I want our three little girls to have the best all-around education they can get, in the most pleasant surroundings possible. Schools needn't be palaces, but they should be more than just places.

MRS. LEON CONRAD



FOR FAMILY FUN
PLAY THESE
Parker Games



CAREERS

It's new, it's different, it's fun! As in real life, you set your own formula of Fame, Fortune and Happiness as your goal, and choose careers that interest you most. $3.00



MONOPOLY

Parker Brothers' trade-mark name for its real estate trading game. Want to be a "millionaire"? Want to own ■ railroad? . . . ■ hotel? You can have endless fun doing all these things with this world-famous game. It's great! $4, $5, $10



SORRY

Parker Brothers' trade-mark name for its slide pursuit game. Four "men" have to reach home. Careful plotting and luck are needed to help you win. $3.00



WIDE WORLD

Capitals, principal products and cities become familiar to you as you fly around the world in this exciting new game. It's great fun! $3

FAMOUS
Parker Games
Also Include
CLUE • WINNIE-THE-POOH • RICH UNCLE

FREE!
★ Send for illustrated 32-page Parker Games Party Booklet. Parker Brothers, Inc., Dept. 442, Salem, Mass.

Canadian Agent: Collett-Sproule Boxes, Limited, Toronto

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"I wish you'd tell me what it is that you have against the incandescent bulb?"

One deb in our block has adopted a posture which shrieks "Me, me, me!" She flaunts ■ hip swirl and a lip curl, and she makes me feel 990 years old. She acts as if she'd invented sex, yet her hip flip is exactly like Ann Pennington's, a dancer of the giddy 1920's, when sex was really discovered, if I remember correctly.

Our recent vacation unveiled the brave new world of the turnpikes and toll roads. They remind me of the H. G. Wells utopias I read as ■ boy, so tailored and immaculate. And the lunchrooms are all too vividly like scenes of George Orwell's novel, 1984, in twenty-eight flavors.

If you can convince ■ male teen-ager what ■ lion he'd be at high-school, college and country-club dances, he might condescend to mask his scorn of $30 worth of dancing lessons.

Over his second fruit juice at the mid-morning break our lunchroom autocrat vowed that what the modern sex riddle really needs is candor. "When confronted by sex," he said, "many lovers act as if they were two strange people."

To carve a turkey is still a pleasing ritual, yet also a chore. I console myself by munching at turkey crumbs as I carve or our Thanksgiving guests would be demanding seconds before I had a bite. (My new rule: Carve your own seconds!)

Our son unveils big news: some of the 1958 automobiles (cocky, eh?) won't carry a spare tire. Does this mean more luggage room, and must we carry even more baggage than we did last summer?

My Dream Girl and I attend a variety of churches occasionally, to see how other people worship. We like best the ones that preach more brotherly love than hell and damnation.

Our town's youngest and prettiest dowager had her portrait painted expensively with her characteristic hairdo. Later she changed her hairdo to please a new admirer, and had the artist (for $350) paint the new one into her portrait. (I hope the rascal's worth it!)

How can Harold Stassen and Zarubin possibly agree on disarmament over London teacups when it often takes ten or fifteen years for a pair of brothers-in-law to disarm?

Even the ladies at bridge on Columbus Day agreed that a wife with a husband reared in the Sir Galahad tradition really has it golden. This chivalrous breed of romantics is scarcer and grows skeptical.*

From exotic faraway places I've brought my Princess of Sheer Delight a sarong, ■ snood and a bikini, and now she wants me to taper off my travels, bring her a kimono and settle down among our begonias.

"What a man must ask his wife," snorts Peter Comfort, removing his fantastic TV aerial from his roof, "is: Does she want a husband henpecked and subservient, or does she want one who acts like Burt Lancaster, Bob Mitchum or Kirk Douglas?"

My eavesdropping son assures me parents are hypocrites: when we think the kids aren't listening we say "ain't" and brag about our childhood orneriness.

Often I think the bike may still save civilization. Any dolt can drive a $3500 car too fast, but it takes quite a boy or girl to pedal a $40 bicycle ten or twelve miles and go places.

* *We celebrated because he discovered America.*

My Lady Love is an expert dietitian; she knows for a fact that one ounce of anything I like is more fattening than one pound of something I don't like; such as ice cream and hollandaise sauce.

I understand better now why fathers of the past were so stern and forbidding. If they'd relaxed in one moment of whimsey or flippancy their kids would have massacred 'em, clobbered 'em, dived down their throats.

Eureka! At last the food men have done it: a frozen dinner for dieters, around 400 calories, in turkey, chicken or beef flavor. Three of 'em a day (and nothing else!) and I'd lose twelve pounds in ■ month, maybe. (What happened to all that gravy?)

After I'd collected 6″ x 6″ ceramic tiles all over the world, on Cape Cod I finally found a ceramics studio where they make 'em, and it was closed.

One of our nearby nabobs allowed his children to paint murals on the sides of his new swimming pool. Nearest indulgence to that in my childhood was when my dad let me implant my footprint in ■ new cement sidewalk.

"For heaven's sake don't quote me," confides Betty Comfort, taking in the milk, "but I conclude that aside from my own children and a few of my relatives' brats, only one child in ten is really adorable."

Last summer our town's execs began driving from an air-cooled home in an air-cooled car to an air-cooled office, just like Texans. What's more, with the windows closed and no rush of air it's easier for women to talk in ■n air-cooled car.

After meditation, our golf foursome agrees the 1957 collegians aren't any brighter than we were; they merely seem so because they're closer to their textbooks and haven't stubbed their toes as many times.

One of my smart neighbors tells me the best way to clean your glasses is to use your soapy shaving brush on 'em when you're through shaving. But what of us who valiantly scrape our necks with electric shavers—must we use fingernail brushes?

If it's true that teen-agers say "See you soon, raccoon," could it mean a renaissance of poetry among the young? I've never actually heard any of our son's chums say in earnest "See you later, alligator," or "You dig what I mean, jelly bean," but it rhymes.

I love to watch my Dream Girl's college classmates' glances when we go to the home-coming football game as they try to see which sister has kept her figure, which still adores her husband, which husband afforded a second mink coat when the first one began to look ratty, and which are even happier without.

. . . When the infant Suzi took her first step and has kept running ever since,

. . . Or our youngest commands me: "Dad, that's a good line, better make a note of it,"

. . . While my daughter lets her red hair grow into a long pony tail with no bonus from me,

. . . And Harlan III pulls at the hair on Junior's chest as Junior used to pull at mine,

. . . Or my Princess of Sheer Delight binds the first 100 of these pages into a magnificent red leather volume,

Then my cup runneth over, and I'm ready to sip from the saucer.



AVON GIFTS

Lovely to give... lovely to receive.
So original, so beautiful, so useful...
and so pleasant to select the Avon way.

AVON cosmetics

RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

AVAILABLE ONLY THROUGH YOUR AVON REPRESENTATIVE WHO CALLS AT YOUR HOME

"I can't help feeling bitter and rejected."

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

WHEN HUSBANDS ARE LESS ARDENT

"We are in our mid-twenties and have been married three years. We have no children, but we share many interests, and enjoy compatible backgrounds, a lovely home and financial security. My husband loves me devotedly, and in most ways our marriage is a good one.

"But he doesn't seem interested in the sex relationship—we wouldn't have had any at all this last year if I hadn't taken the initiative on a few occasions. And lately, when I've suggested it as often as once or twice a month, he's given the excuse that he was very tired.

"I've tried to reach a better understanding, and have explained my feelings as calmly and reasonably as I could. A couple of times, in a state of turmoil, I've burst out angrily and told him just how frustrated I feel. He's promised to try to be a better husband, but there's been no improvement. I'm sure he'd be perfectly content to go along on a strictly platonic basis, if I kept still.

"Is this kind of behavior normal for a healthy, successful man who has no serious problems and who claims to love his reasonably attractive wife? Ours could be a very happy marriage, but I can't help feeling bitter and rejected. Do you hear from other wives who have such a peculiar problem? Surely there must be *some* reason, *some* solution."

I can assure this wife that her difficulty is not unique, or even uncommon. To some extent, the problem affects at least one wife in six; for one in ten, the situation is acute.

And there is always a reason—more likely two or three. But without knowing far more about this wife, her husband and their marriage, it is impossible to tell why the problem exists in her case, or how to resolve it. This type of difficulty is among the most complex confronting the counselor.

However, it may help this troubled young woman to appraise her situation more objectively if she understands some of the factors commonly involved. Perhaps she will then be able to interpret the difficulty more effectively to her husband, and so enlist his active co-operation.

Low sex drive of the husband is often a factor. Some apparently unrelated physical disability may be responsible—a vitamin deficiency, glandular imbalance, or even an unsuspected low-grade infection. Any condition that lowers his general vitality is likely to affect his sexual vigor accordingly. A thorough physical examination is an essential first step.

Fatigue and nervous tension, by the same token, may markedly reduce sex drive in either husband or wife. Overworry or chronic anxiety is more likely to be involved than overexertion. A definite program of recreation and relaxation may be helpful.

Unconscious resentment can distort and inhibit a husband's reactions. If he wants children and she refuses to have them, his sexual indifference may reflect an unconscious wish to punish her. Occasionally a husband avoids sexual activity because he himself doesn't want to have children. For the sex relationship, to be fully rewarding, it must be reciprocal.

The wife's attitude and behavior may be unfavorable. A wife may be overinsistent on ritualistic love-making. She may be hypersensitive and so unconsciously accusatory. She may be acquiescent, but passive. She may be demanding and possessive of her husband's love, without being genuinely responsive to it. Any of these reactions, if consistent, will inevitably result in her husband's discouragement and then indifference.

Many other complications are possible. The habitual drinker, even though he may not drink excessively, gradually loses interest in sexual activity. A conviction, avowed or unconscious, that sex is sinful may impede healthy adjustment in marriage. Occasionally some traumatic experience in childhood leaves a guilt inhibition complex, unrecognized but disabling; this kind of deep-seated difficulty can seldom be resolved except by psychotherapy.

Any factor in self, partner or their interaction which makes for unhappiness or maladjustment in marriage deserves attention. If the combined efforts of husband and wife fail to produce improvement, no time should be lost in seeking expert diagnosis and treatment.

IS LOVE A MIRACLE?

"Not only have I read your page regularly for many years, but also many other articles and books on happy marriage. (Is there such a thing?) I feel most marriage counselors are wrong about love in marriage. All of you picture it as though it could be cultivated, like a plant. You imply that it is a wife's duty to love her husband, and that if she does not, she is selfish, frigid or neurotic.

"The fact is that true love, the eternal, romantic kind of man-woman love, cannot and will not be manufactured. It is a gift from the gods and not many find it. It is accidental, it can grow anywhere, and it can come as suddenly as a flash of lightning.

"We were eighteen and twenty-three when we eloped, and a more unfortunate union was never made. My husband is a fine man, and he loves me. But I can't bear him physically, and never could. We found it out too late. He knows I try, but that isn't enough.

"For seven years I've been in love with another man. I think he still cares for me, but I never see him, and there was never anything definite between us. We could have been very happy had life been different. But I could never leave my husband and children.

"No, you can't manufacture love. I know because I've tried for nearly twenty years. I've given my husband children, made a home he can be proud of, helped our name become respected in the community. But my life is empty because there's no love in it."

This is just one variation on a theme expressed in dozens of the letters that cross my desk every year. In them are many misconceptions, occasional half-truths, and glimpses of yearning for insight. "I could have been happy if life had been different—if I'd married another man. But I don't—can't—love my husband."

Is love a gift? Yes, in the sense that any native talent or inherent human capability is a gift. Some people are "born musicians," "natural athletes." But the athlete's muscles weaken and atrophy if they are not exercised, the musician's talent fails to develop unless it is cultivated, encouraged, *used*.

So it is with love. Every normal human being is born with the capacity to love and be loved. But it must be cultivated, encouraged, used, if it is to grow and flourish. Otherwise, like the plant deprived of sun and water, it will be stunted and frail, if it survives at all.

Environment, too, is important. A child brought up in an affectionate family, whose parents by word and deed show their love for each other, their children, their friends and neighbors, will in all likelihood develop into an adult capable of giving and inspiring love. But the individual whose childhood was spent in an atmosphere of hostility and distrust, or even mere indifference, suffers from emotional malnutrition. He—or she—may still be able to "learn to love" (though perhaps not to the fullest and richest extent), but the handicap of poor environment and lack of cultivation must be recognized and overcome.

People who lack the capacity to love seldom recognize their limitations. Instead, they are likely to blame the other person involved for failing to inspire love, whether it be a friend, relative or marriage partner. Too often they distort or even terminate the relationship under the delusion that the shortcoming is not their own.

The woman who wrote to us does not contemplate divorce. But she does believe that she has been deprived of romance because she married the wrong man. Instead of musing about the mysterious, the glamorous, the unpredictable aspects of "true love," why not consider the depth and power of a relationship that has endured for twenty years, nourished by the love of only one partner? With insight, effort and a new generosity of spirit she may yet learn to love her husband more than she thinks possible.

ASK YOURSELF:
Am I Too Social?

Without realizing it, a wife can become so absorbed in social activities that they impair her own happiness and the adjustment of her family. Answering these questions "Yes" or "No" may help you to decide if your program is too heavy.

Do You:

1. **Entertain once or more weekly?**
2. **Average three social telephone calls a day?**
3. **Belong to three or more clubs?**
4. **Play bridge once or twice a week?**
5. **Have frequent afternoon callers?**
6. **Often feel tired and sleepy?**
7. **Think your husband resents your social activities?**

Does Your Husband Believe That You:

8. **Share too little time with him?**
9. **Are a social climber?**
10. **Spend too much money on social activities?**
11. **Visit or entertain too much?**
12. **Involve him in too many social events?**
13. **Let others influence you too much?**
14. **Neglect some of your domestic duties?**

The average wife answers "Yes" to only four to six of these questions. A score of eight or more suggests that you may be too involved in outside activities. Why not discuss this whole matter with your husband to see if and where changes should be made? This is certainly indicated if your score is ten or more.

NOW! MATCH YOUR TILE WITH DIAL!

Lovely New Colors IN Complexion Dial



PASTEL PINK

PASTEL GREEN

PASTEL BLUE





NEW GOLDEN DIAL

Contains a wondrous new Skin Freshener for better than ever protection under make-up!

Complexion Dial's gentle new Skin Freshener — Super AT-7 — does what no ordinary soap, no drying synthetic, no greasy skin cream can possibly do! Sweeps away bacteria that so often spoil your complexion — without drying, without greasing your skin!

Then, Complexion Dial's new Skin Freshener *stays on* your skin. You can't see it or feel it. But it's there, protecting your complexion all day — even under make-up!

Today, buy Complexion Dial in colors — by the color of its gleaming new wrapper.



Pure luxury... sure protection for the beauty of your complexion!

Do you let your husband give you presents?



Are you one of those smart little wives who exclaims: "Darling, how perfect—just what I wanted!" even if his present turns out to be a wildly impractical negligee?

You're so *right* never to discourage him. But why not let him have the fun of giving you what you *really* want?

This year *tell* him you'd love a really handsome service to replace your outgrown "just-married" table silver.

Just think how thrilling it would be to set a sparkling dinner table this Christmas, or a glorious New Year's buffet with a lavish array of beautiful new silver!

Your husband will love it, too! Silver is such an eminently satisfactory gift for a man to give to his wife . . . it's so substantial . . . so *very* impressive!

This Christmas, one of the great names in silver, Oneida Silversmiths, is offering gift services for 8 in famous Community*, the finest silverplate, and precious Heirloom* Sterling. Look at the savings! Budget terms, too.

* Trade Marks. © 1957, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N.Y.



Choose magnificent solid silver **HEIRLOOM STERLING**+

"To My Love" Gift Service-for-eight comes in such lovely patterns! Enchanting new *Flower Lane* edged with soft elegance . . . Graceful *Silver Rose*, triumphant in its deep-carved splendor . . . Radiantly romantic *Damask Rose* . . . Stately, traditional *Stanton Hall* . . . Tender, serene *Lasting Spring* . . . Pure classic *Reigning Beauty*. Which one is made for you? All are fresh, distinguished, completely original.

+*Created in the Design Studies of Oneida Silversmiths*

HEIRLOOM STERLING

"To my love"

GIFT SERVICE-FOR-EIGHT

From **$216** Fed. Tax incl.

Eight 5-piece place settings of magnificent solid silver plus two lovely serving pieces, in your choice of the stunning Heirloom Sterling silver patterns. The service comes in a deluxe drawer chest with solid brass drawer pulls, handles and name plate—a $25.00 value—at no extra cost!

Individual basic 4-piece place settings from $20



This could be you, this Christmas!

Just tell your husband how you long to set your Christmas table with "a lovely new silver service." Spaced-out payments can be so easily arranged! Just ask your favorite jeweler or silver department. After all, the sooner you get your silver, the more you'll get out of it in use, joy and pride.

COMMUNITY

"Christmas Dream"

EIGHT 6-PC. PLACE SETTINGS

$88

Plus 8 serving pieces FREE! 2 Serving Spoons, 1 Pierced Tablespoon, 1 Cold Meat Fork, 1 Gravy Ladle, 1 Pastry Server, 1 Butter Knife and 1 Sugar Spoon. 56 pieces in all, in a handsome blond or mahogany finish drawer chest. In your choice of the enchanting patterns shown below.



...or world-famous COMMUNITY, the finest silverplate*

For your "Christmas Dream" Gift Service choose from these famous Community patterns. Each is completely individual! Lovely new *Ballad*... *South Seas* with flowing lines of sea and shore... Frankly feminine *White Orchid* ... Sophisticated *Morning Star* inspired by a priceless jade carving... Graceful *Twilight* with tapered handles and curving tips... Formal, traditional *Coronation*. Choose your favorite for *your* Christmas Dream!

For the most beautiful hair in the world

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!



JOAN COLLINS uses Lustre-Creme Lotion Shampoo because it's a rich liquid in mild, mild form!



She says: "There's just no shampoo like it for me —I love the way it pours on, rich as cream! And it leaves my hair so soft and shining, I can do *ANYTHING* with it— even right after a shampoo!"

Joan Collins

Lotion or Creme—just pour it on or cream it on.

LANOLIN-BLESSED— needs no after-rinse!

Cream or Lotion



Never dries... it beautifies

Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know,
editors you like,
and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

The Union Station in Washington, D.C., one of the loveliest buildings in the U.S.A., opened in November, 1907. Sir Joshua Reynolds' hats with two curving ostrich plumes crowned women's high pompadours, and "walking shoes" had twelve-button cloth tops, patent-leather toes and heels. Salome opened at the Met and so shocked J. P. Morgan that he offered to refund production costs if the management would withdraw the opera.

"Why don't you die now?" a friend wrote Editor Bok after reading the September, 1907, JOURNAL *with its two-color cover, 125 fashion pictures, and 56 articles and stories. "You will never surpass it; never equal it." Promises Editor Bok, "We will equal that issue and surpass it too."*

"The ideal woman's figure is 5'5" and weight 138 pounds. Bust is 34", and the waist 27"."

"How much sugar may a girl eat?" Answers Dr. Emma Walker, "A quarter of a pound in twenty-four hours. An authority says there is no proof that sugar is harmful to the teeth."

"As a Business Woman Should Not Dress: She wears an elegant 'cast-iron' pompadour, jingly, 'near gold' bracelets, blue beads, clicking French slippers and last night's violets."

"Socks and stockings will wear longer if the heels and toes are rubbed with paraffin."

"Should berry pies be eaten with a knife, fork or spoon?" a perplexed reader wants to know.

"Mimi: As your neck is so flabby, you will improve it by dashing cold water on it night and morning."

The haunting Andante from Tschaikowsky's Symphonie Pathétique is reproduced for music lovers in this issue. There are, as well, two question-and-answer pages conducted by Josef Hofmann (for piano students) and Madame Marchesi (for vocal students).

"Fichu-scarfs (stoles) are once again the fad of the hour, of net or chiffon, edged with deep fringe."

"Excessive tan will ruin your complexion. It is generally the girl who spends a week's vacation in the Catskills who cultivates tan, while the woman who spends her summer yachting takes good care of her skin."



JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Journal forum participant Comtesse de Vilmorin displays her white-and-red and red-and-white interchangeable outfits for Fashion Editor Cushman.

Of all the delightful participants in the forum on good manners which is pictured and reported in this issue, we were most curious to meet the *Comtesse de Vilmorin*, who had come from Paris especially to take part in the discussion. We'd just seen the entertaining French film called The Earrings of Madame de, with *Charles Boyer*, *Danielle Darrieux* and *Vittorio de Sica*, which was made from her book, Madame de, and we'd naturally been told of her charm and wit, but even so were unprepared for the vivid and fascinating personality we discovered after the forum in *Wilhela Cushman's* glamorous apartment around the corner from our own trim little retreat. As you see, she was showing Wilhela the wardrobe that *Lanvin* had made for her trip on a week's notice. Everybody called her "Mademoiselle," including three charming young ladies who turned out to be her daughters, married to Americans with homes in Delaware, West Virginia and Texas. To us, as a man, the climax of Mademoiselle's fashion display was an impressive pair of dresses: one of white silk taffeta with a red coat, red sash, red scarf; the other red, with white coat, white sash, white scarf. . . . You guessed it. The different parts of each were interchangeable, making possible such a variety of costumes that there would be one to fit every occasion the comtesse was likely to encounter. Maybe that's not so novel as it seemed to us, but we thought it was wonderful. We thought Mademoiselle was wonderful too.

*We did a disservice to **Anne Einselen** and her Discovery Department when we said here in September that out of 21,822 unsolicited manuscripts received last year only 16 were accepted. Anne wants you to be more encouraged to try than that figure would imply. Instead, 7 pieces of fiction, 28 articles and 128 miscellaneous fillers were bought.*

Things happen occasionally that arouse our curiosity. Take even the "before-and-after" landscaping articles, like the one on page 83. Though each one is a year or more in preparation, the work is done unobtrusively, and in out-of-the-way places. Yet time after time owners tell *Richard Pratt* how strangers, often from far away, stop to see what the JOURNAL is up to now. "I can understand friends and neighbors asking questions," one puzzled owner remarked, "but when a woman from Wyoming gets out of her car and asks if she can take a cutting back home for a souvenir, or a pebble from the patio, it makes me feel kind of queer."

*In photographing for How America Lives, **Joe di Pietro** not only takes many dramatic pictures but often has to do dramatic things himself to take them. He's had to act the part of a cowpuncher on the range, a sailor in the crow's-nest, a stunt man on a jet plane. Now he's given us this news photo showing him on the high ladder he borrowed from a Texas fire department to get a panoramic picture of a house on an empty prairie. "They wanted to give me the full extension of 150 feet, but I said no. Not that I was afraid to go higher," Joe affirmed; "I just didn't want the house to look too small."*

Joe di Pietro rises to the occasion.



Americans in 1955 voluntarily contributed $25,423,557 to the fight on cancer; but the year before we spent $271,780,000 for chewing gum!

Corinna Wildman has made herself the envy of the Workshop by having a bright red featherweight telephone from Sweden installed at her desk in the decorating department. You "take it off the hook" just by lifting it. The dial's on the bottom, very handy; you listen at the top and talk into the base. They come in a lot of other colors, and they couldn't be more pretty, petite or clever. Goodness knows when you'll be able to get them, but we can tell you the people who make them are doing their darnedest, in case we've made you yearn for one.

JOSEPH DI PIETRO



Corinna Wildman calls an old number on her new phone.

Anyone passing close to the food kitchens upstairs never fails to be attracted by tantalizing smells, but there is one fragrance we've never happened to whiff there, and that's the nostalgic one of doughnuts being dipped. So we were delighted recently while vacationing near Corea, Maine, to catch among the fascinating smells of that far-flung fishing village the old familiar one of cooking doughnuts. There was a sign, "Do-nuts," in the yard, but we forgave the spelling when we met *Mrs. Julia Stewart* in her kitchen on her thirty-fifth dozen for the day and sampled our first fresh delicious doughnut in years, which she had just shaken in a big bag of cinnamon and sugar. We told her she didn't need that sign in the front yard. "That's what the people said who were just here," replied Mrs. S. "In fact, there's their yacht still in the harbor. They anchored to visit the village, and followed their noses right to my kitchen, they told me, a nice young couple. . . . Now sign my customers' book." Which we did, noting the signatures right above our own, of *David* and *Margaret Rockefeller*. Anyhow, it explained the yacht in the lobster-boat harbor, and decided us to send a dozen doughnuts to *Louella Shouer*—to smell as well as taste.



DUNBAR'S COVE

By BORDEN DEAL

They were two strong men, swept into a torrent of emotions and conflicts.

"I can't quit," Crawford said, "any more than he can."

Arlis, loving them both, cried, "What's a woman to do?"

Miss Hattie squatted on her heels in the depths of the thicket, gazing discontentedly at the careful complex of roads she had enjoyed for so long. Her fleet of snuff-bottle cars waited, but somehow, today, she couldn't get launched into the absorption of play. Miss Hattie was twelve years old. She was very thin and neuter under the cotton dress she wore. Her face was thin and sharp and tanned, with large, luminous black eyes.

She reached down tentatively to push one of the snuff bottles into the road. Then she stopped. Last summer she had spent almost every day from breakfast to supper in the thicket. But now —— She nudged the bottle a few inches farther with the toe of her left foot and stopped, listening.

"Miss Hattie! Time to water the menfolks!"

She stood up without a trace of reluctance. "That's for children," she said aloud scornfully, voicing the feeling that had been in her since the moment of entering the thicket.

Arlis, standing on the back porch, was surprised to see Miss Hattie emerge so quickly from her sanctuary. She watched her cross the yard and come up on the porch. "You must be sick, coming the first time you're called."

Miss Hattie said tartly, "Where's my water bucket?"

Arlis laughed, turning back into the kitchen. "I'll get it."

She stopped inside the door, feeling the heat reaching out to her. She was baking light bread; why, on such a hot day, she didn't know, except that her mother had always baked light bread on Tuesday. The kitchen was full of the rich, yeasty odor of the bread. She paused long enough to cut two thick slices from a finished loaf and spread butter and sugar on them.

The kitchen was big and bare, with a wooden safe standing against one wall to hold dishes and food. In the middle of the room was a big circular oak table, laden with her first baking of loaves. It was a kitchen that fitted with Arlis. She was big, rather buxom, with a high-colored, good-humored face, the color heightened by the stove heat. She was twenty years old.

The butter-and-sugar sandwich finished, she got the clean syrup bucket from a nail and went back out on the screened porch where Miss Hattie waited.

"I know your mouth is just awatering for that fresh bread," she said. "Here." She held out the sandwich in one hand, the bucket in the other. "Now you go on. Them men're going to have their tongues hanging out by the time you get there."

"I'm going," Miss Hattie said. "Let me finish my goody first." She ate rapidly, regarding her sister owlishly. "That's mighty good bread, Arlis. Why don't you get married? Any man would favor a woman who bakes light bread ever' Tuesday."

Arlis stared at Miss Hattie. "Get married?" she said. She turned away, going back into the kitchen. "How would I have a chance to get married, with a houseful of menfolks and you to take care of?"

Miss Hattie was interested in her thought. "A fine young man would shore go for your light bread." She stopped, considering. "But then Connie is the only married woman in this house and I don't believe she even knows how to make it, much less got the will and the way."

Arlis snorted. "You'll learn something, young'un. A pretty face and a willing mind will go a lot faster to church than the finest, lightest bread in the world. You go on now."

But Miss Hattie was gone into the dogtrot instead of out into the yard. She walked along the bare-floored corridor and peeked into Connie and Jesse John's room. Connie was sitting in front of the cheap dresser she had made Jesse John order from the catalogue. Miss Hattie watched critically while Connie leaned close to the mirror to apply her lipstick. She was wearing only a slip that shadowed her thin rayon panties underneath. Her slender body looked frail after the robust bulk of Arlis.

"Why do you spread it on so wide?" Miss Hattie said, taking one step into the room.

Connie jumped, smearing the careful job she was doing. She whirled around on the bench. "Good heavens, child. You'll scare the fool out of me yet."

Miss Hattie listened carefully to the tone of her voice, then advanced into the room. Sometimes Connie's voice positively forbade entrance.

"Who're you putting it on for, anyway?" she said. "Jesse John don't like lipstick, noway. I heard him say so."

"It don't matter what Jesse John likes," Connie said harshly. "I don't wear it for his benefit in the first place. Now get on out of here."

Miss Hattie went out to the well in the back yard and let down the chain, hearing the screech of the rusty pulley singing in her ears. The bucket hit bottom and a weight came suddenly on the chain. She strained her thin body against it, her arms beginning to ache by the time the dripping bucket cleared the top of the well. She lifted the bucket down and poured the gallon syrup bucket full. She took time to pour the cooling balance over her dusty feet. Dust became mud under them and she squished her toes delightfully for three deliberate squishes. Then she had to go.

She picked up the bucket and walked through the open barn-lot gate. The men were working far back in the cove and she was hot and tired by the time she came along the creek bank opposite them.

She could see them when she came to the bridge. Knox was plowing Odd John, the fast-stepping horse-mule. He looked up, seeing her coming. "Here comes the water!" he yelled. His voice was as big as he was, broad and heavy but with a surprising light nervousness in it.

"You got time to plow two more rounds before I get to you," Miss Hattie said briskly.

She could see Matthew at the far end of the field, just turning around. Next was Rice, plowing down toward her with Mollie. He looked tall and gaunt and long-legged, confined between the plow handles. "Miss Hattie!" he said. He grinned at her out of his dark, thin face, but she didn't pay him any mind, marching on.

Jesse John didn't even look up at her when she passed. He was plowing Bodoc, the slow, lazy mule that wouldn't ever mind.

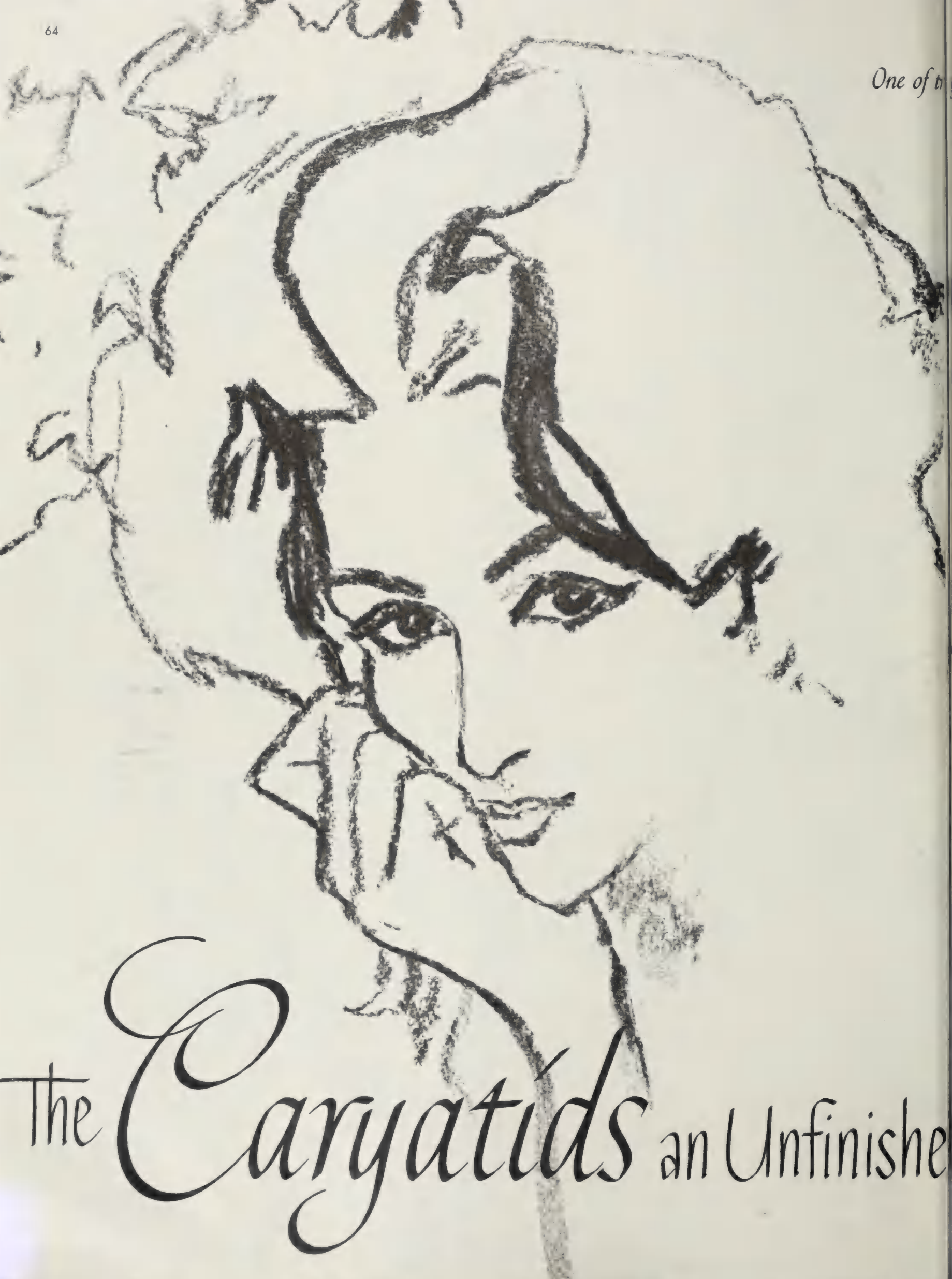
CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

"I didn't kiss the bride," Crawford said, and reached for her. The golden haze deepened around her so that she was dizzy with the wonder and the happiness.

© 1957 by Borden Deal

DUNBAR'S COVE
is soon to be published in book form by
Charles Scribner's Sons



The *Caryatids* an Unfinishe

great artists of our time contributes a strange and fascinating tale.

Gothic Tale by Isak Dinesen

On a summer afternoon in the forties of the last century, two carriages and a couple of riding horses were making a halt within the glade of a forest near Sarlat in the province of Dordogne, in France. The coachmen and grooms stood beside the horses, feeding them with bits of bread. The one carriage had four horses to it, the other was a light and elegant little phaeton. Of the saddle horses, one was black and the other was gray.

A little river was running through the glade. Near the place where the carriages had stopped it grew wider and shallower, and the grassy banks were trodden down by the cattle that came here to drink.

The sky was high and blue; all round the horizon large, immovable, gray and delicately rosy clouds were towered up, which might forebode thunder on the morrow. But the afternoon was clear and fine. The little river came out gaily from the thicket, through the dark foliage of which the sprinklings of sunlight dropped into it like a drizzle of gold, and here in the open it reflected the blue and gray hues of the summer sky as frankly as a mirror.

Of the people who had come in the carriages and on horseback, two ladies and a couple of nurses were occupied in bathing three young children in the river, and were talking loudly and laughing over it. The children's clothes were strewn upon the grass, together with the ladies' sunshades, thrown upside down, as fine as a flower bed. The young ladies in their slim bodices and voluminous skirts were themselves like peonies on slender stems, gracefully flung upside down upon the riverside.

The mother of the three children, a tall and willowy young woman with a narrow face and big starlike dark eyes, had tied a lace handkerchief round her head, and was holding her naked little son down in the water, and scolding a sturdy young woman in the peasants' dress of the province, who was standing barefooted in the middle of the stream to receive the child. The little boy stared at his mother with her own big dark eyes, very skeptical about the undertaking, and wondering whether the women really did mean him to go.

The two bigger children, little girls of five and six, the one fair and the other dark, were running laughing down the river, their hair all done up in curl papers. One was pulling off the shaggy dark pink flowers of the wild hemp that grew on the sides of the stream, the other was splashing down the river, from time to time throwing herself down flat on her stomach, and beating the water with her feet.

The second young lady, who for driving her smart phaeton had put on an elegant frock in tartan colors—which were highly fashionable—and cut somehow in the style of a young cavalier's costume, walked alongside on the sward like a hen with ducklings, laughing at the children and holding her handkerchief to her mouth. She was a school friend of the young mother, and the widow of a neighbor, and had come from her own house to join the party in the forest.

Meanwhile the two men of the party, who were the husband and the young brother of the dark lady, had walked together slowly to the farther end of the glade. They were neighbors, and had met here to discuss a question of their boundaries, which a change in the course of the river had slightly altered. The ladies had profited by the occasion to make a picnic in the woods. They were talking about poachers, and were waiting for the arrival of the old keeper whom they had summoned here to meet them. A gang of gypsies and poachers had for some time given them much trouble.

"If only," said Philippe, the eldest, "we could get rid of the miller's widow at Masse-Bleue. I remember the first time I saw her, eight years ago, when she was only a child. I met her in the forest, and because she was such an uncommonly graceful child I tried to stop her and make her talk with me. It really seems to me now, when I think of the scene, that I was holding out my stick to a smooth little viper that was trying to get round it—indeed, she was hissing at me, maneuvering to the right and the left."

As he was speaking, the old keeper arrived, accompanied by two spotted long-haired dogs. He had to cross the river; in the middle of it he took off his cap to them. They walked down together, and came from the mellow golden light of the glen into the green and cool shade of the forest. After they had discussed the question of the stream, Philippe addressed a few questions to the old man on the gypsies. The old servant's face grew dark.

"If only," he said, "we could get rid of the miller's widow of Masse-Bleue. It was a strange thing in the old miller to go and marry a gypsy girl, and the whole pack is thick as inkle weavers. Where a snake gets its head in, it will soon get the whole body. They all know that she will shelter them if they get into trouble, and she has many guests down at the old mill." He stole a glance at Philippe, not daring to give course to his feelings about the gypsies, fed by a lifelong struggle, for he knew that the young lady of the manor held a protecting hand over the tribe. The gypsies possessed a position of their own on the estate. Although they came and went, and had no real home, a certain section or tribe reckoned themselves, and were reckoned by the masters of Champmeslé, as belonging to their land. They gave much trouble, but still their lords would have allowed no one from the outside to interfere with them, as if they were a nuisance strictly their own.

"Tell me, Claude," said Philippe thoughtfully, "do you believe that the people had anything to do with the disappearance of old Father Bernhard?"

The keeper wiped his face. "As God liveth, my lord," he said, "they caused his death. But if you can say that they killed him, that the devil only knows. This is how it was: These people, who do not believe in the Lord, do no more wait for His hour, but when they are tired of their life, they just finish CONTINUED ON PAGE 177

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK POTTER

© 1957 by Random House, Inc. THE CARYATIDS is from the collection LAST TALES, soon to be published by Random House.

THE Executioners

Could they do what the law was helpless to do for them—
destroy a mad killer before he destroyed their world?

By JOHN D. MacDONALD

CONCLUSION Carol had been at the hospital for nearly an hour when Sam arrived at one-thirty. She and Nancy were in the semiprivate room with Jamie when Sam walked in. Sam kissed her. She looked completely under control, but he felt the trembling of her mouth as he kissed her. Nancy had a subdued, troubled look. Jamie's face, against the pillow, was just pale enough under the tan to give him a greenish look. His left arm was bandaged, and he looked proud and excited.

"Hey, I didn't make a sound when they sewed it up, and I got six stitches."

"Does it hurt?"

"Sort of, but not bad. Gosh, I can't wait to tell the kids at home. A real bullet. It hit my arm and went through the shed next to the mess hall, right in one side and out the other, zowie, and when they find it I can have it after the sheriff is through with it. I'd like it on one of those little wooden things under glass in my room."

"Who did it?"

"Heck, who knows? That man, I guess. That Cady. A lot of the kids didn't even hear any shot. I didn't. I wish I'd heard it. He was a long way away, up on Shadow Hill someplace, the sheriff thinks."

Sam began to understand the picture. "Tell me about it, Jamie, from the beginning."

Jamie looked uncomfortable. "Well, I goofed up. I snitched Mr. Menard's shaving bomb and I was going to let Davey Johnstone have it right in the chops and then I was going to sneak it back. But I got caught. So I got ten days of doing pots, and this was the last day. Everybody hates pots. You got to use steel wool. I got ten whole days because it was sort of like stealing, even though it really wasn't. So you do the pots out by the shed. There's a faucet there and, oh, this was about nine-thirty and I was doing the breakfast pots and I was nearly done almost.

"I was just standing there, sort of looking at the last one, and bam! I thought some joker had gone in the shed and hit it with something to scare me. Then my arm felt all hot and funny. I looked down and there was blood squirting out of it, squirting all over. I yelled as loud as I could and ran for Mr. Menard's cottage and other kids saw all the blood and they were running and yelling, too, and they put a tourniquet on it. And then it all of a sudden started to hurt something terrible. And I cried, but not very much. By then Tommy went and got Nancy and then the sheriff came and we all rode over here in the sheriff's car about maybe a hundred miles an hour with the siren going. Boy, I wish I could do that again when my darn arm wasn't hurting."

Sam turned to Carol. "What happens now?"

"Doctor Beattie said he'd like to have him stay here overnight, and he should be all right to travel tomorrow. He gave him some whole blood."

"There's going to be a scar," Jamie said fervently. "A real bullet scar. Will it hurt when it's going to rain?"

"I think you have to have the bullet in there, son."

"Anyway, no other kid I know has a bullet scar."

A smiling nurse came in and said, "Time for this wounded veteran to have his pink pill and a long nap."

"Heck, I don't need any nap."

"When can we see him again, nurse?" Carol asked.

"At five, Mrs. Bowden."

They walked to the stairs and went down to the hospital lobby. Carol, her face ghastly, turned toward Sam and said in a voice so low Nancy couldn't overhear, barely moving her bloodless lips, "Now what? Now what? When does he kill one of them?"

"Please, honey."

"Daddy, Sheriff Kantz is coming with Tommy," Nancy said.

"Take your mother over to that couch and sit there with her, Nancy, please."

The sheriff was a rangy man who wore boots and tan riding pants and khaki shirt. He had an outdoor look about him, a gun belt, a wide-brimmed hat in his hand. He shook hands slowly, almost thoughtfully. His voice was nasal, with a tired sound about it.

"Guess we can talk over in that corner, Mr. Bowden. Sure, you sit in, Tommy."

They pulled three chairs closer together. "I'll tell you my end, Mr. Bowden, and then I'd like to ask you a couple questions. First off, it looks like the range was about seven hundred yards. And downhill. Take a good rifle and a good 'scope and a knowledgeable man and it isn't a tough shot at all. I imagine if the wind wasn't cutting up too much, I could put nearly every shot in a circle about half again as big as a pie plate. If it was deer season, I'd have maybe a different idea about this. Your boy's arm was close to his side. The wind was a little gusty from the south. The boy was facing east. So it looks like one of those gusts drifted that slug over a few inches. Nobody was trying to scare the boy. They made a pretty good try at killing him. If he'd put his slug say two and a half inches farther to the right, that boy would have been dead."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

© 1957 by John D. MacDonald

THE EXECUTIONERS
is soon to be published in book form
by Simon & Schuster

SYNOPSIS OF PART I *Lawyer Sam Bowden had a beautiful wife, three children, a much-loved dog. His world was very good. Then, out of the past, came a man bent on destroying that world: Max Cady, a powerful, half-mad brute whom Sam's testimony had once convicted of raping a fourteen-year-old girl. (Sam's daughter, Nancy, was just fourteen now.) Because Cady's twisted mind had a terrifying cunning, Sam found that he could produce no legal proof of the man's murderous intent—and without legal proof there was nothing the law could do. "Must we sit and wait, until he kills our children, one by one?" Carol cried after Cady succeeded in the vicious—and unprovable—poison killing of their dog. And that was what Cady meant to do, kill the dog, the children, Carol, Sam himself. Desperate, Sam removed his family from Cady's reach. Carol and Bucky, the youngest, went to a resort town miles away. Nancy and Jamie, the middle one, went to camp. They would be safe, Sam thought, while he alone searched for the answer to the life-or-death riddle of Max Cady—if there was an answer. Then, in the coldest fear of his life, he heard a voice say over the telephone, "You'd better come, Mr. Bowden. Jamie's been shot."*

"Not murder," he said.
"*Execution.*"



WHY I

My Husband

It is as though we had tapped the current flowing quietly but with

EDITORS' NOTE: **We hear more of marriages that don't work than of marriages that do—more of love that is meanly lost than of abiding love. A divorce is still news; a successful marriage may seem dull. Perhaps it is partly because no one can say finally what love, in its essence, is; scientists describe electricity by describing what it does, and electricity is incomparably simpler than love.**

When we invited Journal readers to write us on the subject "Why I Love My Husband" or "Why I Love My Wife" we asked not for eulogies nor for definitions of love but for "a candid picture of a human being who is lovable because he or she is alive in a way that is special and meaningful to you." Also, "If you could change him (her) how would you?"

We expected to get a few hundred letters. We did not expect thousands. Lawyers, factory workers, doctors, farmers, ministers, and their wives, from every state, from Hawaii, Denmark, South America, married a few months, or married fifty years, have written—telling us that love for them distinguishes

Not Tall, Dark and Handsome

Dear Editors: My copy of the JOURNAL arrived today and as usual I dropped everything and sat down to look through it to get a general idea of what wonderful things would be waiting for me to read when the children are tucked in their beds. I didn't get beyond page four. When I read the note inviting readers to write a letter on the subject nearest and dearest to my heart, I couldn't resist. I have never written any kind of story or fan letter in my life, but since I too am so tired of hearing about misunderstood husbands and mistreated wives, I decided I would write you about my feelings on the subject. "Why I Love My Husband" is a subject so complex and yet so simple that it would take months to write if you were to give a true and complete story, but I shall do the best I can in a much shorter length of time.

When I was married at eighteen, I could only think of marriage in terms of romantic nights and blissful dreamy days. It didn't take long for that theory to fly out the window. Eleven years later, I have yet to receive my first unexpected bouquet of flowers or an impulsive box of candy. It would just about take an act of Congress to get my husband to help with dishes or scrub a floor. He's not what anyone would call an ideal husband. Like a million other guys in the world, he belongs to the "leave them where you drop them" school when it comes to his clothes. He leaves ashes everywhere except in the ash tray. Al is not tall, dark and handsome. He doesn't possess a worldly air or distinguished look. You would probably never notice him in a crowd—but I would.

Love isn't any one thing. It's a combination of many. It is more of a feeling that you share. What can I say to express my heartfelt thanks when I need a shoulder to cry on and his is there waiting? What words are there to tell of the magic that takes place after putting in a day when my cake falls, the washing machine breaks and floods the kitchen floor and the children are too covered with measles to go out but not too sick to fight and argue all day, and I wish for the millionth time that I could leave home forever, and suddenly it's six o'clock and Al is home, everything's all right? I can laugh over the cake, the children quiet down as he reads them a story and, well, the floor had to be mopped anyway. He brings home the confidence that tomorrow will be a better day and all things can be met, as long as we're together.

Eleven years of my life have been spent with this man I know so well and love so much. Eleven years of cooking, cleaning, bringing up children, loving and fighting and just plain living. When I think of my marriage now, I don't think of moonlight and roses, I think instead of quiet talks over a cup of coffee, of big, strong, gentle hands always willing to help a child or a stray animal, of friendship that can be counted on to last forever, of the kindness and sympathy that flow from one member of the family to the other, of the whispered "I love you" I hear every night before I go to sleep.

What would I change in my husband? Well, if I had to answer that question without giving it much thought, I would say I'd like him to be neater, more of a help around the house, and it would also have seemed important to have him spend a little time getting acquainted with his suit—he does have one, you know! But since I have had time to think about it—I know you may not believe me—I wouldn't like to change him at all. The reason for this is simply that I feel in my heart that picking up after him and cooking and keeping a home he can be proud of and doing my best to be a good wife and mother is my way of showing him the deep and ever-faithful love I feel for him, and if he should start changing he would be taking away my only means of expressing a love and devotion too deep for just words.

He may not be, by other standards, an ideal husband, but when CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

SO MANY WAYS TO SAY "LOVE"—HERE

"To begin with, he's the sort of person I'd like to be if I'd been born a John instead of a Betty."

"Before our marriage, my husband posed as a perfectly ordinary guy, which was rather clever of him, for I soon found out he was neither."

"Because he finds minutes to lie on the ground with four small children and watch the progress of an inchworm ——"

"I love him because tonight, and every night the moment he walks in the door our house becomes a home, complete."

"How many wives get a red front door as a present on the birth of a daughter? . . . Or $2.00 worth of licorice whips, my favorite candy, as reward for cleverly arranging to give him a son?"

LOVE

My Wife

a great underground river,
nmeasurable force in American life.



PETER CUSTER

e from mere existence. About love their world rns. Merely by reading these letters, one can often l the force of love prickling the skin like a charge electricity.

Many said, "Even if you don't print my letter l always be grateful to you for giving me the opportnity to put down in words what I have felt—but nd it hard to say."

Our editors laughed and wept—they have new rs in their eyes. To select the best was almost imssible. Hundreds seemed to us in many ways as compelling, as vividly expressed; thousands revealed the same joyous devotion as the ten we print here.

Implicit in all these letters is the ancient wisdom of love: that you must give more than you get and then you will get more than you give; that love is generous, not critical, that love serves and cherishes, and is kind. Also that love is realistic—"I am not perfect; why should I expect perfection from my mate?" Each is a story, a fragment of American life, a part of that powerful stream flowing unseen, nourishing and sustaining our great country.

BRUCE AND BEATRICE GOULD

I Was Pretty Sore

Dear Editors: My wife took a long time writing a letter on why she loved me, so I decided to dash off a few words on "Why I Love My Wife" in nothing flat. If a man doesn't know why he's been married to the same woman nearly thirty years, something is radically wrong.

My wife is the world's worst cook and still can't boil water without burning up the teakettle. But why should I give a hang about her cooking when she can bag as many or more pheasants than I can on a hunting trip? Any fish that nibbles at the hook when she's holding the rod is headed straight for the frying pan. Her idea of a good time is pitching our leaky old tent up in the north woods and sleeping on a cot that feels like a brick slab after the first hour. Since that's also my idea of fine sport, and since I'm a whiz at cooking over a campfire, her lack of skill in this department doesn't mean a thing.

She isn't my "dream girl" either, thank goodness. If I remember right, that imaginary creature was a frilly doll, so helpless and emptyheaded she'd let me do her thinking for her. Although, being an only child, my wife was spoiled and pampered, after we married that girl raised four children, washed, ironed, cleaned and scrubbed, and still says she had fun doing it.

She has a mind of her own too. When my business failed she got a job—the first she'd ever had—worked nights, took care of the home and children during the day, and kept up that pace for two years. I was pretty sore about her working to help pay off my debts and we scrapped a lot in those days. Unless this letter gets printed she'll never know that all the while I was fussing at her I loved her so much it hurt.

Whenever she gets tied up on some committee or civic project I tease her about being a "do-gooder" but actually I'm proud of her interest in people and the community.

Now that the children are grown and only the eighteen-year-old is at home, my wife could take it easier. Instead, she's taken on a career job and still helps balance our budget. We may never recoup the money I lost twenty years ago, but I love my wife because she makes me feel like the richest man on earth.

EARLE F. KYLE, SR. *Minneapolis, Minnesota*

The only major change I'd make in my wife is her house-cleaning habits. I save a few newspapers, magazines and clippings for future reference, and other little odds and ends that always come in handy sooner or later. But when my wife cleans, she cleans with a vengeance, and everything she considers junk lands in the trash barrel. If a man can't store a few things around his own home, where can he put them? I've been looking for the answer to that question since 1927.

Never Discouraged

Gentlemen: When the roof is leaking and the car fender has been crumpled, when carpet beetles have chewed one corner of the living-room rug and the dog another, when the hot-water heater has succumbed to a perforated ulcer and the children have been so ornery that I'm ready to knock their heads together, Josie remains calm—wonderfully, miraculously calm.

Often during the fourteen years that Josie and I have been married I have tried to analyze her calmness to see whence it originates and how it has affected our six children and me. I have asked such questions as: What is it in her make-up which enables her to laugh when one of the children cooks a sliver of soap in the toaster? How can she talk so hypnotically to a child with a severed scalp artery? Or how can she bring about a swift, friendly cease-fire between two boys who are bent on bludgeoning each other?

An inner calm such as Josie's doesn't come from barbiturates or CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

RE A FEW FROM OTHER LETTERS WE LIKED

"I know what Andrew Jackson meant when aid, 'Heaven will not be heaven to me if I do not t my wife there.'"

"When we stand in the room where the darkness is filled with the breathy sounds of little children sleeping, I know he loves those three and me the best of all."

"Today I was so sure he would forget our wedding anniversary. When he came home from work, he handed me his lunch bag to put away. I opened it and it was full of roses."

"Jokes are funnier, washing dishes less boring, and courage, honor and love are tangible because of him."

Museum Art for Christmas Giving

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND
Interior Decoration Editor

Reproductions of *objets d'art* from museum collections become more numerous each yea The ones here shown display the enormous variety to choose from. A brilliant-hued hippopotamus can adorn your bookshelf or mantel: a gold-plated pin becomes a fashion accessory. Most of these reproduction can be found in art shops and bookstores throughout the country. Others can be ordere by mail from the museums or the manufacturer. Prices vary from $2.50 to $150.00. Each item would make a treasured and imaginative Christmas present.



Silver-plated panther. $5.00. The delightfully lifelike silver original, cast in Persia in the 2nd century B.C., is in The Art Museum, Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey.



Chinese horse. $12.50, from the K'ang-hsi period (1662–1722). The original figure is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, and is of nephrite, a white jade with an over-all pale greenish tint.



The Christ child, bust, $27.50. The original, by Desiderio da Settignano of the Florentine school, was carved about 1460. It is in the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



Hand-blown replicas of Early American glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Left to right: footed bowl, early 19th century, $6.75; cream pitcher, late 18th or early 19th century, $4.50; water pitcher, early 19th century, $12.50.

* Plus 10 per cent Federa

Gold-plated pin, $2.50*. Original was an African gold weight, now in the Baltimore Museum of Art, Baltimore, Maryland.



Gold-plated sterling-silver pin, $4.75. Amulet from Egypt, 1460 B.C. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, N. Y.



Llama, silver plated, $2.75*. Incan 15th or 16th century votive offering. Original is in The American Museum of Natural History, New York, N. Y.



Enamel-and-gold-plate pin, $10.00. Original from Queen Shubad's tomb is in The University Museum, Philadelphia, Pa.



Gold-plated cross, $2.75*. Original, found in Cyprus, dates from the 6th century A.D. Now at the Freer Gallery, Washington, D. C.



Hand-blown duplicates of Early American amethyst glass, 19th century, at the Metropolitan Museum. Covered sugar bowl is $8.75; cream pitcher sells for $5.50.





Ceramic hippopotamus family reproduced from Egyptian 12th dynasty (about 1900 B.C.) figures, at the Metropolitan Museum. Mamma hippopotamus is $10.00; each charming baby sells for $5.00.

HAROLD FOWLER



All duplicates of American silver in the Metropolitan Museum, these are, left to right: tumbler cup, circa 1695, $13.50; cup, circa 1720, $17.50; cream pitcher, circa 1765, $32.50; teapot, circa 1710, $150.00; wine taster, circa 1690, $17.50.

old-plated Byzantine Wheel of Law
in, $11.00; or as cuff links, ear-
ings, charm. From the University
Museum, Philadelphia, Penna.





Magnificently sculpted bull's head from Ur, Mesopotamia, circa 2500 B.C. This reproduction of the original at the University Museum, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is $10.00.



Chinese Buddha or Bodhisattva is one of the most elegant examples of Buddhist art. The original, in stone, is in the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo; this duplicate, $25.00.

Marry

She had vowed
to find a husband
before graduation.
And now she had found him . . .
but did she *want* him?

By HAMLEN HUNT

They had been roommates for four years and had advanced to a corner room that looked out onto the miniature lake belonging to Martens College. T. J. came in, a little surprised at how anxious she felt about telling Andy her news. So she got straight at it. Whatever T. J. feared, she flew at, eyes closed, feathers flying, like a fighting cock, Andy said.

"I'll be the first one to make the announcement tonight, after all," T. J. said.

Andy did not make the response T. J. had expected. She stood near the little motherly armchair they had bought together, a dollar down and a dollar a week forever—they were to draw lots when the time came to break up college housekeeping a few weeks hence. Andy stared out at the lake which flung copper light into their room.

"I thought Bull was taking oral examinations somewhere today," she said.

"He is," T. J. said.

"Then you weren't out with him," Andy said.

"No," T. J. said.

She stood in a dancer's position of relaxation, but it was training that produced the effect; actually, she was as tense as a piece of metal. Her hands felt clenched, though they were not. She could feel her muscles begin to quiver with her effort to be natural. She tried to tell herself she couldn't understand why they should be making such a *thing* of this. But all she could think of was how different this conversation was from the first one she and Andy had ever had.

They had been assigned as freshman roommates in a room so small Andy's first suggestion was that perhaps they could find a bottle of diminisher somewhere—For-mula X—and one of them drink it. They had already exchanged vital statistics. Andy was nearly three years older than seventeen-year-old T. J. There had been a long illness at home and she had stayed to run the household while her mother was dying.

"My parents are divorced," T. J. said. "That's why I intend to be married by commencement. I want a home to go to."

"Won't studying four years get in your way?" Andy asked politely.

"You don't understand," T. J. said. "You must not have heard that divorced children are terribly anxious about security." She rattled along. She had no first name, only the two initials, in the sometime Southern custom. Those who pried were told either that these stood for her parents' names—Tom and Judy—or that they stood for Tia Juana, where she had carelessly allowed herself to be born one weekend. Her last name was Dickinson. "I came to college because it gives me four years," she told Andy. "I can look and look. There won't be any problem. I'll have plenty of proposals to choose from."

"I can just see you, biting into them like chocolates, and putting back the orange creams," Andy murmured.

They both laughed, already quite sure of each other in that mysterious exchange of friendship that led whoever it was to say we do not make our friends, we find them. T. J. was strewn carelessly, like an old mink stole, over one of the narrow beds. Absently, explaining that she was a dancer, she raised herself from both ends simultaneously and rocked in a compact U. She said:

"People take you more seriously if you belong somewhere. Being a dancer takes time and it's an uncertain living. I'll have to have a home. I've *got* to get married!"

"Operation Marry-I-Must," Andy said, and added, "I can tell I'm just going to be worn out with girlish confidences. You must bring me every dance program with those little pencils and tassels intact, hear?"

T. J. laughed. "It does sound a bit Victorian," she said, and they were the more amused because of the way T. J. looked—rather small, with the neatest possible bones, and a very sturdy sort of delicate air. Her face was wide, set in black hair brushed until it looked like sealskin, and her most striking feature was her lapis-lazuli eyes set in black lashes.

Andy said, "Suppose you don't find the one you want before you graduate?"

"I'll be married before I leave here," T. J. said.

She looked over at Andy, a rounded, honey-colored girl with the gift of repose. Andy opened her eyes and said, "Well, I suppose we must leave no social opportunity unturned. I've been reading the literature here." She patted the sliding mound of booklets, view books, book lists, Advice to Freshmen, and so on, with which Martens College (a small educational institution emphasizing the role of Fine Arts) welcomed newcomers. "I suppose we'd better go to the Freshman Get-Acquainted Dance," she said gravely. "It will get us in training for the Sophomore Japanese Lantern Outdoor Dance."

T. J. agreed. "We must participate to the utmost."

From then on, their friendship progressed in full confidence. If they occasionally practiced their emotions on each other, the emotions were no less real for this rehearsal. Each sieved out for the other much that was false or mistaken in their personal judgments, love

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110



I must—

"I have no plans that include you,"
T. J. said.
"Please go!"

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

Are Good Manners important today?

A Journal Forum discusses what manners are good, when they are important.



Meeting at dinner in the JOURNAL's New York Workshop, some of the forum group discussed manners as they sought one another's further acquaintance. In the spirit of President A. Whitney Griswold, of Yale, who said, of conversation, "It is a fruitful and inspiring search for virtue and wisdom . . . which takes place among friends in a congenial atmosphere," they tentatively explored the areas of mutual agreement before probing differences, in preparation for the full-scale meeting the next day. Left to right around the table: former diplomat Paul Hyde Bonner; Margaret Hickey; poet Ogden Nash; French novelist Louise de Vilmorin; Bruce Gould; Joan Younger; British former editor of Punch Malcolm Muggeridge; and (with back to camera) Beatrice Gould.

Which country has the best manners, which the worst? What are manners, anyway? Are they changing under the impact of democracy? For better, or worse? Is a goodhearted man naturally well-mannered? Is it possible to enjoy a bore, or a boor?

Meeting around a table in the JOURNAL's Rockefeller Center Workshop, a distinguished group of writers, wits and practical observers of life from France and England as well as in the United States discussed these questions. Why do we like to see some people come into a room—why do we shun others? Are good manners growing increasingly important in our increasingly complex society? Two new guests had joined the morning group: Mrs. Price Post, who as Emily Post is America's great authority on etiquette—a woman now in her eighties with a gentle, kindly, grandmotherly face—and Mrs. Robert Meyner, formerly Helen Stevenson, young wife of New Jersey's governor, a handsome woman in her twenties. Participating in this discussion were JOURNAL editors Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould, with moderator and associate editor Margaret Hickey, and writer Joan Younger, formerly of the JOURNAL staff. The morning began with a question from the moderator.

MISS HICKEY: Mrs. Post, what do you think is the essence of good manners?

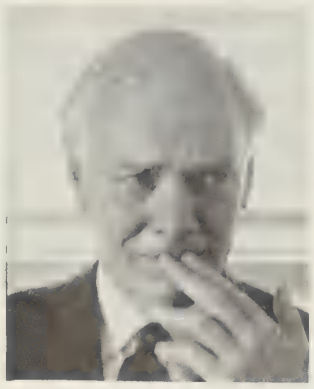
MRS. POST: Well, it is not a matter of holding your fork one way or another. It's thoughtfulness, kindness, courtesy. You must be able to see what the other person is like and to find ways to show him you like him. Consideration for the feelings of others. That is the real importance of manners.

MRS. GOULD: It is hard to analyze the reasons why, but it seems to me that among young people in America today there is a feeling that good manners are undemocratic—that they make for invidious social distinctions. Because we believe one man is as good as another, many have the idea that etiquette or schooling in manners may suggest an attempt to be special ——

MLLE. DE VILMORIN (*She is superbly dressed in a black Lanvin suit and an emerald-and-pearl necklace, and she is obviously astonished at Mrs. Gould's remark*): But manners are extremely important! (*she exclaims in a throaty, delicately accented voice.*) People give a great treasure to their children in teaching them good manners. They teach them the rules of the game. That is not to say real life—not love, passion or domestic things—but the rules of the game that you have to play with people that you only know superficially, people you meet in a doorway, or sit next to at dinner, people whom you work with, or entertain. If you have no manners you make them ill at ease. You make things extremely disagreeable.

MRS. POST: You have hit the nail on the head. Good manners is getting on beautifully with people always, never hurting someone else's feelings and yet never forcing anyone to notice you are around.

It's your kindness. It's your thought. It's your real interest. You don't think about what you are doing; you are trying to think how much is interesting in what



MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE
"Humor always carries some sting. Oscar Wilde was a kindly wit, but it was he who said, 'Work is the curse of the drinking classes.'"



EMILY POST
"This may sound conceited, but I have very good manners and I do not think anyone has ever been rude to me in my life."



PAUL HYDE BONNER
"Even the white horse is born black and has to acquire whiteness."



HELEN STEVENSON MEYNER
"I like the modern manners, the informal dress, the first names—but I also like some elegance."



OGDEN NASH
"I take credit for stopping my daughter from being a bore by curing her of recounting her dreams at the table."



DI PIETRO

e is saying, or he is saying, or what is in the life she describing, and then you answer so she can see, or he n see, that you have heard what was said.

OGDEN NASH (*Despite his success with sophisticates, looks like a teacher. He even has a touch of doomsday oom about him, flashed through with humor*): There's a rallel between what mademoiselle said and what obert Frost said about writing free verse. He said, Writing free verse is like playing tennis without a net," d I think life without manners is a game without les, and absolute chaos.

MRS. MEYNER (*She looks as fresh as though she'd just en unwrapped, straightforward, modern*): I'm sorry, it are we talking about etiquette—or the attitude be- nd it? It seems to me we have been talking about perficial aspects of manners. Manners are basically nd fundamentally just consideration of other people. ood manners is the art of making people feel *easy*.

MISS HICKEY: Yes, we have two levels of manners efore us. One is this deeper thing—which Aristotle lled "nobility of soul" and which he said expressed self in kindness toward other people. And there is so the way this is shown—what mademoiselle calls the rules of the game, or the code, and Mrs. Post calls etiquette. Now the question of whether the connection between the two is automatic—Mrs. Post, do you think the good heart is enough or is some training necessary?

MRS. POST: A kind heart and complete ignorance of the rules do not go very well together, because a person who seems to be rude even if he does not mean to be is not pleasing the other person. It takes more than good intentions.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: A good heart makes the game sweeter, but when it comes to somebody who has no heart or who is disagreeable really, we are tremendously grateful that he observes the rules of the game. I could cry when people are not kind—and what is kindness? Good manners. I believe in this code. I believe in it.

MR. GOULD: But if this is so—that manners are simply kindness—why is there today such a suspicion of politeness? We frequently find people today, cultivated, well-educated people who are suspicious of good manners.

MR. NASH: I think perhaps the same kind of people who are suspicious of CONTINUED ON PAGE 156



OUISE DE VILMORIN
'ou can create a happy
limate with good manners."

FIVE FUNDAMENTAL DON'TS

1. Don't be ugly.
Don't sprawl, sit; don't chaw, chew; don't pick, poke, scratch and pry at yourself when with others.

2. Don't interrupt.
Don't break into conversations, into groups, into private thoughts and personal matters.

3. Don't be ungrateful.
Say "Thank you, God"; "Thank you, mother"; "Thank you, dear," and thank you each and every one.

4. Don't be pushy.
Not with your body, your hands, your feet, your complaints, your problems, your food or your opinions.

5. Don't be self-centered and stupid.
Learn the rules of the game, and when in Rome do as the Romans do, gracefully.

HOW TO BE YOUNG GRACEFULLY

By OGDEN NASH

Having reached the fifth of those Seven Ages,
I consider myself one of Nature's sages,
And, mumbling around my remaining tooth,
Recommend a few rules of thumb to youth.
Let's begin, as I believe we can,
With the motto, "Manners makyth man."
The corollary we can't escape,
That lack of manners makyth ape.
Child, you may not be an Endymion,
But neither need you be a Simian.
Learn to accept the facts of life,
Even from your father and his wife,
Who you'll one day find were in the groove,
And, as of now, have more sense than you've.
One fact as actual as hunger
Is that older people know more than younger;
Whatever you face, they've been all through it;
Give heed when they tell you how not to do it.
They also control, for better or worse,
Strings if not of the apron, still the purse,
And if your ear I may whisper a word to,
Your elders appreciate being deferred to.
They don't appreciate yahoo whoops,
Or sidewalk-monopolizing groups,
They don't appreciate costumes sloppy,
No matter which brand of Brando you copy,
Or finding themselves, at the prandial board,
Either interrupted or ignored.
They know if you go too soon too steady
You'll join them as parents before you're ready.
Though you've grown too old for your elders to spank you,
They like the sound of "Please" and "Thank you."
It's not a sign of approaching senility
When they try to teach you common civility;
The civil youngster's chance is a stronger one
For not only a better life, but a longer one,
Since the driver who with Death is the flirtiest
Is the rudest, raucousest and discourtiest,
One even Pravda could hardly applaud,
A nuisance at home and a boor abroad.
Don't sneer, or reject my words grimacefully,
I append the secret of being young gracefully;
The recipe calls for two ingredients:
Thoughtfulness and, alas, obedience.
Follow this, and you'll hear your parents purr,
For you'll be the marvel they think they were.

PARIS



PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

FASHIONS with an AMERICAN FUTURE

Paris fashions and details are always a source of excitement to women who love to plan ahead and who are charmed by a fresh idea. Shorter skirts? Perhaps an inch, depending on height and figure. Disappearing waistlines? Yes, if you like the new easy, indefinite silhouette—otherwise high, low or middling. The chemise dress is the essence of simplicity, the loose fleecy greatcoat wonderful to wear over anything. Watch for young middy dresses in all fabrics, flattering chin-high collars, fur-lined coats, many-piece costumes that serve many purposes. Beautiful porcelain blues lead all colors—then beiges, damask-rose red, bronzy greens. Tweeds dominate and charm, rough and rustic to light and fine-spun.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor

The middy silhouette, the black-and-white look in rough tweed with wool braid, by Chanel. Young and lovely Suzy Parker, current American movie star, wears it with a Breton sailor.



Lovely new light-as-a-feather shaggy fleece. The coat with shoulder emphasis by Cas-illo of Lanvin. Velvet cone-shaped hat.



Slim panel dress of black wool, new slightly wider shoulders, young fashion by Patou. Off-the-face hat with a veil.

WILHELA CUSHMAN



The prettiest sheath in Paris, beige-and-white tweed combined with a match-ing nutria-lined coat by Jacques Heim.

Slim, timeless and beautifully wearable—the suit of damask-rose tweed with a velvet collar by Christian Dior, back-tilted mink toque, short mink coat.



Indicative costume in aquamarine tweed, opossum-lined coat, jersey blouse. By Patou.



Chanel's wonderful tweed-and-jersey suit, a fashion that today is as American as it is French, worn by movie star Suzy Parker, who appears in the coming motion picture, Kiss Them for Me.



The full skirt that every woman adores, by Christian Dior, important in contrast to narrow lines. Pale beige tweed, matching cloche.



Young short jacket with fringed yoke in l and-black tweed, black astrakhan cap, in suède and calfskin. By Castillo of Lar

PARIS



The Zuyder Zee jacket dress of cheviot tweed with a black suede cap. Castillo of Lanvin.



Chanel's cracked-wheat tweed with brass buttons, matching Breton hat, jersey blouse. Fashion for any year.



New fashion in coats—black-and-bright-blue shaggy fleece, double-cape silhouette with a feather cap. By Castillo of Lanvin.



Paris loves blue. Here is the new bright turquoise in a coat with a back flare. By Castillo of Lanvin.

WILHELA CUSHMAN



The new longer jacket, lower-belted silhouette with a fringe scarf, by Christian Dior.

Slim bow-tie coat in black wool velours with a white mink collar and back-of-the-head pill-box, flattering and wearable, Christian Dior.





Beautiful coat of a lifetime for evening, of palest blue flowered satin with a collar of mink, worn over a short brown taffeta evening dress. By Christian Dior.



FASHIONS with an AMERICAN FUTURE



Typical red jersey suit by Chanel, four-pocketed, with a white bow blouse that Chanel herself wears.



Fox-collared suit in pale sandstone-beige Harris tweed, matching hat. A slim silhouette by Christian Dior.



A dream of an evening dress in black satin with a bodice of black veiling, jet-beaded over brown chiffon by Patou. Guillaume's new coiffure with a ribbon band.

Simple princess-line black wool coat—new fashion in the high collar filled with mink. By Christian Dior.

Separates... night and day



GOLD SANDALS BY BER SOMMER

This black wool-jersey hostess pajama is a very basic "at home" costume. It lends itself to bright scarves, a fur belt or its own reversible bolero. It has an easy-to-get-into back zipper. Vogue Design No. 9346.



PEN BY ROGER VAN S.

Bright printed wool challis is a very gay fabric. We have used it in blouses, jackets, now for slacks. The overblouse is trimmed to match. Vogue Design No. 9333 Slacks, Design No. 8908.



CUMMERBUND BY HELEN LYNCH

This cotton blouse was made from an inexpensive printed Khanga cloth (worn by the natives on the West Coast of Africa) and is Vogue Design No. 9348; slim black jersey slacks, No. 8908.



CRYSTAL JEWELRY BY BEN REIG

This bright blanket plaid in the most heavenly shades is a charming costume combined with a fringe-trimmed jersey blouse (whose neckline dips in the back). Skirt, VogueDesign No. 9345; blouse, No. 9344.

© VOGUE

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 92. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

Here we show you some of the delightful possibilities that the new fabrics offer the home sewer this autumn. We love the classic look of a silk-linen shirt with a gray flannel button-front skirt, but on the other hand we can't resist the gaiety of bright flowered challis with wool jersey. We are partial to the look of a bright braid-bound jacket, wonderful over a black sheath, or with a pleated jersey skirt and a soft white crepe blouse, but can't overlook the coziness (not to mention its fashion news) of a great blanket-plaid skirt. Small details are important too. Take, for instance, the small brass coin buttons, wool fringe dyed to match wool jersey, or a foulard Paisley cummerbund. When you are shopping for your patterns and fabrics, keep individuality of detail in mind. By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIA MARTEL



This versatile braid-bound jersey jacket combines handsomely with a pleated wool-jersey skirt and a soft white crepe blouse, but it would also be smart over a black wool sheath dress. The jacket, Vogue Design No. 9339; blouse, No. 8951; skirt, No. 9336.



Gray flannel is probably the all-time favorite for an "extra" skirt. Ours, with a new button-front detail and hidden pockets, is a refreshing version. Vogue Design No. 9334. The silk-linen blouse, No. 9333.

All Designs are Vogue Printed Patterns.



PIN BY STONESCU

The one-color look in linen and tweed has special significance in all beige. The blouse is double-breasted, has long or short sleeves. Vogue Design No. 9335. The skirt with unpressed pleats, No. 9336.

Can this Marriage be Saved?



Marriage counselors do not try to force anyone either to stay with a marriage or to destroy it. They help the client to see all sides of it, to think it through, so when he finally makes his decision—and no one can properly make it for him—he will make the right decision and will not say ten years later, as so many do, "If I'd known ten years ago what I know now, I would never have got a divorce." In most marriages (such as those described in this series) that seem at first sight to be not merely unsatisfactory but almost impossible, there are many great values, many unrealized assets, that need only to be developed and conserved. The client, irritated by relatively small difficulties or even by nothing more than his own faulty personality, is in danger of disregarding these great values and destroying the marriage on what will later be recognized as trivial grounds that could easily have been removed. Better preparation for marriage, and greater use of marriage counseling afterward, would prevent most of the broken homes, now numbering around 400,000 each year in the United States. . . . The counselor (at the American Institute of Family Relations) in this case was Dr. Bruce T. Jewell. PAUL POPENOE, SC.D., *General Director*



DON GRUTZ

"Tracy and I were asleep when the phone rang. I answered it. Tracy got the telephone away from me and persuaded Carol to hang up. But he couldn't persuade me that she was one of his customers' girl friends—I thought she was *his* girl friend. We talked until morning—and I discovered I was right."

SHE: "I'm in no mood to forgive him twice. Infidelity isn't the only trouble with our marriage. Tracy is a wonderful guest, a wonderful host. Those are endearing qualities—in a bachelor."

HE: "I've climbed high in a highly competitive business. In my business, I meet women, lots of them. I know I shouldn't have stepped out on Elise, even with an important girl, and maybe I shouldn't have lied to her. I told the lies only when I was cornered and then I told as few as possible. I wish she could be proud of me."

ELISE TELLS HER SIDE: "I forgave my husband's infidelity the first time," said Elise, who was thirty-three years old and the pretty, fair-haired mother of three. Twelve years married to a prosperous salesman, she was tastefully but economically dressed. "I'm in no mood to forgive him twice. Infidelity isn't the only trouble with our marriage, although Tracy, an incurable optimist, denies we have any troubles at all. To this day he declares that he couldn't wish for a better wife than I or better children than ours.

"Our children, two boys and a girl, are pretty special, if I say so myself. I once thought that Tracy, who is full of fun and proficient at any sport you can mention, might develop into a good father. Indeed, I thought he and I had an almost ideal marriage except for his wretched job. Tracy sells industrial machinery. His work is well paid—he averages around fifteen thousand dollars annually—but he is away from home nearly half the time. He insists he broke his marriage vows only because of loneliness. It is almost impossible for me to believe him.

"For one thing, I doubt he has ever spent a lonely moment on or off the road. He isn't the type who mopes and broods in an empty room. He can't be fifteen minutes in a town before he's busy on the telephone, calling this one, complimenting that one, passing on the latest joke. In half an hour I've seen him set up a week of appointments. He belongs to a dozen professional and social clubs. He plays golf he plays billiards, he plays bridge, he rides horseback, he swims. He's a good listener, a good conversationalist too.

"Everybody wants him for lunch, for cocktails, for dinner, for the talking, singing, dancing afterward. He's the first to arrive at a party, the last to leave. When he joins a group you can see both the men and the women brighten, sit up in their chairs and think, 'Well, now the fun can begin.' Tracy is a wonderful guest, a wonderful host. Those are endearing qualities—in a bachelor.

"The first girl he got entangled with—her name was Carol—managed a large motel near Tucson, Arizona. That was about four years ago. Most wives would have sensed something was wrong long before I became suspicious. A couple of the other salesmen used to kid around, telling me that my husband was a wolf, that I ought to put a ball and chain on him. I laughed. I didn't dream I was hearing the truth. I wanted to trust Tracy, I suppose. My mother's nagging and complaining and her unjust suspicions drove my father to the divorce court when I was in grade school; as a child I decided I wouldn't be that kind of wife.

"Both my mother and my older sister used to say I was too trusting and naïve. My mother-in-law—I get on better with her than with my own mother—said flatly that no man could be trusted, her son included, but I discounted her cynicism, thinking it could be explained by her own experience. Tracy's father wasn't a faithful husband. His conduct bitterly humiliated Tracy as a small boy; he sided with his mother and despised his father. I couldn't conceive that he would follow in his father's footsteps.

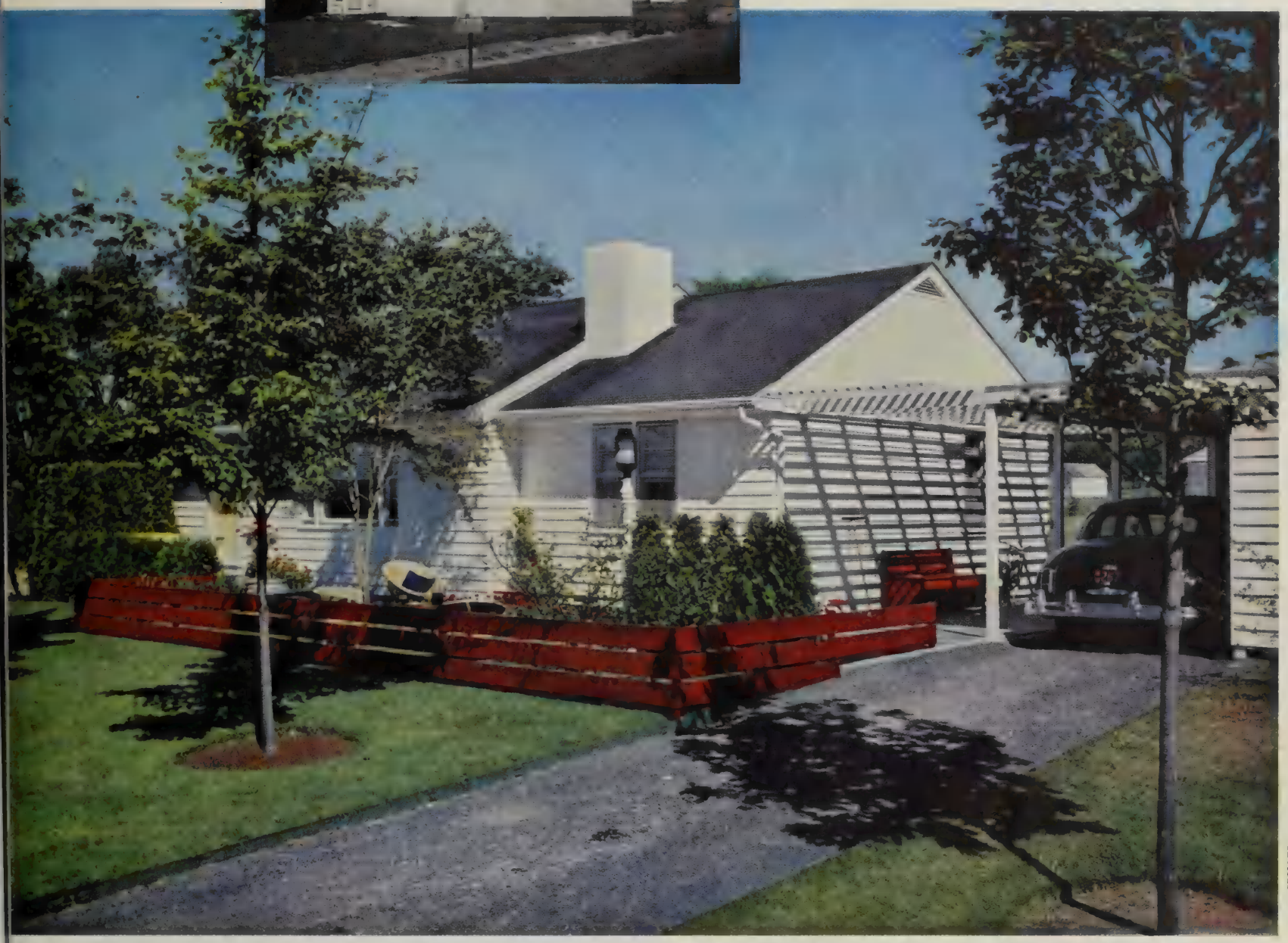
"But then one night Tracy and I dined with a wealthy customer who owned an Arizona ranch. While the men talked business the wife showed me photographs of their ranch. Among them was a snapshot of Tracy riding out of their corral with a strange girl. When I asked some questions, the hostess said the girl was a neighboring rancher's daughter, but she sounded embarrassed. Later I spoke to Tracy and he looked me straight in the eye and declared he couldn't recall anything about the girl. It was Carol, of course. He was squiring her around among his out-of-town friends. At times they were even taking trips together. Everybody knew about the situation except me.

"A few months after that dinner Tracy told me he had to attend a convention in Dallas, Texas. During his absence Johnnie, our older boy, broke his arm. It was a simple fracture, but I telegraphed the Dallas hotel CONTINUED ON PAGE 113



SHEPHERD

As often happens, the front faced a much finer view than the back, but needed shade, wind protection, a pleasant place to sit in privacy and enjoy it. Also needed: car shelter, outdoor storage.



STOLLER

Here we have everything that was needed; the major plants with several years' growth and loving care; the patio plant benches dressed with potted plants; the unsightly aerial no longer strangling the chimney.

All this for $1000 less than a two-car garage

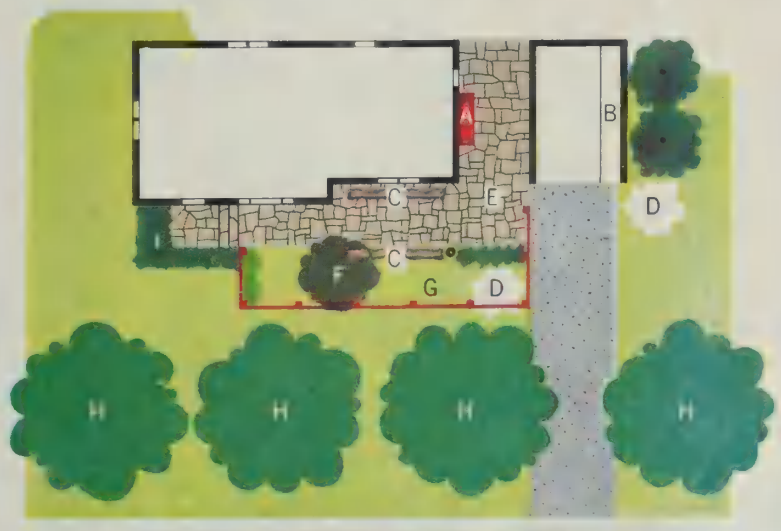
It used to be considered impolite to tell what things cost, but here it's the most important part of the story.

By RICHARD PRATT
Architectural and Garden Editor

The estimate on a two-car garage was a little over $2400. And as you can see by the driveway being built (in the little before picture above), we came along just in time to demonstrate what could be done instead.

Our easily expansible carport and its connecting arbor, together with the patio fencing, gave the house an immediate architectural lift and cost $800. This simple carpentry could have been owner-done for about half. The paving for patio and arbor is random flagging on solid concrete and cost $160 laid. The four big sugar maples cost $200, though their value is rapidly mounting beyond price. The evergreen screens, which provide so much privacy and weather protection where most required, consist of seventeen arborvitaes cut to different heights, as you can see, and came to $150 planted. The Washington thorn, a garden tree de luxe, filled with white flowers in June and with blazing red berries all winter, was a joyful extravagance at $25; the same price as the pair of spreading crab apples. The lamppost lighting for $45 and the peel furniture, that doubles for indoors and out, for $40 brought the total to $1445. . . . Looks like $1000 more, instead of $1000 less.

Soon the sugar maples will become more and more the most important beauty of the place; branching high above the view, casting their shade in summer, glowing with golden brilliance in the fall. The layout couldn't be more simple and clear to comprehend.



A—CHEST BENCH
B—STORAGE
C—PLANT BENCH
D—SARGENT'S CRAB APPLE
E—PAVING
F—WASHINGTON THORN
G—GRASS
H—SUGAR MAPLE
I—ARBORVITAE



OF

Charles can
with him the memory
of Julia, lov
and brave, smiling
she soothed Pieter.

SCENT CLOVES

By NORAH LOFTS

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I AND II *Orphaned by Cromwell's armies, Julia Ashley grows up in a Dutch orphanage, is trained by the East India Company as one of the Company's Daughters—girls who are sent to marry plantation owners and Company employees in the remote, legendary spice islands of the Indies. At fifteen, lovely golden-haired Julia is married in a "glove marriage" ceremony to a man named Pieter Vosmar, whom she has never seen. Reluctant, frightened, she voyages to her new home. Her marriage is to be in name only, she finds. Pieter, though a grown man, will always be mentally a child, the result of a childhood accident. But her new home is rich and beautiful, and not knowing that she is to be used as part of a plot to provide an heir for the Vosmar fortune, Julia sees her father-in-law, Simon, as a kindly man until, unwittingly, she places herself in great danger by learning a terrible secret. From this danger she is rescued by mysterious traveler Charles. For the first time in her life Julia knows what love is, though her love for Charles may never be consummated.*

When Mynheer returned with his guests from Banda, she was bathed and reclad, and the dress she had been wearing that afternoon had been washed and hung at the back of the closet. Outwardly she looked calm enough, but the marrow of her bones still thrummed with a hidden vibration; and she decided to stay in her room until Pluto rang the miniature silver *tong-tong* as a sign that dinner was on the table. However, after a few minutes Mynheer himself came and tapped on her door.

"My dear, could you come and entertain my guests for a short time? Daan has just informed me that I am wanted. I know what it is—a business that won't take more than five minutes, but it seems rude to leave these gentlemen alone."

She went with him to the veranda, where the two gentlemen sat in the cane chairs with drinks before them. Mynheer made the introductions and slipped away.

Now was the moment for applying one of Mevrouw Helmers' little rules of behavior: "Always remember that gentlemen like to talk about themselves and their business. Open with a question or a remark which invites them to do so, and then sit and listen."

It was a sound rule. The gentlemen talked, the sun went down in all its blossoming glory; the gentlemen refilled their glasses, and talked again. Mynheer's five minutes stretched out to thirty, and Julia, with her guilty knowledge of what was being said, grew so uneasy that it was difficult for her to stay still.

At last Mynheer stepped onto the veranda, and from within the house came the sound of the *tong-tong*. He apologized for the delay.

"Really, a most trivial bit of business that anyone could have dealt with," he said. "One day I shall get an agent ——"

She could see that, during his absence, he had been intensely, violently angry. His always prominent eyes were bulged out and the whites of them very red. His manner toward her, however, was unchanged and her heart went out in gratitude to the man who had rescued her.

The meal was lengthy, the conversation, however often brought back to general topics, constantly drifting away again toward business. She wanted to escape and knew that, in their hearts, the men would be glad when she went. The shadows of Doctor Hootman and Pieter passed across the screen and were duly commented upon, and she was thinking that now, in a moment, she might rise and go, when the man beside her turned and said:

"I expect that, like most ladies, you spend a good deal of time making pretty things with your needle, Mevrouw."

Needle! Embroidery! My bag! Caught off guard, her hand went to her mouth; she could feel her face change.

"Mynheer . . . that has reminded me of a promise I made and failed to keep." She turned to the head of the table. "I promised Marie that I would begin at once to make her something." The vagueness and the confusion would be attributed to the something's being connected with a baby, unborn and therefore unmentionable; when she had gone Mynheer would tell the others and they would laugh!

"You haven't lost much time, my dear," said Mynheer indulgently.

My bag! she thought. *Now I must go—in the dark—to that dreadful, dreadful place, alone.*

The trembling within—though when she looked down at her hands they *looked* steady—had now reached the paralytic stage, and though she wanted to jump up and rush out in search of the bag, she felt unable to move.

Pluto, moving soundless as a shadow, paused by his master's chair, spoke in a low voice.

Mynheer nodded. "My dear, Pieter would like to see you for a moment."

A new and rather telling touch to the masquerade, she thought.

"I'll go at once," she said, and willed her legs to support her as far as the door. Mynheer smiled at her with approval.

In the cloister she stood still for a moment, leaning her hot face against one of the cool stone pillars, steadying herself against its solidity.

"Ah, Mevrouw," said Doctor Hootman, opening the door of Pieter's room. "I trust that this last little proof of a happy connubial relationship was well received."

It seemed to her that there was a marked, though subtle, change in his manner toward her. She wondered whether she dared ask him to go out and retrieve her bag. It was, she knew, a good deal to ask. Before she could find the courage, or the words to make the request, he had turned and gone to one of the cupboards in which Pieter's clay and beads and paints were all tidily arrayed. When he turned back he had the brocade bag in his hands.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

Copyright © 1957 by Norah Lofts





I allowed snapshots like this to be taken because I wouldn't admit, even to myself, that I weighed over 250 pounds. The big smile is phony. Inside, I wanted to die.



I was so fearful my children would be ashamed of me. I never went to their school functions. I couldn't stand having them compare me with the other mothers.

"From Hippo to Slimmo"

When Phyllis Hecht weighed 250 pounds she was so unhappy she contemplated suicide. Today, after her diet which has reduced her to 133 pounds, she says,

"Every day is wonderful now. Life is too lovely to spend any of it being sad."

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

Yes, I despised myself so much when I was fat I actually thought of killing myself. I even worried about how they could squeeze me into a coffin. How morbid can a girl get? Recently, in going through some old papers I found this little poem I had written after failing to stick to a diet:

Oh, God! I pray,
Make time go fast;
I cannot bear another day.
Why do You choose to let me stay?
Dead, I live.

I had been fat ever since I was a little girl, and like most fatties I was always going to do something about it. I am a champion diet starter. Each time I saw a "before-and-after" story in the JOURNAL, I began a new reducing regimen. I got enthused, gave myself lectures, prayed to God, read The Power of Positive Thinking, wrote encouraging notes to myself, hung "before-and-after" pictures all over the house. But, as always, I gave up after losing twenty pounds, and started to gorge again.

I've often heard it said that people gain excessive weight because they are unhappy—they overeat to compensate for the way life mistreats them. I am exhibit A in this miserable fatty-go-round. Before telling *why*, I want to make it clear that I hold no grudge against the people involved. I love my mother, and nowadays we are very close. Just recently we bought a house together for our families to share in the summer. But when I was a fatty, things were different.

My parents were very young when I was born. Mother was exceptionally pretty, full of life, always on the go. I was frequently left in the care of relatives—aunts, uncles, cousins, grandparents. It was confusing to me to have so many "bosses" telling me how to act and what to do. I was often lonely. Something good to eat helped make up for my feeling of despair.

When I was very young I could have been called (with a goodhearted stretch of the imagination) "pleasingly plump." But by the time I was nine years old I was just plain fat. All the grownups tried to force me to diet. It hurt my feelings to know they found fault with me and so, in childish rebellion, I ate more than ever. I lost all personal pride. If mother bought a new dress for me and the sleeves were uncomfortably tight, I solved the problem by ripping them out. Other children refused to play with me because I was too "sloppy."

As the years went by I became morosely convinced that nobody cared about me or thought I was important. Gradually I reached the stage where I couldn't feel important to myself. Then my reasons for overeating changed. I figured the more I ate, the less attractive I would become. The less attractive I was, the less opportunity to make close contacts with people. The fewer people in my life, the less chance I would have to be hurt by their unkindness toward me. By the time I was thirteen years old, I was 5′ 2″ tall and weighed 190 pounds. Submerged in my mounds of fat, I faced the world with the attitude: "I'm not coming out of here to hurt you, so don't you come near to hurt me."

Knowing I would never be noticed for any *appealing* qualities of appearance or personality, I purposely went out of my way to be bad, in order to be noticed. I played hooky from school all during my freshman year, and quit school when I was sixteen. Even having my parents yell at me for my misbehavior gave me the "attention" I craved.

My only close friend was a girl who was just about as fat and as miserable as I was. Fed up with our forlorn existence, we decided to join the local girls' club subsidized by the state. We made our applications, but we were refused admission on the basis that we were not attractive enough. In tears, I stood on the steps of the clubhouse and pleaded that it wasn't fair to judge us on appearance alone—after all, they didn't know us, so how could they be sure they wouldn't like us? Another vote was taken and we were, reluctantly, voted in. Later the other girls became friendly but I was so self-conscious about my size and unkempt appearance that I dropped out.

After quitting high school, I went to hairdressing school. At the age of sixteen I was a professional hairdresser, and by the time I was eighteen I had my own shop. (My uncle lent me the money to get started and I'm proud to say he was fully repaid in three months. With the work and worry of being a business girl, my weight dropped. I weighed 165 pounds when I met Irving.

Irving and I went together for a year and then became engaged. Naturally I was thrilled. But my apprehension over close attachments to people was still with me. The idea of being *married* was frightening. I started eating again, and in the three months of our engagement I put on twenty pounds. At the last minute I discovered my wedding dress, which I had bought when I weighed 165, wouldn't zip or button. In desperation, I took off the collar, cuffs and belt and used the material from these to pad out the seams. At our reception, guests complimented me for selecting such a "simple" dress.



ROGER PRIGENT

Here, I have reduced to 155 pounds.
For the first time in my life I have an interest
in me, I feel like a lady, people
treat me with respect. It's wonderful!

Phyllis' doctor started her on a 1200-calorie-a-day diet. Halfway through her reducing regimen, when her weight began to level off, he reduced the calories to 1000 a day. Below are two typical days' menus.

(The JOURNAL advises all readers who plan to diet to first have their doctor's approval. If you would like a copy of the JOURNAL's *Energy Diet for Reducing*, send your request to: Diet Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.)

1000-Calorie-a-Day Diet

	Calories
Breakfast	
Sliced orange	80
Ready-to-eat cereal (1 cup)	80
Milk (4 oz.)	80
Coffee, no sugar, 2 oz. milk	40
	280
Lunch	
Egg (1), tomato (1) and cucumber salad	115
Low-calorie toast (1 slice, lightly buttered)	65
Fruit-flavored gelatin (4 oz.)	100
Coffee, no sugar, 2 oz. milk	40
	320
Dinner	
Tomato soup (¾ cup)	80
Broiled liver (1 medium slice) with	150
bacon (1 slice, crisp)	35
Sauerkraut (½ cup)	20
Peas (½ cup)	65
Tea with lemon	0
	350
Before bedtime	
Apple (small)	50
Total calories for day	1000

1200-Calorie-a-Day Diet

Breakfast	
Orange juice (4 oz.)	65
Scrambled egg	75
Low-calorie toast (1 slice)	45
2 tsps. butter (for egg and toast)	65
Coffee, no sugar, 2 oz. milk	40
	290
Lunch	
Vegetable soup (bowl)	85
Celery stalks filled with cottage cheese and chives	90
Pear	50
Tea with lemon	0
	225
Dinner	
Chopped steak patty (medium)	250
Stewed tomatoes (½ cup)	25
Baked potato (½) with ½ pat butter	100
Chilled cantaloupe (¼) with vanilla ice cream (3 oz.)	195
	570
Before bedtime	
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	85
Vanilla wafers (2)	30
	115
Total calories for day	1200

Before and After Measurements

Before		*After*
5′5″	Height	5′5″
254½ pounds	Weight	155 pounds
48½″	Bust	38″
39″	Waist	29½″
57″	Hips	39″
up to 50	Dress Size	16

You would think marriage would have changed my attitude about food. It did. I was so depressed over being such a fat and ugly wife that I ate more than ever. Our honeymoon was scarcely over before people asked, "Phyl, are you pregnant?" One woman I barely knew had the gall to joke, "You look as though someone put an air hose in your mouth and forgot to stop blowing." In two months I ate my way up to 210 pounds.

I despised myself. I *prayed* to be able to stick to a diet, but I just couldn't do it. I was a sneak eater. When people were around, I'd eat modestly—but when I was alone I ate like a pig. I often used to hide a frosted cake, napkin and fork under my bed and then eat it after Irving went to sleep.

When I was pregnant with Michael, our first child, I reached 235. At my medical checkup, six weeks later, I weighed 232 pounds. My doctor was worried and tried to pressure me to reduce. He even stood on the scales himself and announced, "I'm six feet two inches tall and weigh one pound less than you do!" We looked like Mutt and Jeff. A year and a half later, when our daughter Elin was on her way, I zoomed up to 240 pounds. This time the doctor was truly appalled. "If you want to have your baby," he told me, "you absolutely must control your eating. Otherwise I doubt if you will have a safe delivery." I was scared that time and did cut down. But within weeks after Elin was born, I went back to my old eating habits and gradually gorged my way up to a grand total of 254½ pounds. My clothes (size 50) had to be purchased through a mail-order catalogue. I used to wear a coat, even in the hottest weather, to try to hide my fat. One afternoon when I was sitting on the front steps of our house, bunched up in an old brown coat, my father came by. He was so depressed by the sight of me, he demanded, "Phyllis, buy a new coat. *I'll* pay for it—I can't stand to see you like that."

A little friend of Michael's looked at me in awe one day, and asked quite seriously, "If you hit me, would I break in two?" I was so fearful of having my children ashamed of me that I refused to attend any of their school functions. Irving was always too considerate to criticize, but as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Thanksgiving



SHOSTAL

Thanksgiving dawns with a clear, brilliant sky;
the trees at Appleyard Center are in November shades of gold and crimson,
the steeple of the church is sparkling white, shadowed with blue.

The house is deliciously warm and fragrant, cheerfully noisy;

the turkey is festooned with plump sausages,

there's rich brown gravy, and a very special pumpkin pie!

By ELIZABETH KENT GAY

My mother, Mrs. Appleyard, is a leisurely, old-fashioned cook, and by that I mean she works with patience, affection, skill and Help. I, on the other hand, count my help in four small packages named Cynthia, Tommy, Laura and Camilla, so I tend to be short-order, and streamlined.

In honor of Thanksgiving, however, our different paces seem to blend; our family celebration involves a co-operative dinner in mother's square, white Vermont farmhouse in Appleyard Center. Early Thanksgiving morning figures in snow suits of many colors stamp up the steps of the arched porch and into the house carrying bundles, jugs of cider, baskets of fruit. As we all gather in the old winter kitchen, a fire is snapping in the nickel-trimmed wood stove. The air outside is brittle as a crystal goblet, but the frost pictures are melting from all the windows, and there's a blend of rose geranium and lavender in the air; wood smoke and the scent of old pine rubbed with beeswax are soon to give way to the aroma of roasting turkey.

We sit at the big oval walnut kitchen table and discuss dinner. "We'll make a pastry blanket for the turkey," mother says to fifteen-year-old Cynthia, my eldest daughter. "My grandmother taught me when I was your age." The purpose of the pastry blanket is to keep the turkey moist. (I would use aluminum foil, instead; but who knows—perhaps Cynthia will be the one to inherit her grandmother's timeless, count-not-the-hours approach to cooking.) To go with the turkey, we decide, there will be giblet gravy, a shimmering orange-and-cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, Lima beans and mushrooms, pumpkin pie as gold as the globe of sun that suddenly chases the shadows into the corners of the warm kitchen.

STUART



A brilliantly red, clear Consommé Cardinal (spiced madrilène) begins the meal, in a festive setting of beautiful silver, white damask and turkey place-card holders (made from pine cones by nimble-fingered younger members of the family).

Vermont Turkey in a Pastry Blanket With Chestnut Dressing

To make the blanket: Heat 1 cup water to boiling point. Add 1 pound butter. When it has melted, stir in 4 cups flour seasoned with 2 teaspoons poultry seasoning. Mother stuffs turkey with a mixture of Montpelier crackers, pounded up rather coarsely, dried French-bread crumbs, melted butter, eggs, onion, Vermont cream and chestnuts. She seasons this delicately so that the flavor of the chestnuts will not be lost.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

STUART-FOWLER



The food is set out on the long pine sideboard—the turkey appealingly browned, the Lima beans and mushrooms bubbling in their sauce, the hot casserole of sweet potatoes. The cranberry marmalade comes out of the cool cellarway and joins the boat of gravy. There's a big pitcher of fresh cider, and sharp cheese for the pumpkin pie.

at Appleyard Center



Collector's Items

Pies

FROM THE JOURNAL KITCHEN



PHOTO BY STUART

Beneath the glistening ruby cranberries there's a satiny cream-cheese filling.

INCOMPARABLE PAIR

Probably the most seductive dish in the history of eating was celebrated by Eugene Field when he wrote:

I'm glad I've got three willing boys
To hang around and tease
Their mother for the filling joys
Of apple pie and cheese!

Here's a version where the rich, savory cheese is worked into individual pastry shells. The succulent blend of sweet apples, raisins and spices is a classic.

Cheese-and-Apple Tarts. Mix together 1 cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅓ cup shortening and ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese. Chop together with 2 knives or a pastry blender so that the pieces are about the size of small beans. Add 2 tablespoons water, a few drops at a time, and toss with a fork. Shape the pastry with the hands to pull it together. Then divide into 8 equal portions. Roll each on a slightly floured board or pastry cloth. Place the dough in 8 small tart pans and press in firmly, making a pretty edge. Prick the bottom of each shell with a fork and place empty tart pan on top. Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 10 to 12 minutes. Remove the extra pans several minutes before the shells are done so that they will brown. If you do not have extra tart pans, use uncooked rice in waxed paper. It serves the same purpose.

Filling: Peel, core and slice 3 pounds (8) tart apples. Heat together 1½ cups sugar and 1½ cups water until the sugar is dissolved. Add 3 cinnamon sticks—each about 1½" long—and 6 cloves. These can be tied in a little cheesecloth bag. Add the apples, ½ cup seedless raisins and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Simmer until the apples are tender. Don't overcook them. Remove the fruit from the syrup, but leave the spices. Mix together 2 tablespoons cornstarch and ¼ cup cold water. Stir this into the syrup and cook until it is thickened. Mix carefully with the apples and raisins after removing the spices. Cool and fill the tart shells about a half hour before serving. Cap with whipped cream.

LOW-CALORIE LUXURY

The crumb crust is luscious—the filling thick and creamy. Yet this is a weight watcher's dream to be enjoyed with easy conscience. If the pie is cut six ways there will be a miraculously low 196 calories in each delectable wedge.

Heavenly Peach Pie. Finely crush 12 zwieback (1¼ cups crumbs). Mix with 2 tablespoons sugar and ¼ cup melted butter. Pack into an 8" pie plate and bake for 10 minutes in a moderately slow oven, 325° F. Cool.

Filling: Dissolve 1 envelope lemon-flavored low-calorie gelatin in ½ cup hot water and the juice drained from an 8-ounce can water-packed sliced peaches. Dice peaches and set aside. When gelatin is dissolved, add ½ cup orange-juice concentrate and ½ teaspoon almond extract. Chill until slightly thickened. Beat 2 egg whites with ¼ cup sugar until peaks form. Then fold in the thickened gelatin mixture and the diced peaches. Chill until it will hold some shape and pour into the 8" baked and cooled zwieback crust. Refrigerate until firm.

POPULARITY, PLUS

Cheers for cheese pie—latest to become one of America's top favorites. Crown it glamour queen with a jewellike glaze.

Cranberry-Cheese Pie. Whip 2½ eight-ounce packages (20 ounces) cream cheese until fluffy. Combine 1 cup sugar, 1½ tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¼ teaspoon grated orange rind and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Add to the cream cheese and beat until thoroughly mixed. Add 3 eggs and 1 egg white, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Finally add 2 tablespoons evaporated or homogenized milk and ½ teaspoon vanilla, beating again until well blended. Pour into a slightly underbaked 9" pie shell. Bake 7 minutes in a very hot oven, 450° F. Reduce to a very slow oven, 200° F., and bake 15 minutes more. Cool. Prepare a topping by combining in a saucepan a 1-pound can whole-cranberry sauce, 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 tablespoon cornstarch. Cook over low heat until thick and clear. Blend in 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Cool and spread over the cooled cheese filling.

FROM A DUTCH OVEN

Pennsylvania Dutch fingers wield rolling pin and paintbrush with equal artistry. The crumbly streusel *topping on this delicious layered pie is the clue to its Pennsylvania heritage. It should be served fragrantly warm.*

Mincemeat-Apple-Crumb Pie. *Piecrust:* Cut ⅓ cup shortening coarsely into 1 cup flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Stir in 2 tablespoons cold water, little by little. Roll out on a slightly floured board and ease into a 9" pie plate. Make a fluted edge.

Filling: Use a 1-pound jar mincemeat or a 9-ounce package dry mincemeat prepared according to package directions. Pour into the unbaked pie shell. Peel, core and slice 2¼ cups tart apples. Mix them with ⅓ cup sugar and ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Then arrange apples over the mincemeat. Cut 2 tablespoons butter into ⅓ cup flour and ½ cup sugar. When the butter is in small pieces, lightly sprinkle the topping over the apples. Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 15 minutes. Then reduce heat to moderate, 350° F., and bake 30 minutes longer or until bubbling.

DESTINED TO DEVASTATE

Nuts give the tender meringue shell a very special nougat flavor. Filled with a glossy chocolate ambrosia, here is—in short—a confection. So have the coffee extra strong, extra hot.

Chocolate-Nut Angel Pie. Sift together ½ cup sugar and ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Add sifted sugar gradually to the egg whites, beating well after each addition. Continue beating until the meringue is quite stiff and no sugar crystals are present. Fold in ½ cup chopped pecans. Butter well a 9" pie plate and fill with the meringue. Do not bring out to the edge of the plate. Bake in a slow oven, 275° F., for about 1 hour or until delicately browned. Cool thoroughly.

Chocolate filling: Melt ¾ cup semisweet chocolate bits in the top of a double boiler. Add 3 tablespoons hot water and cook until thickened. Cool slightly. The mixture will become quite thick. Then add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Then whip 1 cup heavy cream and fold into the chocolate. Combine well, but do not beat. Pour into the meringue shell and chill 2 to 3 hours.

PRIDE OF DIXIE

Laced with dates, this creation proves even more sublime, if possible, than the dessert delight of the Southland in traditional style.

Pecan-Date Pie. Prepare a 9" pie shell. Arrange 1 cup shelled pecan halves and 1 cup coarsely cut dates in the bottom. Beat 3 eggs. Add 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup light corn syrup and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Stir well to blend. Mix together 1 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon flour. Blend with egg mixture and pour over the nuts and dates in the pie shell. Let stand until the nuts rise to the surface. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 45 minutes.

"AH LIKES 'TATER PIE BETTER'N PUNKIN PIE"

Another Southern specialty—spiced to perfection—might easily win over a stanch squash or pumpkin devotee. Sift confectioners' sugar on the finished masterpiece just before serving, or pass grated sharp cheese for individual sprinkling.

Sweet-Potato Pie. Line a 9" pie plate with pastry, using the plain piecrust recipe given above. Bake 4 medium-sized sweet potatoes. When they are very well done, scoop the potato from the skins into a mixing bowl. Mix with 1 cup brown sugar and ½ cup butter. Season with 1½ teaspoons nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ginger and ¼ teaspoon salt. Beat until smooth. Separate 3 eggs and beat the yolks slightly. Add yolks with 1 cup heavy cream to the potato mixture. Blend well. Fold in the 3 egg whites, beaten until stiff but not dry, and pour into the unbaked pie shell. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1 hour or until the center is set when tested with a silver knife. If necessary to brown the crust, raise the temperature to a very hot oven, 450° F., for about 5 minutes at the end of the baking time.

4 SOUPER BEEF DISHES

made delicious with *Campbell's Soups*



Here they are! Best of Beef recipes made easy and inexpensive with Campbell's Soups. And souper delicious! Make one of these main dishes for your family tonight. P. S. They'll ask for it again!





Souper Tomato Beef Stew. Roll 1 lb. cubed beef in flour seasoned in salt and pepper. Brown meat in 2 tbsp. shortening. Add 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, 1 soup can water. Cover. Simmer 1½ hours; stir occasionally. Add 6 small onions, 1 cup peas, 3 quartered potatoes, ¼ tsp. thyme. Cover; cook about 45 min. or until done. 6 servings.





Meat Loaf with Vegetables. So Juicy! So Tender! So Good! Mix 2 lb. ground beef with 1 can Campbell's Vegetable Soup, 1 beaten egg, ½ cup bread crumbs, 1 chopped onion, 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce, 1 tbsp. prepared mustard, 1 tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. black pepper. Shape mixture into loaf. Bake 1 hour at 350° F. 10 servings.





Baked Steak with Mushrooms. Creamy mushroom sauce, that's what goes great with steak! Pound ¼ cup flour, ¼ tsp. salt, dash black pepper into 1½ lb. round steak. Brown in 2 tbsp. shortening in oven-proof skillet; add 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup and ¼ cup water. Cover. Bake in 350° F. oven for about 45 min. 6 servings.





Pot Roast with Quick Onion Gravy. M-m-m! Brown 4 to 5-lb. pot roast; add 1 can Campbell's Onion Soup. Cover; cook over low heat 2 hours. Add 10 carrots, 5 large halved potatoes, ½ tsp. salt, dash black pepper. Cover; cook 1 hour. Remove meat, vegetables. Thicken gravy with mixture of ¼ cup each flour and water. 10 to 12 servings.

Good cooks cook with *Campbell's Soup*



"But, Doctor... he's not himself any more"

"Doctor, I don't know what's come over Tom. He has always been happy . . . considerate of me and everybody else. But for months now, he has been changing. He broods a lot, his temper's quick and he is always complaining about his health. I can not get him to see you or any other doctor. Claims his trouble will eventually wear off."

Doctors hear of many situations like this, and they know that medical advice in such cases is often essential. Of course, we all have emotional upsets at times.

However, when disturbing feelings persist . . . when a person is so worried, anxious or depressed that he does not seem like himself any more . . . the source of the trouble must be sought, and corrective steps taken to restore mental poise and physical well-being.

Doctors have become increasingly aware of the effect of the emotions on physical health. There is no longer any doubt that illness of emotional origin is just as real as appendicitis or pneumonia or any other physical ailment.

No matter what the physical symptom is . . . for example—nagging headache, digestive upsets, irregular heart beat or backache . . . something can usually be done about it.

In fact, studies made by the National Association for Mental Health show that almost 50 percent of all people seeking medical attention today suffer from conditions brought about or made worse by emotional factors.

A visit or two with the doctor may reveal the underlying cause of the physical disturbance. This is frequently something that the patient does not even suspect.

Once the source of the trouble is found . . . and the patient understands how his emotional reactions are playing havoc with his health . . . a successful recovery can usually be anticipated.

So, if you find yourself . . . or any member of your family . . . becoming persistently overwrought, irritable, exhausted or unduly nervous, seek your doctor's help soon.

For an emotional disorder, like a physical illness, can be treated with greater hope of success when therapy is started promptly.

A simple discussion of how our emotions cause headaches, digestive upsets, and affect our outlook on life is presented in Metropolitan's new booklet called "Emotions and Physical Health." Use the coupon below for your free copy.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet 11-57-J, "*Emotions and Physical Health.*"

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

SCENT OF CLOVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

She said "Oh" and groped her way to a chair, tears of relief filling her eyes.

"I did consider putting it on your favorite seat in the garden," Doctor Hootman said. "Then I thought you might remember it and be worried."

She swallowed painfully. "I did remember it, just now, at the table. I nearly died."

"That must have been a bad moment." He sat on a chair on the other side of the table. "You're a brave woman." It was a statement made without intent to praise, without admiration. It was like his expression, speculative.

"Oh, no," she told him. "All along I've been terrified."

"Indeed? I wondered whether you realized what a risk you were taking; whether perhaps Mynheer's paternal manner had led you to think that you could do what you liked."

"Far from it," she said with a little shudder. "This afternoon I was half out of my wits. So much so that I didn't even ask the name of the man who helped me."

"I gathered that you were somewhat distressed." He did not volunteer the name.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 80 AND 81

Vogue Design No. 9346. Culotte dress, cummerbund and reversible bolero; 10–20 (31–40). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9333. Blouses; 10–18 (31–38). 60c.
Vogue Design No. 8908. Shirt and slacks; 12–20 (30–38). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9348. Blouse; 10–18 (31–38). 60c.
Vogue Design No. 9345. "Easy to Make" skirt; 24–30 waist measure. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 9344. Blouse and cummerbund; 10–20 (31–40). 60c.
Vogue Design No. 9339. Jackets; 10–18 (31–38). 60c.
Vogue Design No. 8951. Blouse; 12–20 (32–40). 50c.
Vogue Design No. 9336. Skirts; 24–30 waist measure. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 9334. Skirt; 24–30 waist measure. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 9335. Blouse; 10–20 (31–40). 60c.





Pond's Cold Cream makes a lovely difference. Deep cleansing? Of course. But more—it softens, smooths, re-balances your skin. It's the beauty cream of the world's most beautiful women.

See how your thirsty skin responds

This cream cleanses deep down...

But more...it replaces the vitalizing oils modern living drains away

Today's stepped-up living, authorities say, is robbing your skin of its natural beauty oils. Your skin today needs more than just deep cleansing to keep it soft and smooth.

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep down—cleanses every tiny pore opening. But even more—the rich oils in Pond's replace the skin's own lost beauty oils. Pond's brings back the moisture your skin needs to stay soft, smooth, elastic.

How modern living robs your skin of oil

Doctors say your skin is a sensitive barometer of your emotions. Every little strain and frustration drains off your skin's natural beauty-giving fluids—leaves your skin dry and drawn. By evening, your skin *needs* Pond's to replace beauty oils and plump up skin tissues.

And there's a long list of other robbers that steal beauty oils. Today's low-fat slimming diets, sun, wind and drying liquid cleansers . . . each can take its toll. Each makes your skin more thirsty for the beauty that is waiting in Pond's Cold Cream.

Actually puts beauty in

Pond's actually puts new beauty into your skin in 37 seconds. It acts so swiftly because your tired skin is literally waiting for it . . . thirsty for the oils it provides.

Can Pond's work this magic for you?

Fortunately, it's easy to find out for yourself. In just 37 seconds—the time it takes you to put it on—you can feel your skin's eager response—feel it smooth out and soften. And day after day as you use Pond's you'll see your skin become clearer, fresher, far lovelier than it's ever been. The sooner you start, the lovelier you'll look a week from today.

When you can't take time out...take BUFFERIN®



BUFFERIN acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain

Won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must get into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream *twice as fast* as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

When pain makes you feel that you can't possibly go on, remember this:

Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin . . . to relieve headaches, painful cold miseries, muscular pains and other discomforts. (Diagram, left, shows why.)

What's more, Bufferin won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does. You can even take it in the large, continuous doses often needed for temporary relief of minor arthritic pain with no ill effects.

Ask your physician about faster, safer Bufferin for your aches and pains. Many doctors recommend it.



If you suffer from the pain of arthritis or rheumatism, ask your physician about Bufferin.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

"Was Mynheer very angry?"

"He was so angry," said Doctor Hootman ith ghoulish relish, "that he almost fell into fit. Mevrouw, you have compelled two very ubborn men to break two of their own most flexible rules. The man who helped you by king the blame for Psyche's mishap has hat we might call a business connection with lynheer; he never comes without an appoint- ent, and on those occasions he is invisible me. You understand. He and I, on less fre- ient occasions, meet, and then he is invisible Mynheer. Today, in order to tell his tale he d an unprecedented thing, presented himself thout an appointment. And Mynheer, in his rn, did an unprecedented thing. He sent for e. It took all my skill and resource to have ynheer ready to meet his guests. I don't ppose he has been so enraged since the day Pieter's accident."

"You knew about Psyche?"

"I know a number of things. I have learned ot to interfere."

"So have I."

"I wonder," he said. "In this case, I must mit your temerity astonished me. But then, know very little about women. They look ail, but I suppose they can be resolute where eir sentiments are concerned."

"I don't think it was sentiment. It was a nd of self-defense. I had to do *something*. I ow it wasn't much, but it probably com- rted me more than it did her."

Doctor Hootman's expression changed, took n something of as- nishment, some- ing of—yes—re- ect! After a moment said, "Mevrouw, at does as much edit to your head as your heart. You served your miracle is afternoon."

"It was a miracle— at he happened to there and was will- g to take the blame. octor Hootman, what is his name?"

"To me he is known as Charles. Whether at is his name or not I don't know."

"He isn't Dutch, is he?"

"Oh, no. He is English. The situation is ry complicated. Some years ago the English oyalists were welcome in the islands. Crom- ll was the enemy of the Dutch, therefore his emies were regarded as friends. Then, when romwell gained the upper hand he demanded few small islands as compensation for the -called massacre of Amboyna, and naturally the settlers there were not Royalist, and t welcome neighbors. There is a tendency w to dislike them all. So each time Charles s foot in Rua he takes a risk. When he mes to see me he takes another. I trust you remember that, Mevrouw. I hold the secret the truth about Psyche's death and you hold e secret of Charles' connection with me."

"I shouldn't dream of mentioning him to yone. After the way he helped me!"

"His behavior this afternoon was quite out character, I must say."

"In what way, Doctor Hootman?"

"The life he and his little group lead is not nducive to impulsive acts of chivalry."

"I thought you were supposed to be his end. He spoke well of *you!*"

"I intended no criticism, Mevrouw. I was erely commenting upon the surprising con- adictions of which man is capable."

"I don't think that even there you are right. ou can't become brave all in a moment; and u can't become kind all in a moment either. think Charles helped me this afternoon be- use he is kind, and brave."

You may be right, Mevrouw. All the same, u mustn't underestimate the force of emo- n. You, for example, say that you were ghtened, yet you acted with courage because mething in Psyche's plight appealed to you. I ink much the same thing could be said about harles' behavior. Something about you must ve made a strong appeal to him. He asked e your name, and was very anxious to know hether Mynheer treated you kindly."

She said nothing to that.

After a moment he said, "Well, the whole affair ended fortunately. I suggest that you leave now, Mevrouw. The two fat fellows believe you to be with Pieter, but Mynheer knows otherwise." He rose as he spoke, lifted the embroidery bag and handed it to her.

The blood had spattered it, too, and the brownish-black spots stood out starkly against the pale pink shining stuff. She took it gingerly, with a resurge of horror and disgust. She would throw it away at once. Then she remembered that he had handled it, had contrived to return it to her. Immediately it became the most precious of all her possessions. She would clean it as well as she could; and if some stains remained, she would regard them as reminders of the kindness and comfort with which they were associated.

"It may never happen," said Doctor Hootman, moving toward the door, "but if it ever should —— If Mynheer were away, for instance, I would try to arrange that Charles could see for himself that you were well and happy. That is, if that should be agreeable to you."

"Oh, yes, indeed it would," Julia said. "Thank you, Doctor Hootman, for all you have done today."

"It was a pleasure, Mevrouw," he told her. "Good night." He fastened the door and went back to his chair; he did not take up his book. Busily and intently he wove and twisted and knotted the filaments of his thoughts, a gigantic spider, spinning a gigantic web.

We do not like others to deceive us; we do not think it is fair that they should be held in higher esteem by us than they deserve; it is not fair that we should deceive them, and should wish them to esteem us more highly than we deserve. PASCAL

Julia went to bed, but it was a long time before she slept. Whether she lay with eyes open or closed, there passed before them, in a series of little pictures, all the events of the day. It was useless to turn shuddering from the memory of Psyche and to think, *I'll remember Charles instead.* Then no picture came; just a few disconnected fragments. An old shirt with a torn frill; a pair of very blue eyes; brow and cheeks scoured by harsh living; a mouth firm against her own. But just before she fell asleep every other memory of the day receded and she saw him whole and clear, just as he had stood at the opening of the path and waved his hand. Once again her heart, her whole being moved out toward him.

Somewhere, in the very heart of the night, she began to dream. She was in the cage, chained and naked, just as Psyche had been. She woke, moaning and shuddering, with the sweat of cold terror crawling over her skin.

But it was only a dream. It was the natural and inevitable result of the day's excitement. She was in no danger. Charles had seen to that. She thought of him, at first with gratitude, and then all at once with longing. Now the things of which Frieda had whispered, things which so long had lain indigestible, a source of discomfort, became assimilated, became part of her being. *Now* she understood. With just the one, the chosen person, that would be possible . . . wonderful . . . right.

She lay quite still, stunned by the revelation. She could think now with a rueful, tolerant amusement of her immature idea of love, two porcelain figures against a background of flowers! What nonsense.

Her thoughts shifted. She recalled, with a new, bitter understanding, some of the pitying things Mynheer had said to her: "A married woman without a husband, with no hope of children." She recalled also Charles' words: "married to that idiot boy."

She realized, for the first time, the full extent to which she had been defrauded.

Suddenly all Mynheer's talk concerned a young kinsman, Nicolas Vanderplasse, who was coming to spend three months at Rua.

He went on to explain that among planters in the islands there was a system of exchange not unlike that which had existed in medieval times when a boy would go and learn his knightly duties in another man's hall.

"Whether the young scamps really learn more than they would at home is debatable.



Shelton Stroller

the carefree fashion

YOU LEAD AN ACTIVE LIFE—and your Shelton Stroller goes pertly from sunshine through moonlight...from breakfast greetings to social meetings!

YOU LEAD A BUSY LIFE—and the 100% nylon jersey takes little time to wash, no time to iron...*makes time* for all the things you want to do!

YOU LEAD A MODERN LIFE—and that's the best reason of all to see the exciting colors, the lively look, the slim, trim lines of *Paisley Tie Print,* newest of the carefree Shelton Strollers. Sizes 12 to 20, 12½ to 22½. About $13.

for name of nearby store and FREE FASHION FOLIO *write to:*

Shelton CASUALS Department L-9, 1350 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

The custom does contribute in some small measure to the dissemination of new ideas, and of course in some cases it helps to mitigate the danger of inbreeding. With Nicolas the wife hunting does not apply; he has been betrothed from childhood to the daughter of a man who was governor of Amboyna, a suitable match in many ways, but in one regrettable: all the women of that family are plain and dull. I am sure he will envy Pieter very much."

"Does he know about Pieter?"

"He knows what I have chosen the world should know. You, my dear, and Doctor Hootman are the only ones I have ever taken into my confidence. Of course on so prolonged a visit things will be a little difficult, but we must do our best. You, I am sure, will support me to the best of your ability."

"Of course. You see, Mynheer, the truth makes me look very silly."

He pondered that for a moment. "But the truth is known only to us three. Does Doctor Hootman's awareness of the situation embarrass you?"

She knew that it did not. It was Charles, saying, "You don't mean to tell me that you're married to that idiot boy?" which had shown her the truth; and Mynheer's words came perilously near to asking, "Who else knows?"

She looked him in the eye and said, "I sometimes think about the servants."

"The slaves. My poor child. I never realized. I should have explained. Pieter has his own staff: a Hindu widow who counts herself fortunate to be alive at all—she does the menial work; and an Ethiopian whom I went to some pains to acquire. He is, in point of fact, dumb. The Ethiopians have an amiable custom of making the punishment fit the crime: the hand which steals is cut off, and so forth. Echo, as I named him when he came into my employ, when he could speak told a lie, apparently. My dear, don't look at me like that, it was not my doing. I merely report a fact. So you see, you need have no thoughts about the slaves' thoughts! As for the outer world, they gossip and they speculate, but so long as we work together they can *know* nothing, and in the end we shall utterly confound them!"

It was not the first time that he had made such a reference to the future.

Thinking that he was counting her as an ally in the task of concealment, the pretense that Pieter was merely disfigured, she said, "I shall do what I can to help."

"I believe that." He came toward her and put his hands on her shoulders. "I think God sent you. I did Him a small wrong, and in return He thrust me into torment that makes hell look like a summer garden. Night after night I've wrestled with Him like Jacob of old, demanding not mercy, but justice. And now for the first time I see a little hope." He seemed to be overcome with emotion. Dropping his hands, he turned and went quickly away.

Mynheer had last seen Nicolas when he was fourteen, six years ago, but he could have picked him out from a score of young men: he was so very much a Vosmar, with such a close resemblance to himself as a young man. He had the kind of good looks that come of youth, of perfect health and cheerfulness, and at the moment of meeting everything about him was touched by a not unpleasing shyness.

As Mynheer greeted his young kinsman, his heart contracted with a sickening spasm of pain. Just so should Pieter have been.

The greeting he extended was cheerful, however, and as soon as they were seated in the proa he began to talk about the Pieter who did not exist.

"I think," Mynheer began, "that I must prepare you as regards Pieter. I suppose you've heard something from your parents."

Nicolas, who had heard a good deal of speculation and comment, said tactfully, "We all knew that he had had an accident and that it had made him very . . . shy."

"'Shy' is an understatement. His passion for retirement has reached the point of mania now. He has his own apartments, from which he never emerges, except sometimes for an evening walk. Even his meals he insists upon taking alone. Well, not entirely alone; he has a great friend, a Doctor Hootman. They are inseparable companions."

Nicolas mumbled that it was all a great pity.

"A great pity. And I, a few months back, made a most regrettable mistake. I encouraged, I *urged* him to get married."

"Oh." Nicolas' voice held surprise. "You never told us."

"No. I meant to write, but to tell you the truth, I was so disappointed by the way things turned out that I lacked the heart to spread the news. I thought the mere fact that a sweet, pretty girl didn't shrink from him would give him confidence. I can't speak too highly of her. It may seem a strange thing for a father to say, but by his treatment of her Pieter has somewhat alienated my sympathy. . . . That is Rua, over there."

The boy stared ahead eagerly. "I've heard so much about it, from mother. She used to spend a good deal of time here as a child, didn't she?"

"Yes, she and my father were cousins—he was much older, of course. I've heard him say how sorry he was that she married in Java. Let me see; you are betrothed, are you not?"

"I'm to be married almost as soon as I get back."

"Indeed. And it's one of the Hoogenbeet girls, isn't it? Greta or Christine?"

"Fancy your remembering their names."

"My memory is pretty good. I never knew the girls, they were very small when their father retired; but I knew Mevrouw Hoogenbeet! That probably accounts for my remembering; one didn't forget anything Mevrouw Hoogenbeet told one! My word, no! It was once my misfortune to be in Amboyna when the governor gave a ball, and I had to lead out Mevrouw. I know I'm no giant, but she seemed to me to be about seven feet tall."

Nicolas' shyness dropped away. Suddenly he found himself telling Uncle Simon of a secret fear that he had never mentioned even to his favorite brother.

"Everything I hear about Mevrouw Hoogenbeet fills me with alarm," he said. "I'm so terrified that Greta will be like her."

"She can't be as tall; rest assured of *that*," Mynheer told him.

"How can you know?"

"Because Mynheer Hoogenbeet was much shorter than his wife, and my observation tells me that girls are almost always shorter than their fathers, just as boys are almost always taller than their mothers."

"Is that so?" asked Nicolas.

"It seems to me a natural law, to keep the race from breeding giants and dwarfs."

"Well, thank you, Uncle Simon. That's the first word of hope or comfort anybody has ever offered me. All I've heard was about Mevrouw Hoogenbeet's size and strong-mindedness."

"She was virtuous too!" said Mynheer dryly. "You know, I often think these early betrothals, glove marriages and marriages by proxy are a regrettable necessity. Take my poor Julia, who surely deserves, if ever a girl did, to be happily married. I don't say the whole decision should rest with the young, but they should be allowed to meet first, to find out if they are agreeable to each other."

"That's exactly what I think," said Nicolas eagerly. "You not only thought so, you acted on what you believed, didn't you?"

It was a mistake. Mynheer's face went stiff and cold.

"You know my story? Yes, I acted. But of course that kind of —— Never mind. I can tell you this, though, Nicolas. I've no doubt that when your female relatives discuss my affairs they say, 'Serve him right!' But if I had the choice to make again I would act exactly as I did then. Two years is a short time. But a week with a woman you really love is worth a lifetime of the other thing. That's not something I should say to you, perhaps. . . . Look, you can see the house now."

Again Nicolas stared out, but the conversation was, for him, too intimately interesting to be abandoned. It was the first time in his life that he had taken part in that kind of talk.

Get Money FOR YOUR Old Pans toward beautiful





Here's your chance to get yourself a kitchenful of brand new stainless steel Flint utensils. Just trade in your old battered and worn kitchenware toward the purchase of gleaming Flint. Wonderful opportunity to lay away gifts, too. These big trade-in allowances good only through November 30, 1957.

No limit—but only one trade-in allowance for each new Flint utensil purchased.



$1.25 TRADE-IN allowance for any old pot or pan toward purchase of any piece of Flint-Ware shown. The only cookware with Radiant Heat Core for fast, even cooking. Stainless steel inside and out for easy cleaning.

© 1957 Ekco Products Co., Chicago 39, Illinois

"The thing is," he said tentatively, "that the system seems to work. I mean, for most people. Most marriages seem fairly happy, don't they?"

"That," said Mynheer, "is the most damning indictment. Fairly happy. Who wants to be fairly happy? Taste the golden apple once, even if it turns to wormwood in your mouth. How much better than the dull jog trot of 'fairly happy.'"

This was heady talk.

"Oh, I do agree. But some of us are doomed to jog-trot. Take me, for example. To tell you the truth, I'm *not* looking forward to my marriage. But there it is, all arranged. And I have never seen any woman for whom it would be worth while to defy the rules and upset my father and—and everything. Perhaps that kind of—well, romance only happens to a few people."

"Perhaps. I think it also offers itself to many who refuse it out of cowardice or a silly regard for what you call 'the rules.'"

The son of the very strict, Reformed Dutch family experienced a slight sense of shock. After a second's blinking astonishment Nicolas threw back his head and laughed. "Uncle Simon," he said, "you're not a bit what I expected. Oh, I think I'm going to enjoy my stay in Rua."

"I do most sincerely hope that you will be happy," Mynheer told him. "I shall do my best to make you so. I hope you'll be company for Julia and that you will, as far as possible, ignore Pieter; that, believe me, is the kindest thing you can do. And now, here we are. Welcome to Rua."

Nicolas Vanderplasse was twenty years old, a perfectly normal, healthy young man who had been rather strictly brought up, and who had his full share of the sensuality which is so often found in sons of puritanical fathers.

Like most other young men of his age, he would have begun to look forward to marriage and to dream of the wife about whom he could feel both romantic and passionate, but here was a handicap, peculiar to him. The ghost of Mevrouw Hoogenbeet still stalked the islands. Fifteen years had passed since Mynheer Hoogenbeet's retirement from the governorship of Amboyna, but the memories and stories of her size, her parsimony, her tirades and her bullying persisted. Was it possible that Greta, daughter of such a woman, could be lovable? Nicolas doubted it.

However, he had still some months of freedom and he intended to make the most of them. Setting out for his visit to Rua, he had made up his mind to sample—along with anything else that offered—the pleasures of the compound, the "brown satin," as men called it. This was a thing which decent men avoided on their own plantations.

He had forgotten this intention within a week, having fallen in love for the first time. Here was the very girl of whom—but for the shadow of Mevrouw Hoogenbeet—he would have been dreaming: lovely to look at, with grace and charm, delightful to talk to, a girl to adore, and one who could, at the same time, by a glance or the brush of her sleeve wake unimaginable hungers.

The setting, too, might have been especially designed to be the background of a love affair.

In Rua nobody watched, nobody criticized. "You two young people must amuse each other," Uncle Simon had said as soon as he had introduced them, and after that he seemed to show no more interest or curiosity in their comings and goings than he did in the flight of the birds. His only concern was that they should be happy.

"I go out when the *tong-tong* rings, and I see everything started. If you care to come with me, that is as good a time as any to see how things work. But you don't have to turn out every morning, Nicolas. Young people can sleep on, and they should. They should also be grateful that they can. I wake at dawn now, wherever I am, and once awake I must be stirring."

Most mornings Nicolas managed to wake and accompany his uncle on the rounds; and during those hours together the insidious process of undermining the home standards would go on. Uncle Simon laughed at things which would deeply have shocked Nicolas' father; and although Nicolas would often be disconcerted by the levity, almost always immediately afterward he would think, *But he's right*, or *I often felt that way myself.*

One of the most startling, and pleasing, of Uncle Simon's attitudes was that which he adopted toward youth. At home youth was something slightly deplorable: "You'll know better when you're older." In Rua youth was given its due: "It's the best time, my boy, make no mistake about that"; "Half the rules are made by old men to prevent young ones' doing things that they themselves can no longer do."

Fall seven times, stand up eight.
JAPANESE PROVERB

Once he spoke, in terms of age, about Julia, who had just left them in order to make her morning visit to Pieter.

"I hate myself sometimes," Uncle Simon said. "I should have persuaded him to marry an older woman. Thirty would have been the perfect age. How can a girl like that care what an interesting book he is reading? That is his main topic, you know: books! She's at an age when life should be *lived*, not read about. Pieter, poor boy, never had any youth, he has to accept a substitute, but she . . . it's like seeing a bud flung out on the dust heap with a bunch of dead flowers."

None of these speeches was momentous in itself, but each made its small contribution; and when the time for plain speaking came the atmosphere had been established.

It began with a morning walk. Julia had by this time become aware of Nicolas' infatuation and was trying to acquire the art of avoiding sentimental scenes without injuring his feelings. She had learned that it was advisable to have a definite destination when they took a walk.

"This morning I'm going to show you some trees which even your uncle doesn't know the names of, and see if you can tell me," she said.

"I doubt if I can. They must be rare if he couldn't name them. What are they like?"

"Red."

"There are dozens of red trees. And of course there are different names in different places for the same tree."

"These are quite a walk away, we mustn't dawdle."

"I never knew anyone who liked to walk so fast as you do, Julia. And you've been here such a short time, you should feel the heat. But I can't somehow imagine you getting hot and red in the face. Your face always looks as though it were made of ivory or alabaster or something like that."

They came at last to where the trees stood, all in a group together. Their tops were thickly massed with flowers of a deep, rich red color which made a pleasant contrast with the feathery evergreen of the nutmegs.

"There, aren't they pretty? Why, Nicolas, what is the matter?"

He was staring at the trees with an expression of astonishment. "They're—they're *cloves!*" he said in a voice of disbelief.

"Well, is that so astonishing?"

"Julia dear! There isn't supposed to be a clove tree in all the islands, except in Amboyna. My word, if the Company knew! Uncle Simon must be *crazy!*"

"He doesn't know what they are. I asked him when I first saw them and he said, 'Oh, just a native tree.'"

"That's quite impossible. He's lived here all his life and they used to be quite common. Then the Company decided to concentrate the clove growing in Amboyna and every tree elsewhere had to be cut down. My father had to get rid of his. You can't go against the Company these days, you know." He looked at the pretty, sweet-scented trees and shook his head in a puzzled way. "He can't sell them. So why on earth does he take such a risk?"

Knives, Kitchen Tools

new stainless steel FLINT®!



$1.00 TRADE-IN allowance for any old egg beater toward purchase of this new Flint Egg Beater. Powerful stainless steel blades actually beat 40 times with one turn.

$1.00 TRADE-IN allowance for any old knife toward purchase of any one of these Flint knives. Famous Flint hollow ground blades or new Waverly Edge—both with beautiful Pakkawood® handles.

EKCO®

50¢ TRADE-IN allowance for any old kitchen tool toward purchase of these new stainless steel Flint "2000" Kitchen Tools. New modern design is tall, tapered and terrific.

. . . the greatest name in housewares



Yes, happy meals—the whole family loves the better *natural* flavor of natural unprocessed Carolina Brand and River Brand Rice—and Mom is happy because cooking is so fast and simple.

TASTES BETTER NATURALLY!
COOKS QUICK NATURALLY!



RIVER BRAND
Popular low-cost medium grain rice.

CAROLINA BRAND
King size extra long grain rice.

READY TO EAT
as fast as any rice!
14 Minutes from Box to Plate.
Fast Cooking Recipes on Every Box.

RIVER BRAND RICE MILLS, INC.
New York, N. Y. ▪ Houston, Texas ▪ Memphis, Tenn.
El Campo, Texas ▪ Eunice, La. ▪ Jonesboro, Ark.

"I think it's quite likely that they've always stood there, and he thought they were pretty, so he kept them."

"Ye-es; with him that is just possible. Rua is his kingdom, isn't it? My mother always says he acts as though he were royalty. Which makes it all the harder for him—Pieter, I mean."

"In what way?" asked Julia carefully.

"Staying at home, not showing off, not cutting a dash as the heir apparent. Uncle Simon cut no end of a dash when he was young, or so I've heard, and no doubt he'd have liked his son to do the same."

"I think it more likely that he thinks his heir is his heir and therefore permitted to behave just as he chooses."

"That's a shrewd remark. That's one thing I do like about you, Julia. Most girls as pretty as you—not that there are many—never say anything worth listening to."

"Will you mention the clove trees?"

"You bet I shall. I shall warn him too. Rua may be a kingdom, but the Company rules an empire, and even Uncle Simon is only one of its satraps."

"It's *what?*"

"It comes out of the Bible. I was brought up on the Bible. Weren't you?"

"Not really—which is rather strange, though I never, I must admit, thought about it until now. I spent quite a long time in what was called, officially, 'The Christian Benevolent Refuge for Orphans,' otherwise the Klopstock Home. It wasn't very Christian, or very benevolent, but it was completely Klopstock. To be quite honest, we didn't all have cloaks, but for the daily walk that didn't matter because some of us always had to stay in to finish work. But for Sunday church, if we had all gone, there weren't enough. I think that must have been the reason—we never did go."

"You don't realize how lucky you were. At home the sermons last two hours."

The innocuous, unprovocative comparison of their upbringing and experiences lasted all the way back to the house.

Doctor Hootman always left the table promptly after dinner and Julia soon followed him, leaving the gentlemen to their wine. On this evening, as soon as they were alone, Nicolas said:

"Uncle Simon, you *do* know a clove tree when you see one?"

"I should hope so."

"Then you know you have quite a number here, in Rua?"

"Of course. I know every tree on Rua. Why?"

"Why? Because if the Company ever found out they'd—they'd ——"

"Fine me. A sum of money, large by their standards, negligible by mine, which I should not pay without protest, my boy."

Nicolas' eyes widened. "To whom could you make a protest in a case like this?"

Mynheer did not answer immediately; he offered the wine and then refilled his own glass. "The Company," he said mildly, "is very large, and like most overgrown things is not constitutionally very sound. Also, like all large things it offers a wide target of vulnerability. In Holland there are many—in very high places—who view with grave concern this insistence upon monopolies and the overriding of civil rights. I should have quite a case, Nicolas, which properly handled might easily do the Company more damage than they could do me. And I would see that it was properly handled."

Nicolas looked at Mynheer with admiration. "That's all very well," he said. "Meantime they could refuse to ship your nutmegs, and then where would you be?"

"Here, I trust. And losing no sleep, I assure you. I grow nutmegs because nutmegs have always been grown on Rua; but I do not, thank God, depend upon the nutmeg for my daily bread, or other small comforts."

Nicolas had always known that the Rua branch of the family was far wealthier than his own, but to talk of being independent of nutmegs hinted at riches of a fabulous kind.

He said in that special voice which people reserve for talk of money in large quantities, "It must be nice to be so rich."

"It is nice to be independent—and in these days that demands money. It was not always so; the first Vosmar to own Rua had no money at all, he was independent by virtue of his strong body and indomitable mind. But those days are over." He paused. Then he said, "Yes, I am rich. I inherited a fortune, and by careful manipulation I have made another. Far more money than poor Pieter, with his simple tastes, will ever know how to spend." He sighed, lifted his wineglass. "You're the eldest of . . . which is it—I always forget—four, aren't you, Nicolas?"

"Out of date, Uncle Simon. There's baby Benjamin."

"Of course. That's three boys. And two girls to be provided with dowries. You won't—to begin with, anyway—have too much to do with, will you?"

"I should think not."

"Well," Mynheer said, "I've taken a liking to you; you are my kin, and as I said just now I have more than Pieter would know what to do with. Mark you, everything I inherited goes to him, it couldn't be otherwise. But of the money I made myself I propose to leave you a share, or give it to you in my lifetime if you prefer. Long before you came I decided that if you turned out to be a real Vosmar, as you promised to as a boy, I'd do something substantial for you. And I will."

This was the realization of a family hope which had peeped slyly out from behind the arrangement of the long visit. For some time references to Rua had abounded with little unfinished sentences concerning the chance which awaited Nicolas if he ingratiated himself with his relative. Now here it was. And all he could find to say was:

"It's wonderfully good of you, Uncle Simon. I don't know how to thank you."

"Then don't. I don't want thanks. Will you take brandy?"

"No, thank you," said Nicolas with a slight self-righteousness.

"Do. To keep me company. I have something else to discuss with you. To my mind a much more serious matter."

"Oh. What is it?"

Mynheer knew the value of silence. Without speaking he poured brandy into two glasses, pushed his chair back from the table.

"It concerns Julia," he said, and noted a slight deepening of color in the boyish face. "You're in love with her, aren't you?"

Put like that, it sounded like an accusation. Nicolas played for time. "I find her extremely attractive," he said, "but I do assure you, I've never touched her or said a word that couldn't have been overheard."

"That still doesn't answer my question."

"Very well, then, I am," said Nicolas. "How could I not be? I know she's Pieter's wife, but that is difficult to bear in mind, the way things are! But I swear ——"

"Never mind that. For the rest, you have said it exactly. It is difficult to bear in mind that she is Pieter's wife. I'm not in his confidence, or in hers to that extent, but I'll tell you this: I'd wager my last guilder the girl's a virgin still. And I tell you this, also, and I say it as sincerely as I ever said anything in my life: if Julia could have one romantic, successful love affair, nobody would be more delighted than I!"

Now thoroughly taken aback and scarlet to the edge of his hair, Nicolas could only gulp out, "Why?"

"I have many reasons. First of all, I'm sorry for the girl. My second reason is more selfish. I don't know how well you understand women; I flatter myself that I do. All women need an emotional anchor. Unless my poor Julia is given, very soon, some emotional and imaginative ballast, I shall have trouble. One really satisfactory love affair would give her something to remember, dwell on, be sentimental about for the rest of her life. I know that is true, Nicolas."

It all sounded very far away from the brisk, coolhearted, hardheaded household in which he had been reared.

"I'm very fond of Julia. But I doubt . . . I mean, there are her feelings to be considered."

"By your own account you have never tested them," Mynheer reminded him. "It would hardly be maidenly for her to show her feelings, would it?"

Nicolas dared to say, "And suppose we did—and suppose she had a baby."

"I hadn't thought of that. My thoughts always ended with Julia. Well, do you know, I think that would be even better than an empty memory. A child can entirely fill a woman's life. I don't think that that would be a tragedy at all. But that *is* carrying speculation rather far, don't you think?" He smiled, and then said in a voice which struck exactly the right, seemingly irresponsible note, "Dear me. I'm afraid this has become a most unorthodox conversation. How shocked and alarmed your dear parents would be! And really I only want everybody to be *happy*. Youth passes, and life passes, and I've learned that it is what one misses that one regrets."

Until Nicolas allowed his feelings for her to become obvious Julia had enjoyed his company very much. In the beginning the only jarring note in their gay companionship was his deep and persistent curiosity concerning his Cousin Pieter. As the days went on and Pieter remained invisible he became understandably inquisitive.

"Exactly in what way is he disfigured, Julia?"

Once again she gave the ready-made reply about the disfigurement's being exaggerated.

"How much exaggerated? Is he awful to look at?"

"Not in the least." She could say that with truth now; she had become so accustomed to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101



"Surely you don't expect me to diet alone?"



Only raisins with natural flavor can make this new cake roll so perfect

Isn't it just beautiful? And the filling is real ws—the fresh, *natural* sweetness of DEL MONTE and Raisins makes it absolutely delicious.

That's the special joy of DEL MONTE Raisins. ey're plump, tender raisins that *keep* clean and sh-tasting in DEL MONTE protective modern ckages. No preservatives. No artificial flavor- g. That's why you enjoy their natural goodness much in recipes like this—or for good eating st as they come from the box, too.

For flavor, for health values, for dependability make DEL MONTE your brand for raisins. And all means be sure to look for DEL MONTE on your dried fruit favorites—it means the quality u want for your family in Prunes, Peaches and pricots, too. Just try them and see!

RAISIN CAKE ROLL

- 1 to 1½ cups DEL MONTE Seedless Raisins
- 1½ cups orange marmalade
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- ⅓ cup water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- Powdered sugar

Filling: In sieve, rinse raisins in hot water and drain. Mix with marmalade. **Cake:** Beat eggs till thick; gradually beat in sugar. Add water and vanilla. Sift flour with baking powder and salt; add all at once to egg mixture and beat until just smooth. Pour into well-greased and floured jelly roll pan (approx. 15x10x1 inch). Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) till just done—about 12 to 15 min. (Do not overbake.) Loosen edges and turn upside down immediately on a towel sprinkled with powdered sugar. Spread quickly with filling and roll up from the short end. Wrap in towel; cool 1 hour. Sprinkle liberally with more powdered sugar. Makes 12 slices.



Del Monte

RAISINS PRUNES DRIED APRICOTS DRIED PEACHES

Naturally better *on French toast*

because it's blended with **real maple sugar**



..best of all, it's **Vermont Maid Syrup**

IN THE NEW **NO-DRIP BOTTLE**



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

ieter's appearance that she could hardly re-
ıember the shock it had been when he first
ırned his head.

"You can bear to look at him?"

"Of course. Don't I visit him every day?"

"Now you know, that is an odd thing to
ıy. *Visit*. Wives don't visit their husbands."

She colored with self-annoyance. "We spend
ome time together. Is that better? He has
ursuits that I can't share and he has Doctor
ootman for company."

"There's a curious character if you like!"

"In what way?" She turned to a discussion
f Doctor Hootman with relief.

"Secretive," Nicolas said, after a little pause
uring which he sought for the right word.
As though behind that dull, solid look all
inds of things were going on. I've often
anced at him suddenly and seen him staring
me. Then he'll look quickly away."

"I think he's shy too. He used to look at me
ke that when I first came. He's quite nice,
ally."

She was astonished to find how easily eva-
ve and deceptive sentences would slip out.
he would come from Pieter's room and find
icolas waiting for her.

"And how is Pieter this morning?"

"Very well, thank you."

"What's he doing?"

"He was painting when I left him." A grain
truth there: Pieter enjoyed applying blobs
d strokes of color to his queer-shaped bits of
ottery. And if he was cutting up paper with
s blunt-nosed scissors it could be called
aper work." Nicolas was
ven to believe that Pieter,
ough a recluse, led a full
d busy life.

But things changed. Nico-
s began looking at her
fferently, long-resting,
arning looks. He began
ying things which she
und embarrassing, made attempts to take
r hand. And his attitude toward Pieter
anged too.

One day, when she had parried a question,
looked at her closely and said, "Poor
lia; you can't really bear to talk about him,
n you?"

"I am talking about him now; or so I
agined," she said a trifle sharply.

"Without telling me anything."

"There's nothing to tell. And if you were
eter, would you wish your wife to discuss
u with someone else?"

"If I were Pieter," said Nicolas, ceasing to
alk and speaking with a dreamy intensity,
f I were Pieter I shouldn't care what I
oked like. If I were lucky enough to be mar-
d to you, Julia, I should go round saying,
on't look at *me*, look at my beautiful wife!
ok what I've *got!*'"

In the cool, prim voice which she used more
d more often nowadays, she said, "It's im-
ssible to say how you would feel, or act, in
nother person's place."

"I know one thing: I'd give my right arm
change places with him!"

She thought of the marred red face, the
hole empty, futile life. She spoke vehemently.
Nicolas, don't say that."

"Why shouldn't I say it? I would change
aces, not just with him, with the humblest,
orest little clerk, if I could be married to
u."

He was looking at her with admiring,
ssionate, almost worshiping eyes.

"Pieter had no right to get married at all,"
icolas went on. "He hasn't the slightest idea
w to treat a wife."

"I don't know why you should say that.
e's very fond of me. And very kind to me."

"Kind!" He repudiated the word with
orn. "Decent men are fond of their dogs and
nd to their slaves. He doesn't love you."

"How do you know?"

"If he did, he wouldn't let you be here, with
e, now. He'd be as jealous of me as I am
him."

"He doesn't know the kind of thing you're
ginning to say to me, Nicolas. And I wish
u wouldn't. I am married, and very soon
u will be yourself."

"Must you remind me of that?" he asked roughly. "When I was riding my hobbyhorse and Greta was in her cradle our parents put their heads together and struck a bargain. Was that anything to do with me? Did anybody give one thought to *my* feelings? And the same with you. Somebody shoved a glove on your hand and somebody else said a few words. And they dare to call that a marriage! Then we see somebody else and we know, in our hearts—in our very bones ——"

All unwittingly he was describing what had happened to her: that unlooked-for, uninvited recognition of the one, the only possible person. On that day when Charles had kissed her if he had said, "Come with me," she knew she would have gone, anywhere, to the world's end, and never even remembered that she was married.

Was it possible that Nicolas felt like that about her?

"It's like everything else," she said. "There has to be some sort of order, some sort of rule. Otherwise it would all be such a muddle. Everybody seems to be in love with somebody who isn't in love with them."

He supposed this to be her way of intimating that she was not in love with him. But what did she know about it?

"Oh, no," he said. "Sometimes two people are in love with each other. And then everything is wonderful."

She looked at him, and for a moment tried to imagine Charles standing there in his place. But this was no time to think of that. Once again she must deal with this situation without hurting Nicolas' feelings.

"I've never known a case like that," she said with an assumed lightness. "Those I've read about always came to a bad end. Suppose that I fell in love with you; think how miserable we should be when the time came to part."

"But we should have had something, Julia. We'd have known what happiness was. We'd have something to remember."

Ah, but I have that already; a very small, shadowy thing, but I have it and nothing else must be allowed to cut across, to come between me and what I remember.

It occurred to her suddenly that what she had said a little earlier might be entirely true—everybody was in love with somebody who wasn't in love with them. That might be why Charles had so firmly loosened her clutching hands. . . . Well, all the more honor to him. She must profit by that example.

"I don't love you, Nicolas. I like you very much, but that is all."

He was sufficiently infatuated to tell himself that he liked her all the better because she was not "easy"; because she was, he thought, loyal to Pieter and her disastrous marriage. He was too young to hear in the words "I like you" the fatal denial of all hope.

So the languorous spice-scented days went on, and passed through the fields of the sunset into warm spice-scented nights full of stars. And presently Nicolas' stay in Rua had reached the halfway mark.

There came a day when Mynheer announced that he would be absent for a night.

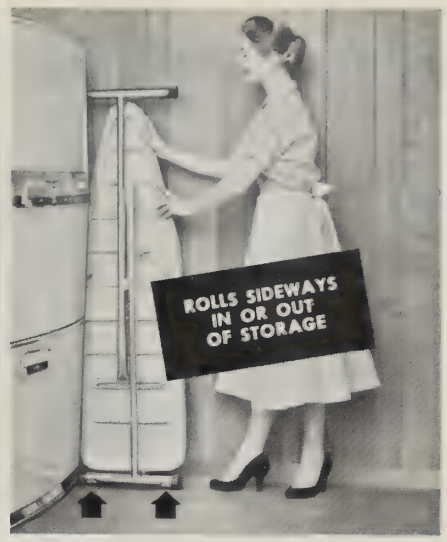
"I'm going to the governor's very dull, gentlemen-only dinner party," he said. "And as I have some business to do in Banda tomorrow morning, I shall stay there and return about midday. I dare say you two will make shift to entertain yourselves. Oh, and Nicolas, I've opened a bottle of what, if it lives up to the shipper's promise, should be a rather special wine. Try it at dinner, will you, and give me your opinion."

Julia spent the afternoon with Pieter. Ever since she had allowed her tongue to slip and say "visit," she had prolonged the time she spent with him. This afternoon Pieter was busily and happily and messily making clay pots. They were all lopsided and flawed, but she admired them profusely and when she left he presented her with the largest of them.

The candles were lighted, and she had changed her dress and Juno was putting the last touches to her hair when there was a

God is with those who persevere. THE KORAN





The only ironing table you never lift or drag!

It rolls here and here

Lady Arvin

ROLL-AWAY *De Luxe*

Want to shift your position as you iron? No need to move your chair. Just raise the tapered end of the Lady Arvin Roll-Away and roll the table left or right.

Got a slim storage space? Folded, Arvin Roll-Away rolls in or out with effortless ease. *The easiest-to-handle ironing table ever made!*

Other Arvin advantages include finger-tip adjustability to any height from 24″ to 36″ . . . ventilated, triple-strength top . . . ample knee and leg room. Write for *illustrated folder*. Dept. TJ-117, Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Ind.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

LADY ARVIN PADS AND COVERS are custom-tailored to fit perfectly all Arvin Ironing Tables—without bulge, bunch, slide or slip.

ARVIN ALSO MAKES Leisure Furniture, "Charky" Grills, Radios, Fans, Electric Heaters, Car Heaters.

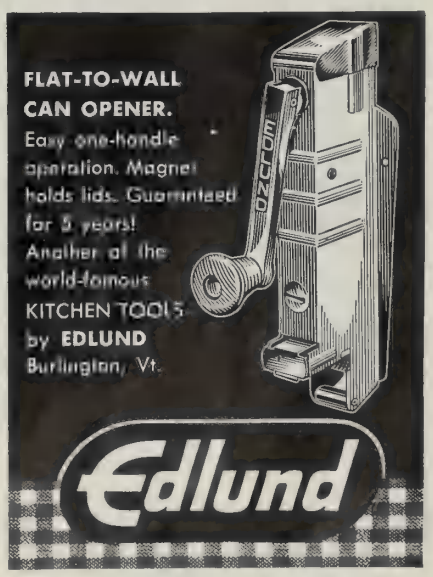
OPPORTUNITY

IF YOU want extra money, and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal card. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Write that postal card today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
152 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.



DON'T WASTE MONEY
on unproved remedies for

SPLITTING NAILS

Published medical research shows that the *one effective way* to help problem fingernails is time-proved

KNOX Gelatine



Drink, only once a day, one 5¢ envelope (115-120 grains) in bouillon, water or fruit juice. Makes most nails lovely and pliant in 90 days. Directions in package. For scientific proof write Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N.Y., Box LH-26.

AT YOUR GROCER'S



© 1957 Knox Gelatine Co.

3 EASY WAYS TO
Color Your Hair
AND MAKE YOU LOVELIER!



NESTLE COLORINSE
Adds glamorous, sparkling color-highlights and glorious silken sheen. 12 colors. 29¢



NESTLE COLORTINT
Intensifies your own natural hair color OR adds thrilling NEW color. 10 shades. 29¢



NESTLE COLOR CREME RINSE
Colors and conditions Gray and White hair. Corrects yellow tinge. 6 colors. 29¢, 75¢

Nestle
COLORS YOUR HAIR
WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING

knock on the door between her sitting room and the cloister. Juno put down the brush and went to the door, and Julia heard, with surprise, Doctor Hootman's voice: "Tell Mevrouw that Mynheer Pieter wants her for a few minutes."

She called, "I heard. I'll come at once."

Most likely, she thought, he wanted to give her another pot. Amenable, and easily handled as he generally was, he had cantankerous moods now and then.

She crossed the library and tapped upon the door of Pieter's room. Doctor Hootman opened it and said, "Come in, Mevrouw."

Charles stood by the table.

She said "Oh!" in the awed, rapt voice of someone confronted by a heavenly vision. And then she just stood and stared, and Charles stared back at her.

She had never, really, expected to see him again. The memory of him had been something laid away, sealed over, having no connection with ordinary everyday living. Now there he stood, living, breathing, real.

Charles was dumb too. Unlike her, he had not cherished his memories. He'd met, by accident, a girl whose looks and personality and situation combined to make an appeal to him, but he was a realist and he had faced his feelings realistically. There was no room in his life for love of any kind. Nobody but a crass fool would give a second thought to a girl met once, a girl who was married.

Daan had said, "Come up to the house, Charles. Mynheer is away for the night. We'll make free with his brandy."

And then he had said, "I promised Mevrouw that if ever it could be managed I would arrange that you met. She feels that she never thanked you properly."

"I don't want her thanks."

But he did want to see her. Just to prove . . . what? That she was merely a pretty little Dutch girl; not the dream-provocative, memory-troubling lady who had passed by and waked a love that would never sleep again.

So Daan had sent for her. And here she was.

Into the silence, so loud with unspoken things, Doctor Hootman said, "I must begin getting my charge to bed." He went into the bedroom, closing the door gently behind him.

"I thought, since I was here, I'd like to see how you were," Charles said awkwardly. "You haven't been getting into any more trouble?"

"Oh, no. And thank you for bringing back my bag. I was in such a state. I didn't think of it. And I didn't even ask your name."

"You know it now?"

"Oh, yes. Charles." There was something special about it, and about using it to him, for the first time.

"And you're Julia. I asked. So every now and then I can say to myself, 'I hope everything is going right with Julia,' or 'I wonder what Julia is doing this fine morning.'"

"I've thought of you too. Every single day. And I never even hoped I'd see you again. I don't even know where you live."

"I live on a little island called Ay. There are about a dozen of us. In a hut. We live like pigs."

"Which way does it lie, your island?"

He took a mental bearing and jerked his head.

"Oh. One of my windows looks that way. I shall be able to look out—and think ——"

"Of me, in my hut? If it's in the morning you can think of me lighting the fire. I most imprudently let it be known that I have a talent for lighting fires, and so I was saddled with that job."

"I often had it, in the Klopstock Home; it was one of the unpopular ones."

None of these words meant anything at all. It was their eyes that were doing the real talking.

"Doctor Hootman told me that you are English," she began afresh.

"That's right; but I've lived in the islands for a long time now."

"I think I'm English too."

"What do you mean, *think?* Don't you know?"

"Not for certain. It was in Ireland that I was found, but I could say a piece in English. Uncle Johannes told me what it meant in Dutch; and it said I was English. He believed I was."

"Who was Uncle Johannes?"

"The man who found me. He was a sea captain."

"Say me your English piece."

"In English? I don't know whether I remember it. It's so long ago. And even then he said I said it like a parrot. But I'll try."

Slowly, dredging up each word from the depths of her memory, she repeated the simple identification which Maire had taken such pains to teach her.

"Ashley," he repeated as she came to the end. "That's English enough. In Ireland, you say. When?"

"I was eight then—when Uncle Johannes found me. And I shall be seventeen in June."

"How long were you with Maire?"

"Oh, all my life, I should think. I can't remember anything before. She said she taught me to walk and to talk."

"You were a baby then, in '49. Cromwell in Drogheda. That'd be about right. I think you could claim to be English. We're a long way from home, Julia."

FOR WENDY

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

Seek not the laurel,
The crown and the gold,
For the delicate days of your
dreaming are numbered.
Oh, walk your way lightly, in
youth unencumbered—
Leave the prize and the laurel
For the wise and the old.

Cling to your rights:
The freedom of losing,
The spendthrift joys of
extravagant reaching.
Oh, wait, and learn later the
strict years' teaching—
The weight of the laurel,
The bright crown's bruising.

"Perhaps that is why ——"

"Why what?"

She floundered a little. "Well, that day . . . I was all confused, half out of my mind, but later on, when I thought about it, it was just as though we weren't really strangers."

And it had been so with him. Miscall, deny it how you would, you recognized the lady who just passed by—that was why the one glance was enough.

"So the Dutchman brought you out of Ireland. What then?"

"He was drowned. His wife didn't like me, so she sent me to an orphanage and I ended up in the Company's Daughters' Home. And then I came here."

He said abruptly, "They don't often live to be old." The jerk of his head showed where his thoughts had jumped, and as though it had been a signal, there came from behind the closed door a low grumbling sound, Pieter's indistinct voice raised in complaining protest. "Things might work out right for you yet. I'd like to think so." He brushed his hand across his face with a gesture of helpless confusion oddly at variance with his general demeanor. "I've worried about you a bit; though God knows I've worries enough of my own."

"I'm all right," she said quickly. "You mustn't worry about me." But it was sweet to think that he had. "What worries have you?"

He laughed. "All concerned with mental arithmetic and similar sordid things. I'm all right too. You and I have survived the breakup of a civilization, Julia. We should reckon ourselves lucky to be alive."

The noise in Pieter's room was now loud. The words "Julie. Want Julie" emerged clearly.

"He knows I'm here," Julia said.

As she spoke the door opened a few inches, was sharply slammed. The bellowing cries rose to a crescendo, and then the door opened fully and Doctor Hootman and Pieter, locked in a Laocoön embrace, came hurtling into the room. Though physically overborne, Doctor Hootman was still in charge of the situation, and still calm.

"Take him, Mevrouw; distract his attention," he said, and released his hold on Pieter, who plunged straight at her, quiet now except for gulping sobs of rage. He burrowed his head into her shoulder and clutched at her, saying, "Julie, Julie," over and over.

Doctor Hootman placed himself squarely in front of Charles. "You must go. One word would be enough! I couldn't let the noise continue. We have a guest in the house."

Julia hugged Pieter to her, keeping his face hidden in her shoulder. Charles, hustled by Doctor Hootman, went to the door, and there turned. She smiled, and because they must not speak she put into the smile all the unspoken things. That was what Charles carried away with him, the memory of Julia, sweet and lovely and brave, smiling at him as she soothed the poor boy.

Just before the door closed he raised his hand; and it was not in salute to a pretty little Dutch girl.

Doctor Hootman turned back into the room and said with genuine regret, "Mevrouw, I am sorry! I simply dared not risk the disturbance." Pursing his lips, he looked at Pieter, who had stopped crying and was stroking Julia's sleeve. "I've never known him so violent. Come along now, Pieter. You've seen Julie, and Julie has seen you being very naughty. Very naughty!"

"Naughty," Pieter admonished himself heartily. But he did not assume the scolded-dog aspect ordinarily educed by the use of the word. On the contrary, he seemed pleased with himself. "Seen Julie," he added.

Doctor Hootman's heavy eyebrows knotted in a little frown. "Some sort of animal instinct at work there."

"What do you mean?"

Doctor Hootman looked at her, hesitated, and said, "That he knew you were here. We shall have to be a little more firm, I think. Come along, Pieter. Time for bed."

"Time for bed. Good morning, Julie," said Pieter and allowed himself to be led away.

At the bedroom door Doctor Hootman turned. "I think, if you will excuse me, Mevrouw, I shall dine here. With Pieter, of course." He added the last words with the now-familiar, derisive grimace with which he always marked any additional act of subterfuge.

She wanted to be alone, to relive, to remember, but she could hardly leave Nicolas to dine alone. She must wait. Tonight, though, his yearning looks and sentimental words were more than usually irksome.

"This is an occasion," he said, as they sat down to the table. "We've never dined alone together before; we never may again. Oh, Julia! When I think of Pieter, who could have that pleasure every night of his life ——"

Pluto's entry gave her an excuse to frown so that that sentence died on the air.

Nicolas tried again, and again, until her short and finally impatient replies gave him the key to her mood. He realized that he was becoming slavish and he had heard, or read somewhere, that with women slavish tactics were seldom successful. He must be gay and charming.

The wine helped. After two glasses of it his spirits and his color rose.

"Uncle Simon was dead right about this wine, Julia. It is special. Let me ——" He leaned forward and filled her glass. "I suspect that my father—himself a schnapps drinker—warned Uncle Simon that I was a winebibber as well as an idle scamp. I must say that—quite apart from other reasons—I'm not looking forward to my return to the family roof. For one thing, my father will expect me to have acquired, in three months, all the secrets of Uncle Simon's success in business. And not one have I ferreted out. Careless, unobservant rapscallion that I am."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

Stop dry skin problems in these 5 "DANGER ZONES" with moisturizing Woodbury Dry Skin Cream



★ *Frown lines!*
★ *Crow's feet!*
★ *Flaky patches!*
★ *Expression lines!*
★ *Crepey throat!*

ow age-telling "danger zones" that threaten your beauty eed hold no terrors for you!

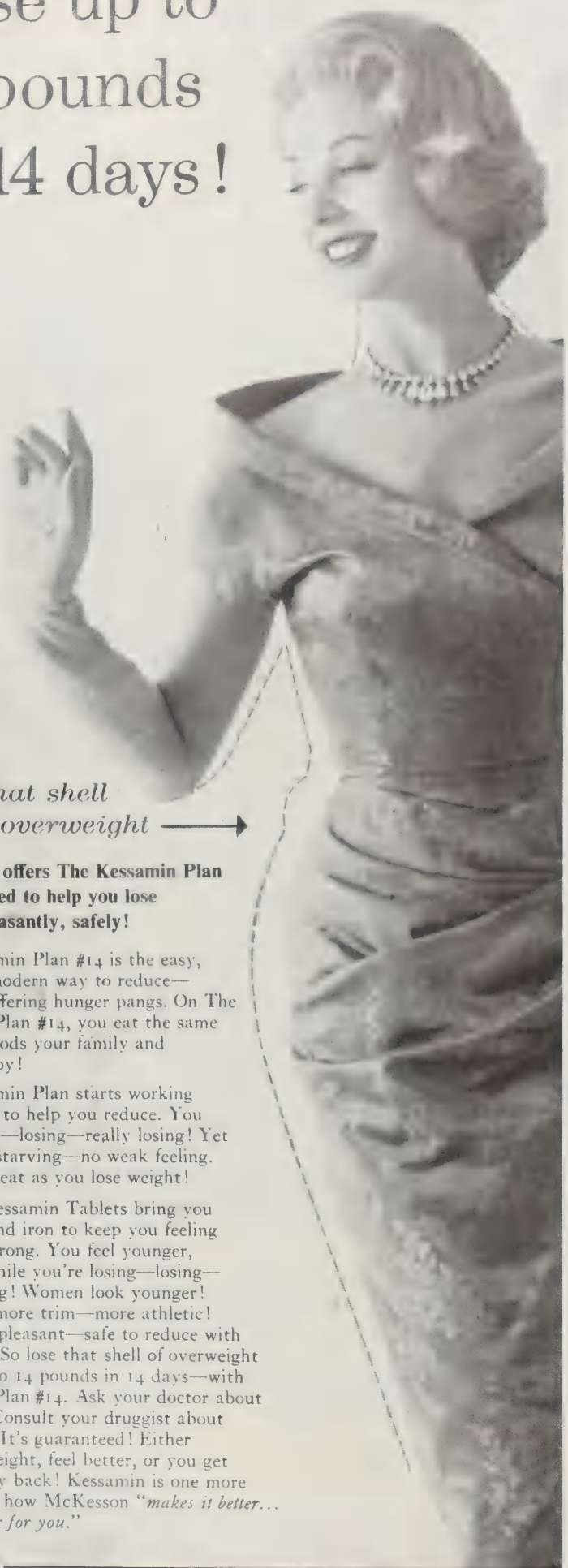
Deep-moisturizing – that drenches dehydrated skin – the remarkable beauty-action of this famous "look ounger" cream. Woodbury Dry Skin Cream is an exclusive blend of super-rich emollients, plus beauty-giving lanolin. It penetrates deeper than ever before to overcome skin dryness. Moisture – so vital to the young look – sinks deep into the skin.

Even after one treatment, parched skin revives to dewy freshness. It glows with youthful sheen. Little dry lines seem to fade away. Skin feels and looks fresher.

As a beauty extra, use this rich cream as a moisturizing *cleanser,* too! Give your skin daily Woodbury moisturizing – and your dry skin problems will end. Start tonight! Money back if you're not satisfied. 25¢ to $1.



Lose up to 14 pounds in 14 days!



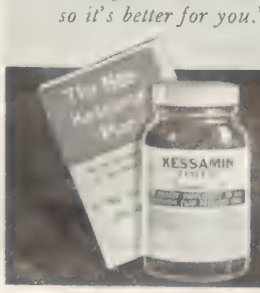
Lose that shell of overweight →

McKesson offers The Kessamin Plan #14 designed to help you lose pounds pleasantly, safely!

The Kessamin Plan #14 is the easy, pleasant, modern way to reduce—without suffering hunger pangs. On The Kessamin Plan #14, you eat the same delicious foods your family and friends enjoy!

The Kessamin Plan starts working right away to help you reduce. You start losing—losing—really losing! Yet there's no starving—no weak feeling. You feel great as you lose weight!

Because Kessamin Tablets bring you vitamins and iron to keep you feeling well and strong. You feel younger, livelier—while you're losing—losing—really losing! Women look younger! Men look more trim—more athletic! It's easy—pleasant—safe to reduce with Kessamin. So lose that shell of overweight—lose up to 14 pounds in 14 days—with Kessamin Plan #14. Ask your doctor about reducing. Consult your druggist about Kessamin. It's guaranteed! Either you lose weight, feel better, or you get your money back! Kessamin is one more example of how McKesson *"makes it better... so it's better for you."*



KESSAMIN
BETTER... by McKESSON
McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York, N. Y., Bridgeport, Conn.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

Encourage him to continue with this easy kind of chatter.

"Tell me about Java, and your home."

He filled his glass again and with willingness launched into a description of his home and family. He could, when he wished, talk very entertainingly, and he did so now, with just enough exaggeration to be amusing.

Then he said, "Now I feel like making some music. Let's go and brave Pieter in his den and ask if I may play his clavichord."

"Oh, no!" she said. She heard the real horror in her voice. "He always retires early. If we disturbed him, he would never forgive us."

"That's just it. He should *be* disturbed," said Nicolas, with the intransigence of the near-intoxicated. "I'd ask nicely. I'd say, 'Cousin Pieter, I haven't come to stare at your scars. I just want to play your clavichord.' It might be the turning point in his life."

"He'd be very upset, and he'd blame me. Please, Nicolas, don't even think of it."

"The idea is abandoned. Nobody could resist you when you speak so earnestly and look so seductive."

"If you really want to play, there is a clavichord in my sitting room."

"You never play."

"I can't. But your uncle, when he furnished the room, provided everything that any kind of woman could possibly require. Therefore I have a clavichord."

"I've never seen your room. Come along, I will make you such sweet music as will melt even your stony heart."

"You won't, you know." She kept her voice light and casual. "If you have that in mind, Nicolas, you'll be wasting your time." Too late she realized that it had been stupid to invite him to her room. Done without thinking, to divert his attention from Pieter, it might easily be misunderstood.

Socialism has become popular whenever hard-working people build something worth owning which other people want.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW
The Toastmaster's Handbook
Prentice-Hall, Inc.

He stumbled a little as they went along the cloister. At the door she wondered whether to say, "Now, if you come in, you must promise to behave." But that had a kind of implication, of coyness which might precipitate the very thing she wished to avoid. A brisk matter-of-factness was probably the best defense.

She opened the clavichord and placed the candles near it, reserving one for herself on the far side of the room.

"There you are," she said to Nicolas. "I shall sit here and go on with my work while you play."

He surprised her by playing, even in this slightly tipsy state, remarkably well. The music he made was nothing like Doctor Hootman's; he played light, graceful little tunes.

Presently he said, "I play well, don't I? Better than Pieter, don't you think?"

"Differently."

"How very miserly! Julia, sometimes I think you must be in love with him, and he so surly he won't even speak to his own cousin. What is it? Pity? Would you be kinder to me if I wore my scars on my face instead of on my heart?"

It was asked flirtatiously rather than seriously and she replied in the same manner.

"No. I couldn't be kinder to you. I'm already so kind that I find it a strain."

He began to play again, passed from one tune to another and reached, at last, one different from the rest. No longer light and gay. A sweet, haunting, melancholy tune that seemed to hold all the sadness of good-bys spoken forever.

It had its effect on Julia, who ceased stitching and folded her hands on the embroidery bag with its eloquent stains. *His* hands had touched it, and in holding it she made some kind of contact. Her mind, her heart went winging out, over the sea to Ay.

The music, and the wine he had drunk, took effect on Nicolas. Slavish adoration, pretty speeches, yearning looks brought no return. A man should be masterful, ruthless. With his fingers still drawing sorrowful sweetness from the keys, he turned his head, and saw upon Julia's face a look which he had never seen before, unguarded, dreaming, desirous.

He left the clavichord and crossed the room in a single swooping motion, gathered her into his arms, and saying, "You do love me, you do, you do," set his mouth to hers.

The fact that he was kissing her in the way that she would have liked to kiss Charles, in the way she longed to be kissed by him, added to her sense of outrage. She turned her head and freed her mouth, and put both hands against him, thrusting him away.

"I don't! Let go of me!"

He was beyond control now. The touch of flesh on flesh, even the way she struggled, fired him; and the weeks of meek adoration had to be paid for.

With a wrench that seemed to break her neck she got her mouth free again and screamed. Useless. She knew that even as the shrill sound rang out. Doctor Hootman was at the other end of the house; the slaves even farther away and heedful only of the bells.

Yet immediately somebody tapped on the door. Nicolas heard it, too, and his clutch loosened. She gave another push and he stood up. She ran her hands over her hair, drew in a breath and managed to call, "Come in."

The door opened, rather slowly, and there was Doctor Hootman.

"I had to come," he said, with a note of apology in his voice. "I heard music. Music from a hand far more skilled than mine—one Pieter's. Yours, Mynheer?

"I was playing," Nicolas told him. He sounded sulky.

"Most beautifully," said Doctor Hootman. He lifted his big, heavily haired hands and rubbed his eyes. "Coming in from the dark, so many candles all together quite blinding," he said.

He might pretend not to see anything; but the sound of the scream still hung on the air.

"I spoiled it," Julia said in a voice so high pitched and unsteady that it, as well as the scream, needed explanation. "I put my hand into my bag and a needle ran into my finger. Just for a second I thought a snake had crept in."

"That could very easily happen, Mevrouw. I've seen your bag lying in the garden." He turned to Nicolas. "Mynheer Vanderplass, I had no idea that you were such a musician. Would you mind if I stayed and listened for a while, if Mevrouw would give me permission, of course?"

"Do stay," Julia said. "Sit down, Doctor Hootman."

Nicolas said, "I only know a few tunes. I've played them all and to repeat them would bore me."

Doctor Hootman, who had almost taken a chair, stood, uncertain, hesitant.

"Perhaps you would like to try *my* clavichord," Julia said. "Your old tunes might sound differently."

"Mevrouw, to do that would be to invite the inevitable, and I am sure invidious, comparison."

There was a moment's bristling silence. Then Nicolas said rudely, "Not from me. I'm going to bed. Good night, Julia."

The door slammed behind him and before the sound of it had died away Doctor Hootman was at the clavichord.

"I must play, Mevrouw," he said. "To a young man as angry as that one, another comparison might suggest itself. However, flown with wine as he is, he will soon sleep."

He played on for about five minutes, then ended a tune abruptly and stood up.

Julia said at once, "Doctor Hootman, thank you! How did you happen to be near enough?"

"I often take a little stroll after dark." He sat down on a chair near the table where the candle stood. "I'll assume that my intervention was welcome. So we need not talk about that. Mevrouw, not long ago you told me that you would never again allow your will to come into conflict with Mynheer's."

"Yes, I did. And I meant it. Doctor Hootman, are you implying that what you in-

ted —— I assure you that that was entirely
ainst my will."
"Mevrouw, please! Of course I understood
t. Otherwise should I have dreamed of in-
fering?" He paused, looked at her gravely.
think the time has come," he said. "Me-
uw, you must forgive me if I speak plainly.
lon't think it is a subject which can be
oached delicately. What almost happened
e this evening, and would have done, but
me, may have been against your will, but
uld have been in direct accordance with
nheer's."
"What?" It occurred to her that Doctor
otman had also—in Mynheer's absence—
de free with the bottle. "Do you know what
u are saying?"
"I am telling you that if you are truly com-
ant with Mynheer's will you will take that
tty nincompoop as a lover and pray that
t year there will be a fine new branch on
Vosmar family tree."
She stared at him as though he had struck
in the face or used some word of extreme
scenity.
"I told you it was plain speaking," Doctor
otman said. He courteously refrained from
oking at her for a moment.

"e spoke to you of this?" she asked in a
y, shamed voice.
"On the night of your arrival. Mevrouw,
u must not mind my knowing; rather be
d." His voice changed and took on an
ier, more conversational tone. "I had, of
urse, quite understood the purpose of his
borate deception, family pride was at the
k of that; a wife seemed to me to be an un-
essary complication and risk. I said some-
ng to that effect and then he told me the
n he had been cherishing all those years.
hen that young man was a mere child this
it was proposed and Pieter's marriage was
ned to dovetail in with it—a few months to
re so that his wife might have time to be-
me fretful and discontented. Have you never
iced how often Mynheer has said things
culated to make you sorry for yourself?"

She nodded.
"You see? Nothing overlooked, nothing left to chance. It is the careful work of many years which you have in your power to crown with success or doom to failure. The young man's mother was a Vosmar. I have no doubt that Mynheer includes in his plan a prolonged tour of the islands, proudly and assiduously pointing out that the Vosmar family features have been reproduced once again."
"Don't," she said. "You make it all sound so horrible—just like animals."
"It is. Not a pleasant plan, but in its way masterly."
"Is it? It seems to depend so much on chance. Nicolas might have hated the sight of me."
"Every man has his price, Mevrouw; and Mynheer is very rich. Not, I hasten to add, that that has been necessary in this case."
There was a silence. Then she said:
"I don't think I could do it. It goes against something ——" She pressed her clasped hands to her breast. "It's so sickeningly cold-blooded. No, I couldn't."
Doctor Hootman seemed to settle more firmly and comfortably into his chair.
"Then, Mevrouw, we must consider. I think that we should first look at the gravity of the situation. An heir Mynheer must have, and he will go to any lengths to get what he needs. He never fully believed that Pieter's accident was responsible, so he dared not marry again. Imagine having to conceal the existence of two idiots, invent a secret life for them both—that would have taxed even Mynheer's ingenuity. So you see what a normal child means to him: not an heir only, but a perfect vindication of all these years of make-believe. Opposition isn't going to be easy, or safe."
The fright showed in her eyes.
"It's always best to face a thing squarely. It is hardly likely that Mynheer, having come so far, will let one girl stand in his way."
"He'd kill me?"
"Not with my consent. I am"—he raised and shrugged one heavy shoulder deprecatingly—"of no particular importance, but—I play my part. The fact that Pieter has outlived so many of his kind is my doing. I should use my influence to see that you got away with your life."
It seemed an outlandish promise to be made, here in this quiet, luxurious room.
"Before we go into that, look a little more closely into Mynheer's proposal. It is not without attractions, you know. You could be mother to the heir of all the Vosmars. Mynheer would not be niggardly in his manifestations of gratitude. Many women would not, in the circumstances, mind acting as brood mare."

"That's what I said!" she exclaimed sharply. "Like animals. Horrible!"
"Well, you may change your mind. If you stick to that, you will be dispensed with. Poor Pieter Vosmar, in addition to his other afflictions, will suffer sudden bereavement, but he will soon find another wife."
Even at that moment something in his tone jarred.
"Don't," she said. "None of this is his fault!" But this was not the time to think about Pieter. "Where should *I* be—if not dead?"
"That is where I should come in. I am in Mynheer's confidence; and I should be watchful. On his return he will begin to exert pressure. The day will soon come when he will say, 'Will you or won't you?' If you persist in your refusal, he will begin to plan your removal, but I shall forestall him. My plan is already made."
"Already. What is it?"
"Remember, Mevrouw, this which is new to you has been known to me for several months. When danger threatens—and make no mistake about it, it will be deadly danger—I shall get you away. It will appear as though, too hard pushed, you drowned yourself."
No dream had ever seemed more fantastic.
"Where should I go?"
He looked her full in the face and said, "To Ay. I have friends there into whose keeping I could safely commend you."
"Charles lives in Ay."
"That is so. He told you? Well, don't you think that you would be safe there? In Ay, with Charles?"
She almost laughed. The impulse to laughter was there, but she was afraid that if she yielded to it she would cry as well and become hysterical.
"Really, Doctor Hootman, that sounds so much like the ending of a fairy tale that it makes me wonder whether any of the rest of it is true."
There came across his face that same look as when she had explained her reason for taking food to Psyche.
"Look," he said, leaning slightly forward. "Isn't all the evidence in favor of Mynheer's plan's being cold fact? What do you think would have happened tonight had I not been ready, waiting?"
"Yes," she said, "that could be true."
"Isn't it also a fact that, being a man accustomed to his own way, he will be dangerous if thwarted?"
"Yes."
"Very well, then. What could I do except get you out of Rua? And where else could I send you? What is so fantastic, so much like a fairy tale about that?"
"It would be such a happy ending," she said simply. The hot color rushed into her face again.
"Mevrouw, after all our trials, don't you think we deserve a happy ending?"
Something peculiar happened to her mind; she could only see herself saying, "Let me do that," and lighting the fire for Charles. "Let me do that," and lighting the fire. "Let me do that," and lighting the fire. Over and over again, like a clock which had stuck and went on striking the same hour.
Doctor Hootman uncrossed his legs, and shifted in his chair.
"You'll have a day or two to think it over, I expect. Your best plan, for the moment, is to appear to encourage the young man when you are in company and discourage him when you are alone. Remember that you can count on

brew real coffee perfectly—

faster than you can make instants!

FARBERWARE STAINLESS STEEL ELECTRIC COFFEEMAKER



In less than one minute per cup — yes, faster than you can boil water the new Farberware fully automatic electric Coffeemaker brews real coffee perfectly! Because only Farberware pumps hot water instantly, cold water never touches the grounds! It makes 2 cups in 2½ minutes, 12 cups in 10: it shuts itself off, stays piping hot! Ideal for every-day use — perfect as a treasured gift. $29.95.

STAINLESS STEEL
FARBERWARE®



my support if it is needed; but don't, too hastily, decide to oppose Mynheer. I wish you good night, Mevrouw."

The cloister lay sharply black and white in the moonlight. As he walked its length, moving from light to shadow, Doctor Hootman linked his hands and lifted and lowered them in a gesture very much like that of a man giving himself a congratulatory handshake.

Julia had known nights of uneasy, broken sleep, of sudden jolting wakenings and bad dreams before, but that night for the first time in her life she did not sleep at all.

"You look unlike yourself, my dear," said Mynheer. "Is anything the matter?" He watched for the betraying blush, the evasive glance, and was disappointed.

"I have a headache. I was lying down when you called me," Julia said.

It was midday when he returned and he had come straight into the house calling her name. The thought of facing him sickened her, but she must do so sooner or later, so she had come out of her room and found him in the hall, with a large parcel, wrapped in white linen, lying at his feet.

"I'm very sorry," he said in his kindest voice. "How long have you had it?" It wasn't credible that after all his careful staging a headache should have intervened ——

"It came on in the night."

"Well, I've brought you a present which I hope will cheer you, even if it won't cure a headache. Look."

He whisked away the linen and revealed some folded softness, a shimmer of blue and silver which revealed itself as a sarong of silk and a little jacket of gauzy stuff.

"It'll be cool to wear, and I'm sure you'll find it very becoming."

He expected, and awaited, some exclamations of admiration and of gratitude. She forced herself to say, "Thank you, Mynheer. It is very pretty," but the words came out listlessly.

"Your head *is* bothering you, poor girl. I'm sorry I disturbed you. Go and lie down again and tell Juno to rub your head for you. They have great cunning in their fingers and can often shift a pain."

As she turned to walk away, he asked:

"Where is Nicolas?"

"I couldn't say, Mynheer. I have not seen him this morning."

"Never mind. I shall find him. I hope your headache will soon vanish."

He went off briskly toward the plantation. When she reached her own doorway, instead of entering the room she turned and, leaning her arms on the cloister wall, put her aching head in her hands, and stared out into the garden. Mynheer was just about to enter the rose pergola.

From that distance he looked very small; and perhaps for that reason she made another effort to think well of him.

If I'd been different, she thought, *his scheme, fantastic as it is, might have succeeded.* Many women would not have found the bargain unduly one-sided. She thought of the hard-eyed woman in the tavern who, for some trivial sum, was eager to sell herself to a drunken sailor. The rewards here were very large, and Nicolas was young, attractive. Many women . . . *but then I'm not any other woman, I'm myself. I am as I am, I can only be myself, be guided by what I feel and know is right for me.*

Mynheer met Nicolas on the path and they exchanged a few remarks about the morning's work.

"You seem to have taken my place most satisfactorily," Mynheer said. "No need for me to go any further. Let us go and sit on the veranda and drink some well-cooled wine."

"Not for me, thank you," said Nicolas with a grimace. "I drank too much last night."

"Indeed? For you I prescribe lime juice, then. Does *your* head ache? Julia's does. What did you get up to last evening? A Bacchanalian orgy, eh?"

"I drank too much and I —— Uncle Simon, I think I'd better go home. If you don't mind, I'd like to go to Banda today and wait there for a ship. After what happened last night I don't think I can face Julia again."

"Good gracious me!" said Mynheer, putting his hand on Nicolas' shoulder. "Was it so bad? What happened?"

"I got drunk. Not very drunk—in fact, I didn't think —— But I lost my head and threw myself on Julia and . . . well, you can guess what happened."

The patchy pink in his face was engulfed in hot scarlet.

"That's just what I can't do. Nor can I see, in anything you have told me so far, why you should find it necessary to leave Rua. Did she . . . rebuff you?"

"Rebuff! She acted as though I were trying to rape her."

"Which was, of course, far from your intention?"

Nicolas shot his favorite relative a look of utter loathing, and said nothing.

"So she rebuffed you. Well, she wouldn't be a woman if she didn't do that at least three times! Surely you realize that."

"Once is enough for me, thank you!" Nicolas told him.

"Dear me. You are in a bad way. You're beginning to make me suspect that your feelings are seriously involved—to be taking the thing so much to heart. But I should be sorry if you cut short your visit. No harm has been done; you must make allowance for maidenly modesty and coquettishness, clumsily displayed. Poor Julia; I'll warrant that at this very minute she is trying some new dress or some new way of doing her hair in order to charm you."

"Or Pieter," Nicolas said.

Mynheer's hand fell away. "Did you say Pieter?"

"I think you've been wrong about them all along," said Nicolas, with some satisfaction at being thus able to shift a little of the blame. "I've come to the conclusion that she's in love with Pieter—which makes my behavior the more beastly. . . . And ridiculous."

"Well, of course," said Mynheer, now completely on his guard again, "that would be most desirable. I should have said that no woman who wasn't blind and deaf and equipped with the hide of a rhinoceros could possibly love anyone who had treated her as Pieter has treated Julia. But of course there are women who like to be ill used." His voice was thoughtful. After a pause he said, "Perhaps I've been a little blind myself. I've seen no sign. What makes you think so?"

"Nothing that I could put into words, really. Partly the cheerful way she goes off to spend time with him; and she won't talk about him. I admit I was—I mean I *am*—curious about him. Imagine if you went to stay in Java, or Macassar, and there was a member of the family whom you never saw—wouldn't *you* be curious?"

"I most certainly should," Mynheer agreed. "So Julia won't talk about him. That could be evidence on the other side."

"No. What she does say is all in his favor. The fact is, I've made a complete fool of myself."

"And I concerned myself unduly, or prematurely, about her happiness. I wonder. I don't usually make mistakes of that sort—and I see them together, you know."

"I saw her face last night. I was playing for her—it was her look, as much as anything, that was my undoing. She's in love with somebody, and it certainly isn't me."

Mynheer thrust his hand under Nicolas' arm. "I'm to blame, then; I misled you."

"I should have lost my heart—without any help from you, Uncle Simon," the boy said, in an easier way. "As it is, you do see why I can't stay here."

"I don't see that at all; but if you feel like that, I have an alternative suggestion. I was in conversation with an acquaintance of mine, Gerard Barnevelt, of Lonthoir, at dinner yesterday. I spoke of you and he extended an invitation for you to visit him. I flatter myself that I run Rua with moderate efficiency, but my methods are my own; there are others, and perhaps you should see something of them."

"I should like to do so," said Nicolas. "When could I go?"

"Not today, I'm afraid. It could probably be arranged for the day after tomorrow."

"That leaves me where I was as regards Julia."

"Do you carry a seal, Nicolas?"

"Yes—why?"

"Valuable?"

"It's silver."

Mynheer dived into his pocket and brought out his chain of keys from which his own seal swung. It was made of gold, inset with a large emerald upon which a bold V had been cut.

"I'll wager this, against yours," he said, "that her manner, when you meet, will be charming. You see, I'm still not convinced."

Under the soothing stroking, the gently prodding movements of Juno's firm fingers, the headache eased, and finally she slept, waking when the swift twilight had invaded the room and it was almost dinnertime. Instantly the memory of the information that Doctor Hootman had given her, and of the pattern of behavior he had told her to follow, settled like a heavy yoke upon her spirit.

Pale cheeks could be tinted, but even when that was done there was something wrong about her looks. Mynheer's eyes were sharp; and Nicolas' she dreaded to meet. She thought that perhaps if she wore the native dress it would divert attention from her face.

It was a wise choice, for the awkward moment of meeting was all taken up by exclamations of admiration, skillfully guided by Mynheer into a discourse about native weaving; and wasn't it remarkable that primitive people should have such perfect sense of design?

"Of course it may be that the word 'primitive' is here misleading. The arts of the so-called primitive people, in this part of the world at least, may be *remembered* things, the last echo of a vanished civilization. They say that all these islands are, or rather were, the tips of mountain ranges of some submerged continent."

With this kind of conversation, impersonal, speculative, yet well within his listeners' range, he enlivened the meal; and Julia, catching Nicolas' sheepish, immediately eager smile, smiled back. All seemed as before.

Presently Mynheer, leaping chamoiswise from one subject to another, mentioned Nicolas' imminent visit to Lonthoir.

"And how we shall miss you, my boy."

"When do you leave?" Julia asked Nicolas. He glanced at Mynheer, and he answered for him.

"I have dispatched the message. I suggested the day after tomorrow, unless that is particularly inconvenient for Mevrouw Barnevelt."

Across the table Julia's eyes met Doctor Hootman's. They were inscrutable, and almost immediately he looked down at the food piled on his plate.

Mynheer was now saying, "Daan—if Pieter hasn't retired when you go back, ask him to wait up, will you? A proposition was put to me this morning upon which I should like his opinion."

"I'll go now, and see if I can catch him." Doctor Hootman rose and hurried away.

A few minutes later Mynheer rose. "This business with Pieter won't take more than fifteen minutes," he said. "If you two like to go into the salon and set up two chessboards, I'll take you on both at the same time. You'll find a second set in one of the cabinets, Julia."

Walking along the cloister, Nicolas said, "Julia, I want to apologize for my behavior last evening. To say that I was not sober, I know, is no excuse, but I hope you'll take it into account."

"Let's not speak about it, or think about it any more," she said.

"Will you forgive me?"

"I have."

So long as we are full of self we are shocked at the faults of others.

FENELON

They entered the salon and she went to the cabinet where the chessmen she and Mynheer used as a rule were kept.

"Set these up," she said. "I'll find the others."

He stood there, holding the lacquered box in his hands. "I wasn't just being drunk and . . . lascivious, you know," he said in a rather miserable voice. "I do love you, Julia."

There was something touching about him this evening.

"I'm sorry, Nicolas. I wish I loved you. I really do. But I don't. And there's nothing I can do about it."

For the first time he seemed to accept this. "I wish I'd never come to Rua," he said. "Never set eyes on you."

There was hope for him, then, if he felt like that, she thought, turning away to search the cabinet for the second set of chessmen. *I've only seen Charles twice; I may never see him again; I have nothing to hope for; but I wouldn't* not *have known him for anything in the world.*

She found what she was looking for, and crossed to one of the tables and began to set out the game. Nicolas still stood staring at her gloomily.

"Uncle Simon's story was the only bit of family lore I ever found in the least interesting," he said at last. "Little did I think that mine was going to be the same—only more hopeless."

"What was his story?" Julia asked, hoping to divert him.

"He fell in love with a nun."

"With a nun?"

"On his way to Holland for his wedding with a girl to whom he had been betrothed for years."

"What happened?" Julia asked.

"They wanted him to be married in Holland; his father and grandfather had been travelers in their day and his father thought he should see something of the world. The woman was on the same ship; she was Portuguese, going back to Lisbon from Goa. Older than he was; and she'd been a nun for years, and was so well connected that she was practically royal. But this is where the case was different—she did love him."

"What happened?" she asked again.

"She got off the ship at Lisbon; he went on to Holland and talked himself out of his betrothal. That was more serious then even than it would be nowadays. Then he came home and tackled his family. It took him five years. Letters to everybody concerned—the head of the order, and to the Pope himself—and all of them taking seven months each way. But he got his way in the end."

"You mean he married her?"

"Yes. She was Pieter's mother. And within two years she was dead. My mother always says that that, and Pieter's accident, came as a judgment."

Mynheer believed that too. She remembered what he had said about having a feud with God; and about God being just, after all, and sending her to Rua. Suddenly that linked with what Doctor Hootman had said last night.

FARBERWARE®



with **FARBERWARE,** the only Automatic Electric Cookware in **STAINLESS STEEL!**

Only Farberware has the gleaming durable beauty of stainless steel. Cooking Perfection is a cinch — with the exclusive Farberware Aluminum-Clad Bottom that spreads heat quickly, evenly. Cleaning's a breeze — Immersible? You bet — it can even be put in your electric dishwasher.

INTERCHANGEABLE "PERFECT HEAT" CONTROL — $7.50. Buy for one . . . use for all. The original interchangeable plug that makes all cooking automatic. Once you own any Farberware Automatic Cooking Appliance, you save $7.50 whenever you buy additional Farberware cooking appliances.

STAINLESS STEEL DUTCH OVEN. Complete with matching cover $27.95 (less plug)

STAINLESS STEEL 3 QT. ELECTRIC SAUCEPAN. Complete with cover $18.95 (less plug)

STAINLESS STEEL UTILITY COOKER & DOUBLE BOILER. With cover $23.95 (less plug)

STAINLESS STEEL ELECTRIC FRY PAN. 10½" $19.95; 12" $23.95 (both less plug). Covers extra.

SEE THEM AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE, OR WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE. DEPT. LH., S. W. FARBER, INC., N. Y. 54, N. Y.

Her hands went limp, fell onto the board, knocking over several pieces. Against what had she pitted herself, what defied?

"It's quite a story, isn't it? And Uncle Simon told me himself that it was all well worth it. Two years with the woman of your choice, he said, was worth a lifetime of the other thing." His manner changed suddenly. "And that's made up my mind for *me*," he said in a harsh voice. "I shall not marry Greta Hoogenbeet. Nobody can make me. She can marry my brother and I shan't marry at all. It's too much to ask that when you're in love with one person you should be forced to go through the actions with somebody else!"

Just the way I feel, she thought, *but I should protest, dissuade him; he'll ruin his life. It's no good his trying to copy Mynheer, he isn't made the same way, made of the same stuff.*

Before she could speak Mynheer himself came into the room, saying cheerily, "Well, now, are you both ready? Ladies first, so I'll start with you, Julia."

Two days later Nicolas departed for Lonthoir, and dinner that evening was a quiet meal. Mynheer spoke little and was distrait of manner. When Doctor Hootman, with his usual perfunctory "If you will excuse me ——" began to push back his chair, he said brusquely:

"Sit down, Daan. I have something to discuss with you, and we might as well do it over a glass of brandy. . . . I'll join you later, my dear."

Julia left, and Mynheer sat silent for so long that even Doctor Hootman's equanimity cracked a little.

"Help yourself," Mynheer said at last, indicating the brandy. "Well, I have to confess myself defeated. It just wouldn't work. After all those years of scheming and waiting and planning. A crushing blow, Daan. A mortal blow to hope. How old are you, Daan?"

"Forty this year." His voice betrayed surprise.

"I wish you were younger. Still, you'll outlive me. I'm fifty-five and the years are beginning to tell."

"If you could take things more calmly ——" said Doctor Hootman in a smooth, false voice.

"I might as well tell you to take things less calmly. We take things as we must. However, I've made new arrangements. They involve a radical change in your position, Daan; one that I think, I hope, will be welcome."

"What change?"

"When I die, I shall leave all I have to Pieter, who cannot even write his name, who cannot, must not, be seen by anyone from outside. Did you ever ask yourself what would happen if my plans came to nothing?"

"I never carried my speculations so far. Keeping Pieter amused and occupied has sufficed to exercise my wits."

"It all works in. You are recognized as his friend, his resident doctor, the one man whose company he tolerates; but it would hardly do, after my death, for you *suddenly* to emerge as his man of affairs. That role you must begin to fill *now*. I propose, from this evening, to stage a very gradual retirement. I shall begin taking you about with me, introducing you and getting you familiar with the routine of running the plantation."

"I'm stunned," said Doctor Hootman. It was largely true. He was astonished beyond measure, not only by Mynheer's latest plan, but by the way he had taken the failure of his former one. At this very table, on the evening of Julia's arrival, Mynheer had confessed how long that plan had been in his mind, how deeply, how entirely he counted upon its success. Now, with hardly a whimper, he had abandoned it. Or was there, somewhere, carefully concealed, a trap in this new arrangement?

But I think I am a match for him, thought Doctor Hootman.

"Stunned," he repeated.

"Well, you've always had my confidence, and stood by me; and I shall feel that Rua and my poor boy are in safe hands. I shall begin to initiate you into the business tomorrow and then, in ten days, I shall ask you to undertake a journey for me—to Macassar."

Instantly it was all plain. *Ha!* said Doctor Hootman to Doctor Hootman as the light broke. *He wants me out of the way! He does know of my intervention the other evening; probably he knows more. Now, with me on my way to Macassar and Nicolas back from Lonthoir, anything may happen.*

"Macassar," he said thoughtfully. "That's a long way. I don't think —— It's Pieter I'm considering now. How will he manage?"

"Pieter must be weaned, as it were. You can't perform the duties of nurse *and* agent, Daan. Echo can look after him."

"Echo is useless," said Doctor Hootman quite angrily. "Pieter was dying of apathy, in Echo's charge, when I first came here."

"There's the girl now. She is, I think, genuinely devoted. She'll keep him amused."

"Yes, there is that." Doctor Hootman's voice was doubtful. His mind raced forward, weighing, assessing. "Pieter is, so to speak, my lifework—it isn't so easy just to hand over." He took a gulp of his brandy. "I can spare time to learn the business; I should indeed like to do that. But to be away so long, the first time I leave him—that does need thinking over."

Now, if the voyage to Macassar is just a ruse to get me away, he'll insist, Doctor Hootman thought, *and if his suggestion is sincere he will compromise.*

"Yes," Mynheer agreed. "Anyhow, one of us must go. The Queen of the East sails from Banda to Java in about ten days' time, and she will call on Macassar. I bespoke a passage on her this morning before leaving Banda. Whichever one of us sails in her will be sure of congenial company—Nicolas will also be aboard."

"Nicolas!" The single word, uttered in complete amazement, seemed to ring out and vibrate in the silence. "But his time isn't up."

"No. But he's of no use to me now. The sooner he's back under his father's thumb, the better. I shall arrange that whichever one of us sails for Macassar can take along what gear he left."

"I see," said Doctor Hootman.

There was no trick, then; no double dealing. It was an honest, straightforward arrangement. Nicolas aboard the Queen of the East and no other Vosmar nearer than Macassar. Safe. Better than safe. Promoted, elevated—everything handed to him on a platter. Was it possible? Could he believe?

"Of course," Mynheer went on, "if your devotion to duty—and I'd be the last to deny that it is admirable—is going to confine you here, this new scheme of mine can't work. If, in the future, you are going to act for Pieter, you must begin to act for me now. If you decide not to go, I shall; and if I go to Macassar I shall go on, to Java."

"To Java. Why?"

"Because if you don't go to Macassar I shall understand that you can't leave Pieter and therefore can't become what I want you to become. I shall consequently be compelled to make a different arrangement. I shall bring back a Vanderplasse boy. I'd prefer to have Nicolas, but he is the heir, they'd hardly spare him. There is, however, a brother, barely a year younger. I admit that that idea has certain attractions. Have done with all this pretense; tell the truth and adopt the boy legally. That might be best."

Doctor Hootman took a gulp at his brandy, and then, under cover of the table, wiped his sweating palms.

"I didn't say I *couldn't* go; I was just wondering how. If Nicolas isn't coming back here, it alters the situation. I could imagine Pieter in a screaming tantrum, me not here to control him, Nicolas in the house, all ears. After eight years, you know, one thinks of these things. Of course to adopt a young Vanderplasse would be a solution, but I do beg you, before you do *that*, give me time to get well away. I'm thick-hided, but I don't think I could face the talk and the scandal that would result from the divulging of the truth."

"That is the drawback," Mynheer agreed. "Then I take it that what I propose is agreeable to you? I add that I think you have earned everything you'll get, Daan." He lifted his glass and said, "I drink to your happy future."

Mynheer came tripping into the salon and took his place at the chess table.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long. I've been persuading Doctor Hootman to take a little holiday."

Her whole inside seemed to fall away. It was true, then. And somehow he knew that Doctor Hootman had promised to help her, so he was sending him away.

"Don't look so concerned, my dear. Is it that the thought of assuming more responsibility for Pieter distresses you? It really need not. Echo is perfectly competent. And Daan does *need* a holiday. He should have gone as soon as the rains stopped—but then Nicolas' visit was imminent. I confess that when we have a guest Daan *is* indispensable."

He had looked down at the chessmen, moving, with pernickety little nudges, one or two which were not in the exact center of their squares. Unobserved, she could moisten lips gone suddenly dry.

"What about . . . when Nicolas . . . comes back?" she asked.

"He isn't coming back. He's decided to curtail his visit and join the Queen of the East at Lonthoir. I thought you knew. So it looks as though you and I, my dear, will have to entertain each other. Now—my turn to be white, I think!"

So it was all over. That was, if it had ever existed. The will-o'-the-wisp delight which had danced at the final point of Doctor Hootman's scheme—that in the last event he would find some way of sending her to Charles for protection—flickered away into darkness. She had never really believed it, anyway.

Now the future stretched ahead, serene, if dull. Making pots with Pieter; playing chess with Mynheer.

He beat her with more than his usual ease and, leaning back, said, "Don't be discouraged; remember I was playing this game before you were born."

"I don't concentrate hard enough."

"No. And concentration is the secret. That and a certain flexibility."

He looked at the board as he spoke, but it was not of a mere chess game that he was thinking.

(To be Concluded)

NEXT MONTH

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL ENOUGH FOR THE MOVIES—EVEN THOUGH YOU WEREN'T BORN THAT WAY

Pier Angeli, Claire Bloom and other young Hollywood beauties discuss appearance problems which are familiar to many other women, and tell how they work to overcome them. "What Makes the Stars Shine?"

IF MRS. JONES HAD NOT BOUGHT THE CHRISTMAS TREE AND IVY HAD NOT GOT OFF THE TRAIN . . .

Rumer Godden, who last year wrote "The Fairy Doll," tells "The Story of Holly and Ivy" about a Christmas wish which came true in the most sensible—and magical—of ways.

"WHEN I TAKE YOUR HAND," HE SAID, "I CAN SEE THE PULSE—RACING JUST AS MINE IS." BUT SHE WAS TO MARRY ANOTHER MAN

Teresa had known Mark for less than a week and he understood that she was engaged to Neville Morley. Their wedding date was set. Why then should Teresa find Mark and the mysteries surrounding him so disturbing? Elizabeth Cadell's romantic new novel, "Sugar House," is complete—condensed—in this issue.

THE DUKES ROLL UP THEIR (ERMINE) SLEEVES

Now that the paying public can visit Britain's famous homes, the titled owners are selling post cards, serving tea, even taking weekend guests. Usually the whole family pitches in for the tourist season. It's big business. Robin Miller gives details in "The Peerage Game."

"AFTER WE HAD BEEN GOING STEADY FOR TWO MONTHS HE TOLD ME HE WAS MARRIED"

Theresa is twenty-two. Although their religion forbids divorce, she says Charles plans to start proceedings soon. "We both feel we are too much in love to give each other up. I pray you can help us find a sound and sensible solution." Dr. Clifford Adams answers in "Making Marriage Work."

"WE HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO FALL IN LOVE WITH A HOUSE"

Marjorie and Wyman Riley and their seven children live in a 17-room house—three floors, four fireplaces, five bathrooms (two don't work) in Vallejo, Cal. Buying the house was "a financial error" but do they regret it? Heavens, no! Next installment of "How America Lives."

NOT MARRIED—BUT SHE WEARS A WEDDING RING

"I held my baby for five minutes," she said. "I knew if I held her one more minute I'd never be able to give her away." The story is in her own words, exactly as she told it to Margaret Parton. "When is Love Wrong?"

WHAT TO SERVE AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

For a Holiday Open House, with relatives and neighbors trooping in, cover the long table with a red-and-white woven cloth and set out spiced beef with fluffy biscuits, a big ham glazed with maple syrup, a glowing hot casserole of scalloped oysters and mushrooms, and Appleyard fruitcake. Elizabeth Kent Gay gives the recipes.

Also Dr. Spock's page for mothers, many pages of fashion news and suggestions for "Holiday Glamour" and practical helps for homemakers, all coming

IN THE DECEMBER JOURNAL



"MAGIC" FRUITCAKE READY FOR THE OVEN IN JUST 15 MINUTES!

"If you've ever made fruitcake the long, drawn-out old-fashioned way, you'll be pleased as punch with this new way of doing it.

"You actually put in 21 quality fruitcake ingredients just by adding one package of Borden's None Such Mince Meat. All the rich spices, many of the fruits you need come already mixed in this one taste-rich blend. What's more, they're in perfect proportion—and they stay that way.

"Then—for even quicker mixing—you use Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Pure, sweetened condensed milk blends *instantly* with the other ingredients. And it's *double*-rich.

"Do try this new wonder fruit cake today. And remember, it's a perfect gift—keeps its flavor and freshness no matter how far you send it! Better clip the recipe below—dollars to doughnuts you'll be making it often!"



MAGIC FRUIT CAKE

(Makes a 9x4x3-inch loaf cake; 2 lb. 5 oz.)

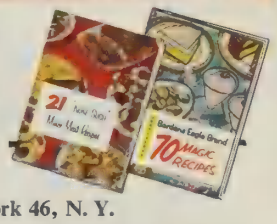
1 9-oz. package Borden's None Such Mince Meat
½ cup water (or ½ cup Ready-to-use None Such Mince Meat without water)
1 cup walnut meats, coarsely chopped
1 cup (8 oz.) mixed candied fruit, coarsely chopped
1⅓ cups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 egg, beaten **¾ cup flour**
½ teaspoon baking soda

1. Break mince meat into small pieces and put in 2-quart saucepan.
2. Add water. Place over heat and stir until lumps are thoroughly broken. Boil briskly one minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and cool.
3. Add nuts, candied fruit, Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and egg; blend well. Stir in flour and baking soda, until just blended.
4. Pour mixture into 9x4x3-inch loaf pan which has been greased, waxed-paper lined and greased again.
5. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.)* 1 hour and 30 minutes, or until center springs back when lightly touched with finger, and top is golden brown.

*If a glass-type baking dish is used, reduce oven heat to 325° F.



FREE! Two colorful recipe booklets...just fill in coupon



Borden's

Milk • Fine Cheeses
Ice Cream • Starlac

For 100 years folks have been saying, "If it's Borden's it's got to be good!"

"21 None Such Recipes"

Pies, cookies, desserts—new in form and flavor, made with Borden's None Such Mince Meat.

"70 Magic Recipes"

Quick, easy-to-make frostings, pie fillings, cookies, and candies. All made with magic Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.

See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice" and "Fury," over NBC.

BORDEN'S
P. O. Box 157, New York 46, N. Y.
Please send me the following two free booklets:
21 Borden's None Such Mince Meat Recipes
70 Magic Recipes made with Borden's Eagle Brand
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

© The Borden Company



King Size Value!

King Size Goodness!



King Size Pleasure!

Every nut crisp and crunchy down to the last delicious bite.

Vacuum sealed, always shiny-fresh when opened—anywhere, anytime.

Now, 14 full ounces, and less than $1.00 too! Get your supply today at your favorite store—always a king size family treat, always the hit of the party!

Try all 3 King-Size Treats!



Mixed Nuts Cashews Virginia Peanuts

Nut Shelf
QUALITY BRAND

1957 THE KELLING NUT CO. • CHICAGO 18, ILL.

MARRY I MUST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

affairs, clothes purchasing. They relaxed each other and stimulated each other. Andy's wit was without barb and she was a gifted mimic. T. J. was double your money's worth of vitality and enthusiasm. T. J. was ambitious for herself and Andy sighed and said personally she never wanted to go anywhere but here. "Maybe I could marry into the faculty and not even have to pack when I graduate," she said hopefully. It was a joke then. The faculty was elderly, and, if single, of the same sex. If younger, and of the other sex, it was well married before setting foot on the campus. There were one or two exceptions.

Their social lives differed. T. J. waded through dates as through a field of clover. Andy often went home for weekends, responsibly, and some of her social life was connected with boys she had always known who turned up at college in the form of sober young men who worked in lumberyards belonging to their fathers, or who were just starting out as engineers. By the time they were juniors, they had changed each other somewhat—Andy saw more people and T. J. was a little more selective about her dating—but not essentially. They still made jokes about Operation Marry-I-Must.

"I don't want to make any mistakes," T. J. said, about the time that Bull turned up.

Andy said, "You'd better sign up with some other race—nonhuman. Around here, it's moonlight and mistakes, moonlight and mistakes, day *in* and day out."

T. J. said affectionately, "Suppose you'd got somebody else but me for a roommate? Wouldn't it have been awful?"

"I'd have diminished her right off with Formula X," Andy said. "Stood her on the bureau and had the whole room to myself."

But this was nearly the end of their senior year and two things—two men—had happened. One was Chris Connors, who had been at Martens for two years, in the music department. He was already a composer of minor note and he lived in a small Japanesy house of the most contemporary design; it made him furious to have it described—by T. J. or anyone else—as a cottage small by a waterfall. He had a waterfall. He had written the music for the senior opera for which T. J. was doing the choreography and in which she was one of the leading dancers. Andy, although she protested she could only sing *coex-coex*, like other frogs, had a lovely, relaxed deep voice and had one of the main singing roles. It was the first time she and T. J. had done anything like this together, and both of them saw a good deal of Chris. Andy had her own beauty and her own qualities and she had never been a rival to T. J., who stopped men in their tracks. Suddenly Andy felt autumnal.

The other man was Landry Durham, inevitably called Bull Durham. He was a great, heavy-shouldered man, working his way with dogged endurance through medical school, piling up loans that would darken the first years of his earnings—and he still had an unpaid internship and house-officership ahead of him.

"By Hard Times, out of Earnest Intentions," Andy murmured when she met him first. She added slowly, "He's kind of special, T. J. I wouldn't fool around with him, if I were you. I'd mean it, or I'd let him alone." After a long pause she added, "One of my brothers married a nurse. She's still working—it works fine for them. But you have to want to be a doctor's wife to stand the grind."

"I hadn't really put him on the list of possible-probables," T. J. said. Unlike herself, she fell silent, and Andy knew that something had happened to T. J. and that it was Bull.

If they're in love, they'll find out for themselves, she thought. *And it'll make them a lot of trouble. Heavens, what a nuisance T. J. will be for Bull!*

She was right. Bull was goaded by T. J. as his namesake might be by a swarm of bluebottles. He flung his great head from side to side and occasionally bellowed—but he could not get away. He frightened T. J. He implied so much—a lifetime and a terrible responsibility which she had never before had to consider as any part of her plans. Because she was frightened, she went out almost desperately with other people. At about this time the opera got under way, and she and Andy were often invited to Chris Connors' little Sunday supper parties. He asked them early, to help—they were his hostesses, really. Until very recently, warned by his superiors about susceptible undergraduates, he had sought out girls he knew elsewhere, older girls, suitable for his thirty-one years. When he found himself staring too intently at Andy and thinking that, gentle and reposeful as she seemed, she gave him the impression of having a volcano of emotion in her heart, he quickly looked at T. J., so quick, so young, so gay.

The copper light of sunset flared down and a sudden grayness filled the corner room.

"Then you must have been with Chris," Andy said. "Not in the rehearsal hall. I tried to find you there."

"I'm going to marry Chris," T. J. said suddenly. She could not look at Andy. Her heart beat thickly.

"You're a dancer!" Andy cried sharply. "You've been offered a part in a show on Broadway next fall. How are you going to be a faculty wife?"

"He has an exchange professorship at Columbia next year, if he wants it," T. J. said. "That was one of the things we talked about this afternoon, and after a while we were talking about getting married. He's very lonely."

"And what about Bull? Last night you ground your teeth in your sleep all night long."

"I'm sick of quarreling with Bull," T. J. said, closing her eyes. "There's more to getting married than kissing and quarreling. I'm through with all that. It will be different with Chris."

Last night Bull had said, "I'd be crazy to marry you—a kid, a dancer at that!"

"Who asked you?" T. J. said furiously. "You think I want a great hulking medical student all wrapped up in getting ahead?"

"Yes," he said. He was suddenly white. "You do, and I do," he said. "I guess it's out."

At that point he had wrenched her head around to kiss her. She aimed sharp kicks at his shins. Today they must be black and blue.

"You heel," she said. "If that's your idea of love ——"

He stood looking like a bear that has been shot and hurt, she thought with a kind of remote noticing that had nothing to do with her own shaking, clamoring young body. He moved his head from side to side.

"You've been having it too easy," he said. "I guess I had to make you know what's going on. I'm afraid it's the real thing, and we'll have to make our plans accordingly. I don't like it any better than you do."

"I have no plans that include you," T. J. said. "Please *go*!"

If she had ground her teeth in her sleep, it had nothing to do with her waking. She wanted to make Andy understand that, but Andy had turned away and was dressing for the Spring Sing. They did not go down to the dining hall together.

Now it was dark. The seniors sitting on the stone steps in front of Administration House began their last song, "*We who are about to leave you*," and underclassmen in the dormitories around the campus lit the traditional answering candles to promise that the light of learning would never be extinguished. T. J. shivered suddenly. The Spring Sing always seemed to fall on an evening too cold for any outdoor occasion. Once it had even snowed, in April. But it was an interior winter she felt: all the warmth and confusion and excitement of the afternoon had left her. She told herself that after any commitment one always had doubts—it couldn't be helped. It was reaction.

At the last note of the song, before a pause could even consider beginning, T. J. got to her feet, ran lightly up the steps (a gift of the Class of '13) to reach the platform first. She gripped the delicate iron railing (a gift of the

Class of '27) and looked out toward the audience, trying to find the only faces that mattered. But the indirect lighting focused on the steps and the candles flickering, a flashlight beam as someone moved across the new spring grass, the parking lights from cars beyond the green, all confused the darkness. She whirled around T. J. It was hard to locate even familiar fixed points. She thought she heard someone near her murmur, "She said she would and she did," but without any particular malice. People seemed to understand about T. J.'s having to be first. It was her maturity. She worked harder and usually deserved her honors. She felt a momentary regret that she had so often and so lightly pronounced her present purpose. Still, it didn't really matter. She *was* the first senior to make this announcement. Others were already crowding and rustling near her, wanting their turn to speak.

T. J. took a deep breath. Why was it so hard? This was the logical end to Operation Hurry-I-Must.

"I am happy to announce my engagement," she said. "To ——"

She paused, looking desperately before her for Andy's face. Andy should have been on the steps with the others, but, saying she felt too old tonight for stone steps and young voices, she had disappeared.

I have to find Andy! T. J. thought desperately. *She's got to understand!*

She could feel impatience around her. *Hurry! Hurry!* the others were voicelessly crying. *Tell us his name and let us speak!*

A roving spotlight suddenly brought Andy's white face out of the darkness. *She looks as though she had been spending her time drowning herself*, T. J. thought. *Why is that?*

The spotlight moved a few inches, and she suddenly realized why. How had she managed not to know before? Andy was standing between two men. One was Chris Connors, and the other was Bull Durham. T. J. felt sick. She had certainly never anticipated that Bull would turn up for the Spring Sing and, after last night's debacle, hear her public announcement. He deserved better than that. There hadn't been time to tell him.

Chris stared at her and she remembered his arms around her this afternoon, after a curious, rambling conversation. She remembered how the afternoon had ended, and how she had thought her confusion was natural, in the circumstances.

"I *was* going to be married, that is," T. J. heard her own transparent-sounding voice say. "I suppose I'm the first senior to stand here and announce a broken engagement. I'm terribly sorry, everybody."

In an odd hush, she spun around, wrenched her hands from the railing and plunged into the crowding anonymity of the other seniors mounting the steps while she was hurrying down them.

"What did that child say?" gray-haired Miss Masterson asked a wraithlike music-department companion.

"She said she wasn't going to get married," her friend replied.

"Well!" said Miss Masterson, bewildered.

As if to obliterate the unfortunate effect of T. J.'s spectacular words that had nearly shattered the sentimental atmosphere of the Spring Sing, other seniors began to take their places, one by one.

"I take great pleasure in announcing my engagement to Thomas W. Madison," one said, and somewhere in the audience a figure hurried forward to meet her. Someone else said, "I also announce my engagement to be married to Lt. John T. Keller, at present on sea duty. He'll be back in July." And so on. Several dozen seniors so announced their engagements and in a general restlessness the Spring Sing broke up. Seniors star-scattered through the grass and down into the town, realizing how little time there was left in these surroundings they had so often disparaged but now loved. Cars flashed by in the streets, people flung greetings out like confetti, conscious that it was only here, near the college, that they were known and had status. Out in the world, after commencement, it would be all to be done over again—finding a place, finding what it was they wanted, in a nervous kind of musical chairs. As in marrying, some would inevitably be left out. Seniors who had not announced their engagements felt, for the first time, like spinsters. Everyone wanted the friends she knew best. There was frantic calling out: "Hey, has anybody seen Jinny Banks? Jinny Banks around here?"

No one ever repented of being a Christian on his deathbed.

HANNAH MOORE

T. J. was not looking for her friends. She was hiding from them—if she had any. For once, she longed for one of those faceless hotel rooms with mottled taupe furniture and clean towels in the far-from-clean bathroom. She had stayed in many such rooms in the intervals between parents. It struck her that her only home for nearly four years had been the room she shared with Andy. It had been the best home she had ever known, and now it wasn't, because of what she had done to Andy. How could she have been so cruel and so stupid? Why had she never taken pains to realize that Andy was in love with Chris? The signs were there to be read if she had cared to read them. Andy was ready to be married as T. J. suddenly knew she herself was not. All those conversations about faculty wives—her silence when they came home from one of Chris' parties ——

T. J. put her hands deep in the pockets of her tweed coat and walked through the mean back streets of the little town. She looked into grocery-store windows and counted the cans of tomatoes on display. She looked into drugstore windows. She did everything but go where she might meet Andy until, after nearly two hours, exhaustion set in. She felt ghastly, remembered she had had nothing but a cup of coffee for dinner. Then she had been excited, wound up to tell everyone she had done what she set out to do and got a man to marry by Commencement Day. Would she really have married Chris? *Probably*, she thought. *If he hadn't realized it wasn't me he loved.*

I've got to get warm, she thought. She was shaking with cold.

The best place for encountering no one she knew was an olde-type New England inn, Sukey's Tavern. Its roughhewn walls were hung with bright brass and copper, old bills of sale, including one for a runaway slave, old framed mottoes, "Home is Where the Heart Is" being the one that caught T. J.'s eye tonight. Besides the tables there were some high-backed booths near the big fireplace.

By luck, a couple was just leaving a booth and T. J. slid in before one of the motherly, bad-tempered waitresses could come and tell her no booths for one person. The menu was rich in pineapple waffles and the kind of drinks Andy used to say they put marshmallows into. "Marshmallows, gin, and a green maraschino cherry." Once she and Andy had been taken, very gently and kindly, by an elderly faculty member to have tea here.

"I'll have a double Scotch on the rocks," she said. "And coffee, please." She looked the waitress straight in the eye. "I'm expecting a man to join me."

"I doubt it," the waitress said, and T. J. closed her eyes. She did not open them until she heard her glass set down.

Andy said politely, "After you've eaten your dinner on the rocks, perhaps we can have what is known as a few words?"

T. J.'s expression did not actually alter, but her pretty, wide face looked as though it were clenched like a fist.

"I don't know how Chris feels about all this," Andy said. "He just disappeared after your great exhibition. Another first for T. J. Dickinson! Hearts broken in public!"

"Don't!" T. J. begged.

But Andy, so gentle and round and honey-voiced, went right on. "What happened?" she said. "Why did you get cold feet, T. J.? After all, the damage was done."

T. J. shook her head, tears suddenly spilling out of her eyes—and she was a girl who rarely cried. These had been gathering for some



a flavor treat you can eat and eat!

New England has long been famous as the home of *real* baked beans. And "down east" in Maine they bake beans best. B&M Brick Oven Baked Beans are slowly baked in real brick ovens, in a flavor-rich brown sugar sauce with generous pieces of tender selected pork in the traditional way. Enjoy this flavor treat soon!



They're Extra Good with B & M Brown Bread

B&M
brick oven
BAKED BEANS
SEALED OVEN-HOT IN BOTH GLASS JARS AND TINS
BURNHAM & MORRILL CO., Portland, Maine

time. She thought of Bull's expression when the glare of light trapped him.

"I knew you'd be hiding here," Andy said. "If you'd had any money with you, I'll bet you'd have gone to a hotel tonight, so you wouldn't have to face me. But why? I'm not the injured party. You didn't have to know how I felt. It's my own bad luck. But Chris didn't deserve what he got, and Bull didn't. I hope you feel the way Bull does, wherever he is. He left too."

T. J. sprang to her feet. "No more," she said, and Andy got up too.

"Come home, T. J.," she said gently. "It's the only home you've got."

Andy had to pay the bill and lead T. J. out with her coat collar turned up and her shoulders shaking.

Later, T. J., sitting in the dark and wept out at last, said, "What makes me feel so awful is he didn't really want to, Andy. It just happened."

They had been working, at first, alone in Chris' house, because it was quieter there. They had looked at each other, and since each of them had needed someone who wasn't there, to whom problems of responsibility and change were also attached, they had made a common human error of thinking they needed each other. That seemed easier. And when the sudden burst of emotion was over, concerned for each other as innocent victims, promising each other that if they married, it would at least be honest, and a decision of some sort, they had parted.

"And now I suppose you'll have pride, and you'll hate me forever, and Chris will be mixed up, and it will be all my fault—oh ——" But there were no more tears to weep. "Let alone Bull," she said.

Andy said, "O.K., T. J. You can't cry any more and I can't listen any more. I feel terrible. It isn't your fault, but the fact remains. I could have tried to do something about Chris myself, I suppose—but I didn't want it that way. I didn't want to interrupt his nea bachelor life until he thought of it for himself I can't stand any more of today. Let's go t sleep."

"Operation Marry-I-Must," T. J. said, with real bitterness. "The guided missile that go lost."

The next day Chris came to see T. J. H sat her down over coffee and said, "It was a awfully short engagement."

She blushed miserably. "Don't," she said "Forgive me, Chris. I seem to have done about as many wrong things as possible. You want me out of the opera?"

"You know you can't do that," Chris said.

The next day he telephoned Andy formally He asked her out, as though all the informality, and the mixing up, and the parties had never been at which he had let her be hal hostess, and not known how this made he feel. She accepted. Sensibly, he put her into his car and drove her three towns away before he took her to dinner. Andy came home a one, smiling and pale, and told T. J., "We're courting, officially. It was a word he used."

"I'm terribly glad," T. J. said humbly.

But Bull was not like Chris, and he did not come back. As in many other life situations there was nothing T. J. could do about it. She could not write him—what was there to say She could only keep thinking someone she saw, totally different in every way, was Bull coming toward her through a crowd, whe it wasn't. She could only grind her teeth, ever when she was awake, and tell herself, *It' ruined and you did it yourself.*

T. J. got up on the morning of commencement calm and already departed, in spirit; a she told Andy. She was packed, or nearly. She got dressed neatly and on time.

"You'll come back, T. J.," Andy said. "You'll come and see Chris and me and you'll think what a fusty, fuddy-duddy faculty life it is. It won't be your home—but you'll be a loved and welcome guest."

T. J. said, "I'm happy for you, Andy. And I'll come and stay in your guest room with a trap door right over the waterfall—just the thing. You'll never have to take your guests to the train when they leave."

"And we won't have to mail the toothbrushes they forget," Andy said. "Come on, T. J. Let's go and get diplomas."

T. J. looked out over the ranks of faces, friends, parents, faculty, underclassmen, and remembered that the Chinese said all Westerners looked alike, blowzy and pink, like peonies. And then she saw Bull, who did not look like a peony. He pulled her out of line as she walked by him.

"Why did you come back?" T. J. said.

Bull pushed the crowd away from them somehow, not with his hands, more with his will to have her alone. What had frightened her about him, T. J. realized, was his utter independence: he was what he was and no one could alter him. He would very probably amount to something.

"Why did you think I left?" Bull said. "You had to get married. So I had to get a job. Now I've got one, for the summer, anyway, until the internship starts."

"It's all right, I don't have to get married any more," T. J. said. "That's all over with."

"No it isn't," Bull said. "Here I've been going through hell, not seeing you and worrying and taking exams and job hunting—all so I could marry you when I had no intention of getting married."

"Oh, I love you, too—but there's no need to yell and there's no need to get married," T. J. said.

"Look, a dancer just starting in is just what a young medical man needs," Bull said. And then he stopped talking and snapped her to him so abruptly she was winded. Commencement fell all over them, but they neither knew nor cared. Other people were embracing, coming and going, laughing and talking, but Bull and T. J., lovers against their better judgment, were as good as alone.

This is the real commencement, after all, T. J. thought and realized what she should have known before, that home is not a place. It is a person. END

McCORMICK
ONE FAMOUS EMBLEM—TWO GREAT BRANDS
McCORMICK and Schilling

Make a tastier turkey dressing...
and a pumpkin pie
with old-time *flavor magic*



This Thanksgiving enjoy the finer *extra* flavor of McCormick or Schilling Pure Spices and Seasonings

Whatever your favorite recipe for turkey dressing, McCormick or Schilling Poultry Seasoning, Ground Sage and Pure Black Pepper will give an added spark that makes the dressing amazingly zestful, satisfying. And to give your pumpkin pie real old-time *flavor magic* just use McCormick or Schilling Pumpkin Pie Spice, a happy blend of the purest, freshest spices the world offers. For your other holiday baking be sure to use McCormick or Schilling Pure Spices such as Cinnamon, Nutmeg and Ginger. Their exciting flavor gives new tastiness, new enjoyment, to dozens of desserts. . . . For purity, for real spice goodness, always insist on McCormick or Schilling Spices. They give you rich *added* flavor!

McCormick Flavor of the Month



HERB SEASONING

Here's a delightful combination of choice herbs in a secret blend by McCormick experts. Herb Seasoning makes *any* leftover so much more tasty; gives special flavor and goodness to stews, fish, soups, plain buttered vegetables, stewed tomatoes, macaroni and cheese. In fact it's good on 'most everything — another truly outstanding seasoning from The House of Flavor!

©1956 McCormick & Co., Inc.

McCORMICK...The House of Flavor

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

ere Tracy was supposed to be. My telegram s returned with the notation that he wasn't r istered. Two days later he walked in, kissed n and began talking about the blistering hit in Dallas. I handed him the undelivered tegram. For a moment he was flustered. Jen he immediately produced a glib tale to t effect that the convention had adjourned ely and he had gone on to visit a customer in Houston. I knew this was untrue because I checked his itinerary with the local office, something I rarely do. I don't make a habit of riddling in his business. According to the ice, no convention had been held in Dallas ad Tracy was actually in Tucson, Arizona. I dropped the subject. Maybe I didn't want to know what he was doing in Arizona.

"Shortly afterward I learned the whole story. It was late at night and Tracy and I were in bed asleep when the phone rang. I answered it. Carol was calling from Arizona. She was high as a kite. Tracy got the telephone away from me and persuaded Carol to hang up. But he couldn't persuade me, hard as he tried, that she was one of his customers' girl friends. I thought she was his girl friend. Before the sun came up—we talked until morning—I discovered I was right.

"Tracy was deeply involved with Carol. If I hadn't been so heartbroken on my own account, I might have pitied her. As it was, I can't blame her for the mess. I couldn't. She didn't know Tracy was a married man, the father of three children. He hadn't told her. He lacked the courage, he said.

"The shock of his confession was shattering, although I concealed it. I thought I must have failed somewhere as a wife. I thought Carol must be more appealing to him physically. I felt obliged to offer him his freedom and did so calmly, but the truth is I was terrified I would lose him. Tracy said I had not failed and that he did not want a divorce. He promised there would be no more Carols in his life and that he would break with her at once. He did feel, however, that he owed her the consideration of a personal visit, and the next day the two of us drove to Arizona. I waited in a downtown hotel while he faced Carol. She put him through a rough experience. She cried, she screamed, she threatened to buy a gun and shoot him. Indeed, she gave him such a scare that I had to drive the car back to Los Angeles. He was still shaky after we arrived. He asked his office to relieve him of the Tucson territory and he and I went on a short trip. I was convinced he was truly sorry and I avoided recriminations. We were sweet and gentle to each other.

"It was my mother-in-law who introduced me to Tracy. At that time she was a national officer in my college sorority—I was a lowly sophomore—and Tracy was a bachelor of twenty-six, already graduated, and well established with the firm where he still works. He considered me just a kid and we saw each other only sporadically, but I regarded him as my most exciting date. When he went on his trips—he was sharing an apartment with his brother—I used to drop by their place and help her keep up with his mending and stuff. One time she and I redecorated and repapered his room. Tracy laughed at us, but I think he was pleased.

"When he was drafted and stationed in San Francisco I bombarded him with letters, got few replies. But the day he received sailing orders for the Pacific he telephoned me and proposed. His mother and I promptly took a plane to San Francisco. We were married in the camp chapel. A few days later his orders were canceled and he never did get overseas. One of Tracy's favorite jokes used to be that I owed my proposal to a fluke. I used to laugh at that joke too.

"Tracy's Army assignment didn't keep him on the post at night and by a miracle I found a small apartment where we spent two wonderful years. I continued my college studies in the morning—in the afternoon I held a job—and in the evenings we bowled and skated and danced like crazy. It wasn't until Tracy received his discharge and went back with his old firm that I discovered how demanding a salesman's work can be.

"Since that time I have often felt Tracy was married to his job, not to me. On the night Johnnie was born Tracy wasn't at the hospital; he was at a boxing match with a covey of customers. When Ruthie had her tonsils out, he was on a fishing trip with his boss. And a lot of his so-called business activities don't seem to me to have much to do with selling. Until the children came along, Tracy kept me busy wining and dining out-of-town clients, who usually appeared without their wives. Tracy often arranged dates for these married men. And after a long evening I would jump out of bed to go gift-shopping for the absent wives. I don't mind buying a pretty blouse for a woman I haven't met, but I hate helping a philandering husband to salve his conscience.

"Tracy lavishes much more attention on his customers than he does on the children or me. The customers come first. He dislikes liquor, but he drinks to put drinking men at ease. He dislikes rich food, but the proof of his high regard is a high-priced restaurant. I'm quite sure that Tracy's company expense account doesn't cover his entertainment spending, but I don't really know. Tracy likes to live splendidly and he wants everyone's good opinion. He can't bear to appear unpleasant and it is almost impossible for him to say no. Because it was a project of his civic club, Tracy spent every Saturday last summer teaching underprivileged kids to swim. He has yet to find the time to take our Johnnie and Stevie on a weekend camping trip.

"Tracy is liberal and freehanded, but somehow the family money is usually managed so the children and I get the worst of it. Our present house is far too small. It wasn't a bargain in the first place; I'm convinced Tracy bought it because a real-estate friend was in trouble and needed to make a sale. Our garage is too narrow to hold a modern car. Tracy hired a carpenter to enlarge it and the carpenter botched the job. Instead of withholding the check until the work was satisfactorily completed, Tracy paid promptly. As a result, I hunt every day for a place to park on our street.

"In all fairness, I don't believe Tracy realizes he spends more on his clothes than he does on me and the children. I'm sure he would deny it. Buying good suits, he says, is an economy, but he pays more for a suit than his boss does. Tracy just doesn't know what he spends; we have no family budget. Our electric refrigerator must be the oldest model extant, and for months I squirreled nickels and dimes from the household account in the hope of getting a new one. Then one fine day Tracy received a wire from an old friend—not even a customer—who needed a five-hundred-dollar loan. When that money went out of the house (we never got it back), I gave up on the new refrigerator.

"Last April we had a financial crisis, and not the first one. Tracy bought several hundred dollars' worth of luggage and a set of new golf clubs and drove away on a three-week trip. This left only eleven dollars in our bank account. In the second week, I went to work in a department store to tide us over, and my mother came to stay with the youngsters. It wasn't the first time I had taken a temporary job. But Tracy never knew; I didn't tell him.

"Not long after his return from that trip, I began to suspect there was another woman in the picture. Don't ask me why; maybe I just sensed it. I met Phyllis one evening without tumbling to the fact that she was interested in my husband. She was escorted by an out-of-town customer; the four of us went dancing

The only people to get even with are those who help you. E. ROTHMAN

Get this 69¢ PYREX Baster FREE



when you buy this

PYREX® WARE

Oval Roaster for only $1.95

Just In Time For Thanksgiving

A $2.64 value for only $1.95



You'll thank your lucky stars for this handy PYREX ware Baster every time you're roasting a fowl or baking a ham. It has a genuine rubber bulb with easy-to-clean stem that makes basting any meat much easier.

■ **And you'll love the way** this PYREX ware Oval Roaster makes your meat brown more evenly and come out more tender. And what a convenient roaster it is! It has large, grooved handles at each end, measures 9⅛ x 13 inches, 4 inches deep. Lets you see what's cooking, doesn't stain, washes clean easily and keeps its new look always.

■ **Take advantage** of this special opportunity to get both this useful Baster and the Oval Roaster for the price of the Roaster alone—only $1.95 at your housewares store.

■ *Limited quantity available—so hurry!*

THERE'S ONLY ONE PYREX® WARE, A PRODUCT OF CORNING GLASS WORKS, CORNING, NEW YORK

VISIT THE CORNING GLASS CENTER, CORNING, N.Y. CORNING MEANS RESEARCH IN GLASS

and then dropped by our house for scrambled eggs. Phyllis was a bleached-blond divorcee with a nine-year-old daughter; she was a new receptionist at Tracy's home office and very wide-eyed about the fascination of the business. Just remembering those eggs I scrambled and served to her practically makes me choke.

"Phyllis was, of course, the other woman in the picture. That news was delivered to me by the postman. One morning I opened a bill from our dentist and was sure an error had been made; I called the dentist's secretary. The error had been mine when I opened the bill. Tracy was paying for a teeth-straightening job for Phyllis' little girl. I don't believe a bill for a mink coat would have made me half as angry.

"I called Phyllis on the telephone and she was delighted that at last I knew the score. She informed me that Tracy was also paying the rent on her apartment and that she expected to marry him when I obtained a divorce. When Tracy came home that night I had hysterics for the first time in my life. Our living room already looked like a department store. I had pulled his expensive clothes out of the closet and jammed some of them into his expensive suitcases. As he came in the door I threw the unpacked jackets, his silk slacks, his custom-made shoes on the front porch and tried to push him after them. Tracy tried to take me in his arms and comfort me. I hit him, I screamed, I wept. But why go on?

"That dreadful scene occurred two weeks ago. Tracy is still in the house. He insists he is all washed up with Phyllis, that she means nothing to him and never did, that he loves me and our youngsters, that he deserves another chance. Again and again he has promised there will never be another woman. Unfortunately, I have heard those promises before.

"At this point I don't know which way to turn. I feel completely baffled. I don't understand Tracy or why he treats me as he does. I don't understand the way he acts at all. In spite of my suffering and disillusionment, I am still fond of him in some ways. I would hate to bring up my children without a father, although I have no fears about my ability to provide for them as well as he has done. If I take a few refresher courses, I can get a teacher's certificate. The children and I can learn to live without Tracy, I suppose. I don't quite see how I can ever learn to live in peace with a man who is unfaithful, untruthful, untrustworthy."

Tracy Tells His Side:

"Like a good many other men, I lead two lives," said Tracy, who was thirty-eight years old and looked younger. His muscles hadn't yet begun to run to fat; his round, sunburned face was drawn in a scowl but seemed cherubic. "I have a home life with Elise and my kids. I have a business life that is separate and apart from my home. In my business life I meet women, lots of them, but I don't take up with stray girls at a convention the way many of the fellows do; I would rather sit and chew the fat and trade jokes. I'm no Don Juan, whatever Elise may think. I'm in love with her.

"Carol once meant something to me, I'll admit, although I saw her only a couple of times a year and thought of her as a friend rather than a sweetheart. She was a businesswoman with a good, sound head. I used to talk over my deals and cry over my worries with her in a way I couldn't do with Elise. One time early in my marriage I hinted to Elise that some little thing about my job wasn't absolute perfection and for the next six months I was fighting off her attempts to get me into an entirely different line of business. That experience taught me to keep my mouth shut.

"Carol fooled me about what she wanted from our association. I had no idea she was looking for permanence. She liked tennis and horses, she liked to swim, she played golf like a man. We had many good times together. Elise hasn't been on horseback since Johnnie was born. She gave away her golf clubs when Stevie came along. Since our five-year-old joined the family she has rarely put on a bathing suit. She lacks the time, she says. I can't imagine Carol ever being too busy for sports.

"Well, there's no point dwelling on the past. I gladly split up with Carol for my wife's sake, although in the final showdown I got the impression Carol had more genuine affection for me than Elise. She sure showed more flesh-and-blood feeling. Elise offered me a divorce as calmly as though she were offering me a second cup of coffee. Her coolness wasn't flattering. After all, she was my wife and had caught me in the wrong. She had earned the right to raise the roof, but she didn't even raise her voice.

"Elise isn't an easy person to understand. When she was a girl she seemed to be crazy about me. When the children began to come I soon began to feel I had been crowded out. I guess it's a common experience. Today I couldn't tell you how Elise really feels about me, what she really thinks. Apparently she doesn't think much of me at the moment. My guess is her thinking will change.

"For the most part, I would call Elise a self-contained and a self-maintaining woman. I can't believe that either she or the youngsters miss me during my absences. All three of my kids are bored with me and show it. I suppose it's natural enough. They look to their mother for their pleasures. I'm just that man who comes and goes. When I arrive home from a trip, it's nothing special to my family. No fireworks are shot off. Frequently, after two weeks on the road, I walk into an empty house. There isn't even a note for me to read. It's a lonesome sensation. I get the feeling I might as well have stayed away; that my family can do without me. Other men in my line of work have the same experience. I'm not kicking, I'm merely trying to understand Elise's side of the present foul-up.

SENECA SAID

We judge ourselves by what we think we can do. Others judge us by what we have already done.

He who injured you was either stronger or weaker. If he was weaker, spare him. If he was stronger, spare yourself.

As long as you live, keep learning how to live.

"I cannot comprehend why she forgave me four years ago without batting an eye and yet can be so hard on me now. My interest in Phyllis is completely dead and was always trivial. I saw Phyllis outside the office a dozen times at the most and I certainly don't propose to see her again. The sooner Elise and I quit talking about the matter, the better off we will be. There's been too much talk already.

"When Elise first discovered the situation, I'm willing to admit that I deserved exactly what I got. In fact, I didn't mind the punishment I had to take; Elise's hysterics seemed to prove she cared enough about me to blow her top. It was the first time I ever realized she was capable of violent jealousy. I know I shouldn't have stepped out on her even with an unimportant girl, and maybe I shouldn't have lied to her. I told the lies only when I was cornered, and then I told as few as possible. I still can't see that my telling her the truth during those earlier fishing expeditions of hers would have been helpful. Elise wouldn't have believed me. She doesn't believe me yet.

"If Phyllis hadn't had a nine-year-old daughter, the honest truth is that our acquaintance would have stopped in the office. I didn't ever promise to marry that young woman; I promised her nothing. Nor was I paying the rent on her apartment. I lent her one month's rent and though I didn't expect the loan to be repaid there is quite a difference. Phyllis was having a tough time supporting her daughter; they were newcomers to the West Coast and had no friends and I was sorry for them both. One afternoon the little girl came by the office after school and I bought an ice-cream cone for her. The child was more grateful for the ice cream than my sons were when I gave them the money for a plane ride.

"I drove Phyllis and her daughter home that afternoon. On the way Phyllis praised my sales record to the skies and I was surprised and pleased she had noticed. When I learned she was broke, a chronic condition with her, it seemed natural to stop and lay in a stock of groceries for her. It then seemed natural for me to stay long enough to sample her cooking. I quickly became aware I had made a mistake, that Phyllis was a talented gimme-girl and a troublemaker to boot, but I didn't know what to do about it. In the hope she would latch on to somebody else, I introduced her around and my strong hunch is she has already consoled herself. Phyllis is the type who is bound to light on her feet. It's preposterous for Elise to let that girl worry her and upset our marriage.

"Shucks, all couples have their troubles. Most couples have far more serious troubles than ours. Ill health, religious differences, arguments over children, insufficient money. I'm not a bad guy. In the main, I'm a pretty good guy. I wish Elise would think about my virtues for a while. I don't smoke. I'm strictly a two-drink man and I would gladly stay on the wagon except that in my business I can't afford to be a kill-joy. I support my family comfortably. Elise has never had to work. She is now talking of returning to college and getting a teacher's license, which is ridiculous. I'd prefer she didn't work. Anything in reason she and the youngsters think they need I am able to provide. It's true that we need a larger house and someday soon we'll probably be moving into one. If Elise doesn't get what she wants, it's her own fault. If the money doesn't go for one thing it goes for another, I often tell her. Sometimes I wonder whether she isn't extra thrifty in order to point up my extravagance.

"There is a streak of the martyr in Elise. She still remembers I was at a boxing match the night of Johnnie's birth, but seemingly she doesn't remember that she went into labor two weeks early, and I got to the hospital as soon as I could. As a rule, I'll admit, I let Elise take full charge when the kids are sick and I duck out on the hospital waiting. My philosophy is to avoid depressing places and depressing thoughts, and look on the bright side of things. Elise is the opposite of me in many ways. When I'm on the road I know she feeds herself and the kids hamburger when I would rather they all ate steak. It would make my own steaks taste better.

"As I look back I can realize I didn't expect my marriage would be one hundred per cent perfect. To be honest, in my youth I didn't intend to marry. I was comfortable sharing an apartment with my mother and I enjoyed running around with all the girls. To me marriage seemed too grim, too confining. Devoted as I am to my mother, I can recall occasions when she made it hot for my father because he didn't earn enough to suit her. Of course he had no right to run around with other women the way he did, but I didn't think it was his fault he lacked the money-making knack. When my parents were divorced and my father didn't fight for my custody or even ask for visitation privileges, I tried to kid myself it was because he couldn't afford my keep. But in my heart I knew the real reason he didn't want me around. My father, who was a great athlete in his day, considered me a weakling and a sissy.

"By the time I reached college age I was able to show him different. I had an athletic scholarship for two years out of the four. I wasn't heavy enough for football, but I was on the tennis and swimming teams. I landed my present job through my interest in sports. I met my big boss, the owner of our company, the summer I worked as a lifeguard at his country club. I am now a member of that club. He put me up for membership. It was a proud day in my mother's life when I received my invitation to join, and in mine too. On the other hand, I feel sure Elise secretly regards the dues as wasted money, even though she is too tactful to complain.

"In spite of Elise's tact, I know she doesn't think of me as being special in any way. I wish she could be proud of me. I've climbed high in a highly competitive business. The product I have to sell, the identical product and just as good, is offered at a lower cost by several of our competitors. My customers cheerfully buy from me. Why? They buy because I sell them service. In other words, I sell them on myself.

"Since I can sell myself in a rugged commercial field, I'm sure I can sell myself back to my wife. Elise is too levelheaded not to come to her senses soon. She doesn't want a divorce any more than I do. And I don't need a psychologist to tell me so."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"Tracy was the kind of client we can seldom help. He was unwilling to grant there was anything seriously wrong in himself, in his marriage or in Elise. By this defensive maneuver—subconsciously, of course—I believe he had armed himself to evade the pain of self-knowledge and the possible necessity of change. My guess is that he was fearful of tinkering with the jovial public personality that had made him a social and business success. He wanted to think and to live on the surface, despite the fact that his infidelity clearly indicated that inwardly all was not well with him and with his marriage.

"Obviously the picture wasn't as right as he was determined to view and present it. Otherwise he wouldn't have appeared in my office as even a reluctant visitor.

"To almost every adult there comes a time for coping with bedrock truth and facing what classical scholars call the *rerum lacrimae* and translate as the 'tears of things.' This facing of his ultimate self and ultimate needs, and the needs of those close to him, this time of life when mature people formulate standards and ideals to live by, Tracy was determined to elude.

"At my request he and Elise took several psychological tests. Tracy was displeased with the results which strongly suggested that his jolly, backslapping ways were mostly a pose, that inwardly he felt insecure and afraid. After scoffing at the tests, he withdrew from further counseling.

"By then, however, Elise had decided to make an effort to understand the reasons for the failure of the marriage. She realized that a divorce would be hard on her three children, just as her parents' divorce had been hard on her. What Elise didn't realize until after our consultation was that in her own way she had been as unsatisfactory a wife to Tracy as her mother had been to her father. To be sure, she didn't nag, complain, lose her temper, spend too much of Tracy's money. Her house wasn't untidy, her food wasn't poorly cooked; but her virtues were negative, academic—they weren't the virtues calculated to meet the needs of a man like Tracy.

"Tracy had an unusual need for affection and reassurance. His ego was weak and he was chronically uneasy about the impression he was making, as are many people who push themselves into the foreground and snatch for the popularity prize at every party. A mamma's boy, rejected by his father, Tracy in his bachelor days was compelled to seek in each fresh conquest the proof of his virility and masculinity. Similarly, in college, he felt impelled to excel in sports.

"Elise started out in the marriage under good auspices. She was her mother-in-law's choice as well as her husband's choice, and she was eager to please. If she had recognized and fulfilled Tracy's basic needs, she could have made herself indispensable to him. Unfortunately, in an attempt to avoid her mother's mistakes she had built up a rigid conception of marriage that had very little application to her and Tracy. Her conception of herself as a wife was sugary, artificial. She was hopeful Tracy would respond with gratitude and ardor—she, too, had a strong need of approval—to something that was quite unreal.

"When she had a legitimate complaint against him she hid her annoyance under a sweet smile. She didn't get the grateful response she aimed for. He sensed her phoniness. Instead of voicing her valid objections to some of the more excessive demands of his job and trying to work out a compromise, she kept still. He sensed her dislike of his work and interpreted her silence as a lack of pride in him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

Look what's new from Aunt Jemima!

NEW DELUXE
Buttermilk
PANCAKE
MIX for waffles, too!
AUNT JEMIMA

Good and quick coffee cakes for breakfast and coffee breaks

"Coffee Cakes" in 10 shakes!

So good with your breakfast coffee. And so easy, you'll make *these* "coffee cakes" on a moment's notice *any* day of the week! Prepare one recipe Aunt Jemima Wonder Waffles "in ten shakes" as directed on package. Pour onto hot waffle iron; sprinkle with raisins; bake. Makes 6 waffle squares. Cut warm waffles in half. Top with orange marmalade and coconut; or confectioners' icing and chopped nuts (or make up your own combination). Serve with butter.

The famous TWO plus one that's NEW

Only Aunt Jemima gives you ALL THREE!



Spaghetti with Meat Sauce

Here's a neat trick for making real Italian-style spaghetti and meat sauce.

Just heat and pour piping hot Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce with Meat on spaghetti. Secret of this real Italian goodness is in the blend—tender, tasty beef and ripe red tomatoes seasoned to spicy perfection. Try Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce with Meat on other dishes, too. You'll taste the difference—in flavor.



Chef Veal with Mushrooms

1 lb. veal cutlet, thinly sliced
salt and pepper ¾ cup water
1 can Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce with Mushrooms

Brown veal cutlet in fat. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Pour combined Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce and water over the veal. Simmer for 45 minutes or until tender. Makes 2 to 3 servings.

"Perfect 'pour-on' sauces...stirred with a fine Italian hand"



ITALIAN WOMEN in Castello San Pietro make sauce as their grandmothers did. But you can enjoy the same Italian flavor by just heating Chef Boy-Ar-Dee real Italian-style sauces!



You enjoy an old Italian art—the art of sauce-making—each time you use Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Meat or Mushrooms. For these rich, tempting sauces are as truly Italian as those made in Castello San Pietro near Rome. You know, the sauce is the secret of many a dish . . . these add a tantalizing touch to meats and fish . . . eggs and rice. And, of course, there's no spaghetti like spaghetti with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce!

Chef Boy-Ar-Dee takes only the plumpest, sun-ripened tomatoes . . . cooks them for hours with juicy beef or tender mushrooms . . . adds a dash of this spice, a sprinkling of that, for real Italian flavor. And then, the sauce is ready for you to heat and pour on.

Make sure Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauces are on your shelf—and table—regularly. Try the economical family-size can.

real Italian-style CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Sauces





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

"Tracy needed honest feeling from Elise. hen she discovered his first affair, her calm havior screened inner tumult but left him th the puzzled belief that she was unmoved d indifferent. If she had taken a positive nd and expressed her outrage, it is possible ere would have been no second affair, alough Phyllis' appeal for him seems quite derstandable. Both she and Carol were terested in his work, or pretended to be. He lcomed the sympathetic ear he didn't find home.

"When her children came along Elise made fairly common but, in her case, a serious ror. She allowed Tracy to regard his own ungsters as rivals. She allowed him to feel e a fifth wheel in a concern that could erate nicely without him. She was almost king him to look for consolation in the eyes d arms of other women.

"Tracy was highly sexed. Underneath a cool terior, Elise herself was warm and affectione. Not once in the twelve years of marriage d she rejected Tracy's love-making, so ey both told me, but she had never made y loving advances to him. A conventional oman, she believed it was her duty to wait r his overtures. Elise was both amazed and agrined to discover by examining one of racy's psychological tests—a test in which he ve his impressions of her personality—that considered her very cold. In evaluating her n personality by means of the same test, ise had scored herself very high in the dertment of sympathy, tenderness, affection. hrough studying these psychological tests and after much delving into the past, Elise gained insight into herself and into Tracy too. After much hard thought she finally understood what her husband really wanted and needed from her and where she had failed him. Then, since she desired to save her marriage, she was able to effect radical changes and improvements in her whole relationship with Tracy. When she changed, he changed, too, even though I imagine he would still deny that changes were necessary or had occurred.

The romance in life consists in doing what you have to do decoratively.
DION CLAYTON CALTHROP
Perpetua

"Common sense dictated most of Elise's moves. In the first place, she introduced him to the fun of knowing and playing with his own children. It wasn't much of a trick. He was a patsy for kids and for sports. She found time for swimming, hiking, tennis, and insisted that he make time to enjoy these recreations with his family.

"In the second place, she stopped ignoring his business and began to talk about his commercial triumphs and problems. Her simulated interest quickly became genuine. She discarded her snippy disapproval of his customers and once again helped out on the entertainment end. She took note of his triumphs and successes. Above all, whenever she felt warmly toward him she showed it.

"Tracy needed responsibility. She gave him financial responsibility and thus helped bolster his masculine pride. Instead of secretly taking a job to bail out the family in a financial emergency—almost as foolish as Tracy's heedless extravagance—she asked him to weigh their income and their expenses realistically and arrive at a workable budget. She then began to spend more on herself and the children, especially for clothes, and thus gave him the satisfaction of feeling like an extra-good provider. As a long-term goal, Tracy listed a four-bedroom house on their budget.

"They now own the new place. According to Elise—I never see or hear from Tracy—he is a very proud homeowner and the contented head of a family. Their new home is graced with a swimming pool and Tracy can hardly wait to get there so he can take a plunge with the youngsters. Elise sees to it that he never walks into an empty house after an absence. Perhaps it is a coincidence, but recently Tracy was assigned more work in the local office and is out of town much less. I think it is quite possible he asked for this new assignment, but I don't know. At any rate, Elise is sure there is little danger of his ever becoming interested in another woman. She and their children occupy too much of his time. She says that all the hard work and hard thinking and the changing she did on her own were eminently worth while."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

THANKSGIVING AT APPLEYARD CENTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

inches of sage, thyme and rosemary go into . Onion is only a whisper, salt and pepper e reduced to a minimum. She says the astry blanket goes on better if the turkey is ot too cold, so after she has stuffed her bird e leaves it standing awhile in the warm tchen.

Clean a 16-pound turkey very well, being re that all those pinfeathers are gone, and nge the wings or wherever it is needed. Rub ne inside cavity with salt and pepper. Stuff ell with chestnut dressing and truss to hold ne legs and wings in place. Now is the time cover with the pastry-blanket mixture, or luminum foil. If you use pastry, spread the ixture over the turkey from the well-stuffed reast to the tail. Roast the bird in a moderate ven, 350° F. Figure on about 18–20 minutes pound for the large birds, and if you are oing to do a smaller one increase the time to 5 minutes a pound. This will give you a oasting time for the 16-pound bird of around ½ hours. If the leg feels loose when wiggled, he bird is done. Remove aluminum foil 15 inutes before done. Cook 2 dozen sauages in the skillet (don't unlink them) just efore the bird is to come out of the oven, nd after it is set on platter festoon the bird vith the sausages. Garnish spectacularly vith parsley and bright red spiced pears.

To make the chestnut dressing: Mix together ½ cups each dry bread crumbs and crushed racker crumbs—the standard saltines will e best here. Pour over ⅓ cup melted butter n which ¼ cup minced onion has been saued. This procedure will save you a step—nelt your butter and cook your onions all at nce. Beat 1 egg slightly and add along with ¼ cup heavy cream. Season with a pinch each of sage, thyme and rosemary. Finally dd ¾ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, nd 12 finely chopped chestnuts, cooked and eeled. Then toss together with the rest of he ingredients. Makes enough stuffing for a 16-pound bird.

Laura, my serious-minded ten-year-old, is et to slicing mushrooms to go with the baby Lima beans. There are a few things, mother has to agree, that are just as good "bought in a shop" as produced the old-fashioned way, at home, and one of them is Lima beans. For years she planted Limas in her garden, and for years she battled with the frosts; now I bring frozen ones on Thanksgiving, and Camilla, my six-year-old, opens the boxes and empties them into a big saucepan.

LIMA BEANS WITH MUSHROOMS AND CELERY

Cook 2 packages frozen Lima beans according to package directions. Wipe (don't wash) 2 pounds mushrooms with a damp cloth. Cut the stems level with the bottoms of the caps and then slice. Mince 1 medium onion. Cut 5 stalks crisp celery into ½" pieces about as thick as a match. Sauté the onion and celery in ½ pound butter until golden, then add the mushrooms and cook them gently until tender. Sprinkle in 2 tablespoons flour mixed with ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon nutmeg and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. (The shaker-top flour canisters are good for this.) Toss until it is well blended. Reduce the heat and stir in ½ cup heavy cream. Add to the cooked beans and serve in a hot vegetable dish. Garnish with lots of paprika. (Mrs. Appleyard has, on occasion, stirred in a little sherry just before serving.) 8 servings.

Six-year-old Camilla had picked over the cranberries for me the day before—the sort of job that needs her quick eyes and fingers. Now I set about making our

CRANBERRY-ORANGE-MARMALADE SAUCE

Combine 4 cups whole fresh or frozen cranberries with 2 cups sugar and 1 cup water and cook gently until the cranberries pop. Add 1 cup bitter orange marmalade. Let the mixture stand in a warm place until the marmalade softens and can be stirred in. Then chill until it stiffens. 8 servings.

In our Vermont, Thanksgiving rings the doorbell all day long, practically from sunrise on. Now my brother Hugh pokes his nose in the kitchen, in true Appleyard fashion. "Just checking," he explains. "Smells all correct." He borrows my son Tommy to help him fill the wood boxes in the kitchen and the living room. The house is filling up with good smells and good people. Cynthia gets out the heavy white damask cloth and sets the long maple table with places for Hugh and his family from their cottage down the road, and for my sister Sally and her family from Roland Hill, a few miles away from Appleyard Center. Out come the appetizers which I have been warming in the broiler. Much appreciated—I'm not a short-order cook for nothing—are peanut butter spread on rounds of toast, and sprinkled with crumbled bacon; mushroom paste (canned) mixed with more crumbled bacon, snappy cheese and chutney. There are some cold ones, too: deviled ham and cream cheese, mixed; cottage cheese made fascinating with horse-radish and catchup, and *pâté de foie gras.* (In our family these concoctions are more accurately called "appeasers"—something to keep grandchildren who have been playing and parents who have been chopping wood from eating one another before dinner is ready!)

In the kitchen, mother slides a dish of sweet potatoes topped with cashew meats into the oven for a final heating through and browning. "Just keep your eye on this for me like an angel," she murmurs. Mother's sweet-potato casserole is famous in the family.

SWEET POTATOES WITH CASHEW NUTS

Make a syrup of 1½ cups light brown sugar and 6 tablespoons hot water. Add 1½ tablespoons lemon juice, 1¼ teaspoons grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon cinnamon. Layer into a buttered casserole 6 precooked, peeled and thickly sliced sweet potatoes and the above syrup. Sprinkle each layer with part of ½ cup coarsely chopped cashew nuts. Top with a layer of nuts. Heat until bubbling in a moderate oven, 350° F., 15–20 minutes or until the potatoes have absorbed part of the syrup. 8 servings.

The adult Appleyards, assembled round the living room's big Franklin stove, attack the "appeasers" eagerly. Tommy adds a fresh stick of wood to the blaze. Rock and roll comes from the kitchen radio for Cynthia, a Mozart horn concerto spins on the record player in the living room. The littlest Appleyard, in something yellow and fuzzy, crawls around like a busy caterpillar. By this time the turkey in its brown pastry blanket stands on the kitchen table, and mother prepares to make gravy. "Next year," Cynthia was saying to her grandmother, "I'm going to do the whole turkey myself."

GIBLET GRAVY

Cook the gizzard, neck and heart of the turkey with a sliced onion, a sliced carrot, 3 cel-

NEW!
PY-O-MY
APPLE THINS
This open-faced apple crumb cake mix includes a can of juicy, sliced apples
So easy to fix—You don't even mix!


Apples, brown sugar
And that buttery taste—
Not one yummy crumb
Will your family waste!
NOW AT YOUR GROCER'S—
If he's out of stock, please send hi. ame to us—
PY-O-MY
Chicago 47, Illinois

cry leaves and tough stalks, a spray of parsley, 2 cloves, a pinch of allspice and a little poultry seasoning in enough water to cover. This will take several hours until the meat is tender. Check from time to time to be sure there is enough water still on hand to keep from burning. Strain the stock, discarding the vegetables. (Mother had done all this the previous day.) Chop the tender parts of the gizzard and heart, the meat from the neck and a raw onion together. Sauté the turkey liver for 3 minutes, chop it and add to the other meat. Put 6 tablespoons turkey drippings in a skillet and brown the mixture of chopped meat and onion. Sprinkle over this 4 tablespoons flour. Season as you like with salt and pepper. Blend the flour well and gradually add 2 cups strained turkey stock and 2 cups rich top milk. Makes 4½ cups gravy.

The moment for dishing up! Like a frieze on a Grecian urn, my daughters file into the dining room with the various dishes long and lovingly prepared. Festooned in sausages, wreathed in parsley, the turkey makes a noble entrance wrapped in its brown blanket. Laura carries in her Lima beans and mushrooms, Camilla follows with the casserole of sweet potatoes.

It's a family tradition, especially when the dining table holds sixteen table settings, to carve and serve from the sideboard. Now to decide who is to sit in high chairs, and who is to have the dictionary and the atlas. A moment of silence while Hugh says grace, and then the voices begin. Tommy unfolds his napkin. "What is this, a *sheet?*" I show Camilla the stories from Aesop's fables woven in the tablecloth, which was first used by my great-grandmother. Plates are filled, refilled and emptied. In time, even the hollow legs of little boys are solid. Would there be room for pumpkin pie? For this pie there would always be room.

PUMPKIN-CHIFFON PIE

Bake a 9″ or 10″ pie shell. Heat ¾ cup mil in the top of a double boiler with 2¼ cup canned pumpkin, 1½ cups brown sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ teaspoon ginger, ¾ tea spoon cinnamon and ⅓ teaspoon nutmeg Beat 5 egg yolks slightly. Gradually ad some of the hot mixture to the yolks, mixin rapidly. Readd to the pumpkin mixture an cook in the double boiler until thickened stirring constantly. Soften 2 envelopes unfla vored gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Add t the hot custard and stir until dissolved. Coo the filling until it begins to thicken. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry, fold then into the filling and then chill—but don't le it set. Whip 1½ cups heavy cream until stif Add ¾ teaspoon grated orange rind and ½ cup sugar. Fold into the pumpkin mixture Chill until quite thick, then put in the shell Before serving, garnish the pie with spoon fuls of sweetened whipped cream and a littl grated orange rind.

In the living room after dinner, the tele phone rings. Tommy dashes ahead. "It's fo you, grandma," he says, handing her the re ceiver. "Some man or other."

Mother's cool "Hello" changes to an ec static, "Stan! Where are you? . . . Brazil? . . It sounds as close as East Alcott. And who that? . . . Tom!"

"Uncle Stan in Brazil," reports Tommy t the assembled relatives with barely suppresse excitement. "And Uncle Tom in Canad too!"

"I want to speak," cries Camilla.

"We'll all speak," I assure her, although knew I would find it hard to. Hugh had give mother and me the nicest kind of Thanksgiv ing surprise—a three-party line all round th Western hemisphere. Over two continents an two seacoasts the whole Appleyard family ha met for Thanksgiving!

ARE OUR TEEN-AGERS SO DUMB?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

they go to church regularly, believe God i an omnipotent and omniscient Spirit existing everywhere, that faith is superior to logic i solving important problems, that God guided or inspired the Bible, and that a good humar society cannot be built without supernatura aid, although they don't believe all atheists are bad.

The researchers comment: "To the Amer ican teen-ager who accepts these religiou values such scientific developments as th theory of evolution (now regarded by mos informed persons as an established fact) re main dubious: today's typical adolescent i not sure whether man has really evolved fron lower forms of animals . . ."

Now, that man has evolved from "lower an imals" is not accepted by anthropologists a proved. That the genus man as he exists today has evolved from a much lower form of him self has been amply established. But at any rate I find no logic in the belief that such a fact is incompatible with faith in an omnip otent, omniscient Spirit. Professor Einstein was a mathematical logician who also believed in God.

The fact emerges from the researches tha American teen-agers are, on the whole, con servative, and tend toward orthodoxy and conformity, largely reflecting the views of their parents and those prevailing in the com munities in which they live. They are not in dependent-minded—which to my mind is explicable by the fact that they are actually *not* independent, but dependent on others.

The researchers find a high minority and in some cases a majority of 75 per cent holding "fascistic" or "superpatriotic" views; 20 per cent feel that there will always be strong and weak and that it is best for the strong to domi nate; 22 per cent that whatever serves the in terest of the government is usually right; 37 per cent that *some* working groups should not have the right to strike; 49 per cent that large masses of people are incapable of deciding what is and is not good for themselves; 37 per



Sumptuous supper, California-style

with 4 Fishermen® Fishsticks

THE PREMIUM BRAND



2 8-oz. packages 4 Fishermen Fishsticks
2 green peppers, finely sliced • 2 tablespoons oil
½ cup finely chopped onion
1 clove minced garlic (optional)
1 cup whole canned or stewed tomatoes
¼ teaspoon oregano • ⅛ teaspoon chili powder
½ teaspoon salt • ½ cup sliced black olives

Fishsticks

CALIFORNIA

1. Heat 4 Fishermen Fishsticks according to package directions. 2. Cook green pepper in oil over moderate heat in an 8″ frying pan until slightly tender, about 5 minutes. Remove from pan. 3. Add onion and garlic to oil and cook for 5 minutes. Add tomatoes, seasonings and olives and cook over low heat for 10 minutes. 4. Pour tomatoes into oblong baking dish (11½″ x 7⅜″ x 1½″) and place 4 Fishermen Fishsticks on top. They're the *premium quality* kind, cut from snow-white center fillets. Takes 3 pounds of fresh fish to make our half-pound package—that's why they taste so good! Top with green pepper. Heat in oven, 375°F, for 5 minutes. Makes 4 servings. Look for 4 Fishermen Fishsticks in the 8-oz. or 14-oz. economy package in your grocer's frozen food cabinet. Cost a bit more—but they're worth it. *Fulham Brothers, Inc., Boston, Mass.*

nt that criminals and others, like the feeble-nded, should be prevented from having ildren; and 75 per cent that obedience and spect for authority are the most important bits for children to learn. The researchers d these results "tragic."

In answering True or False questions, it is ficult even for an adult accurately to express nself without qualifications. That there are ong and weak people, physically, mentally d in terms of character, is obvious even to a ild, who always recognizes and respects ength and often confuses the bully with it. ithout knowing what teen-agers *mean* by length, the answer is unclear. We live in an och which exalts the all-wisdom of govern-nt (provided its policies are our own); it is rtainly arguable that strikes in some occu-tions are a menace to the whole of society; e constantly published figures on the prev-nce of criminality, insanity, suicide, alco-lism and drug addiction demonstrate that a eat many people don't know what's good for em; not only Hitler believed in sterilizing the ngenitally unfit, but so does every geneticist know, if it is certain that the person is con-nitally unfit; and that obedience is an essen-l discipline for *children* (if they are ever to be ined at all) is the experience of the race.

"Young people today are highly realistic. Evidence of "superpatriotism" is reflected the opinion of 74 per cent of the youth eried that foreign *countries* have little to ntribute to American progress; by 28 per nt who object to flying the U.N. flag over that the U.S.A.; by 37 per cent who think immi-ation should be restricted, as endangering e American standard of living; by 42 per nt who think the greatest threat to democracy mes from foreign ideas and groups; by 42 r cent who believe we should firmly resist at-mpts to change the American way of life. "Superpatriots," comment the authors, re poorly informed and easily swayed by gh-sounding phrases." But without further erying to ascertain the frames of reference m which those queried make their judg-nts one should be cautious about de-ctions.

Do foreign "countries" contribute to Amer-an progress? What is meant by "country"? state? A culture? Unless that question is ear in one's mind the answer is meaningless. Do the social scientists want to fly the U.N. g above that of the U.S.A., and if so, why? he U.N. is not a superstate elected by "hu-anity," but a permanent assembly of the reign offices of the participating govern-nts, each pursuing its own interests and olicies and vigorously resisting any inter-rence in its domestic affairs.

ll countries, without exception, including e most liberal, limit immigration. If totali-rianism is a menace to democracy, it cer-inly has come, in our generation, from for-gn *ideas*. Mussolini, Stalin and Hitler were t Americans, and their theories and prac-es not of American origin. And resistance to tempts to change the "American way of e" needs interpretation as to what the teen-ers mean by the phrase. Since so many of em do express the desire for changes, they nnot be resisting change as such.

The large part of the research devoted to oblems of adolescence reveals little beyond hat everybody who is intimate with adoles-nts (or remembers his or her own youth) al-ady knows. It is a time of physical and emo-onal turbulence; of rebellion against, and earning for, parental and other adult control; assertiveness and shyness; of wanting to be ee and independent, and of anxiety at as-uming adult responsibilities. It is a time when e young person—neither child nor man—variably feels he is misunderstood—by ev-rybody except his closest friends of his own ge, and especially by his parents. It is a time hen the desire to be popular (among one's ontemporaries) surpasses all other desires; hen a boy's mind is full of girls and a girl's f boys.

The teen-ager is, of all people, most con-ormist to the prevailing mores of his group. He (or she) wouldn't be caught dead wearing nything but clothes like those of the others; r having different tastes from those of their riends. Booth Tarkington's Seventeen—is it still in print?—portrays the teen-ager as faithfully as the social scientists do (and more amusingly).

The miracle of adolescence is that anyone survives it.

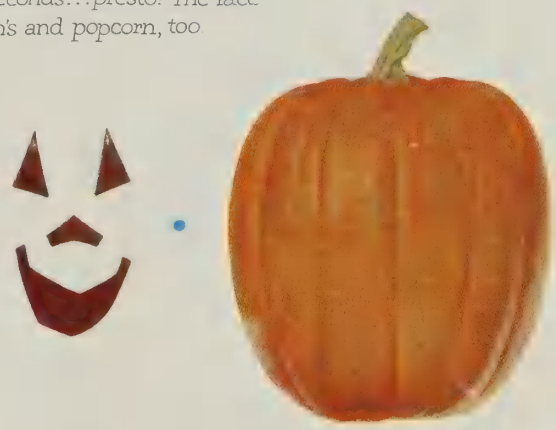


But certainly what helps one to survive it are habits of industry and work cultivated long before the period arrives. Idleness and sloth are the worst corrupters of the adolescent. Fifty per cent of the youth covered by the Purdue study feel that actual work experience would be more useful to them than school—and those who make up that 50 per cent are probably right about themselves. But "child" labor laws and trade-union regulations keep thousands in school who might better be learning (and earning) as apprentices to a trade.

One final word: All of them, almost without exception, believe that high school can (and will) prepare them for their life occupation, and are harassed immeasurably by being unable to choose and plan for it. High school will not and cannot. A teen-ager rarely knows what he really wants to do or has ability to do, and if he is harried to make up his mind or encouraged to count on getting just the job he wants, he is in for disappointments. If his mind has been disciplined to accuracy, his character to self-reliance, his hands trained to work, and he is convinced that "anything that's worth doing at all is worth doing well," he will make his way, possibly through numerous jobs, until he finds, by experience, the niche or the arena in which he is most happy and successful. All work experience is useful, and need not be related to an ultimate goal.

The function of education—as I see it—is to fit the youth to do *anything* that can reasonably be expected or demanded after twelve years of schooling and character building. If we are not succeeding in this, our public education is a failure. END

Hold this page about arm's length from your face. Keeping your eyes on the blue dot between the face and the pumpkin, bring the page slowly to your nose. Hold it there a few seconds...presto! The face goes on the pumpkin. Try this with the Morton's and popcorn, too



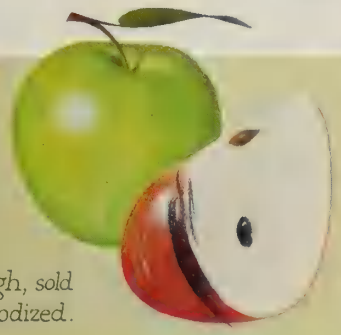
A Jack O'Lantern needs a face...
A bowl of popcorn needs Morton's...



iodized or plain



They just naturally go together!



Two new ways to salt popcorn ...or anything else!



Morton Salters, 3⅝ inches high, sold three to a carton. Plain or iodized.

Morton Miniatures, 1½ inches high, packed six to the tray.



When it rains it pours



STUART

The mood is warm and festive; there's an exciting casserole of tender veal, mushrooms, emerald-green peas, onions and potatoes all shimmering in piquant gravy.

GOOD-TIME BUFFET for 8

$1.00 per person

By MARGARETTA STEVENSON

In trying to put together a party meal for $1 per person, what you are really doing is substituting brains and skill for $ signs—which makes the results all the more triumphant!

Entertaining should be as natural as breathing, whatever the financial crisis. Here is the meal to do you, the occasion and the company proud—regardless of price!

A delicious, creamy spinach soup starts off the meal—what better party beginning could you find for "gourmets on a budget"? CREAM-OF-SPINACH SOUP: Melt 3 tablespoons margarine in a saucepan. Sauté 3 tablespoons minced onion until a pale golden brown. Stir in ¼ cup flour and blend well. Gradually add 1 quart milk and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add 1¼ cups canned consommé. Cook 1 package frozen chopped spinach according to the package directions. Drain, if there seems to be an excess of liquid, before adding to the milk mixture. Heat. Prettify the top with grated raw carrot.

Our unusual and delicious casserole dish contains all the necessary meat and vegetables for a hearty meal, plus a piquant sauce whose surprise flavor brings approval from both men and women. VEAL ZINGARA: For 8 people, buy a 6-pound rump of veal and have the butcher slice it into ¾" to 1" slices. Cut out the bones with a little sharp knife and trim off any rind and gristle. Cut the meat into 2" chunks. Heat 2 tablespoons shortening in a large skillet. Dredge the meat in flour. Drop a clove of garlic into the skillet. Begin browning some of the meat. Season the meat with 2 teaspoons salt and 1 teaspoon pepper as it browns. Remove the browned meat to absorbent-paper toweling to drain until all meat has been browned. Clean ½ pound fresh mushrooms by wiping their faces with a damp cloth rather than spraying them with water, which tends to send their delicate flavor down the drain. If they're small, you can cook them whole; if not, slice them. Sauté the mushrooms in the skillet in which you browned the meat. You may have to add a little more fat. But use as little as possible, to keep the meat sauce from becoming greasy. When the mushrooms are tender, drain on the absorbent-paper toweling. Leave the fryings in the skillet. Make the sauce by dissolving 2 chicken-bouillon cubes in 2½ cups boiling water and adding to the pan fryings. Then add 4 tablespoons (or ½ small can) tomato paste. Stir until smooth, simmering slowly. Stir in the seasonings: 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon orégano and ¼ teaspoon each hot pepper sauce, saffron and allspice. Blanch 3 ounces filberts and slip the skins. Cut in half and stir into the sauce. Put the smaller pieces of veal in the bottom of a large casserole (let them be for the second helpings), build up alternate layers of meat, mushrooms, sauce, whole onions and potatoes. You'll need 8 small white onions, peeled, and 8 small white potatoes, peeled. Cover the casserole and bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for 1 hour and 45 minutes. About 20 minutes before serving, break up 1 package frozen green peas and add them to the casserole, arranging them in the center and in clusters around the outer edge. Return to the oven and continue baking at 300° F. for 20 minutes more or until everything's beautifully tender.

The salad is MIXED GREENS WITH FRENCH DRESSING: Prepare 1 head of lettuce, 1 bunch water cress, sliced radishes and a few young scallions, cut fine. Toss together with the following dressing. As for French dressing, everybody has his favorite, of course, but try this—it's good, too: FRENCH DRESSING: In a jar or salad-dressing shaker, mix together ¾ cup salad oil and ¼ cup wine vinegar. Add 1 clove garlic, ½ teaspoon each dry mustard, basil or summer savory, dried parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, and a pinch each of pepper and sugar. Let it sit for a few hours before using to get the full flavor of the herbs. Makes 1 cup. Use ½ of this for the tossed salad.

THE BREAD: Buy 2 long loaves of crusty French bread. Slice it, butter it (½ stick softened butter will do the job), and warm it in the oven at the last minute. Serve covered to keep it hot.

The dessert. The success of this dish depends on the flavor of the oranges, so buy good ones. ORANGE FLUFF: Scald 3 cups milk in the top of a double boiler. While the milk is heating, mix together ¼ cup sugar and 3 tablespoons cornstarch. Grate the rind of 1 navel orange and add. Mix in 3 egg yolks (refrigerate the 3 whites). Stir in ⅓ cup of the scalded milk and add sugar mixture to the hot milk. Cook, stirring constantly, over hot water until smooth and thickened (the custard will coat the spoon). Set the pan of custard in a pan of cold water to cool. Add 1 teaspoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon vanilla. While the custard is cooling, peel and section 2 seedless oranges. Put in the refrigerator to chill. When the custard has cooled, add 2 tablespoons sugar to the egg whites and whip until stiff, but not dry. Gently fold the beaten whites into the custard. Spoon custard into serving bowl. Chill 1 hour. Garnish with orange sections and mint. Makes 8 servings.

MENU

CREAM-OF-SPINACH SOUP

VEAL ZINGARA

MIXED GREEN SALAD
FRENCH DRESSING

CRUSTY FRENCH BREAD
AND BUTTER

ORANGE FLUFF

COFFEE

WHY I LOVE MY WIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

nquillizers, but from a deep-seated virtue hich is given to few of us, the virtue of *con-ntment*. Josie is completely content. With e material things that she has, with the way r children are turning out, with herself, even th me.

Because of this contentment, my task of rning a living is made easier, for I can set y own pace, going about my work unhar-sed by the demands of a wife intent on keep-g up with the Joneses. Josie enthuses over y promotions, but is never discouraged when ey do not come as promptly as they might. not longing constantly for new clothes or a w car she makes it possible for us to have a vings program, since there is not an inces-nt demand for whatever funds are left after have paid for life's essentials.

At parties she is friendly but never flirta-ous. At bridge she can make about two more cks than I could with the same hand, yet e never replays a hand either during the me or on the way home. Business associates d her charming, a good hostess and sur-isingly youthful for the mother of such a rmidable family. To her children she is an -1 parent because she finds time to read to em, shoot baskets with them, build them odel planes and cars, stretch out with them r a nap or take them on in a game of Mon-oly. She can handle a Pogo stick with the st of them, catch a curve ball if it isn't rown too hard, be runner-up in a three-nded game of jacks and swim 300 yards or in Lake Michigan. She can draw pictures, ld paper boats and make funny faces. She akes yummy birthday cakes—with lavender ng if so specified.

And how would I improve her if I could? d teach her to share a closet on a 50–50 basis stead of a 90–10. I'd also put an end to her bitzing when I repair a screen or an exten-on cord and I'd regrow the beautiful long ir she cut off. Mostly, though, I guess I'd ve well enough alone. Maybe her content-ent is contagious.

WILLIAM A. CLARK
Kirkwood, Missouri

RIGHT TOENAILS

ear Editors: Now that is unforgivable—Must be typewritten." Where would a com-on, ordinary farmer like me get a typewriter? o have it typed (*where?*) would be extrava-nt and farmers, my friend, can't afford ex-avagance. However, I've wanted to tell some-e about my wife for four years now and so re goes. If it's worth printing, let me know, have it typewritten and send me the bill.

1952 was a bad year no matter how you ok at it. In January my wife developed a ronic gall-bladder condition that had to be eated with pills and a fat-free diet. In May, nda, then five years old, came down with right's disease and had to spend the summer bed on a salt-free diet. The first week in ugust spinal polio struck me, affecting my ft leg and right arm. After a few weeks of ing unable to walk at all, I began to walk agging one leg after me. Every time I tried lift anything I found myself in a sitting sition.

With the help of her father, who has an en-rged heart, Helen kept this 160-acre farm nning smoothly. She prepared fat-free foods r herself, salt-free foods for Linda, and gave e three fifteen-minute periods of exercise ily. Having decided to keep on farming, nce it was the only business we both knew, e purchased modern machinery which left s deeply in debt and we could not afford red help. In 1953 Helen stored 6000 bales of ay and straw in the barn, kept twenty-two ows milked, fed and clean.

But it was not so much that she did this rodigious amount of work as the *way* she id it! One day I dragged my "ole" leg down the young-stock barn to see how she was aking out. Now to clean this barn you need wheelbarrow, fork and a strong back. And e she was employing these three very effi-ly with hoop earrings, lipstick, a shorts and boots on—and in those boots I were the brightest toenails in the neigh-od! Shorts, she carefully explained, were a necessity as long as the warm weather hung around, since legs were easily washed and you didn't have to hang 'em on a line to dry, nor did they require ironing. You see what I mean?

Today I can do a full day's work and I walk with only a slight limp. Thanks to a wife's sense of humor and efficiency, the time between was made bearable. She teaches Sunday school now and does those millions of chores farm wives do. Her pies can melt your heart, her homemade bread is soft and "woolly" in its brown crust.

Like most husbands, I think my wife is beautiful, but more than that she has class—for what is beauty without this quality? She's never too tired to comb her hair, brush her teeth or refresh her lipstick.

But when she sews she forgets to make dinner; when she works in the flower garden she forgets the weeds in the potatoes. She starches my overalls and serves me sauer-kraut and beets. She reads anything she can get her hands on until her eyes bug out. She hates to go to bed and she hates to get up. She daydreams and is forever rearranging the furniture. But have you noticed how love can ignore a multitude of sins?

Which only goes to prove I am a farmer; I have said so little of what there is to say. I hope somehow you can read all the anxiety, indecision, heartache and hope we went through at the time. And, of course, the financial worry, since we received no help and paid all our own medical expenses. Then, too, in the fall of that fateful year (1952) our pet Pekingese, Skippy, was struck by a car and died, a hunter shot a cow and someone stole a heifer.

You know what I'd do with that money? Put in a toilet! Can you imagine what it was like for my wife with two of us in bed? (Linda downstairs, me upstairs.) How did she manage? Field work, barn chores, special diets, exercises, a clean, neat house—and yet there she was clean, neat and pretty herself with lipstick in place and toenails polished. It never ceases to amaze me!

This much may I add: not being an author has one advantage for you—I couldn't make up or "embroider" a story to save my neck! And I hope you'll give all of us simple Americans with magnificent wives and no typewriters a chance—please!!

M. W.
Stratford, Wisconsin

HAYWIRE IN A LOVELY WAY

Dear Editors: I was surprised when my wife told me she was writing you about why she loved me. And while I haven't the slightest idea what she said, it set me to thinking about why I love *her*.

I came up with the rather interesting conclusion that the reasons I love her could be the very reasons that might drive *another* man to distraction! That is not to say she hasn't been and still is attractive to other men. But rather that she is different in a rather maddening way. As you will see.

She is an only occasionally inspired cook, and while our meals are adequate, they are hardly dazzling. Since she operates on some time standard unknown to the rest of the country, our meals are served at odd hours. Breakfast may be at nine one morning and five A.M. the next. She has hauled everyone out of bed to watch the squirrels play in the persimmon trees or the cardinal build a nest in the vine by the door. And while her haphazard serving would scandalize most men, I don't mind at all because she knows the dishes I like best and she fixes them often and well. Now and then we are served a meal fit for a gourmet, in a setting straight out of Emily Post.

My wife is an indifferent housekeeper. But while the dust gathers, she can and does entertain me by the hour with her piano playing, everything from Bach to boogie. Closets and dresser drawers may often be tumbled, but the beds are always carefully made with fresh linens (this is a pet peeve of mine).

I believe she has the real secret of making a happy home. She instinctively knows what is important and the other things don't bother her. I love the way she looks when she talks to our two-year-old, and the way she brings out the hidden talents in our two other children. She has a delightful sense of humor and can make an ordinary errand to the grocery store sound like an adventure. She sees all the small wonderful things that keep life from being humdrum, and then she shares them with me (I'm not as astute as she is). Kind-hearted and tolerant, she is never disappointed in the lack of perfection in others.

I guess what I love best is that she isn't perfect. Therefore, she doesn't expect me to be!

In all honesty, there isn't much I would change, except I wish she would defrost the refrigerator when it first needs it, instead of three weeks later. And I wish she wouldn't let the children litter the car so badly. Most of all, I wish she would lose some weight. Not so much because I mind whether she is plump or thin, but because *she* does. She is forever either just *on* or just *off* a diet. I wish, dear JOURNAL, she would take a page from you and be one of your glamorous ex-fatties!

Yours truly,
V. M. C.
Knoxville, Tennessee

HIS HEART STOOD STILL

Gentlemen: You say that you will welcome letters from happily married men telling why they love their wives. "Love is a many-splendored thing," and one can hardly put it in a test tube. But as I think of the woman I love there are some things that stand out plain.

If I close my eyes now, I can see her as she was the first time we met. It was at a reception soon after I had moved to the community where she was teaching. I caught only a glimpse of her. Indeed, it took some months after that to learn who she was and arrange a more satisfactory meeting. But that first picture was indelible. She wore a white dress that contrasted with her black hair. She was petite and pretty and vivacious. Since that night a score of years, three children, several pounds and some gray hairs have been added. But I still see in her that girl in white who caught my eye and quickened my heart. This is part of my love.

But during those years something else has been added: a deep admiration. Perhaps I felt that most when she had polio, coming home in a wheel chair after two months in the hospital not knowing whether she would walk again.

A few days later a friend called to say she wished she were able to come to a party she was having. To which she replied, "Of course I'll come. I'm not going to let one leg change my life." And she has not. So the slight limp that remained after months of painful exercises, strict regimen, braces and crutches is to me a badge of courage.

I admire also her outgoing interest in people, and her quick sympathy with their concerns and experiences. It is this, I think, that makes patients in the hospital where she goes as a Gray Lady feel that she has brought something far better than ice cream or mail or flowers. And perhaps the deepest reason that I love her is that out of this warmth of heart she has given me her love so lavishly.

If this seems like an idealization, I could easily make a list of things I should like to change about her. I sometimes wish that buttons were sewed on my shirts more promptly, or that other housewifely duties which are distasteful to her were kept more up to snuff. But then I realize that living with a perfect woman would be something of a trial for any ordinary man. It is both more comfortable and more exciting to have a growing comradeship with a lively and lovable human being. Each year that comradeship becomes stronger and more satisfying.

HENRY G. RUARK
Laurinburg, North Carolina

P.S.: If you should publish this letter, please send the check to Sarah J. Ruark, since she deserves the credit. Needless to say, her address is the same as my own.

END

Your Eggs are *Automatically Perfect* . . . cooked in the Sunbeam AUTOMATIC EGG COOKER



Automatically timed . . . by water measured in graduated tube.

Automatically turns off . . . when eggs are done—just the way you want them.

Attachment available for poaching one to three eggs automatically

Enjoy perfect eggs every time cooked in the sensational Sunbeam *automatic* Egg Cooker. Cooks from one to six eggs just the way you like them, Very Soft, Medium, Hard or any degree in between. No guessing. No watching—shuts itself off when eggs are done. It's all automatic. Only $15.95*

A perfect gift for all occasions:

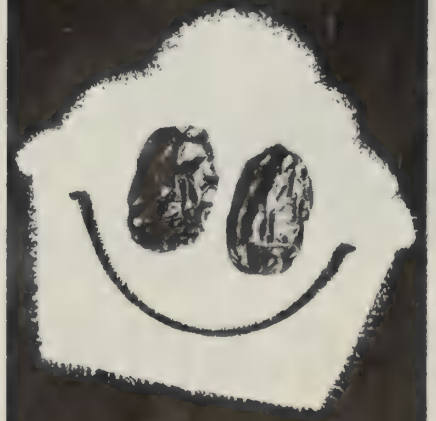
Birthday • Wedding • Anniversary • Christmas

Look for the MARK OF QUALITY Sunbeam famous for MIXMASTER

Sunbeam Corp., Dept. 50, Chicago 50, Ill., Can. Toronto 18

©S.C. ®SUNBEAM, MIXMASTER *Suggested retail or Fair Trade price.

Today's a good day to make BRAN MUFFINS



sparkling with RAISINS

THE TASTE SURPRISE FRUIT

CALIFORNIA RAISIN ADVISORY BOARD
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

for the world's most precious heads!







EAGLEKNIT®

THE NAME BRAND IN KNITTED HEADWEAR

• For over fifty years Eagleknit headwear has covered "the world's most precious heads". Eagleknit is the most *wanted* knitted headwear made. You can be sure of the finest for your children when you buy Eagleknit! Many styles, shapes and colors. At stores everywhere.

EAGLE KNITTING MILLS, MILWAUKEE 4

THE NEIGHBORS' CHILDREN: VISITING ANGELS, OR IMPS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

course, I'd be glad to," all over again. The mother in the letter says she loaned the skates to the gang that morning, but she must have realized that it was the wrong thing to do, because she told them, "This is the last time."

I think that the mother who finds herself being imposed on by neighborhood children and their mothers can help herself to some degree by recognizing the fact that it is her own fear of not being liked which is creating the difficulty and realizing that the neighbors, young and old, will actually like her better if she can stand up for her rights and keep them from taking advantage of her. She can also be more on guard against her weakness if she will draw up some rigid rules and will deliberately practice making some stock excuses, whether they are truthful or not. When she finds that they work and that the neighbors like her just as well, she will be emboldened by success.

Another kind of neighbor problem is brought up in a recent letter from a mother who complains that the other women on her street are always questioning her child-care methods. She sounds like a highly conscientious person who puts a lot of thought and time and effort into caring for her children. The neighbors, all of whom seem to be much more casual than she, keep asking her rather critically why she takes such precautions when a child has a cold, why she watches her younger children so carefully when they are out playing, why she bothers with naps for the three- and five-year-olds, why she reasons so much and spanks so little.

Of course every parent differs from every other in his methods, to one degree or another, but this rarely presents difficulties with the neighbors. When there is a lot of argument, one generally suspects that special factors are operating. Perhaps the criticized parent is way out of line in leniency or severity or fussiness and the neighbors can't help being bothered by what they see.

Another more likely possibility is that the mother who feels criticized is, without intending to and without realizing it, frequently calling attention to her own methods and implying that they are superior. In this way she puts her neighbors on the defensive. She makes them feel a little bit guilty and they try to defend themselves by arguing back. Now one person doesn't go out of his way to criticize another when he is really sure he is right. He is only trying to convince the other person and himself that he is right. When a human being is truly self-confident, he has a serenity about his own beliefs and is quite willing to let other people have theirs. If somebody else criticizes his point of view, he can let it pass. In other words, it's really true that it takes two to make an argument and that each of the two has to be slightly unsure of himself.

So it's possible that the scrupulous mother who feels that she is being criticized all the time is less convinced about her methods than she thinks; or perhaps she is insecure in general and is trying to boost her self-confidence by being critical of others. They sense her attitude and they counterattack.

I certainly don't want to suggest that it is a mistake for parents to get into discussions of child care. All parents feel the need to compare notes. They need sympathy from one another for the difficulties they are having at times. They need the comfort of hearing that others have got into the same jams. They know that they can get valuable tips and new outlooks from one another. People in all lines of work—farmers, mechanics, lawyers, beauticians—have always enjoyed talking over their occupational trials and triumphs. But if discussions between two people about children usually lead to tense feelings, it's a sign that there's too much sensitiveness on one or both sides and that it's better to avoid these discussions.

How do you stop someone who insists on arguing? The answer is simple but difficult: Don't argue back. You can change the subject or you can act politely bored or you can just keep listening and nodding your head. The head nodding doesn't have to signify that you've suddenly changed your ideas or that you've become completely insincere. It only says, "I see what you mean." The argumentative person is always compelled by his inner doubts to try to provoke arguments with others. But it's a great relief to him to find occasionally someone who is so secure that he can't be provoked and so understanding that he can listen sympathetically.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

"FROM HIPPO TO SLIMMO"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

the pounds piled on I didn't need words to reveal he had lost all husbandly interest in me.

It was when I started thinking about suicide that I realized I desperately needed outside help—someone to show me what was wrong and what to do about it. Private psychiatric treatment was too expensive. Fortunately, my doctor told me about a reliable clinic where I could join a group-psychotherapy class at a cost I could afford. For me it was literally "do or die." I went—*gladly*—and am ever grateful for the help I received. The class was made up of eight to ten women with mixed problems. We met for one hour once a week. I went to the clinic for almost a year. Here I gradually learned to understand myself. Ever so patiently and tactfully, it was explained to me that I was like a lost child. That I had to grow up. That I had to face facts and accept people, instead of rejecting them for fear of being hurt. That all my resentment toward life was buried deep within me, and until I could release it I would never be free of the inhibitions and complexes that kept me from having success with a diet.

I absorbed the advice and *acted* upon it, to the amazement of others. During the year I was taking therapy, my mother came to spend a weekend with us. In the past, I had always meekly submitted to mother's plans and suggestions, rather than risk the chance of having my own opinions ridiculed or fluffed off. On this visit, however, mother did something that annoyed me. At that instant, I recalled my therapist's advice: "When you're angry, *speak up*, get it off your chest—don't bury your resentments in a piece of chocolate cake." Suddenly I turned to mother and told her to *go home!* We were *both* startled by the unexpected order—but she went. That incident was the beginning of a new and wonderful friendship between mother and me. She began to respect me and my ideas more, and I began to have a more enlightened understanding of her.

Cheered by my new self-confidence, I made plans to attend a state hairdressers' association meeting in New York, something I would never have had the courage to do before therapy. In order to fit into my two prettiest dresses, I *had* to diet and lose 20 pounds. Searching my mind for someone who could really help me, I made an appointment with my childhood doctor, whom I remembered to be a gentle, understanding man. I was right. From the moment he saw me he was interested and encouraging. He never pressured me, never scolded, never made me feel ashamed or self-conscious. He reminded me that I had spent most of my life gaining so much weight, and that I shouldn't be in a hurry to lose it.

In September, 1955, he started me on a 1200-calorie-a-day diet. I lost my 20 pounds in time for my trip to New York. I told my doctor about it and said, "Please—if I don't show up for my appointment with you on the day I return, come and get me! I'm determined to stick to this diet." He didn't have to. I went back to him, after the meeting, and once every week for the following year. By September, 1956, I had reduced to 170 pounds, and today I weigh 155. I'm still dieting. My goal is 138 pounds, which my doctor thinks is ideal for me, provided I feel just as well as I do now.

My diet has changed my family's eating habits, as well as my own. Broiled meats, green vegetables, fresh fruits and salads, cottage cheese and eggs are the mainstays of our day's menus. But we do have our sweets. This way, just a taste of something I crave keeps me from harboring the thought of it in the back of my mind. On afternoons my bridge club gets together, I cut down on what I eat at lunch—and again at supper—so that I can enjoy a little of the refreshments being served.

In the first year of my diet, I went to a gym and took exercises (free) and treated myself to a weekly body massage ($1.50). These outings kept my skin firm—and gave me a new interest in myself. My only other indulgence was the purchase of a good bra and girdle. By being properly supported, I managed to look very presentable in the cheap dresses I purposely bought during the loss of so much weight. It is only now that I am beginning to invest in a permanent wardrobe. Everything I buy has to be easily "take-inable."

I still have to pinch myself to believe *I'm* Phyllis Hecht. People don't recognize me. A young friend of my brother's arrived at mother's house just as I was calling on her. "Phyllis," he asked, "is that *really* you? Golly, you look marvelous!" He opened the door for me. No one had ever before shown me that simple courtesy. My children laugh and say, "Mommy, we can see *around* you now." My father just won a $50 bet with a friend who wouldn't believe his two pictures of me "before and after" were the same girl. Irving says, "Phyl, you've always had a pretty face, now you've got what it takes to go with it!" Mother is so pleased. In the old days people would ask bluntly, "Who's the mother and who's the daughter?" Now, it's more apt to be, "You two must be proud of each other." We are!

Recently, I was walking along with a friend of mine when a teen-age boy turned around and w-h-i-s-t-l-e-d. "Isn't that disgraceful!" my friend commented. "No, it's *wonderful!*" I replied. "First time a man has whistled at me in all my twenty-eight years!" ENI

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

By SUZANNE DOUGLASS

The hostess' mother is overworked;
The hostess is cross and sleepy;
She missed her nap and so did the guests
And they're all inclined to be weepy.

Half of the kids are too young for the games,
And the other half are too old.
And one little boy won't give up his gift
No matter how often he's told.

And though every child wants a frosting rose,
The hostess won't spoil the bouquet,
So the cake's finally cut amid sniffles and tears,
Which leaves just one thing left to say—
HAPPY BIRTHDAY.



Better "Surface Cooking" than you can get on any range!

NEW UNIVERSAL

Cookamatic Controlled Cooking

Now you can bake, grill, fry, roast, stew or simmer without guesswork, matching your best cooking results day after day. The secret? A simple, detachable control that plugs into any one of your Universal Cookamatic Appliances, regulating the heat with thermostatic accuracy. And, as it fits them all, you save $6.95 on each extra appliance you add. See these wonderful, new automatic meal-makers at your Universal dealer's now!

ONE MAGIC CONTROL serves them all . . . costs only $6.95



Automatic Griddle

Fry bacon, eggs, make pancakes right at the table, or use for keeping buffet meals warm. Special drain keeps foods greaseless . . . $16.95

Automatic 5-Quart Saucepan

Perfect for one dish meals, stews, roasts, even bakes potatoes, pops corn or deep fries. Self-basting cover keeps meats and vegetables from drying out. Complete with trivet and cover . . . $18.95

Automatic Frying Pan

Fry, braise, bake upside-down cake, and it's extra deep for sauces. "Peek-in" glass insert lets you check cooking without removing cover. Exclusive "Fingerguard" handle keeps hands from hot surface. Medium or large size . . . from $12.95. Cover extra.

Automatic 3-Quart Saucepan

Eliminates need of double boiler—sauces won't separate, foods won't boil over. Keeps foods warm without over-cooking. Self-basting cover lets you cook with less water. Foods stay moist, retain their valuable vitamins. With cover . . . $14.95



SAVE $6.95 ON THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Get an extra $6.95 Cookamatic Control FREE with this 4-piece Hostess Gift Set of large Frying Pan with "Peek-in" cover, 3 and 5-quart Saucepans and Cookamatic Control. The perfect wedding gift.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

WHY I LOVE MY HUSBAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

he reaches for my hand and I look up into the kindest, bluest eyes in the whole world, I know he's my man—"to love and to cherish, till death us do part."

Well, dear editors, that's the story of my marriage. The grammar may not be entirely correct, the spelling may be a little bit off, but the story is sincere and very true. It may not be worthy of publication in your magazine, but it's been wonderful to have had the opportunity to write to you and let you know that like the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL this marriage is forever.

MRS. ALBERT LINDERMAN
Hawthorne, New Jersey

THE "SQUAREST" KID

Dear Editors: My husband was, without question, the "squarest" kid in junior-high school. He was short and slight, and with his round metal-rimmed glasses and his wool scarf (he always seemed to have a sore throat) he definitely was not my dream of romance. Later, in high school, he was not "one of the boys," that group of rough-and-ready, sought-after, athletic, tanned and GI'd boys all the girls admired. He was manager of the basketball squad, not a player; he earned his letter in tennis, not football; and he still wore that scarf! He was a quiet boy who read books and thought thoughts.

In our junior and senior years we worked together on the staff of the school weekly. We spent many afternoons alone together in the Herald office long after the dismissal bell had rung, supposedly preparing our work for the paper, but, in reality, truly beginning to know and understand each other. It was during this time that the miracle occurred. Everything in him that previously my classmates and I had found odd and queer became (to me) precious and dear. His habit of spreading the fingers of both hands and bringing those long thin fingers together with silent applaudinglike movements, which I had found distasteful, became fascinating for me to watch. I found his hands to be not thin and cold, but warm and sensitive.

Even now I can see he occasionally affects strangers in that same way he used to affect my classmates and me. Perhaps it is some quirk of speech or his oddly directed sense of humor that not all can understand which bring about those expressions in strangers that show they are not won over by his personality. And I, standing by, know exactly how they feel. Yet I can see more deeply, and instead of feeling sorry for my husband because he is not completely accepted at the moment, I pity these strangers because they do not know him.

So this is why I love him: I love him because I know and respect the person he truly is. I love him also because he is never embarrassingly sentimental, but expresses his feelings in charming understatements. I love him because he is patient and understanding with our four young children, who love *him* with unmistakable delight, and running, shriek, "*Oh boy*, papa's home!" I love him because he married me while we were still students in college, and gave me unforgettable memories of being poor, perpetually pregnant, and happy in our oneness. I love him because he is Bob.

How then can I truthfully wish him changed in any way? The fact that he has faults for others to see but for me to overlook makes him truly mine. I love him wholly and completely and I thank you for giving me this opportunity to express it.

N. H.
San Bernardino, California

HE CAN SAY "I'M SORRY"

Dear Editors: My husband has never won a race, made a million, been in a movie, been awarded a degree, or caught the biggest fish in Payne County. But I love him because he's the one thing left in the world I can look at through rose-colored glasses and get no reprimands whatsoever.

He can drive a truck and look like a Southern gentleman sitting astride a Thoroughbred horse. He can dig a ditch and look like Teddy Roosevelt building the Panama Canal. My cakes always taste better than his mother's, and he can say "I'm sorry." He can worry just as much over a little daughter's skinned knee as a big business deal. He can say "That's great" and make what he's talking about sound like the greatest thing in the world. He has the instincts of a woman and knows when I must have my moments to myself, and the instincts of a man when I need physical love.

He's gracious, courteous, handsome, and thoroughly human. He can draw a map of the world from memory and forget to empty the garbage. He can do anything from fixing a broken can opener to building a sailboat, but he can't learn to pick up his clothes. He's always ready with a compliment and gives special praise when the house is freshly cleaned, then empties his electric razor all over the bathroom.

He's my listener, errand boy, plumber, baby-sitter, a smile and kiss at the end of a day, a happy tune in the shower, a TV repairman, yardman, my purpose in life, and all the things money can't buy.

But I love him best of all because he thinks his wife is the prettiest, smartest and most charming woman in his life.

LEE HEAD
Stillwater, Oklahoma

I WAS A BAD RISK

Dear Editors: Thank you for inviting letters on the subject "Why I Love My Husband." I'm going to enjoy telling you!

On our twentieth wedding anniversary, last week, our twelve-year-old daughter remarked, "When I get married I want my husband to be exactly like daddy!"

That was not an unusual remark for a twelve-year-old girl, but I was curious as to why *our* daughter felt that way.



Because, mother," she answered my ques-
n, "daddy seems so happy when he's with
u and that makes me happy too." Her an-
er set off my train of thought, collecting a
ole load of appreciative thoughts as it
led along.

So I especially love my husband for this
ality of helping to create an atmosphere of
tual happiness in our family.

And I love him for the countless little ways
which he shows love for me—from cheer-
y spooning up the lemon pie that didn't
t" to measuring me while I was asleep for
the right length Christmas slip!

love him because he doesn't lose his tem-
during an argument—his calm usually
others the blazes of my own temper!

love him because he doesn't criticize
ople—and especially because he never criti-
es my parents or his own. (He doesn't
scribe to the popular trend of blaming
e's shortcomings on one's mother! I hope
son will have the affection and respect for
that my husband
for *his* mother.)

love him because
doesn't bicker about
ney. Although he
dgets his salary care-
y, he doesn't object
extra expense that
ntributes to our fam-
's enjoyment—
ether it be for fresh
it in February, draw-
lessons for our
ghter, or a "build
ourself" radio kit for
son. (Incidentally,
generosity has not
oiled" our children.
the contrary, our
t, who now has a
ekend job, is very re-
tant to accept money
m dad. And our
ghter budgets her al-
vance carefully, in or-
to make it cover her
ds.)

love my husband
cause he gets up on
nday mornings and
es with the children
d me to Sunday school
d church.

love him because
ll cheerfully lend a
nd at midnight with a
ck of after-company-
ner dishes, although
loathes washing
hes!

The reasons why I
e my husband are too
ny to be included in five hundred words,
t the sum of them can be spoken in five
rds: LIVING WITH HIM IS HAPPINESS.

What would I change in my husband?
-h! I write this explosively at the moment,
I look at his hat on the coffee table, his top-
at on the sofa, his brief case on the chair, the
wspapers scattered on the living-room floor!
om the moment he enters the house he be-
s marking his trail with his belongings. *I*
sh he'd put things in their proper places! As I
ite this, he has just tossed the last section of
newspaper on the floor, and sits grinning
me inquisitively—wondering, no doubt,
at I'm writing with such feeling. Wonder-
g, too, perhaps—though he doesn't ask—
y I'm not in the kitchen finishing dinner
eparations.

Would I change him, really? If I succeeded
'd be *perfect*. And think how inferior *I'd* feel
comparison!

Even if you can't use this letter, I shall con-
ler my time in writing it well spent, for I'm
ing to give the letter to my husband. Come
think of it, maybe *he* doesn't know why I
ve him! Thanks for prompting me.

MRS. J. E. G.
Cincinnati, Ohio

S. Another reason I deeply appreciate my
sband. This one, however, I would not
clude in a letter which might possibly be
blished with my name. Our marriage has succeeded despite high odds against it. My entire childhood—from one to twenty-one—was miserably unhappy because of constant conflict between "incompatible" parents. I loved them separately, but not together! (They were finally divorced when I was twenty-one.) According to psychologists, this background would have made me a poor risk for marriage. Knowing this, my husband married the "risk" anyway! And I feel that it has been his understanding and love that have made our marriage a success—despite the "risk"!

THE MAN ALIVE

Dear Journal: How selfish marriage suddenly sounds when you start describing why you love your husband! The more you list his virtues, the more you end up talking about what *he* has done for *you*, from helping add a rumpus room to building up your ego. So I can't avoid admitting that one reason I love Henry so much is that I'm permanently surprised and grateful for his loving me. Still it's an objective fact that he is the most remarkable man alive.

"Alive" is a pretty feeble word to use for the combination of vitality and humanity that is unique with Henry. If one of the trials of married life is being wakened out of a sound sleep to discuss ideas for a new project, a far greater reward is waking up at six to find the baby freshly changed and father and daughter breakfasting on graham crackers. Henry's Christmas shopping traditionally starts the afternoon of December 24, and yet he finds just the light meter the oldest boy is aching for, even though it's in a town fifteen miles away. The time I had a wisdom tooth pulled he produced unexpected guests for dinner, but that night there was a dime under my pillow. Our last child arrived early, in the midst of moving, and right before Christmas. I woke up to a jingling noise, which turned out to be Henry coming down the hall with a stocking in his pocket. He had dashed straight from the hospital to the 5 and 10 to get it, and it was already inscribed "Susan" to match all the others!

Henry certainly doesn't try to get something out of every minute of life—he dreads people who do—but he does have an insatiable interest in all individuals and experiences. This, together with a totally spontaneous outlook and an irrepressible sense of humor, gives him delightful perspective. Age distinctions vanish in Henry's presence, and he is only dimly aware that our friends cover a range of thirty years. He assumes that the baby, who still speaks mumbo-jumbo, really wants to discuss the weather forecast or the dress mummy found at the sale, and she glows. The boys treat him as a respected contemporary because they have never been treated otherwise themselves.

I think what I really love most about Henry is his boundless flexibility or his fatal unpredictability, depending on what mood I'm in. He invariably brings men home from the office for lunch on the day I'm defrosting the icebox, but his only arrest for speeding was once at 3 A.M., coming home from a trip a day early as a surprise. Last year he went away on business over the Fourth of July and missed the Little League play-off. Last fall he took our budding first baseman to a World Series game—on a school (and office) afternoon. His last anniversary present was a box of assorted cooking herbs, but on my bracelet is a tiny gold wishbone he came home with when we lost a baby through miscarriage, for better luck next time.

These are a few of the infinite reasons I love my husband; wouldn't you?

Yours truly,
LUCY LAWRENCE CHAUNCEY
Princeton, New Jersey

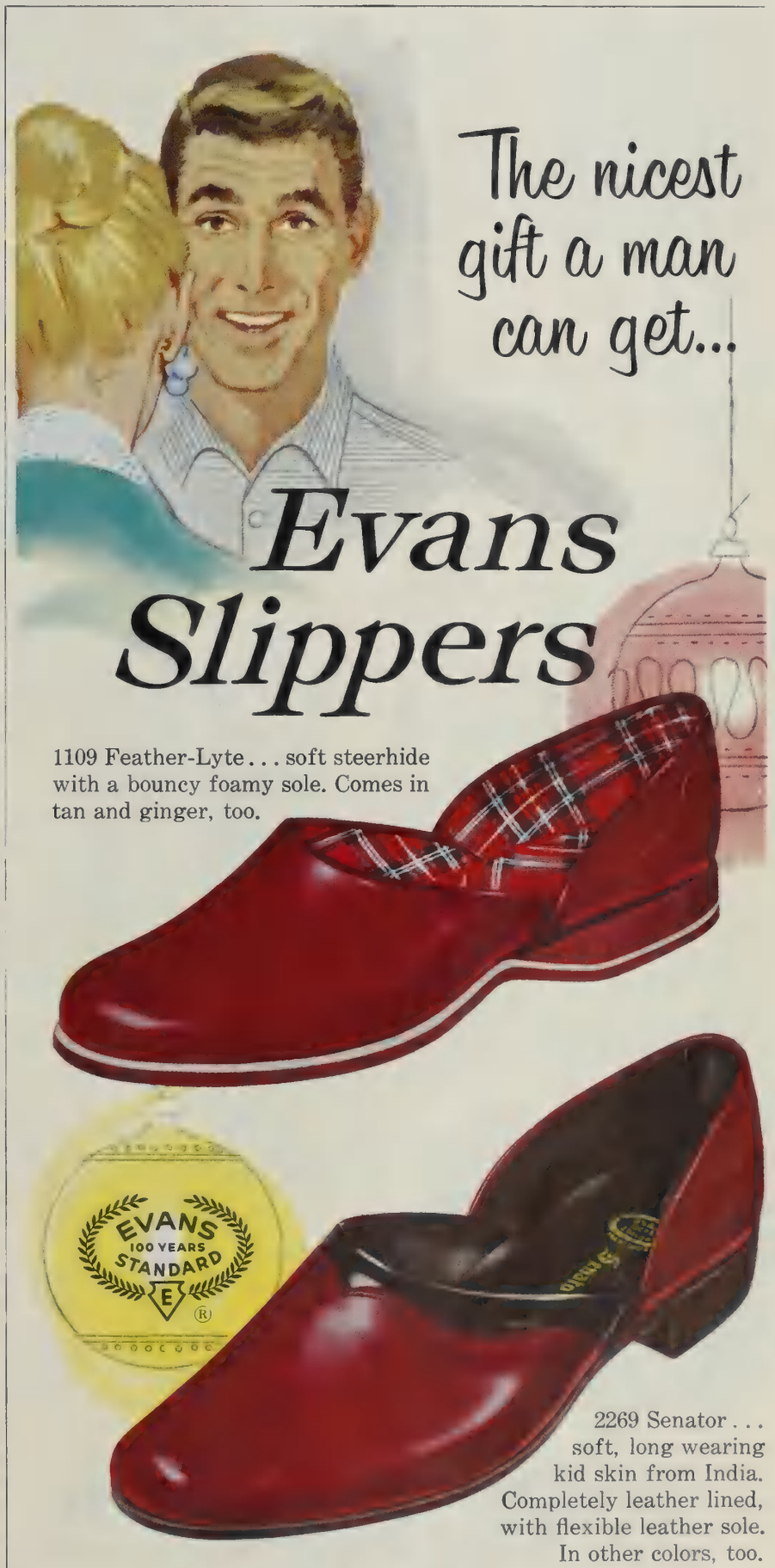
P.S.: What would I change in my husband? Frankly, it would be nice if he knew Mozart from Bach, and could at least pronounce a couple of modern artists' names. If he read some of the novels I read, he could share the nightmares they give me instead of saying, "I told you so." All my life I wanted to marry a messy man, who would make me look tidy, and I got one who cleans out his closet by himself. I sometimes would give anything to hear him say, just once, "What'll I do today?" and not "Look at all the things we have to get done today," or to see him bored instead of eternally on the go, two jumps ahead of me. But if I did get him to turn off the lights upstairs instead of complaining about the long-distance phone bill, to stay awake for a whole concert, or to lose his temper during an argument so I'd sound less like a screech owl—how then could I identify him as the individual I love most in the world? END

SHIPBOARD DANCE

By VIRGINIA SCOTT MINER

Now is the small girl's silence broken,
For someone tender and tall and wise
Has bowed before her and gravely spoken,
Reading the dream in her dazzled eyes:
And "Yes!" chimed her heart like a tiny bell
To "*Voulez-vous dansez, p'tite mademoiselle?*"

To many a dance will those light feet go
In the long, full years that will follow,
But no greater bliss will she ever know
Than to fly like a circling swallow,
Sure in a joy too deep for laughter
That she is a woman—and one sought after!



An information-packed article about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.

Watch Your Baby's Hands Grow Smarter!



● **At 4 months,** he plays with his hands like toys. Baby's new game of "fingering his fingers" shows he's using his head to make his eyes and hands work together as a team.



● **By 10 months,** he picks up tiny things with forefinger and thumb. Learns pat-a-cake, waves bye-bye. Not a good ball player; he can't depend on his hand to *let go!*



● **Early** in his second year he feeds himself. His mind tells his hand to find his mouth with a spoon. And before long, your smeary but happy baby begins to master his favorite skill!

Babies get tired of the same menu day after day. To make your baby's meals exciting, serve Heinz tasty *Exclusives*—such as Macaroni-Tomatoes-Beef-and-Bacon, Chicken Noodle Dinner, Split Peas-with-Vegetables-and-Bacon. In both Strained and Junior versions, you'll find *many* delicious varieties made by Heinz Baby Foods—but nobody else! Heinz Baby Food kitchens are located right in the nation's garden spots wherever the finest fruits and vegetables grow. Our baby-food specialists carefully select the pick of each crop and pack it at flavor peak—to insure Heinz Baby Foods better color, perfect texture and finer flavor.

● **Mother's helper?** We know each baby is different but let's not forget *fathers* are different, too! This was pointed out at the 1957 Annual Conference of the Child Study Association of America. Some dads pitch in and help with baby and household chores, others just don't. There is no such thing as an Ideal Dad, but there are all kinds of different ways that a man can be a "good father." (Almost any husband—haven't you noticed?—will join in the family jobs and fun, and do it *more* often, the *less* he's urged to do so.)



● **All babies are cute** – but there's no denying that the pink-cheeked variety is the most appealing! Blood-enriching iron puts roses in your baby's cheeks, and makes him *feel* as well as *look* his best. Heinz Strained Egg Yolks are a wonderful source of this important iron—and of protein and Vitamin A, too. Over 3 delicious creamy yolks in every jar. Another treat: Heinz Strained Egg Yolks with Bacon.



● **Ahead-of-the-times:** Heinz High-Protein Cereal – another Heinz Baby Food *First!* It's *twice* as rich in protein as regular baby cereals. Heinz Baby Food experts devoted nine years of research to perfecting High-Protein Cereal. Made from such nutrients as wheat germ, soy flour, oat flour and milk – this delicious-tasting dish gives your baby a firm foundation for good healthy growth. To fix fluffy golden-colored High Protein Cereal, just mix it with milk or formula. Then watch it disappear from baby's feeding dish!

Over 80 Better-Tasting

- Strained Egg Yolks
- Strained Orange Juice
- Pre-Cooked Cereals
- Strained and Junior Meats



HEINZ
Baby Foods

- Strained Baby Foods
- Junior Baby Foods
- Teething Biscuits

ZOO PARADE . . . easy to make for Christmas

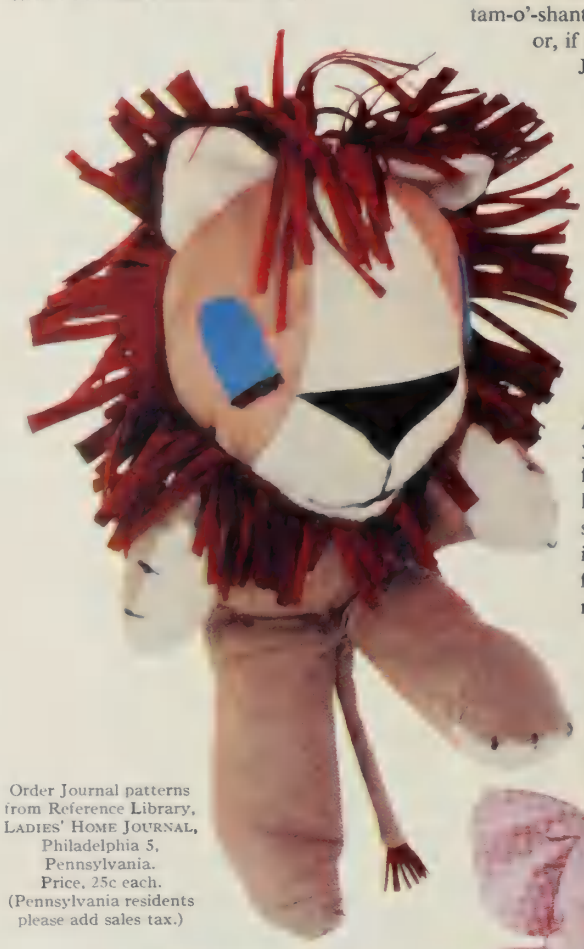
With a minimum of time and a maximum of fun you can make any one of these delightful jumbo-sized animals for a special little youngster. To prevent the permanent "day after" look we've used washable materials: nylon fleece, cotton flannelette, washable trims, and chopped foam-rubber stuffing that bounces back into shape after laundering. By JANET BOE



Mother hen of tweedy wool and calico chicks fit snugly into a wicker basket downed with straw. Journal Pattern No. 2914.



Snowy-white Teddy dons tam-o'-shanter, a hand-knit muffler– or, if you prefer, a gay neckti Journal Pattern No. 291



A fringed mane of yarn or felt for this flannelette-and-fleece king of the animal shelf. Stands about 20 inches. Nylon yarn for the eyelashes. Journal Pattern No. 2916.

Order Journal patterns from Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Price, 25c each. (Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.)



Circus elephant in "candy" pi nylon fleece. Add an apron collar a finish the paws and ears w gingham. Journal Pattern No. 29



Soft fleecy rabbit with floppy ears and legs. Detachable collar of flowers goes round the neck. Journal Pattern No. 2918.



Fragile...handle with Johnson's

Skin so delicate, you stroke it in wonder...
You know that only the finest skin care will do...
Only the purest powder...
Only the gentlest oil...
Only Johnson's.





Isn't glass half the glamour of cosmetics?

Confess now. Isn't it the pretty glass bottle or jar that first catches your eye? Of course, deep down you know that any beauty aid sealed in shining glass is a better buy. Glass keeps precious fragrances true. Glass preserves the moisture (and the magic) of all your lotions, creams, shampoos, so that they stay fresh and usable to the very last drop.

GLASS CONTAINER MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, 99 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

DUNBAR'S COVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

Matthew was plowing toward her now and he began to hurry, stumbling over the freshturned earth hilled up against the cotton. "I brought you-all some fresh water, daddy," he said.

He took the bucket from her and drank thirstily. "That's mighty good, Miss Hattie," he said gravely. "I thank you."

She turned to go to the others. "I'll bring some more along about four o'clock."

Matthew shook his head. "I believe we'll be through by then. Now go on and give them boys a drink before they lay down and start hollering." He watched her slender, boned-down figure as she walked away.

Matthew wiped his hand across his mouth and started rolling a cigarette, his eyes watching the children of his loins. He was a stocky man, heavy built, with a broad, pleasant face that was easy to smile even though there wasn't much laughter in him.

He finished the cigarette and put it under his heel, took the handles of the plow into his broad, strong hands, and clucked to the mule. He plowed down until he was even with the group of boys clustered around Miss Hattie and her fresh water. Knox was kneeling before her, laughing, teasing her.

Looking at him, Matthew felt the old question stir in his mind. *Was he the one?* The question always came to him unexpectedly, in moments like this with his eyes on his children, trying to see them not as children but as they were, grown and growing in their own pattern.

Dunbar's Cove had never been split away in inheritances. It had come to Matthew in that way, and it would leave him in its entirety into another's hand.

Matthew himself had not been the oldest son. He remembered the moment when his father had made the choice, had laid a hand on his shoulder and said, "Dunbar's Cove will go to Matthew." Matthew hadn't expected to be chosen. He knew, as they all knew, that the choice was a matter of selection rather than tradition, that any man of the family—or any woman, for that matter, though it had never happened—could be the inheritor.

He stood watching his sons with Miss Hattie, considering them each in turn. Knox was the oldest and had the best chance, of course, as the oldest always had. He was big and sturdy, levelheaded except for that strange lightiness in him that did not go at all with the way he looked. He was a fast hand with dancing and the girls, but that would pass.

Jesse John, already married, settled, quiet, dependable. But he let his wife run over him. Maybe he was too meek, mild, too easy-going.

Matthew's eyes lingered longest on Rice, the youngest of the boys, the tall one. He was a real farmer; he had the joy in him, the feel of the land, that Matthew had himself. But he was only eighteen, still too young to tell.

Matthew shook his head. He wrapped the lines around the plow handles and walked across the cotton rows to join them.

"I'll take a little more of that water if you don't mind, Miss Hattie," he said. He took the bucket and emptied it. "Ah-h," he said, wiping his mouth, "Miss Hattie totes the best water in the world."

She scoffed at him, laughing. "Daddy! It's just old well water."

He smiled down at her. "But it changes when you tote it, child. It's got the taste of love in it."

She put an arm around the heavy muscularity of his leg, leaning against him. "You sure you won't need another drink before quitting time?"

Knox looked at his father. "How long you think it'll take us, sir?" he said. "I sort of had my mind on that dance tonight."

"I'm going, too," Rice said quickly.

Matthew looked around the field. "You boys go on and take out," he said. "I can finish up here." He liked to finish the laying-by all alone. He always found an excuse to send the boys out of the field when he started the first plowing for the year, and when he finished the last. He looked at Jesse John. "You go on, too," he said. "Connie's gonna be wanting to go to that dance."

"Yes, sir," Jesse John said. "I know she is." He turned away from his father and went slowly to take out Bodoc. *She'd want to, all right, and she'd go.* He actually believed that if he didn't take her himself, she'd go alone. She'd be dancing with everybody just like she was still looking for a man. And that just wasn't right. He hit his fist against Bodoc's leg, making him step over. He was gloomily sure that she would prevail. She always did.

Matthew did not start plowing again until they had taken out. He stood watching them, gripping the plow handles, his own mule restless and aggrieved because the other mules were leaving the field.

"Get up out there," he said softly to Prince. "Get up now. Let's finish this plowing now."

Prince leaned into the collar and the plow handles came alive. They trembled in his hands and he watched the earth, moist from kept moisture, curl and break around the rooted stalks of cotton.

Mark, his older brother, had been gone away in those days when Matthew had earned his inheritance. One morning in May his bed had been empty. That fall his brother still had not returned, nor had they heard from him. And on a day when the fields were full of cotton hands, during the mealtime on long tables under the oak tree, his father had laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Dunbar's Cove will go to Matthew."

Matthew had stood still under the weight of the hand and the inheritance until the old man turned to him. "You can make next year's crop without me. I'm going to set down."

That spring Matthew entered the fields alone to make the first plowing in the land. Only then did he permit his two younger brothers to help him. They had plowed and planted and tended and gathered, and still Mark had not returned. He did not come until Matthew's sixth crop was in the ground.

But when Mark did come he had the look of far traveling in his hard face and his eyes were like agate marbles against the dust of roads and the coal of freights. He came with a strangeness in him, and an anger that glowed through his agate eyes at Matthew.

"I've come back," he said.

Matthew was standing on the front porch where he had come to answer his knock. "You are welcome," he said.

Mark's eyes shifted. "Papa," he said. "Is he dead?"

"No," Matthew said. "But he's old. He's given Dunbar's Cove to me."

He watched the flaring of the eyes, the quickly tightened jaw. "Until I came back it was yours," Mark said. "But I'm the oldest."

Matthew shook his head slowly. "No," he said. "He gave it into my hands. I aim to keep it."

Mark moved then, exploded, surging up on the porch. There was a sudden knife in his hand and Matthew recoiled away from him. He had never fought in his life. He caught the wrist as the knife moved in and hit Mark with the other hand, knocking him off the porch. They fought all over the front yard while Matthew's young wife came screaming from the kitchen, while his brothers Luke and John gathered around, afraid to interfere.

They were bloody and dirty. Matthew's shirt was torn from his back. They stood still finally, hitting each other with steady fists until Mark broke ground, giving back against the oak tree. Matthew pinned his throat with one hand and hit him four times, slowly, with the other, until Mark's hands covered his face and his body was slack and defenseless.

Matthew drew back then, panting. "Dunbar's Cove is Dunbar land," he said. The words came gaspingly. "And any Dunbar can find a home here. But you. If you set foot in this cove again, I'll kill you."

He stopped, waiting to see if Mark understood. Mark lifted his battered face. "I want . . . water," he said. "Then I'll ——"

"Go now," Matthew said. "There's no water here for you."

He moved again, his dead-tired limbs like lead but ready to fight if need be, and Mark wavered away from him, stooping to pick up his bundle, and went along the creek road toward the river, out of the cove. Matthew walked blindly, without seeing his young wife or his children or his brothers, to the edge of the porch. He had carried the memory of that violence in his mind ever since.

That was why he had to be right now. He had been the chosen, and he had believed that his father had chosen well, had believed even to the extent of fighting and violence to hold the inheritance. Not for his own hunger, but for the cove itself.

He lifted his head, realizing that he had finished with the laying-by. He went around the plow to unhitch the mule, and saw the stranger standing on the bridge, watching him. He was a young man, wearing clean-pressed khakis, the shirt open at the neck. He started coming toward Matthew, walking easily, carefully over the cotton rows.

"Howdy," Matthew said gravely when he was three rows away, and the young man lifted his face.

"Mr. Dunbar?" he said. "Mr. Matthew Dunbar?"

"That's me," Matthew said.

"My name is Crawford Gates. I'm from the TVA—the Tennessee Valley Authority. I suppose you received our letter recently?"

Matthew smiled. "Son, I ain't been in to the post office since I put the first plow into the ground this spring."

Crawford Gates kept the frown from appearing on his face. "Well," he said easily, "I guess I'll be the one to break the news."

Matthew turned away for a moment. "You go on," he said. "I got to take out. You won't mind if I ——"

"Go right ahead," Crawford said. "In fact, I'll help you." He stepped to the side of the mule and began looping up the plow lines on the hames. "The Tennessee Valley Authority wants to buy your land, Mr. Dunbar. That's what I've come to see you about."

Matthew didn't even straighten up. "My land," he said. "You might just as well quit talking right now, son. I ——"

"You don't understand," Crawford said. "We're building a big dam about ten miles down the river. All this land will be flooded. You'll have to move somewhere else before the water comes." He looked at Matthew seriously. "But you'll be paid a good price."

Matthew turned his head slowly, looking about him. Then he looked back at Crawford. His face was not angry, or set, or determined. It was even friendly, explaining. "Son," he said, still smiling, "I don't aim to sell."

Crawford Gates' father had been a peckerwood sawmill man, owning a portable rig that he transported to a site for a month, two months or a year of cutting, then dismantled and transported it elsewhere, so Crawford had grown up with the smell of sawdust in his nostrils, with a knowledge of trees and timber as unconscious as the woods wisdom of the fast-stepping little mules that snaked the downed logs out of the underbrush to the mill. He loved those sturdy little mules, just as he loved his father riding the carriage back and forth, slamming the levers with ungloved hands, walking the log into the singing saw.

STOVE

The word "stove" comes from an Old English noun, *stofa*, meaning a heated room. This name, by a common language change, became in time the name of the heating agency instead of the heated place. So the stove, or *stofa*, in early Northern European life, was a room in which one could safely, or even comfortably, take a bath or write. It was a "stuffy" place.

Stoves have been known in Europe since Roman times. In very early days, when our ancestors lived in forests, it was a simple matter to provide heat to the house by dragging a log to the central fireplace, which was merely a pavement on the floor of the "hall," with a louvered smoke vent in the roof above it. As time passed, and the woods were cleared or enclosed, fuel became scarce, and ways must be devised to save it. Highly decorated five-plate iron stoves were used in Northern Europe in the fifteenth century. Since the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, enormous and beautiful tile heaters have been used in various cold climates, many of them highly decorated with forms of symbolic art. Clay and brick stoves were often built against outer house walls and could be fueled from without. On the northern plains of Russia, enormous constructions of long and circuitous flues could secure a maximum of heat from a bundle of twisted straw or an armful of fagots.

Early American foundries made five-plate iron stoves highly decorated with Biblical scenes and sayings. These at first were used only for heating; they were considered more cleanly and elegant than the earlier fireplace. But for some time cooking continued to be done on the open hearth. Finally it dawned, probably on some adventurous woman, that cooking food might easily and neatly be accomplished by the stove! Then came into being the great old cookstove or range, as it was sometimes called, with its clean and ever-ready oven which soon superseded the vast outdoor structure of brick or stone which was a feature of most pioneer homesteads. The English *Aga*, cleverly devised to run for a day on one small bucketful of coal, has all the good qualities of the American range, at once cooking the family food and diffusing a volume of welcome heat. The word "range," by the way, is reminiscent of a Roman kitchen, where a row or *range* of brick boxes enclosed the separate fires which cooked a variety of viands in such a way that their flavors did not mingle.

The Franklin stove, designed by its famous inventor to be set into or before a fireplace, was planned to economize on fuel and to improve the diffusion of heat. When anthracite coal began to be mined in the Eastern United States, the "base burner" was invented, a magazine stove which could feed itself for a day on one scuttle of coal. Resplendent with mica glass in the doors and with nickel handles and footrests, it was thought by many housewives to have conquered dirt and mess. But alas, the ashes still had to be carried out!

The march of progress has left behind all but a few of the good old-fashioned cookstoves, but they are still the gourmets' delight to those who own them, for with them can be achieved every degree of slow and loving cookery, from the "smile on the side of the pan," through all the forms of braising, jugging and casseroling so hard to achieve with the clear, high, definite forms of heat afforded by most of the modern gas and electric ranges.

MARY K. BLACKMAR

By the time Crawford was twelve years old he could ride the carriage himself, walking the big, aromant logs into the slicing saw, his own small hands working the levers as well as any man's. He was a rangy, rawboned kid. He lived with his father in a tent on the sawmill site, for he did not even remember his mother, and the boys of whatever school he attended envied him his freedom, his tent life and the romance of the woods. But Crawford didn't swell with the envy; he wanted only to get away from the school and back to the woods.

By the time he was twenty years old he ran the sawmill, leaving his father completely free from the necessity of immediate supervision. He hired and fired men, he bought and sold timber, he arranged for tools and supplies and mule feed.

Then, that summer, he told his father that he was quitting. He knew exactly what he was going to do. He would go to college and study civil engineering. He did not know, then, that his credits did not even approach the requirements. He did not find that out until he had walked out of the woods one day, carrying a bundle of his clothing, and caught the train to Knoxville, Tennessee. He had $100 in his pocket, and the promise of his regular sawmill wages from his father.

He took a test to replace the certification of credits, and when he left the school for the summer of 1929 he expected to return in the fall. But he never did. In August his father was working with an old saw that should have been scrapped long before. The saw broke, and when they picked his father up from where he had been hurled one leg was hanging by a thin sliver of flesh.

That winter Crawford ran the sawmill while his father hobbled painfully about on the stump he had made out of a good piece of wood. The next year, during the long, slow summertime of 1930, they lost the sawmill. Bills had been piling up, and no one was cutting timber any more. Both Crawford and his father walked and rode for miles without finding work for the rig. Crawford's father cried when they came to haul away the old, rattly engine, the bright shining saws, the log carriage on which he had spent a life and a leg. Crawford did not cry. The next week he was working for another sawmill.

During the following years, ambition seemed to have left him; or perhaps it was only enough, in the depths of the depression, to hang on to the job he had, low and menial and ill-paid though it was.

Then Crawford Gates heard of the Civilian Conservation Corps. He joined. The CCC shipped him to a camp in Mississippi where he was promptly made an assistant leader, with one yellow stripe on his arm. Within two months he was a leader, with an added stripe, and six months later he had become a subaltern in a fire-fighting camp in Oregon, no longer a member of the corps but one of the commanders.

He liked the CCC. He seemed to grow younger in contact with these conglomerate boys from backwoods and city slums. There was still little money, for every month a blue money order went to his father. But there were the camp, the boys and the men, the incredible tallness and virginness of the Pacific Northwest woods into which he led his crews with McLeods and axes to dig fire lanes frantically against the sweeping burning of the senseless fires struck by God or man among the tall trees. He changed in those years, grew again, with the beauty of the trees around him and the responsibility of the boys in his hands. Only the summons that he received could have made him leave it, a telegram from his father that said simply, "Son, you'd better come home now."

He went home riding in a Pullman for the first time in his life. His father was dying. He died the second night after Crawford walked up the hill road and turned in to the door.

Crawford waited awhile after his father died, living alone in the little empty house, before he knew what he wanted to do now. When he read about the Tennessee Valley Authority in the newspaper, he knew that he had found it. He made his application, took his tests and waited. One day there was a letter telling him that he was accepted. He was a timber cruiser for the TVA. He was a part of the great plan that he had read about, that he had studied with avid attention during the period of waiting uncertainty. It was a big thing and he was part of it.

Except he didn't cruise timber. Not once had he entered into a stand of trees since he had been working at the job. With the illogic of needful change and urgency, he had been pressed into the Land Purchase Section, where his knowledge did not follow him as it would have with the timber. But he made the decisions and talked to the men, and he learned the function given him as capably as the younger men who surrounded him.

And so he came to Dunbar's Cove, with all that behind him, and so he looked at Matthew, seeing him and liking him and even understanding partly the stubborn ununderstanding, but still with the necessity of showing him the blank futility of resistance.

"Sir," he said, "you know what the TVA is doing here ——"

"I've heard tell," Matthew said. "Them dams they've been building up the river and down the river." He shook his head admiringly. "All that to make work for folks."

Crawford leaned forward. "It's not make work," he said. "It's the mightiest thing that God or man ever brought to this country. They're taming the river, harnessing it, puttin it to work where it's never worked before

Matthew stood watching him, holding th bridle reins in one hand. He was too courteou too kindly not to listen.

"They take that running water and they p it through a turbine. They take the electrici and spread it over the land—so that folks lik you and me can afford it and use it like a doze extra hands in the field. We're not coming here to make you do anything. We're comin in to help and guide you in the change. W could just move in with a court order in o hand and a set amount of money in the othe But the TVA doesn't work that way. We ca

"You'll love shopping with friends at a fun-filled party like this"

SAYS YOUR STANLEY DEALER



At STANLEY Hostess Parties you always have fun shopping with a group of women you like for STANLEY'S Housekeeping and Personal Grooming Aids. You enjoy the sociability and the welcome break in your daily housework routine. And you like the comfort of sitting at ease in a hospitable home while your friendly STANLEY Dealer demonstrates many of STANLEY'S value-leading Products under conditions of actual use. These famous STANLEY Parties, you know, are America's most popular home-shopping Parties. Upwards of 12,000 now take place in the U. S. alone each single day.

In products to save you time and work in keeping your home cleaner, more sanitary, more beautiful, and in products to guard the health and improve the grooming of yourself and family, *you get the finest first* at STANLEY Hostess Parties. This is why millions of today's most efficient homemakers now make it a habit to shop at these parties regularly.

STANLEY *Leads* with more than 250 Quality-Plus Products: Mops. Brushes. Brooms. Dusters. Polishes. Waxes. Cleaning Chemicals. Deodorizers. Moth Preventives. products of many types and kinds to simplify all your housekeeping tasks . . . Toilette Articles. Bath Accessories. Shampoos. Permanent Wave Sets. Preparations for Skin Beauty. Toiletries for Men. Articles for Dental Hygiene. Personal and Clothing Brushes, a wealth of other kindred Products for Tots and Teenagers as well as Grownups.

STANLEY Party Hostesses Get Valual Premiums. For acting as a STANLE Party Hostess, you are rewarded wi wonderful Premiums by your STANLE Dealer. These Parties are easy to hol mornings, afternoons, evenings. To a range for your own STANLEY Party, ju phone your STANLEY Dealer, your nea est STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS Bran Office. Or write direct to STANLEY Main Office in Westfield, Massachuset

you find a piece of land at a good price, ch and fertile as this cove."

atthew felt a touch of exasperation. There no way to make this insistent young man erstand. He might as well put an end to it t now.

Son," he said, "you been doing a sight of ching here this evening. And I always feed preacher a good meal. Why don't you e and take supper with us?"

rawford laughed. "I reckon that I have throwing the Good Book at you, Mr. bar," he said. "I ask your pardon. But n a man believes in something, he's just to preach it."

Matthew laid a hand on his shoulder. He was surprised at the firm stringiness of the muscles there.

They crossed the bridge and turned down the side of the creek, following the field road that angled toward the barn. They passed the watermelon patch, walking companionably together, the mule leading behind. Matthew halted and handed the reins to Crawford.

"I got me a couple of melons cooling," he said. "Wait just a minute."

He clambered down the creek bank and fished out the two melons he had put in the water at noontime. He tucked one under each arm and went back up the bank.

"I thought we'd have us a watermelon feast before supper tonight. Here, you tote one and I'll tote the other."

They started on again, each one carrying a cool watermelon on one shoulder. They went on toward the house, walking around into the front yard where the shade of the big oak sheltered them from the sun.

Matthew raised his voice. "The plowing's done," he yelled. "And I got me two watermelons out here. Who wants a slice?"

There was a sudden scurry of noise and laughter inside the house and Miss Hattie burst out of the kitchen like a flock of quail. "Daddy!" she hollered. "Watermelon!"

"Whoa, now," Matthew said, catching her up. "Wait till the rest get here. Where are the boys?"

"They went down to the swimming hole to take a bath," Miss Hattie said. "I'll go get 'em."

Matthew turned to Crawford Gates. "Set down and cool off. A hot man ain't got no business eating a cold watermelon."

But Crawford was looking at Arlis, coming from the kitchen with knives and spoons and a couple of salt shakers. Her apron had flour streaked on it, her hair was falling down on one side, but her good-humored, high-colored, tilted-eyed face appealed to him. She paused, startled, when she saw the stranger.

"Arlis," Matthew said, "this is Crawford Gates. He's come to take supper with us."

Arlis stopped, feeling a little flustered with the heat and her untidiness. "Pleased to meet you," she said. She looked at Matthew reproachfully. "If I'd known you was having folks to supper, I'd have killed a chicken and ——"

Matthew laughed. "No fried chicken," he said to Crawford. "Reckon you can stand it?"

"I reckon so," Crawford said, laughing too.

They heard a whooping and a hollering from the direction of the creek and turned to see the boys come boiling out of the underbrush. Knox was in front, trailing a pair of overalls from one hand, and Rice was chasing him, wearing only shorts and a shirt.

Matthew lifted his voice. "Get your clothes on, boys. We got company."

They sobered instantly, seeing the stranger, and Rice hastily slipped on his overalls. They came on to the house, shaking hands with Crawford in turn.

Our opinion of people depends less upon what we see in them than upon what they make us see in ourselves. SARAH GRAND
Thesaurus of Epigrams

"All right," Matthew said. "You boys get a couple of sawhorses and some planks. I want to cut these melons before they get hot again."

The arrangements didn't take long and Matthew stood with the big butcher knife deftly slicing the melons. They were so ripe just the touch of the knife was sufficient to split them. The red, glistening meat separated almost of itself into V's of deliciousness.

Matthew laid down the knife and picked up one of the slices. He proffered it to Crawford Gates with a grave ceremony. Crawford accepted it and stood waiting while Matthew handed each of them a slice in turn.

Matthew looked at Jesse John. "Where's Connie?"

"She doesn't want any," Jesse John said.

Matthew frowned slightly. He did not like absences. But he went on with the serving, handing a slice with a lot of heart meat to Miss Hattie last of all. The boys were sitting on the roots of the oak tree, holding the melon slices in both hands, biting the meat out. Matthew did not touch his slice yet. He picked up the other one and walked with it to Connie and Jesse John's room.

He stopped in the doorway, looking at her. "You're missing out on some mighty good watermelon," he said.

She whirled around, ashamed of the thin slip she was wearing. "I . . ." she said, faltering . . . "I don't care for any, Mr. Dunbar."

"Come on now," he said gently. "This is a celebration. You can't just leave yourself out of a celebration."

"But I'm not . . . dressed."

He went into the room and put the watermelon slice down on the dresser. "Get dressed," he said. "And come on out." He turned and went toward the door. "Is Jesse John taking you to the dance tonight?"

"Yes. He said he wanted to take me."

Matthew nodded and went on. He stopped at the entrance to the living room and looked in. The old man was sitting in the worn rocking chair, his thin, blotched hands folded in his lap.



Stanley Hostess Parties

Featuring The Quality-Plus Products of Stanley Home Products, Inc., Westfield, Mass., Stanley Home Products of Canada, Ltd., London, Ont., and Stanhome De Mexico, S. A. De C. V., Mexico City, Mex.

STANHOME ®

ORIGINATORS OF THE FAMOUS STANLEY HOSTESS PARTY PLAN

(Copr. Stanley Home Products, Inc., 1957)

Send for FREE Home Service Literature

Home Service Department
Stanley Home Products, Inc.
Westfield, Massachusetts

Please send me FREE *the helpful literature checked below:*

☐ How To Have Lovelier Hair
☐ Your Floors Are In The Spotlight
☐ Best Care For Your Silverware

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*___ *State*_____

Opportunity To Make Money. Check here ☐ if interested in pleasant way to make $35.00 weekly and up in spare time, $100.00, $200.00 and more weekly in full time.

Matthew went into the room. He raised his voice. "How are you, papa?"

For a long moment the old man did not move. His face was thin, fragile, seeming as though the light, dry bones would break with a touch.

"All right, I reckon." The thin voice quavered and stopped.

"Papa," Matthew said, "they're trying to buy Dunbar's Cove. They want to take the cove away from me."

But the old man had not heard. Or he had not understood. Matthew stood looking at him for a moment, then he went outside to the watermelon feast again.

"Aw," Knox was saying to Arlis, "you can go one time. I can't remember when you've been to a dance."

"I've got too much to do," Arlis said. "After supper I'll have the dishes, and cleaning up—it's just too much trouble to try to go."

"Arlis," Crawford said suddenly, "I wish you'd let me take you to the dance."

She looked at him, a flush rising suddenly in her face. "I'm sorry. I have too much ——"

"Oh, go on, Arlis," Miss Hattie said briskly. "I'll do the dishes. You go on."

"Of course," Crawford said, looking down at his khaki shirt and pants, "I'm not dressed well for a dance, but ——"

"Well," Arlis said, almost reluctantly, "if it's all right with papa ——"

"Go right on, for all of me," Matthew said quickly, and it was done.

"What's your line of work, Mr. Gates?" Knox said.

Crawford glanced at Matthew as though asking how much he should tell. "I work for the TVA," he said.

"Crawford is a land buyer," Matthew said. "He come to tell me that the TVA wants to buy the cove. They want to back dam water up here and make a lake out of it."

Knox stood up. "Are they really going to build that dam?" he said, suppressed eagerness in his voice. "You think I could get me a job down there? I hear the TV and A pays mighty good money."

Rice was sitting still, watching Matthew. "Buy the cove?" he said. His voice was stunned, unbelieving. "How much do they want to pay?"

Matthew turned away from him to look at Jesse John. But Jesse John was watching Connie come from the house in a white organdy dress, tripping carefully down the steps, carrying the watermelon slice in one hand.

"Hello, everybody," she said brightly. "My, it's fun to have a watermelon feast." Jesse John went to stand close to her. He wanted to touch her. But he was afraid he might soil the fresh, starched whiteness of the organdy.

Matthew put down his unfinished watermelon. "If I'm going to do all the night work by myself," he said, "I'd better get started before supper."

He walked away from them and went around the corner of the house toward the solitude of the barn, the company of the animals.

The house where the dance was being held stood on a knob of hill. It was owned by Old Man Precise, who also owned a fiddle and three sons and three daughters, all of whom could make music. Inside the house, the living room was bare of furniture, the splintery pine floor bare, too, and the wood thumped and trembled from the rhythmic weight of many feet. Chairs lined the walls, occupied by old ladies who talked among themselves and kept an eye on the girls. Many an older lady had an unconsciously patting foot in memory of her dancing days.

And over it all, inside the house and out, was the music. Old Man Precise's fiddle sang and sobbed and chirped the songs, stirring the feet and hearts of the dancers.

Arlis said to Crawford, "Look at Rice and that redheaded girl. He's got it bad, hasn't he?"

Crawford grinned, and looked back at her. "Yes," he said. "But not much worse than me. He's just younger about it, that's all."

"How much younger?" Arlis said, avoiding the direction of his conversation.

"I'm twenty-nine. How old are you, Arlis?"

Arlis thought about it for a moment, her feet moving automatically with the music. She was twenty. But from fifteen to twenty she had missed the carefreeness of the age because of the kitchen and the work.

"You shouldn't ask any girl how old she is," she protested.

He looked into her eyes. "Twenty-three?" he said. "Twenty-two?"

She felt a slight stab of hurt. "Twenty," she said quickly, and saw the change in his face as he realized his mistake.

The music stopped and Old Man Precise called out, "I want me an old-timy square-dance set. Choose your partners!"

Crawford wiped at the sweat on his face. "I don't think I'd better risk it," he said. "I don't know how to square-dance."

"Let's just watch, then," Arlis said. She slipped her arm comfortably through Crawford's, looking around the room.

The square-dance set lined down the whole length; even some of the old women were in this one. Arlis looked for Connie and Jesse John, planning to go over and talk to them, but Connie was sitting alone in a chair against the wall. As she watched, she saw Connie get up and slip out the side door. She frowned. She knew that Connie was up to something.

On the porch, Connie hesitated, looking through the darkness toward the cluster of young men under the cedars, daring herself to approach them. The younger boys were reluctant to cut in on her, now that she was a married woman, and she knew that the old women disapproved of her dancing at all, even with Jesse John.

She saw Knox coming toward her from the darkness. "Knox," she said, "have you seen Jesse John?"

He stopped, one foot on the step, and looked up at her warily. "No," he said. "Went out to get a drink, I reckon."

Connie put one hand on the porch column. She felt suddenly light and easy. "He left me sitting in there like an old lady," she said, a pout in her voice. But she did not really care any more. She looked at Knox boldly across the darkness. "Why don't you come dance with me, Knox? Until Jesse John gets back."

"I reckon not, Connie," he said. "I'm not much to dance."

She listened to the tight carefulness of his voice. She moved a step nearer to him. "I remember when you liked to dance with me. When you ——"

Knox stepped down to the hard-packed earth away from her. "That was before you married my brother," he said. He was afraid she was going to touch him, put her warm hand on his arm, and he turned quickly. "If I see Jesse John, I'll tell him you're looking for him."

"Yes," she said, keeping the tremble out of her voice. "You do that, Knox." She turned and fled into the presence of the dancers again.

Knox walked quickly toward the group under the cedars. He was shaken. Nearly always he managed to keep people between them. Connie had been a summer night, two summer nights, over three years ago. But she persisted in cherishing it, bringing it up between them, even though she was married now to Jesse John.

"Howdy, Knox," a voice said as he joined the group. "Take a little snort."

"I'm toting my own," Knox said, "thank you." He took out the bottle and tilted it, feeling the fiery trickle down his throat. "Anybody care for a swallow?"

The voices murmured at him and he put the bottle away. "Jesse John here?" he said.

"Here," Jesse John said.

"Connie's looking for you."

"I was just going to see about her," Jesse John said, moving away from the group.

Knox stayed for a time, then he drifted from the house and looked in at the whirling throng. But he discovered he did not want to go inside and went instead into the grove of trees where his mule was hitched. He swung into the saddle and headed home in a shambling lope. At home, he unsaddled, turned the mule into the stable and walked around to the front porch.

"Home so early?" Matthew's voice sang from the darkness. "What's the matter at the dance?"

"Oh," Knox said, "it's just an old dance."

Matthew chuckled. "I've seen you ride twenty miles to one of them old dances, even knowing you had to hit the field at daylight."

Knox sat down on the porch. "I reckon you grow out of it," he said. "Papa, I been thinking. Now we got the crop laid by, I think I'll go down to that dam and see if I can find me a job of work."

"Why do you want to do that?"

"It's good money."

Matthew stirred in his chair. "It ain't never been necessary for a Dunbar to go out on public work," he said. "If you need money, I'll put money in your hand. How much do you want?"

Knox moved jerkily. "It's not just that I want to make it myself. I want to go, papa. I want to go tomorrow. Do you say I can?"

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain.
CARDINAL NEWMAN



So very new . . . so very smart . . . so very wonderful . . . It *just* has to be a Loma Ware Original Plastic Clothes Hamper and Hamperette Wastebasket! Picture this gold trimmed, lifetime plastic clothes hamper combination in six inspiring colors. A glamorous complement to *any* room. And your delicate washables have never been safer from tears, snags and mildew.
At better stores everywhere.

THIS, THEN IS THE PERFECT CLOTHES HAMPER!

THE LATEST IN THE LONG LINE OF LOMA Ware ORIGINALS

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, WRITE LOMA PLASTICS, INC., FORT WORTH, TEXAS

latthew watched him. "I'd rather you
't," he said slowly.
'm twenty-four years old," Knox said
bornly. "I ——"
Yes," Matthew said. "You're your own
. But I'd still rather you didn't."
hey sat still, for the length of a cigarette.
ox picked up the bottle and drank from it
n, emptying it. He stood up.
Going to bed, son?" Matthew said mildly.
nox looked across the darkness, milky
with moonlight, at his father. He knew
vouldn't leave tomorrow, not in the face
Matthew's will, implied in the mildness of
rather you didn't."
No, sir," he said. "I didn't use that dance
t. I think I'll go back."
e walked quickly away, leaving Matthew
e again. After a while Matthew heard the
e's hoofs pass quickly toward the heading
he cove, taking the restlessness and turbu-
e of his eldest son with him.

rawford stopped the car under the trees
he head of the cove. "Let's walk the rest
he way," he said.
All right," Arlis said. She looked up at
moon, silvering through the tree branches.
hunted in her mind for something to talk
ut, something to hold them together a
le longer. "Crawford," she said, "what
you and the TVA going to do about the
e?"
We're going to buy it."
rlis put her hand on the side of the car.
e've lived here a long time," she said. "It's
na be strange, moving somewhere else."
Yes, I guess it is." He picked up her other
d, lacing fingers carefully with his own.
e always lived a footless kind of life, but
n guess how it would be."
he let him keep her hand. "Crawford," she
, "don't hurry him. Let him make up his
n mind to it."
We'll give him all the time we can. That's
way the TVA does business."
here was nothing else to say. "I've got to
n now," she said. "I've enjoyed the dance.
I ——"
Moving slowly, side by side, they started
the road toward the house. "Arlis," Craw-
d said. He was almost afraid to say the
rds, afraid of the answer. "Me being with
TVA and all—coming to buy your father
——" He stopped. "It won't make any
erence between me and you, will it?"
he did not respond, either by face or by
ce. "Difference?" she said. "We went to
ance together ——"
But I want to come back to see you, I
an. I want to ——"
She hesitated. Then she said slowly, "I
't say. But if you're working around here,
ckon you'll be welcome at our house."
I will," he said happily. "I'll be working
his area for a long time to come."
They didn't say anything further. The moon-
ht flooded them and the night was cool
er the heat of the dance. They could hear
gs talking from the creek and from some-
ere came the sudden startling scream of a
eech owl. Arlis flinched and gripped his
n, though she had been hearing screech
ls all her life.
At the steps to the porch they stopped.
ood night," Arlis said.
Good night, Arlis," Crawford said softly.
ll be back to see you—soon."
t was a clumsy, ill-timed kiss, for he had
known he was going to do it and she was
prepared for his boldness. She was draw-
away in the moment of touch and then
en he stopped she was returning it involu-
arily. But it was a strangely satisfactory
s. She drew away quickly and went up the
os.

rawford Gates was looking at the man
oss the desk. He studied him before he
pped his eyes to the papers in his lap.
hat's it," he said. "I'm going to see Mr.
nbar again today."
The man was leaning back in his swivel
air. "Is he holding out for more money?"
Crawford put the papers away in folders.
lo, sir," he said. "Not Matthew Dunbar.
just doesn't want to move. He's got a big
nily and the land has been in the family for
a long time. It's just resistance to change, differentness."

"How are you going to handle it?"

Crawford stood up. "I don't see but one thing to do," he said slowly. "Make old Matthew understand the real thing about TVA, how him and his cove don't have the right to stand in its way."

The man pursed his lips. "There's always recourse to condemnation."

"Sure," Crawford said. "But we've got time. They're not going to get that dam finished tomorrow."

The boss turned back to his papers. "You know how we operate," he said. "We'd rather have a friend of the TVA any time, instead of an enemy. Go to it."

Crawford smiled with relief. "I'm taking the map and the forms out there today."

He walked down the old dusty stairs and across the street to where he had parked his car and threw the folder into the back seat. The car was hot from sitting in the sun. He wheeled around the square, and took a street leading out. The pavement ended quickly and he was on gravel. He drove carefully, feeling the jar of the rough chert road coming up through the wheel into his hands.

He spun out of trees into cotton fields, then back into trees again, and stopped in the shade at the head of the cove. He got out, reached into the back seat for the folder and walked rapidly up the road. The front yard and the porch were empty. He stopped at the steps and lifted his voice. "Hello the house."

He waited, preparing to call again, when he heard a door open. He knew it was Arlis before he saw her. She stopped in surprise.

"Hello, Arlis," he said. "I ——"

"Crawford." Her face looked flushed and pleased. "I didn't expect you back so soon."

He wanted to move up the steps to her side, to touch her. "I came to see your daddy. But it's good seeing you, too, Arlis."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

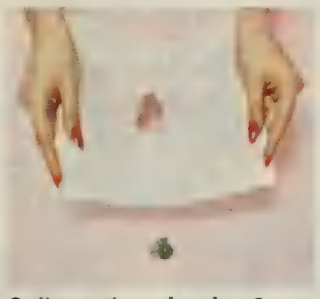
Have you discovered how Scotties hold together

—even when you're using liquid face cream?

Prove it to yourself! Soft as Scotties facial tissues are, Scotties are strong—even when wet. Make this dramatic "jewel" test.→



Pour two pools of liquid cleansing cream. Soak an ordinary tissue in one pool, a Scottie in the other.



Ordinary tissue breaks—Cream-soaked tissue *without* the wet-strength of Scotties breaks through when you drop just one earring into it.



Scottie doesn't break! Drop two earrings, bracelet, pin, necklace into cream-soaked Scottie—and it doesn't break! Scotties have wet-strength.



Glamorous new way to remove your make-up . . . Scotties in powderpuff pink, white, yellow

Scotties facial tissues

Another fine paper product by Scott



"SCOTTIES" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Here's what you should do about

COLDS or ASIATIC FLU!

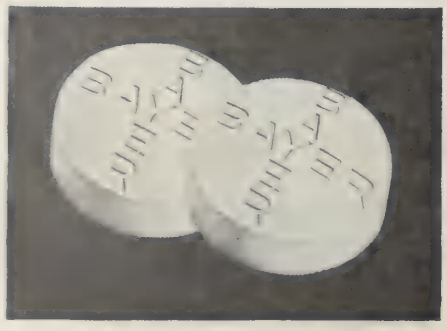
1. See your doctor
2. Get plenty of bed rest
3. Drink lots of fruit juice
4. Take Aspirin for fever and pain

BAYER ASPIRIN MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER-FAST!

THE SYMPTOMS of the common cold—and of highly contagious Asiatic Flu—are remarkably similar. Fever, headache, muscular aches and pains, backache and sore throat are among the characteristics of both diseases.

The moment you are aware of any of these symptoms, you should, of course, get in touch with your doctor. Meanwhile, rest in bed as much as possible, drink as much fruit juice as you can, and take Bayer Aspirin without delay.

The importance of taking Bayer Aspirin at the first sign of a cold or Asiatic Flu cannot be over-emphasized. Both diseases, if neglected, can cause you serious trouble... Asiatic Flu especially —for it not only spreads with insidious speed, but can lead to pneumonia.



Bayer Aspirin will make you feel better fast—because it relieves aches and pains with astonishing speed, and quickly reduces fever as well.

We believe your own doctor or public health official will tell you that Bayer Aspirin brings the relief you need for the painful discomforts caused by colds or Asiatic Flu.

Remember—penetrating research confirms that Bayer brings the *fastest* relief ... the *fastest*, most *gentle-to-the-stomach* relief you can get.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

She stood watching him and it was not at as she had expected. She had felt that the ncing and the togetherness and the kiss ould stand thickly between them, barring mmunication. But it was not that way; it as only easy and casual and friendly in the oad daylight.

"He's out in the woods working up the nter wood," she said. "They'll be in to din- r pretty soon. I've got some coffee on the ove. Won't you come into the kitchen?"

She opened the door and entered, Crawford hind her.

"Sit down," Arlis said to him. "I'll heat the offee."

She brought clean cups and a pitcher of eam and then poured sugar into a very old nd battered silver sugar bowl that she took om a top shelf. He knew that she did not use e bowl for every day.

She did not sit down with him until the offee was hot and poured, but kept busy out the stove. Then, while he spooned gar into his cup, she slipped into the seat op- osite him.

"Last night," he said. "Did you have a good me?"

She blushed. "Yes," she said. "Yes. It was good time."

"I hope you didn't mind me . . . there at the st ——"

"No," she breathed. "It was all right. I ean ——"

He leaned forward. "Arlis, before the others et here I wanted to ask you—I mean, I'm go- ng to the picture show in town Saturday. You ant to go with me?"

She sat very still. *It is real*, she thought. *It eally did happen last night and I didn't just nagine it.*

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I would like to go."

There was a sound at the porch screen door nd Crawford stood up as Matthew came into he kitchen.

"Why, howdy," he said. "I didn't expect to ee you." He looked at Arlis. "You got my linner ready, girl?"

"It's in the warming oven. It'll be on the able by the time you're there yourself."

"Good," Matthew said. "Come on, Craw- ord. Wash up and eat with us."

Crawford hesitated. "All right," he said. "I hank you."

He followed Matthew to the back porch nd out into the yard. They washed, side by ide, Matthew stooping over the pan and splashing the water heartily into his face and over his hands and arms.

Crawford said carefully, "If you don't mind, 'd like to go over your place with you. We've got aerial photographs to measure your land nd you can show me just where your lines go on the map. Then we can figure the acreage nd make you a price on the basis of that."

"I don't need no price," Matthew said firmly. "So I don't see no need for you to go to all that trouble."

"It's just a job I've got to do." Crawford smiled deprecatingly. "They tell me to go out and measure some land, I've got to measure it. It doesn't commit you to anything."

Matthew studied it for a minute. "All right," he said. "I don't want to get you into no trouble with your boss. You can measure my land from now to doomsday if you're a mind to." He grinned faintly. "It's gonna take you that long to buy it anyway, Mr. Gates."

After the hearty meal, Crawford and Matthew prepared to walk over the land. Crawford took out the aerial map. "I'll need to know just where your boundaries run," he said. "I've got a pretty good idea, but I have to be sure."

Matthew held the map in both hands. "Here we are," he said, putting his finger on the place. He was pleased. "I recognized it right away, even if I ain't never seen it from the air."

He gave the map back to Crawford and they walked out into the field road. Crawford looked around at the cove.

"It's a pretty place, Mr. Dunbar. A mighty pretty place."

"Yes," Matthew said, slogging on steadily in the heat. He always moved that way, slow and deliberate and steady. "Yes, it is. I don't never get over the pretty of it, myself."

Crawford was silent for a moment. They reached the bridge and he stopped, spreading out the map again. He got out the pad of blanks and filled in the heading. "You've got all this here in cotton," he said, moving a finger to indicate. "Is that right?"

"Yes," Matthew said. "That's all the cotton I raise."

Crawford started to write on the pad. "You can just about tell from the map what's growing. But we check it. And this is where the corn starts." He turned the pad over and multiplied some figures.

Matthew watched. "Yes," he said. "I've got a little jog of timber land right here, though." He indicated the place.

Swiftly Crawford altered the line. "I didn't know you went up that far." He smiled. "We were aiming to cheat you there."

He folded the map and they walked on. Crawford could feel the hot sun beating heavily through his khaki shirt. He said, "I wish there was some way I could show you the whole TVA, like I showed you that map. I'd like to take you down to that damsite sometime. Maybe ——"

"I'm a busy man, Mr. Gates," Matthew said. "I don't have no time to go gallivanting off this time of year. This is hay land. Did you get that?"

Crawford stopped, making notes on the pad of paper. "I nearly walked right by it," he said. "You've never had electricity in your house, have you?"

"No," Matthew said. "The power company talked once of putting a line through, but it never did come to nothing."

Crawford said, "When TVA gets through, there'll be power lines all through here. There'll hardly be a farm that won't have electricity."

"Yeah," Matthew said. "To hear you tell it, I ain't going to be here to enjoy it."

Crawford stopped in the field road. "But you wouldn't do a thing to keep anybody else from getting it? You wouldn't want to hold it away from all the other folks around here?"

"No," Matthew said slowly. "I reckon I wouldn't want to do that. They're my neighbors. I wouldn't turn a hand to hurt them in any way."

"You don't have to turn a hand," Crawford said bluntly. "All you've got to do is stand still in your stubbornness. That way, you'll be hurting the whole countryside, holding it back from the progress and the advancement it needs." He leaned forward. "Mr. Dunbar, tell me one thing: Just one thing, and then I'll shut up. If I can show you what a big thing TVA is, if I can convince you in your heart what it's going to mean to the people of this country—if I can do all that, will you agree to sell Dunbar's Cove?"

Matthew thought about it. He looked up at Crawford, a slight smile touching his lips. "Son," he said, "even if you could do all that—even if you did do all that—I still wouldn't sell Dunbar's Cove."

Crawford tried to smile. "I reckon I got my answer," he said ruefully. "Come on, let's finish up."

Matthew felt sorry for him, seeing the change come into his face. "Son," he said, "you can talk from now on, if you want to. I never yet shut my mind like a steel trap. So, if you got to, you just keep on talking."

They walked around to the front yard, into the shade of the big oak. Matthew looked at the boys sprawled on the front porch.

Both Knox and Rice sprang up at the same moment, fumbling out of sleep. They looked around, bewildered, and Matthew began to laugh.

"That's all right," he said. "We didn't lose too much time. It ain't no more than two o'clock."

Crawford was sitting on the edge of the porch, figuring on the back of the pad. "We had you figured for about two hundred and fifty-some acres," he said. "Adding in twenty-six acres for that woodland makes it something like two hundred and eighty acres. . . . I imagine you'll be offered around twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars for your place."

"That much?" Matthew was impressed.

"Of course," Crawford said hastily, "that's just a guess."

Rice sat up excitedly. "Papa," he said, "we could take that money and start us a dairy farm! That's the easy farming. No hoeing and plowing and planting—well, some, because you've got to raise your feed. But not like farming. It's not anything like farming."

Matthew could feel the freezing start inside him. He turned slowly and looked at Knox. "What do you know about this?" he said. "Are you ——"

"Oh, that's his idea," Knox said indifferently. "That's all he's talked about ever since the first word was said about selling the place."

Matthew looked at Rice again, seeing the excitement in him dull down under his probing stare, and then he turned to Crawford. "You done everything you need to do, Mr. Gates? I've got to get back to work."

"Yes," Crawford said.

He stood alone, watching, while Matthew led the boys around the side of the house out of sight.

It was good to be back in the cove again, even though he had been gone only for the morning. Matthew turned the T-model into the road paralleling the creek bank. He had not been out of the cove since he'd put his crop into the ground. But today he'd had to go to town for baling wire. He had meant to take his time with the trip, but he had not stayed long after all. The men in the barbershop had talked only of the dam. The men at the mule barn were telling stories about the wages the TVA was paying and how everybody, just about, could at least get on the crews for the summer that were clearing the reservoir. He had gone into the bank, and near the entrance there had been a sign with an arrow pointing up the stairs, saying TVA LAND OFFICE. As he stood looking at it, he saw Crawford Gates crossing the sidewalk without seeing him. Matthew, perturbed in his mind, had gone on into the bank and transacted his business hurriedly, anxious to get on back home to the cove. He drove into the shade of the big tree alongside the house, stopped the car and got out, and unwired the hundred pounds of ice from the front bumper.

"Arlis," he called, "bring me something to wrap the ice in. Hurry now."

He heard her moving in the kitchen and he waited until she came to the door with an old quilt in her hands. He took it from her and began wrapping the ice carefully.

"Have us some ice cream tonight," he said cheerfully. "I thought that'd be a good idea on a hot day like this. Where are the boys?"

Arlis smiled. "Knox took 'em back up in the woods," she said, "right after you left."

Matthew laughed. "Now, Knox knows I like to help make his run." He opened the screen door. "Well, when your mash gets ready, you've got to run it. I'll go see how they're making out."

He walked through the barn and out the other side, angling across the peanut patch. It was a fifteen-minute walk to the place where Knox always set up his still. There was a fast-flowing spring, good water, and the

GOING AWAY

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

Going away. Yes, I'm going
Away. Seafarer forth,
I shall ribbon the earth
With whistles
And fo'c'sles
And postals
And mirth
To bring you at last
Good report of my worth—
Happy day!

I'm going.
Good-by.
I'm going.
Don't cry.
I'm going to get
A blue tear for your eye
From the pool where the
snow dolphins play.
I'm going to miss you.
Though it's you I shall find.
The way will be lonely.
But going is only
A way.

Get rid of toilet bowl odor and stains. Keep your bathroom fresh as apple blossoms.

Use perfumed VANISH Toilet Bowl Cleaner



REGULAR ■ KING SIZE

■ 1957 JUDSON DUNAWAY CORP., Dover, N. H.

trees and brush were thick. Matthew was almost on the spring before he saw a shimmer of smoke in the air. He stepped out into the open and stopped abruptly, staring at the jugs and fruit jars that were already filled. Knox was making another run, the colorless fluid dripping out of the bright copper maze of pipe.

"Son," he said, "you making enough to last the rest of your life?"

Knox jerked up from the firebox where he had been stuffing in more wood. Rice and Jesse John stopped their work too.

"I thought you were taking the day in town." Knox said. "I ——" He stopped talking, snapping his mouth closed and turning away. "Go on back to the house, papa. We can make out all right."

Matthew moved closer to the still. "What in the world do you think you're going to do with all this whisky?"

Knox whirled around. "I aim to make some money out of this TV and A some way," he told his father. "Them men working down there in the reservoir are just crying for some good whisky."

Knox was angry, and scared too. But he would not let himself look away from Matthew. Matthew faced him, feeling the words going through his mind like knives.

"You're making whisky to sell?" he said.

"You won't let me go down there to work," Knox said stubbornly. "I'm staying at home, just like you wanted me to. But I got me a market for my stuff and I aim to ——"

Matthew stood still, fighting it inside him. He wouldn't let his mouth say a word until he could control the anger. "No Dunbar," he said at last, "ever lowered hisself to sell moonshine." He turned toward Jesse John and Rice. "Take that ax and start chopping glass until I tell you when it's time to stop."

Jesse John stood up uncertainly.

"No," Knox said.

Matthew looked back at him again. "All right, Jesse John," he said quietly, "stay where you are." He picked up the ax, hefting it in one hand, and walked back to Knox. "You're right. They ain't got no call to break up your own liquor. Take this and start breaking."

For a moment Matthew thought that he was going to refuse and defy. But, slowly, Knox's hand moved to take the ax, his face suddenly still and white and blank.

"You're making me do it?" he said hoarsely.

"No commercial liquor can be made on Dunbar land," Matthew said. "Not as long as I'm the man."

Knox lifted the ax and walked swiftly to the cluster of jars and jugs. He swung the ax against them in a sweeping blow. The instant pungency of the whisky swept thick as musk into the air. Jesse John and Rice stood watching as Knox labored over the breaking, the ax rising and falling, flashing in the sunlight.

"All right," Matthew said finally. There were five jugs left. "That's enough."

Knox paused with the ax lifted in the air and looked over his shoulder at Matthew. He threw the ax into the glitter of broken glass and went away from them, making his own path into the woods.

"Kill the rest of that run," Matthew told Jesse John and Rice. "And bring his copper worm to the barn. Take it up gentle now. We'll put it away for him until he's ready to use it again."

He watched them begin with the banking and dismantling, then he walked away.

Connie had waited long enough for Jesse John. This morning she had said something about going swimming in the creek pool and she had believed he would come to take her for he did not like her to swim alone. But she was not going to wait any longer.

She walked slowly, feeling the beads of perspiration on her face from the heat. The bathing suit under the white dress clung stiffly to her body and she kept thinking about the cool, tree-shaded water, where the boys had cut back the brush, and there was a homemade diving board. The creek widened and deepened in this part, a natural swimming hole.

She sat down to take off her white shoes, then reached and caught the hem of her dress, lifting it over her head. She walked to the edge of the pool, tugging at the bra of the suit.

"Just my luck," a voice said. "A bathing suit."

She recovered herself, startled, and saw him standing across the creek bank on the other side. "Who—who are you?" she said, feeling the fright creeping into her voice.

He was tall, with a smooth, tanned face and a tiny black mustache shading the upper lip. He wore overalls and a battered felt hat. "Ever' book I ever read in my life didn't say anything about a bathing suit when a man watches a woman go swimming by herself," he said, grinning. "Just my doggoned luck."

With his eyes on her, Connie felt as though she were not wearing the protective cloth at all. She slid quickly into the creek. "Who are you?" she demanded.

"Me?" He grinned elaborately. "My name is Ceram Haskins. I'm bossing one of those clearing gangs over yonder."

She felt better now. He was a stranger, but his voice spoke in the accents she knew. She smiled a trifle of a smile. "You shouldn't be sneaking around where a girl might take it in mind to go swimming."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I didn't aim to sneak around. I was just hunting a shady place to set for a while. Say, what's your name?"

"Connie." She bent her knees and waded deeper into the water.

"Why don't you come over?" he said. "We could talk better without the width of the creek between us."

She flirted her head. "I don't reckon I've got anything to talk about. Not with a stranger that hangs around ——"

"All right," he said. "I'll just have to come over there."

He jumped into the water, clothes and all, splashing a wave over her and into her face. She gasped, backing away, her hands wiping at her water-stinging eyes. When she had them cleared again he was standing shoulder deep next to her.

A new idea in smoking...

Salem refreshes your taste



Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

SALEM is a *new idea* in smoking—*you smoke refreshed*. SALEM refreshes *your taste* the way a bright, clear spring day refreshes you! You get Springtime freshness in every puff! The freshest taste in cigarettes flows through SALEM's pure white filter...rich tobacco taste with a new surprise softness and menthol-fresh comfort. Smoke SALEM ... you'll love 'em!

Smoke Salem ... smoke refreshed

"Howdy," he said gravely. "Do you go swimming here often?"

"Just . . . once in a while. I've got to go now. I ——"

He reached out his hands and took her arms in them. They were big hands, holding her tightly. "You just got here," he said. "Don't quit now, just when I decided to keep you company."

She did not move. "All right," she said. The water was not that cold, but her teeth were chattering. "All right. I'll stay—for a few minutes."

He relaxed, turning loose of her. "You live near here, Connie?"

She moved her head toward the cove. "Back there. Just a little ways."

He stared at her boldly, appraisingly. "You're a mighty pretty girl to live way out here. I been a lot of places, and seen a lot of girls. But I can't recollect ever seeing a prettier." He lifted one hand to touch her cheek. "Not even with her hair down wet and hanging in her face."

She flinched away from the feel of his hand. "Don't," she said sharply.

He smiled, but the casualness did not reach into his eyes. "Doggone," he said, "you're a pretty thing. Reckon a feller could take you to see a picture show tonight?"

She tossed her head, turning full face toward him. "I don't think so. I don't think my husband would like it."

They were going to be magic words, making him disappear out of her sight. But he did not move. There was only a brightening in his eyes.

"No husband smart enough to get a good-looking woman like you ought to let her go swimming by herself," Ceram said.

She felt his hand touch her under the water. "Don't!" she said sharply. "Don't you ——"

But she did not move. His other arm went around her body, holding them together, and she could feel the strength and tautness of his legs.

"Don't!" She turned her head against his chest, hiding her face, feeling the trembling weakness paralyzing her will.

"All right, baby," Ceram said. His voice was low, husky. "All right, honey. Come on, honey."

She followed him out of the water numbly, clambering up the bank, telling herself that it wasn't true, it wasn't going to happen, she couldn't do this to Jesse John.

They moved back into the trees along the path, Ceram walking ahead of her, not even turning to look until he stopped and reached to pull her down on the ground.

Then he jerked away, startled into coldness. In the same instant a voice spoke out, "What's going on here?"

She sat upright and saw Knox standing over them. His hands were clenched tight and hard against his sides and she could see the angry grind of his teeth under hard lips.

"Look, mister," Ceram said. He was already on his feet. "Look, mister, I ——"

Knox advanced on him, his hands lifting. Ceram turned, starting to run, and Knox sprang, dropping him to the earth with ground-jarring suddenness. Ceram started getting up and Knox helped him, grabbing the bib of his overalls.

"You get out of here. You hear me? Get straight on out of here."

He hit Ceram again and shoved him away. Ceram stumbled.

"Look, mister," he said, "I just ——"

"Get on," Knox said. "Don't tell me about it. Just get on."

Connie sat staring at the two of them. Then Knox turned to her. "Slut," he said. "I ought to ——"

He moved toward her and she shrank away from him. "I couldn't help it," she said wildly. "I couldn't, I tell you. I ——"

"No," he said, "I guess you couldn't help the way you was born. But help it or not, I'm going to march you to the house and show you to Jesse John the way you are."

"Don't tell him," she said in agony.

"He's my brother," he said grimly. "I don't have the right to hide from him what I seen."

She straightened up, her voice flaring. "You got a right to talk. You started it, Knox Dunbar. You was the first. That's why I married Jesse John, just so I could be in the same house. Just so I could see you."

He did not believe her. And yet he had to believe. He remembered the way she had watched him after those few nights together. "You shouldn't have married Jesse John, then," he said, more quietly, standing still and looking somberly down at her. "All right," he said at last. "I won't see Jesse John again. I'm leaving the cove right now. I'm going to work for the TVA."

"You're leaving?" she said. "You're not going to be ——"

"No," he said. His voice tightened, rasping. "But let me tell you one thing, Connie. If I hear even one whisper about you and any other man, I'll come back. And I'll destroy you as my brother's wife. You hear me?"

"Yes," she said. "I hear you."

He moved a step closer to her. "And I'm going to make sure you remember it. I'm going to punish you. Just as if I was Jesse John."

His hand swung at her, slapping against her tender flesh, and she cried out. He lifted the hand again, hitting her with the open palm, catching her on her hip as she writhed. His hand was hard, horny with callus, and tears sprang into her eyes. He hit her again and then again.

Then he turned and started away. "Jesse John loves you, Connie," he said. "I wish you'd remember that. I've never seen a man love his wife the way he does."

Miss Hattie was up in the grape tree when she saw Rice come out of the woods and across the fields toward Matthew and the slowly moving team of mules. Miss Hattie had become a people watcher, abandoning the childish pursuits that had occupied her before. Her favorite subject was Connie. But this morning Connie was staying in her room, had not even come out for breakfast.

Miss Hattie climbed down from the tree and went along the path toward the creek, intending to go on to the field. But while she was balanced in the middle of the foot log she saw Connie walk by on the road, going toward the head of the cove. Miss Hattie came quickly off the log and paralleled the road in underbrush, keeping Connie in sight, waiting for whatever would be revealed.

Connie felt heavy-eye tired today, as though the sleep had not rested her. She had remained in the bed after Jesse John had arisen, feigning sleep until he had left the room. But she had lingered a long time after, trying to deny the decision in her, until at last she had stood up. She had thrown on an old house dress and a pair of shoes with run-down heels and there was no lipstick and powder on her face. Without the coloring her lips looked pale, but today she did not need beauty.

She came to the heading where the cove road angled into the dirt road going downriver toward town. For more than a quarter of a mile she walked in tree shade. She came out suddenly into the harsh straight line of clearing and stopped. She shaded her hand over her eyes and looked ahead. She could see the men working out there, not too far from the road. She stood a moment, watching, then she walked out slowly into the sunlight. She put a swing into her hips as she walked.

She was almost past before Ceram saw her, recognizing her instantly, and it stunned into him like the fist of an angry man.

He did not stop to remember that these men lived in this area and that they would immediately recognize her. He stood and watched, then folded up the time book and stuffed it into his shirt pocket. He went away from the men, angling across the new-cleared ground toward the place where she had disappeared into the trees.

He reached the woods, afraid that she had gone on. But she was waiting for him just inside the covering shelter of the woods.

"You've got to take me away," she said.

He stopped, frightened by her words. "What's the matter? What happened?"

She looked at him, her face pale, almost drawn in the harsh light. Her eyes were large, open, looking at him and seeing the slant of his face, the bulk and heft of his shoulders.

"He nearly killed me," she said. "He was going to kill me, but—but his brother stopped him. You've got to take me away."

Ceram stood watching her. "I can't take you anywhere. I'll be working here for a long time. He'll be sure to find us."

"This isn't the only dam in the world," she said steadily. "A man like you can find work anywhere." She opened the front of the house dress. "Look."

There was a harsh bruise there and she looked down at it herself, remembering the weight and fall of Knox's hand. She drew a deep breath, shudderingly.

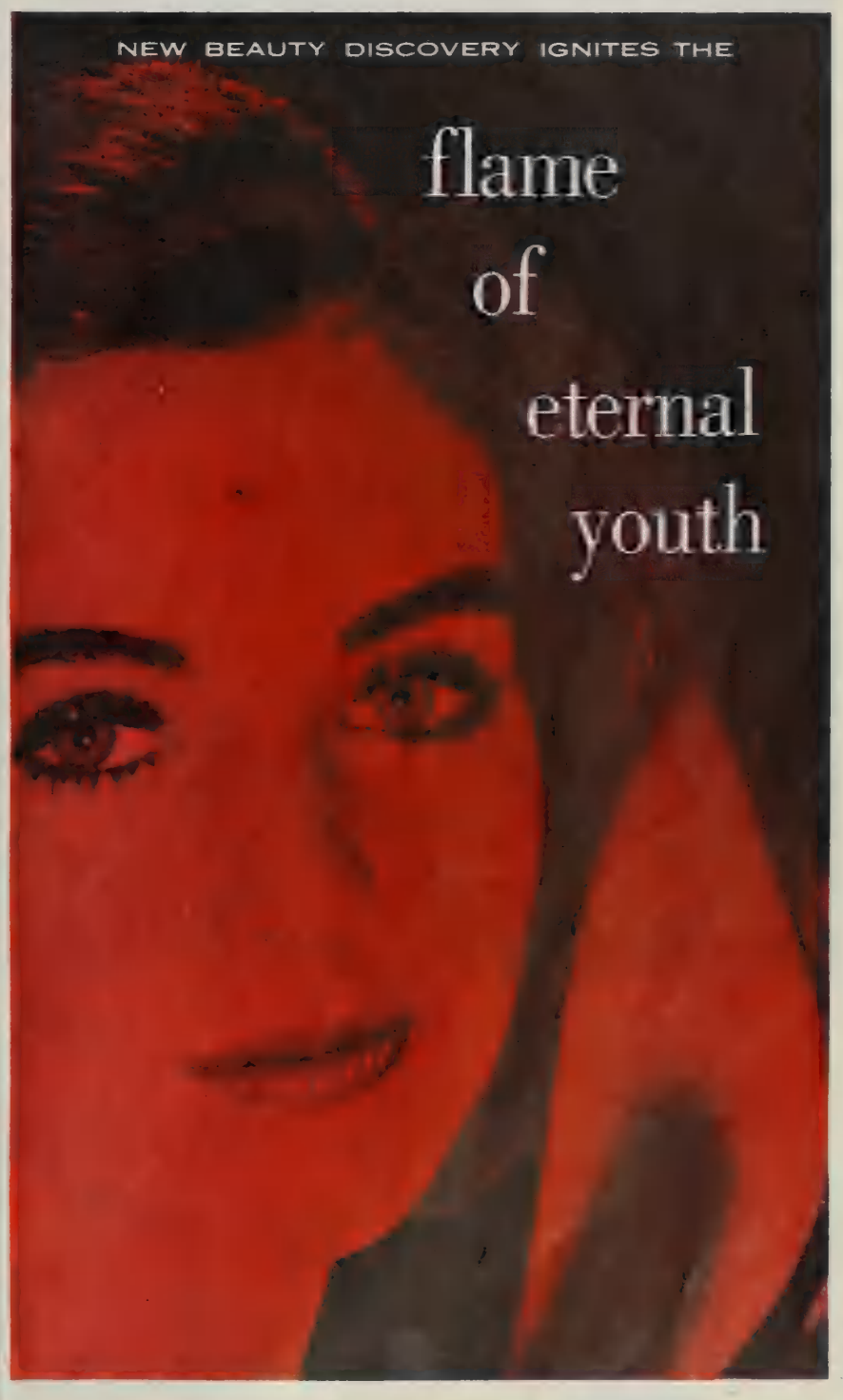
"He was going to kill me," she said. "And he will kill me if I go back."

Ceram did not even see the bruise. He saw only the breast, the shamelessness of her baring.

She closed the house dress again and came to him. "I've been thinking," she said. "All night I've been thinking ——" She was trem-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

There is one who is wiser than any of us, and that is everybody. NAPOLEON





A flame of beauty exists within you. Perhaps it smolders close to the surface. Or maybe it lies deep inside, simply waiting to be sparked to vibrant life. ● New scientific findings have produced a formula which has the power to *light this flame*, to re-kindle the fires of youth and fan them into vivid, triumphant beauty. ● The discovery is an *invisible* face cream, Instant Endocreme. Totally free of inert, pore-clogging waxes (commonly found in creams and lotions), it is absorbed immediately, completely. *No visible trace lingers on your skin.* ● Instant Endocreme has no hormones. But it has new youth-restoring ingredients which do everything hormones do, and more. *Exciting results come faster.* ● When you use Instant Endocreme at night, it simply melts into your skin, leaving no shine, working while you sleep. When you use Instant Endocreme as a "moisturizer" under make-up, it makes you feel freshly beautiful every hour of the day. ● Discover your own unquenchable flame of youth! Simply dip, daily, into the silky fire contained in this brilliant lacquer-red jar. Five dollars plus the tax. At all fine cosmetic counters.

INSTANT ENDOCREME *distributed by Hirestra Laboratories, Inc. • 745 Fifth Avenue, New York*



At last—a spray-set without the alcohol and gummy fixatives that can give your hair a dry, dull look.

New! The only spray-set with no alcohol

–builds beauty as it curls!

Such silky, soft curls! Never dry-looking.
Such shiny, springy curls! Never stiff, sticky or flaky.

Real dream stuff, this fabulous new Beauty Curl. Sets beauty . . . holds beauty . . . *builds* beauty! And without a drop of drying, burning alcohol that can rob your hair of the natural oils that protect its precious lustre.

No sticky lacquer or gummy fixative, either. Yet you can use it to set and to *hold!* And every time you spray it on, you can *see* an added glow. That's because Beauty Curl builds beauty from within. No wonder you get those soft, shiny curls that keep their joyous bounce even on the dampest day. Better get new Beauty Curl today!



A NEW Richard Hudnut DISCOVERY

Beauty Curl SPRAYS IN BEAUTY . . . SETS AND HOLDS NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS.

© 1957 Lambert-Hudnut Div.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

ing and his arms were holding her. "You're ing to take me away? You're going to ——"

He was not even thinking of the men, of the npossibility of going back to face them. He as thinking of the woman, the blaze in her, nd in all his bold years there had never been a oman come to him as she had come.

"Yes," he said. "I'll take you. God knows I take you."

Miss Hattie had listened to the talk, hearing e words clear and sharp. Without knowing e was moving, she whirled and ran away om them, fleeing out of the tangle of woods. he did not stop until she had circled through ees all the way into the safety of the cove. hen she approached the house from the back, ing through the barn. A voice reached for r and she turned, looking at Jesse John, his ms full of shucked corn.

"Did Connie get up yet, Miss Hattie?"

She took her eyes away from his unaware ce, looking down at her dusty bare feet. Yes," she said. "I saw her this morning."

Jesse John dumped the armload of ears nd started back to the crib. "I didn't know here she'd got to," he said. "What has she een doing with herself?"

Miss Hattie stared into his face. There was o way she could lie. He would know from e sound of her voice that she was lying. Don't make me tell you, Jesse John," she id. "Don't make me be the one to tell you."

He turned sharply toward her. "What do ou mean? What are you talking about?"

But he was looking at her and he did not ave to hear the speaking of the words. "She ent off with another man," she said. "I saw er. I followed her down the road until she et him and I heard them talking and then . . . e went off with him."

Her arm was thin under his sudden grip. How long have you known about it?" he id. "How long without saying a word ——"

She writhed under the harsh strength of his and. "I didn't know." She was crying. "I idn't, Jesse John. I swear I didn't."

He had never hurt her before in her life. He ad never hurt anyone. But the gentleness as jerked and shaken in him now and he did ot doubt the truth of the saying. He sat down n the open doorway of the corncrib, putting is hands over his face.

"I knew she'd do it," he said, his voice reaking on the individual lump of each word. I knew it from the day she married me, but I ouldn't believe it."

Miss Hattie went to him, putting her hand n his head. She felt very wise and womanly. You couldn't help it. It ain't your fault."

He lifted his head. "No man could love her e way I do. No man could treat her with the oodness I tried to treat her with."

Miss Hattie stopped, bewildered. "Maybe oodness ain't enough. Maybe it takes ore ——" She stopped, feeling young again, e acquired wisdom and thinking gone. "I on't know," she said shrilly. "How do you xpect me to know? You're the grown."

She ran away from him toward the house, rying, the sun blinding in her eyes.

In the barn, Jesse John waited until the nawing would be gone out of his mind. But it id not go; and after a while in desperation he ose, going toward the field, walking with the tiff, stumping steps of an old man.

He met Matthew and Rice coming to dinner. Papa," he said, "I come looking for you."

"What's the matter?" Matthew said in immediate alarm.

Jesse John's face was naked to Matthew's eeing. "Connie has left me," he said. His oice was blunt and heavy with the words.

It was not a surprise to Matthew; he had nown the restlessness and uncertainty in her. It was one of those TVA men," he said.

Jesse John shook his head. "I don't know. I idn't even know she ——"

Matthew put his hand on his shoulder. "No an can keep a woman that don't want to be ept. No man in the world."

Jesse John's face hardened into stubborn ines. "I'm going after her. I'm going to find er and bring her back."

"You still want her? After another man ad laid his hand on her?"

Jesse John nodded his head, ashamed. "I love her, papa. I've got to go find her."

Matthew studied him. "If you feel like you got to go," he said slowly, "I'm not going to try to stop you." He felt his voice choke up and he coughed, clearing his throat. "I'd have told Knox the same thing, if he'd stopped to ask me. You're men now. You know your own mind."

Jesse John turned away. "I didn't aim to leave you. I've just got to find her now."

Matthew put his hand on his shoulder again. It was an unaccustomed closeness between them. "Go on," he said. "But come back when you can. I'm gonna need a man to follow after me one of these days. Don't forget that."

"I'll come," Jesse John said. "I promise you that, papa. After I'm done looking."

It is difficult for two men to gather a crop planted by four. Matthew worked harder that fall than he had ever worked in his memory to keep up with the ripening of cotton and corn. Rice worked with him, as steadily.

Their only visitor was Crawford Gates. He came at least once a week, usually on Saturday to take Arlis to the movies in town. Matthew was civil with him, but the first friendliness was gone between them. He felt a tensing within him when Crawford was in the cove, awaiting momentarily the renewed assault upon his defenses. But it did not come. Crawford visited, apparently, only to court Arlis.

There are rituals for fall: the quick stoop and snatch after cotton, the splitting of stovewood dried from the summer's cutting, the cry of geese in the night going overhead from north to south. Then in November came the richest ritual of them all. Matthew, one night after supper, went to take the mail-order catalogue from the shelf. He brought it back to the table and spread it open. "I reckon it's time to make out our order," he said. "Every one of us is going to need winter clothes."

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

One Romantic dress

Barbara J. feels in a mood to spend a few well-earned fashion dollars, not (no, *never*) foolishly, but at least fancifully. She feels deserving of a special reward—and an extra-special one at that. After all, she's followed the straight-and-narrow fashion path to a well-rounded wardrobe and accomplished it on the strictest of budgets. The reward—something sparkling, something gay, to make her feel like a million dollars though it may cost only a very few of them.

Shopping in this case is the greatest of pleasures and these are four of Barbara's special favorites. Each one of them seasonless, they will continue on long after the last of the holiday parties. Her final choice is completely fanciful, but by now we know Barbara well enough to feel assured it fits perfectly into the whole scheme of things.

By BET HART



Pretty by candlelight, on a dance floor or in repose. Perhaps it is just the candlelight-and-lace romanticism which makes Barbara succumb to this special one. (Practicality-wise, we suspect it was due to the perfection of fit and the fact that it was particularly becoming to her.) Barbara wears it with its own pink cummerbund, adds a rose. A pretty contrast under her red coat, and she can wear her red sandals or, less formally, black pumps. $12.95.

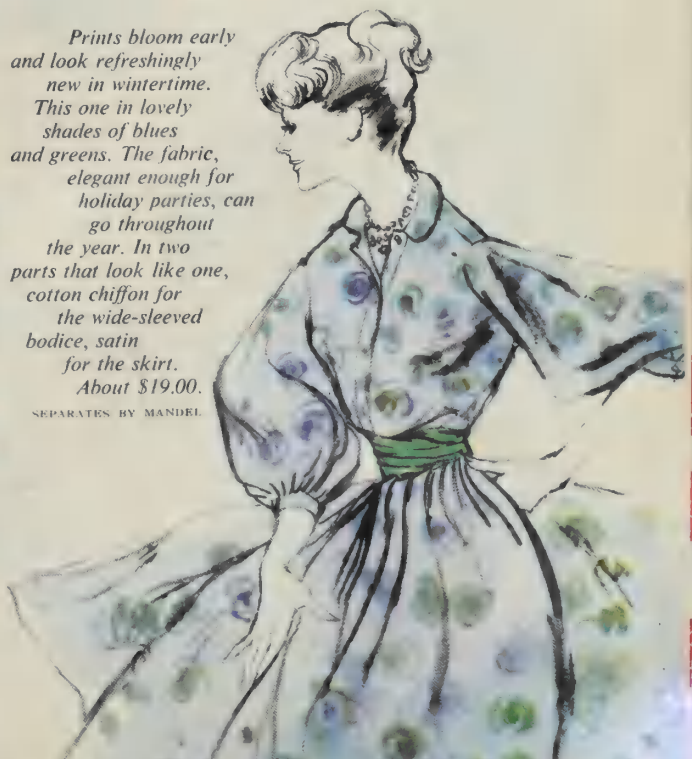
DRESS BY VIRGINIA SPEARS



The most classic: a slim white reed of a dress. A perfect basic to change appearances for a party-a-night whirl with a different accessory each evening. The fabric, rayon ottoman; and the color—or lack of it—gives the dress its unadorned elegance. $10.95.

Soft crepe drapes beautifully into one of the most graceful of all silhouettes. The bodice is of tiny pleats with a wide square neckline. A matching satin cummerbund cinches in the waistline and makes the line of the gathered skirt appear even more fluid. $22.95.

DRESS BY ELAINE NOYES



Prints bloom early and look refreshingly new in wintertime. This one in lovely shades of blues and greens. The fabric, elegant enough for holiday parties, can go throughout the year. In two parts that look like one, cotton chiffon for the wide-sleeved bodice, satin for the skirt. About $19.00.

SEPARATES BY MANDEL

He saw the brightening and the quickening in their faces as they leaned toward him. "All right," he said. "Start telling me what you want, and I'll tell you what you can have."

Arlis put her hands together. "I'm going to need some things for the house," she said. "A new coffeepot, for one thing."

He looked at her, teasing. "How about some pretty clothes?"

She blushed. "I don't need any new clothes. Maybe a house dress or two—the ones I've got are faded by now."

Matthew laughed. "The price of cotton was better this year," he said. "So everybody gets something they don't need."

He turned open the book to the men's wear. "I'll start putting down papa first," he said. "He'll have to have some new overalls and shirts. Two pairs of long underwear too." He began writing carefully on the order blank. "What about you, Rice?"

"I need an overall jumper," Rice said. "I'd like one of them blanket-lined ones. And a pair of shoes."

The sound of the motor was loud in the stillness and Matthew, looking at Arlis, saw the change come into her face.

"It's Crawford," she said. "I recognize ——" She stopped, looking away from Matthew.

They all waited until the motor cut off, the door slammed, and then they heard Crawford's voice saying, "Hello, hello."

Matthew looked back at the catalogue in front of him. "We'll finish it tomorrow," he said.

Arlis led Crawford into the kitchen. Crawford was talking rapidly, his face lit with excitement. "Hello, Mr. Dunbar," he said. "He won. He won again."

"You didn't expect him to lose, did you?" Matthew said.

"Who won?" Rice said.

"Roosevelt!" Crawford said. "Landon didn't get anywhere. Roosevelt landslided him right out of existence."

"You sound like you was worried about it," Matthew said. "Shucks, you could have walked the coves for half a day and found out that Landon didn't have a chance."

Crawford sat down at the table. "TVA can go forward now. We know that we'll have the money and the support we need to finish the job. If the election had gone the other way, TVA would have been stopped."

"Maybe I should have voted for Landon, then," Matthew said mildly. "The TVA has only come to hurt me. That would be my own personal and true interest, to help stop the TVA."

Crawford watched him. "You don't really mean that," he said. "I can tell by looking at you that you don't mean it."

Matthew sat still. "Yesterday Roosevelt was elected again," he said. "And today you come with hurry and clamor to finish the job you're hired to do. The orders do come down fast, don't they?"

Crawford moved his hands impatiently. "It's not the election," he said. He stopped, holding his lips tight together. Then he burst on. "Sir, I've been sticking my neck out for you in that office all summer long. I've been telling them that you'd come to your senses. We've already bought out just about everybody but you. They knew that when the dam came they'd have to sell out, find another home and another farm where they could enjoy the benefits. All except you. You sat back here in Dunbar's Cove uninterested in what was going on outside and said, 'I don't want nothing to do with it!'"

"Son," Matthew said, "no man has ever talked to me in no such a way. What gives you the right to come into a man's house and ——"

Crawford stood up. "I got the right, Matthew. Because I've bet my job on you. I've stood before my boss' desk telling him that if I couldn't do it without resort to force or violence or law, I'd hand him my job."

"You oughtn't to have done that," Matthew said. There was a quickening harshness in his voice. "I didn't ask for your help. You didn't have the right to put me under obligation to you. For that reason I don't feel no obligation."

Crawford turned, looking up at Arlis. "I didn't do it for you," he said. "Well, partly, I guess. But mostly for Arlis."

Matthew, too, looked up at Arlis. "Did you ask him to do it?"

"No," Arlis said. "I didn't ask him."

Matthew looked back at Crawford and for a moment anger blazed in his face. "Crawford," he said, "I stand where I stood the day you first walked into this cove. I've got one job, and one job alone on this earth. I come here to save and preserve, not to destroy and to tear away. It was given to me to manage Dunbar's Cove for a generation, and to choose the one it'll pass to after I'm gone. With all that in back of me, you walk into the cove with a new idea and a piece of paper in your hand and expect me to lay down, on your say-so alone, what I was put here to do."

Crawford said quickly, "It's a new idea, I'll admit, that a farming man can live an easy, town kind of life, with electricity to do his work for him, and indoor toilets, and tractors to take the toil out of his life. That his land can be held against the erosion of wind and rain and protected against the tearing away of floods. That his crops and his produce can go cheaper to market with river transportation all up and down the whole length of the river. But it's a real idea, too, as real as Dunbar's Cove. Dunbar's Cove is an idea for one man. TVA is for the whole country. TVA is bigger ——"

"Bigness don't make right," Matthew said stubbornly. "Law don't make right." He stopped, glaring at Crawford. "And you might as well quit talking about all you've done for me. As far as I'm concerned, you ain't done a thing. It don't stir me none because I didn't ask you to do it."

"I didn't do it for you," Crawford yelled out of exasperation. "I did it for Arlis. I did it because I love her and I want to marry her and I ——"

His words stopped in the heavy silence. Matthew was looking at Arlis, saw the change and shift in her face, the quickly suppressed glow.

"Did you know about this?" he said.

"He never said it," Arlis said. "He never said it, before this minute."

"Crawford Gates," Matthew said, "let me tell you something. You walked into this cove on a day last spring. A day when my son Knox had not gone away to work for the TVA, at public wages day by day, a hired hand. My daughter-in-law Connie had not followed the wanting of her desire with a stranger-man come flaunting his money and his travels and his wildness before her, tolling my son Jesse John in search of her. And Arlis; on that day of your coming she was happy here at home, doing the work her mamma left her to do. She was contented with her daddy, she didn't have to oppose him as she's doing now on your account, putting a distance between us that's never been between us before. That's it, Crawford. This is the thing you've done in the few short months since your first coming. Is this the goodness you're talking about, the rightness and the power of the TVA?"

"I couldn't have done it, Matthew," Crawford said, "if it hadn't been already in them. You can't stop change. You've got to go along with it, shaping and guiding it."

"I'm keeping Dunbar's Cove like it is. You can talk all night, and you can't change my way and my mind on that."

"But you can't even do that," Crawford said. "I didn't have to risk my job, the best job I've ever had or ever will have, on your account. Or even on Arlis'. Because when the time comes the TVA can take your land, whether you like it or not. We don't want to do that, but we can if we have to. We'll pay you what it's worth. But we can take it with the paying."

Matthew's face flushed. "You lie," he said. "No government can take a man's ——"

"Yes," Crawford said. "There's a procedure for it. The property can be condemned for the common good, the right appraised amount paid over, and it's no longer yours."

Matthew moved around the table. "Get out of here," he said. "Don't set your foot in this cove again."

"It won't do any good," Crawford said. "You can't ——"

"Get out," Matthew said. "This is my house. This is my land. And I'm telling you to get your feet off my dirt once and for all."

"But Arlis ——"

"I don't care ——"

"Papa," Arlis said, "I love Crawford. I hadn't told him either." Her voice was shaky and uncertain. "But I love him, papa."

Matthew drew a long breath. "That don't change my mind," he said. "Go away from here, Crawford. Go on now. I'm telling you for the last time."

Crawford turned and went out the door, without a word, into the darkness.

The horn blew the following night before they had finished the mail order. Matthew had come into the house from the barn to find Arlis bending over the stove.

"Supper will be ready in a minute, papa," she had said. "You've just got time to wash up."

The coldness had gone out from around them. The kitchen was cheerful and there had been a burst of laughter at the table. It was quickly subdued, with furtive glances at Matthew sitting somber in his accustomed place, but he had lifted his head and smiled.

Then the horn blew. It was two quick staccato blasts, sweeping into the cove from the far road.

Arlis looked at Matthew. She stood up. "I'll be back," she said. Her voice was quiet, assured as always. "I won't be long."

She gave him time for forbiddance. He looked at her, knowing that she would go against the sound of his voice, and so he did not speak.

Arlis went quickly down the road toward the head of the cove. She saw headlights and stepped out into the beam of light so he could see her. He opened the door and stepped out, putting his arms around her. He laid his face against hers.

"You meant it," he said. "You meant what you said last night."

She drew away. "Of course," she said. "I wouldn't have said it if ——"

He stopped the words. His lips were cold against hers, chill from the touch of air from the north.

"Let's get in the car. I've got a heater."

She slid under the wheel to the other side. He rolled up the glass and the car quickly became comfortable.

He turned toward her, touching her shoulder. "I didn't know whether you'd come," he said. "Whether you could even hear me."

"I heard," she said quietly. "Papa heard too."

"What are we going to do?" He reached out for her and she came quickly into his arms again. "Why didn't you ever tell me before? All this long summer I've ——"

She laughed softly. "You didn't tell me either."

"I was scared to. I was downright scared to even ——"

"Me too," she said. "Of course, a girl ——"

They laughed and his arms held her tighter. After a moment she drew away. Their mood changed from the recognition and acceptance of love and her voice was sober when she spoke again.

"What are we going to do, Crawford?"

"Get married," he said, wondering how he could say the words so calmly. "Waiting won't help matters any—it'll just make it worse. Don't even go back there, Arlis. Leave with me tonight."

She shook her head. "I can't. Knox left him. Jesse John left him. And then me."

He turned. "He can't keep the cove separate from the world to the end of time, Arlis. You've got a right to live your own life. Doesn't he realize that?"

"I've got a duty just like papa has," Arlis said. "It's my job to clean and cook and scrub. I've done it since mamma died—and if I didn't do it ——"

"There's Miss Hattie. She's as old as you were when you took on the job."

She shook her head. "It's not the same. She wouldn't know how to do it. What's going to happen, Crawford? Will he ——"

"Yes," Crawford said harshly. "He'll lose the cove. In the end he'll have to give it up. There's no way to change that."

She turned in his arms. "But do you have to be the one?"

"No," he said. "I could quit my job. They'd put another man in my place, and it would go on. I don't want to drop out, Arlis." He looked at her in the darkness. "I can't quit any more than he can."

She moved out of his arms. "What's a woman to do when she loves her daddy and ——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144



"I can see a resemblance to some men I know, but I don't see how they can say women came from apes!"

ITA HAYWORTH starring in "PAL JOEY"

N ESSEX-GEORGE SIDNEY PRODUCTION®. A COLUMBIA RELEASE IN TECHNICOLOR®





Now—four more colorful reasons for using Lux!

And pure white Lux—as always—sealed in gold foil

Color does something for you

...and so does a lovely complexion!

"I always use Lux because it's so gentle, so good to my skin. And I love all four of the new pastel colors!" *says Rita Hayworth*

Lux can do as much for *you* as it does for Rita Hayworth. That's because gentle Lux has a rich *Cosmetic lather*, to help smooth and *soften* your skin.

Soft is the word for the new Lux Colors, too. One or more of these pastels is sure to contrast or harmonize with your bathroom. Use Lux in Color—right along with pure white Lux. (Naturally, you get the same wonderful Lux fragrance!) Lever Brothers guarantees you'll decide Lux is perfect for your skin—or your money back.

For a complexion you'll love—and he'll love, too—use Lux.

9 out of 10 Hollywood stars depend on LUX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

"Make a choice," Crawford said quickly. "She's got to make her choice and stick by it."

She shook her head. "I can't," she said. "I can't. I love you, Crawford. I said it in proudness, and I meant it. But if I went with you, not a soul in this world could say what Matthew Dunbar might do. I just can't let him be driven that far."

"Then"—Crawford took a deep breath—"I'm not going to see you again?"

"You can't come to the house," she said quickly. "But every time you blow your horn, I'll be down here." She laughed. "Even if I have to leave the dirty dishes in the dishpan."

He took her again in his arms. They kissed, and kissed again until Arlis drew away, opening the door on her side, and the cold wind swirled into the car. She slipped out onto the roadway and waved to him and went quickly away back up the cove.

Rice was the last now. He stayed with Matthew in the fields, working as hard and as long as he did. And he liked it, Matthew knew. He liked the feel of the plow in his hand, the curl of the earth over the shiny wing.

I could have a worse choosing, Matthew thought, looking upon his youngest son. He pushed the thinking away and concentrated on the plowing, absorbing himself into the rhythm and the swing of the work. He passed and repassed Rice.

Finally he stopped for a rest and led the mule into the shade of a tree. The mule was bellowsing his sides, and sweat was black on his flanks. Rice pulled up beside his father and stopped, grinning.

"You gonna work that mule down to a nub, papa," he said.

Matthew laughed. "He goes on four feet, while I just go on two. He ought to outlast me." He squatted down on his heels and started rolling a cigarette. "Better give your own a little rest, too, son."

"Yes, sir." Rice hawed the mule into the shade and sat down to shake out his shoes. "We ought to get through with this field before very long, now."

"Yes," Matthew said. He lit the cigaret and stuck the flaming match into the earth, quenching it immediately. "Son, you're eighteen years old now and you're doing a man's work—have been for some time."

Rice stiffened against the strange gravity of the words. "Yes, sir," he said.

"You know, I reckon, that when Jesse John and Knox come eighteen I started paying them their share for the work they done. I ain't done that for you as yet—I've just given you pocket money now and again."

Rice started to smile, then saw that it was too soon for joy and stopped the smiling quickly. "Yes, sir," he said. "I'd be mighty proud to have my own money."

Matthew went on. "You're due your share. In fact, you're overdue. I figure I owe you for last fall, too, when we had that crop together all to ourselves. So you'll have a fair sum in your hand."

"I thank you, papa," Rice said. "And I'll work hard. I'll ——"

"I know you will," Matthew said quickly. "You ain't never slacked on me yet, Rice. You can do as you see fit with your own money. You can spend it on women like Knox did, you can squirrel it away—or you can buy yourself some dairy stock ——"

"Papa!" Rice said. "Papa ——"

Matthew lifted a hand. "If you got the desire to handle dairy stock with your own money, I won't say a word to stop you. You can pasture them with my beef calves. I'll even give you corn-and-hay acreage to raise their feed on—acreage you'll have to work by yourself."

Rice stood up. "I'll have me a barn," he said. "A big, heated barn, like I've seen in the pictures in the Progressive Farmer. I'll stall them cows, and milk by electricity, and I'll have me a truck to deliver. I'll buy Holsteins—they're the best milkers ——" He stopped, turning toward Matthew. "Papa, I ——" He choked on the words.

Matthew stood up too. Carefully he put out the cigarette. "I don't reckon you'll do all that tomorrow," he said. "But you can get yourself a couple of milkers for a starter. You can strain the milk and have the milk truck pick it up every morning. They'll leave you a check every two weeks and with your check ——" He shrugged his shoulders, going to the plow. "Why, maybe by the time I'm ready to set down like your grandpaw, you will have that big barn and all them fine cows."

He wouldn't lose Rice now—there wouldn't be any way to lose him. He turned the mule and plowed away very quickly.

Rice was awakened by a sound. He came awake quickly, wondering about the day and the sound and the instant stir of anticipation. Then he sat up in bed, knowing and recognizing at the same time. The sound was the boom of dynamite. He jumped out of bed and slipped on an old pair of overalls, running down the dogtrot and toward the swimming hole in the creek. The water was cold, chill with the night, and he shivered with the sudden plunge. He came out of the water, dried himself with the old overalls, and put them on to wear back to his room. There he dressed in slacks and an open-necked shirt, and went into the kitchen. Breakfast was on the table and he slipped into his place.

Matthew looked at him wryly. "You gonna get them pretty clothes mighty dirty, plowing in them."

Rice looked up at him, grinning. "I didn't have it in mind, sir, to work today. I'm going to a stock sale to buy my first cow."

Matthew laughed. "Yesterday I make a partner of you and today you quit on me."

Rice frowned. "I'll be there tomorrow and every day after that. It's just that today ——"

Matthew stopped him with his hand. "I reckon I can get along without you," he said. "I've got that money I owe you."

Matthew took out the long purse and opened it. His fingers dug out the roll of bills and slowly counted them on the table. Rice watched avidly while Matthew picked them up, and at last handed them to him.

precious protection . . .

WOOLITE YOUR WOOLENS



WASH BACK THAT FRESH NEW LOOK

- Woolite's exclusive secret formula.
- No shrinkage or matting.
- No need to block.
- Recommended by famous woolen wear makers on their washing instruction tags.
- For synthetics, blends, silks and cottons, too.
- Costs only 1½¢ per washing.
- In the blue-and-white striped tin at department and specialty stores or wherever fine woolens are sold.
- Also in the 20-packet Travel Pack.



THE ONE COLD WATER SOAP WITH THE SEAL OF QUALITY OF THE UNITED STATES TESTING COMPANY

WOOLITE

The Miracle Cold Water Soap made by the makers of Lastic Life, the golden cold water soap for elastic garments

Woolite, Incorporated: North Hollywood, California; New York, Chicago.

"There you are," he said. "You're gonna ve to work awhile before you get any more."
"Yes, sir," Rice said, staring down at the oney. "I ain't never had a pile of money like it in my whole life."
"Well, don't spend it all on one cow," Matew said, starting out the kitchen door.
"But that's just what I aim to do," Rice said. ne real fine cow. A registered Holstein."
He ate his breakfast hurriedly and went out the house. He cut away from the road, goig up over the thickety hill. He did not see e cluster of men far away at the other edge the clearing until their shouting voices ached to him. He stopped, seeing them, and ped up on a stump, waving to answer their eeting. He heard the shouts, the sharp, terying whistle, and saw the red flags. Somehere near him a stump erupted suddenly into e air and then another, closer, and earth owered over him. He looked down, beildered, and saw the thin curl of smoke from e sticks of dynamite.
He had just time to recognize them before e fresh morning world blew up in his face.

Crawford got into his car, driving toward e cove. The sun was high in the sky, burning it, and even in the movement of the car he s sweating. He parked the car at the head of e cove and started walking up the dirt road.
"Howdy, Crawford," Matthew said.
Crawford whirled, seeing Matthew sitting der a tree up on the close slope of the hill. e was smoking a cigarette and the smoke ibbled grayly between his fingers, going aight up in the hot noon stillness of the air.
Crawford turned off the road and tramped ough the dusty grass. "I heard about Rice," said, "too late to come to the burying."
"Yes," Matthew said. "I figured you didn't ar ——"
Crawford looked at him closely. "I hope u don't blame us for it, Matthew. The TVA, mean."
Matthew shifted his hands. "That would easy, wouldn't it?" he said slowly. "It uld make everything the easiest in the rld. You can hate, if you can hate, without y holding back."
"It's a hard thing to bear," Crawford said. wful hard. I ——"
"I've got to bear it," Matthew said. "Just e I got to make the crop by myself now. A an can do what's necessary."
Crawford sat down on the ground, putting s back against a sapling. "You need someody to help with that crop, all right. It's a g place you've got here."
"Jesse John will be back before long. I ok for him before gathering time. He's a od worker too. You can depend on him."
Crawford looked at him curiously, hearing e intensity of the words, and he found himf hoping that it was true. "Matthew," he id, "next spring that dam will be closed."
Matthew's head snapped around and Crawrd held up his hand. "Listen to me. I'm going to find you a piece of land that's better than here. And I want you to promise me to come and look at it. If you don't like it, I'll find another one. There's bound to be one farm that you'll like well enough to give up this senseless hanging on against the TVA."
Matthew stared at the cove. "There's just one thing wrong with that," he said. "Any other land you'll find has borne the names of other men. Only this land is Dunbar, has always been Dunbar. And that makes it different from all the other land." He laughed suddenly. "So you just wear yourself out looking, son. I'll go with you when you say the word. But I'll tell you here and now, you'll never take me away from my own."
The words made a freedom in him. He wasn't afraid of Crawford any more. He knew that Crawford had tried to take Arlis away from him. But she had not left him; and now she never would. With his plan, there was no need to fear either Crawford, or the TVA, or both together.
Matthew leaned over and slapped Crawford on the knee. "Yes, sir," he said, "I'll do anything you say." He smiled. "In fact, I don't see any reason why you should court Arlis down there in the car. Come on and sit up on the porch like respectable folks."
Crawford studied Matthew. "I'm glad to see you've decided the right way," he ventured. "We'll find that land together, and then I'll bring the papers for you to sign. You'll be able to finish this crop and next winter you can move in plenty of time to get your new place ready ——"
"Move!" Matthew said. He stood up, sweeping an arm to point at the head of the cove. "You see that narrow neck of land, where the hills come down so close? Come laying-by time, I'll take a team of mules and hook 'em to a scraper. I'll lay me a high dirt dam all across the mouth of that cove. Who's talking about moving?"
Crawford, astonished, stood up, looking where Matthew was pointing. "You don't mean it. You can't mean to ——"
Matthew whirled. "I'll tell you I mean it," he said. "You're the one that's scared now, Crawford. All this time I've been walking in fear and trembling because of you and the TVA. But now I've got something to do, that I can do with my own two hands. I'm gonna build that earth dam high and tight and when the TVA water starts rising, I'll sit snug behind my own dam and laugh at all of you."
"You can build your earth dam all right," Crawford said. "But what are you going to do about the creek? If you dam it up, you'll flood yourself out. And if you don't, your dam won't do you a bit of good."
He walked away quickly, leaving Matthew dumfounded. He had overlooked the problem of the creek.
"I'll still do it!" he hollered. "I'll make it work. I'll cost you your job yet." Crawford had reached the road and was walking toward his car. He turned and waved and walked on.

Matthew finished the laying-by and still Jesse John had not returned. Matthew was not satisfied with this laying-by as he usually was, for he didn't really finish so much as quit. His crops were grassy, as they had never been, and the perfection of his soul was not satisfied to leave growing grass in his fields. But he had done the best he could. He had come to accept many things at less than their ultimate.
At night he lay in bed half asleep, dozing from his tiredness, and listened to the soft murmur of voices from the front porch where Crawford sat with Arlis. Every night it went on, the soft murmuring, and lilt of laughter, and long silences that were more disturbing than the talk. But he endured it. To forbid, now, would be an admission of weakness. And he trusted Arlis.
Twice Matthew, in the middle of the laying-by, left his plow and started walking up the creek bank. But he had too much work at hand to spend his time in exploration of the dilemma, and each time he turned back. The day after he was through, though, he set out early in the morning determined to search out a solution in the twists and turns of the channeled water.
And he found it. Far back up the slope, where the creek was very narrow, he found a place to suit his purpose. The creek bank was

bring out the natural beauty of your hair

Glinting with color in the lamplight . . . shining, silky-smooth; Noreen flatters your well-groomed locks with new, delicate and natural-looking color. Takes only three minutes to apply and the lovely Noreen color lasts until your next shampoo.

Try Noreen soon . . . surprise yourself, but only yourself, because the change is too subtle to be really obvious. With 14 flattering shades to choose from, with ease and speed of application and modest cost, you can lift your hair from drab to any of several shades of blondeness . . . make auburn hair truly auburn . . . put cool excitement into dark hair shades . . . make gray or white hair shine like new-minted silver. Noreen is your simplest and best approach to hair beauty whether you have a professional application in your beauty salon or do it yourself at home.

Write for literature and FREE sample offer:
Noreen, 450 Lincoln St., Denver 3, Colo., Dept. 12.

Noreen® COLOR HAIR RINSE



● There are some days in San Francisco traffic court, Judge William A. O'Brien told a reporter recently, when he is reminded of a cartoon tucked away in his desk drawer. It shows an automobile crumpled against a tree and its irate lady driver snapping at a startled man in the adjoining house, "You the owner of that stupid tree?"

Judge O'Brien said he knew just how that man must have felt because many of the women offenders brought before him take that same attitude—"Everybody is wrong but me." Worried by the rising number of hit-run drivers—those who clip another car in traffic or crash into a parked car—the judge has been fining heavily in such cases. But some women drivers either don't understand the law, he feels, or have no conscience. One eminently respectable lady, who crashed into a parked car and sped away without leaving her name or address, thought it quite enough to explain, "But I'm a nice person and I have a nice car."

Another "nice" lady, provoked at being haled into court, protested, "But I just knocked a little piece off his fender"—though the repair bill came to $200. Still another excuse was "I didn't know I hit that car," even after witnesses testified the impact resounded two blocks away. A third woman said haughtily, "I'm fully insured"—but she had made no attempt to report the accident.

When the judge finished talking about women drivers, he got around to what he considered the biggest problem on the road today: men. "Take drivers' licenses away from every man aged eighteen to twenty-four," he said quietly, "and we could close traffic court."

high on one side, and the water was fast here. But the other side was low and there was a flood channel, starting out as a shallow sheet erosion and then deepening into a gully.

He explored down the gully, a fear in him that the flood channel would open into the cove. But it did not; the first low roll of ridge bordering the cove ran up high enough, and nearly all the way to the river, a tight, high, narrow swell of land that had never been cultivated. A creek could flow here, making a new way for itself to the river, and he would be rid of it.

He went back to the creek, marveling at the chance structure of the earth that gave the water a choice of ways to the river, wondering why it had chosen the cove when actually that was the more tortuous path. He did not know that David Dunbar, when he had discovered the cove, had turned the creek at exactly this point and that the gully he had found was the old original route.

David Dunbar had done the work in a day's hard labor with a shovel. But now the creek was fast here, too fast, and Matthew would have to lay a firm dam against its strength to turn it. But he had to make it work. Without stopping he went on to the barn, where he hitched up the mules to the wagon and got the ax and the shovel and a pick out of the tool shed. Then he began wrestling the scraper toward the wagon.

Matthew got into the wagon and whipped the mules into motion, making them trot. From the bottom of the cove he had to make a road to the damsite and he slowed the mules, stopping once or twice to cut away saplings that were too big to bend under the axles of the wagon. He was already sweating by the time they reached the place.

Matthew unhitched the team and tied them to the wagon wheels. He took the ax to the bank of the creek, went to a tree as big around as his waist and began chopping it down. He worked furiously, and very quickly the tree crashed down toward the creek.

Matthew brought the second tree down and dragged the trunks to the creek. He trimmed a sharp end on a couple of straight limbs and stuck them upright in the bed of the creek, driving them down with the flat of the ax until they were standing strong against the current. Then he would get out of the water and make more pilings, driving them in a solid, thick row across the width of the creek. The water swirled and boiled around and around the two logs resting against them.

By the time the work was finished it was sundown. Matthew stood looking at the evidences of his labor. There were two rawly new and ax-jagged stumps low on the ground, a pile of brush from the treetops that could be thrown into the dam after enough logs had been added, and in the creek two logs bobbing and threading against the upright piles. It was such an infinitesimal block upon the flow of the creek. But it was large as a beginning. Matthew was satisfied.

It took him almost until gathering time to finish the creek dam. Every morning he was at work by sunup, and he did not quit until almost dark. Day after day he piled logs and brush against the row of stakes. After the logs and the brush were in, he began hauling dirt. He used both teams of mules, alternating them, to pull the scraper. He was taking the dirt out of the flood channel, lowering the level of flow he would have to achieve with each inch of earth removed, and the water was backing up from the dam, coming high and quiet along the bank.

He was lucky with one thing: there were no heavy rains to wash out the entire sum of his daily travail. Behind the dam the water piled up, inch by hard-fought inch, the level coming up steadily as he built the dam higher and higher.

There was still a lot of work to do. But he knew that he had won in this phase. And he had learned a lot about building a dam, enough to know that the greatest task still lay unstarted ahead of him.

He could not possibly do it alone. He would have to have help, a lot of help; and thinking about it, he remembered the men who had come to Rice's funeral. And Jesse John, who would be home soon. For he was more determined than ever now. He was going to win all the way.

He went home and put the mules into the stable. Then he went on to the creek. The flow was stopped completely now. The bed of the creek was muddy, as the water was muddy, and he could see fresh animal tracks crossing where the water had always been before. He went on down the creek to where the backwater from the river began to show, looking to see where the big dam would have to go across.

It would require only work, a lot of work, and soon now he would have to stop to gather the crop. But he could use the time beforehand in rounding up the help he would need, hands and mules and scrapers to pile the earth along the mouth of the cove, damming the entire mouth from shoulder to shoulder of the ridge. He loitered, looking at the area of his endeavor, seeing it in his mind as complete as a ripened field of corn. At last he went out on the road, going toward supper, tired and happy. Headlights swept into the cove and he stopped, seeing it was Crawford's car. Matthew stepped out into the yellow beam, lifting his hand, and Crawford stopped, leaning out the side.

"Mr. Matthew," he said.

"Howdy," Matthew said. "Come here. I want to show you something."

Crawford got out of the car and they went together to the edge of the creek bank. Matthew stood watching Crawford while he looked at the creek. Crawford studied it for a moment, seeing the lowered water level.

"What happened?" he said. "You ——"

"I fixed that creek so I can lay a dam across it," Matthew said triumphantly. "I turned it into a new channel back up yonder so it doesn't flow through the cove at all."

Crawford sat down on the stump where the diving board was fixed. He stared up at Matthew in the darkness. "There just ain't no way to stop you," he said. "No way in this world."

"No," Matthew said, his voice agreeing.

"I've been scouring this countryside," Crawford said, "looking for a place for you to buy. I turned down places in my mind that any man would be proud to own, because I know the way of your thinking. But I finally found one to suit you. I was going to take you there tomorrow."

"I'll go," Matthew said. "But not tomorrow ——" He stopped. Then he went on. "Tell me about it."

Crawford lit a cigarette. "It's a good place," he said. "Good black dirt, well watered, and even bigger than Dunbar's Cove. Fine cotton land, and a good pasture watered with a free stone spring. It's called the Old Outlaw Place."

"Sure," Matthew said. "I know it. Them Outlaws have lived on that land ever since I can remember. His daddy bought it from Snodgrass back before the World War. You want me to go look at it? When?"

"No," Crawford said, the single word admitting defeat. He stood up. "But I'm going to keep right on, all the time you're throwing up your dirt dam against the world and the river. You'll never do it in time. They'll be through building Chickasaw next spring. You can't make a dam all by yourself between now and then. You're setting yourself to the impossible, Matthew."

"I'm not one man," Matthew said stiffly. "I've got kinfolks. They'll come. And Jesse John will be back before too long. There's my brother John and his family. There are Dunbars you've never even heard of who'll come when I call."

It was September before Jesse John found her. He was walking along the dirt street of a dusty construction town, and he was just on the edge of leaving, for he had learned that Ceram Haskins had been here and gone.

He passed a shanty café with a sign that said, "Eats for Gents." He stopped at the door, thinking about eating, and then went on.

Six steps down the street, he stopped. He stood still for a moment and then retraced his steps, looking through the glass panes of the door again. It was her, all right. The corner of his eye had just caught her coming into the café from the kitchen, with a tray of beer bottles.

He went in, threading his way among the tables, and sat down near the back of the room. The walls were rough, scaly with old paint, and the kitchen was closed off by raw new wood. The tables were old and scarred, without tablecloth or napkin. The café was nearly empty; only two men sat at the tables, drinking beer, their voices quiet and droning.

She came out of the kitchen, hurrying toward him without looking. She was plumper than he remembered and she wore more makeup, the lipstick smeared red on her white, tired face. "What'll you have?" she said. Then she saw him and put her hand on her throat as though she might scream.

Jesse John smiled at her. "Hello, Connie," he said. "It's good to see you."

"What are you doing here?" she said.

"Looking for you. What else would I be doing?"

Millions long for immortality who do not know what to do with themselves on a rainy Sunday afternoon.

SUSAN ERTZ
Anger in the Sky

WEATHER and WORK



DRY OUT YOUR HANDS . . . leave them so sore-looking, red and rough you want to hide them . . .



Sofskin helps heal, soothe even the driest, roughest hands

No matter how "weather and work" dry your hands are—no matter how detergent red or sore-looking—Sofskin will bring back to life the pretty, smooth, soft hands you once had!

You see, Sofskin has a hand secret all its own—an exclusive moisturizing element that penetrates to the subsurface tissues, checks dryness at its source . . . restores moisture, helps "weather and work" skin heal naturally . . . feel soft and smooth.

You'll find Sofskin non-sticky, non-greasy, and so easy to use. With soothing Sofskin available, the way your hands look from now on—is in *your* hands!

Sofskin
HAND CREAM

Here's why 2 Sofskin Formulas

Sofskin Moisture Magic, with increased moisturizing qualities, is especially made for *very dry, rough skin.*

Sofskin plus Lanolin has the correct moisturizing qualities for *normal to dry skin.*



33¢, 59¢, 98¢ plus tax

She stood uncertainly, not knowing hat to do. She looked at the order d in her hand and said, "Would you e something to eat?" as though he ere just another customer.

"No," Jesse John said. He looked her reproachfully. "You know hat I want, Connie. You know what come for."

She began to breathe hard, she be- n to be afraid. "Don't start any- ing here, Jesse John," she said. You'll cost me my job if you do. I ed this job, I need it bad."

Jesse John stared at her. "I'm not oing to start anything, honey," he id softly. "I just want you to come ome with me."

The kitchen door opened and the t man, her boss, waddled out, going ehind the counter up toward the cash egister.

"I've followed you all across the ountry." Jesse John smiled again.

The restaurant owner had a deep oice. "Take the man's order," he id to Connie from the cash register. Don't stand there chitter-chattering ll day long."

Connie jumped and moved her ands nervously. She didn't know hat to do.

Jesse John looked across the empty bles. "I'm not ordering," he said ildly. "I just come in to talk to her minute. We're ——"

"Then talk on your own time," the oss said to Connie. "I don't pay you be friendly with the customers."

Connie turned. "I'm sorry, Mr. lewcomb," she said. "He just came , and we—we used to know each ther."

Mr. Newcomb leered at her. "You'll e off at ten o'clock. You've got until leven o'clock tomorrow to meet your iends." He turned around, search- g. "There's a man up there wanting nother beer."

Jesse John stood up from his chair. I just wanted to see her for a minute, ister."

Mr. Newcomb wheeled toward him, onderous as an elephant. "I don't see dime's worth of food or drink on our table," he said.

Jesse John took Connie's arm. Come on, Connie. You don't have o worry about working here any ore."

Connie struggled her arm away. She ared at Mr. Newcomb appealingly. I'm sorry. I won't let it happen gain."

Jesse John took her arm again, rmly this time. "Come on," he said. Let's go."

Mr. Newcomb went away toward e cash register. "Go on," he said. I don't need any notice. I can get nother girl by nightfall."

Connie tried to follow after him, and en she quit the struggle. "My oney," she said. "You owe me ——"

Mr. Newcomb did not even turn. I don't pay for short weeks," he said. Go on with your boy friend."

Connie let Jesse John lead her to- ard the door.

"She's my wife, mister."

"Wife or woman, get her out of my lace of business," Mr. Newcomb aid without looking up. "Go on, ow."

They went out into the glare of sun- hine. "It doesn't matter," Jesse John old Connie. "We'll be going home ow, anyway."

She stopped in the middle of the treet, beginning to cry. "But I can't. don't want to go home with you."

Jesse John's hand clutched cruelly t her arm so that she flinched. "I've een hunting for you and hunting for ou, all this time. You don't say that."

She put her hand on her face, wip- ng away the tears. "I can't. I won't go back with you," she said. "I better talk to Mr. Newcomb right now. Maybe he'll give me back my job."

"But you don't need to, Connie."

She lifted her voice. "I'm not going back to the cove. You hear me?"

Jesse John believed it then. He put his hands down at his sides, staring at her. "That man," he said slowly. "Ceram Haskins."

She shook her head. "He's gone. He's left me already. Just picked up and gone."

"You see," he said, "there's nothing to hold you back. Nothing at all."

"Yes there is. I'm fixing to have a baby."

He looked at her, oblivious of the people passing by and turning to look curiously at them. He took her arm and they walked slowly on, Jesse John staring down at the ground. He had not expected this; somehow he had believed she would be the same as the day she had left, unchanged, as he was unchanged in his travels, by her experience with Ceram Haskins. He felt a sickening jealousy. He fought it within himself as he walked silently by her side. They came to the older part of the town and passed the bus station and Jesse John turned back, guiding her, and went inside. They sat down on a bench and by that time he had fought down the hurt and anger.

"Then why ——" he said.

"I told him about it," she said bitterly. "And he left that night."

Jesse John was all right now. He thought about the anguish of her aloneness with the child in her



DESIGNED BY PALMA-KNAPP ASSOCIATE

COUNSELOR *Classic*

—first bath scale with a jeweled movement!

Here's the most luxurious necessity that ever graced a bathroom! It's the COUNSELOR CLASSIC bath scale—classic in its elegance of design—classic, too, in its precise performance. The entire movement centers upon an imported Swiss jewel. It's made like a fine watch, then set into a gold-trimmed case, crowned with an extra wide easy-reading 300-pound dial. Here is a scale that's as sensitive to weight as you are, and it comes with a lifetime warranty. Never before has anything so purely elegant been designed and built for purely practical reasons! COUNSELOR CLASSIC is a prized possession, a treasured gift. White, pink, blue, green, yellow. At better department stores everywhere—$20. Slightly higher in Far West and Canada.

Other COUNSELOR *models $6.95 and up, including the beautiful Star-Lite, the only bath scale with a lighted dial, and the sleek new Coronet with the convenient handle—so easy to move about when cleaning.*

belly, the almost insuperable problem of having it alone, without a man to tend and support her.

"It's all right now, Connie," he said. "It'll be mine, too, because it's yours. Nobody will ever know the difference. Not even the baby."

Connie's eyes brimmed again. She stared at Jesse John through the haze of tears. "You'd take his child? And me again, after ——"

He put his hand on hers. "That's what I come for. You're my wife, Connie. I want you to keep on being my wife."

She bowed her head over their hands so he could not see into her face. "Jesse John," she said helplessly. "Jesse John."

He felt her voice, and he knew that he had won. The rest did not matter. "I'll find when the next bus leaves. And we'll be on it. We'll be home in the cove before you know it."

She thought of the cove, of Arlis, and the inquisitive eyes of Miss Hattie. And her own father and mother, all the people who knew that she had left with a stranger-man. Her shoulders crumpled again. "I can't go there," she said. "Don't you see I can't?"

He put his hand on her shoulder. "Why?"

She lifted her head. "Do you want me to live my life holding myself against the people who know?" she said, a whimpering in her voice. "Do you think I can stand them looking at me, knowing they're thinking how I run off with another man and came back with a baby that was mighty quick for the time that Jesse John found me again? Every time they lay eyes on me, they'll think it."

"But it won't make any difference," Jesse John protested. "Let them think. You and me are the only ones who matter."

Her hands clutched at his arms, and she buried her face in his shoulder. "I can't face it," she sobbed. "I just can't face it."

Jesse John held her, working his way laboriously to an understanding. He had always meant to return. That had been the simple plan from the beginning: to have Connie, and be home again in the cove where they belonged.

He turned to Connie. "I'll stay with you," he said. "We'll make our home right here."

She could not accept this final saying. She had watched his face, and she knew the struggle. "No," she said. "You want to be back there. That's where you belong to be."

He smiled at her tenderly. He put his arms around her, pulling her close. "I need to be where you are," he said. "Where you can live and be happy. That's all that counts."

As Matthew drove off the square he remembered the post office. He stopped the car, parking it, and walked around to check his box. He got the mail and walked to the writing counter. His hands stopped suddenly, seeing the letter and knowing the handwriting immediately, though he had never received a letter from Jesse John in his life. He opened the flap and took out the single sheet of paper:

Dear Papa: I have been meaning to write for some time but have not been able to get around to it. I hope you are well. We are fine here, and I have a good job.

I run up on Connie the other day and everything is all right. After talking it over, we have decided it would be best if we did not come back there, especially since I have a very good job here at steady pay. Yesterday I made a down payment on a house trailer for us to live in as we will have to move from place to place on this work I am doing.

Well, I just wanted to let you know that everything is all right and Connie is happy that I came after her the way I did.

I hope you-all are well. I guess you will be picking cotton by the time you get this. Hug Miss Hattie and Arlis for me, and say hello to Rice and Knox.

Your son,
JESSE JOHN

Crawford came reluctantly to the cove that day, with a reluctance that had grown deeper and deeper with the passage of the winter, so that now he had to force his hands to steer the car in the right direction. Only the thought and the hope of Arlis had kept him coming to the cove at all. He stopped the car outside the earth dam that reached now across the old road, blocking his entrance, and walked up on the piled dirt.

On his right there was a cluster of men and mules, scraping soil from a shoulder of the ridge. Down past him to the creek was a slide road where the slips had passed carrying the dirt. While he watched, a team swung past him, one of John's boys on the reins. Another team crossed them on the return trip. Crawford studied the useless effort, feeling the reluctance mount in him until he wanted to drive away without seeing either Matthew or Arlis. But he could not do this and so he went down off the high pile of dirt, looking for Matthew. He had put it off too long already.

Matthew was wielding a shovel, loading a box mounted on a slide with runners. "Come to help out?" he said, smiling grimly.

Crawford shook his head. "I'd like to talk to you."

Matthew looked around, then back to Crawford. "I ain't got no time to talk," he said. "Go on up to the house. Arlis is probably waiting on you."

GRANDFATHER'S BELIEF

By JANE H. MERCHANT

"Belief," Grandfather Robbins used to say,
"Is knowledge people act upon. It's not
A fine possession you can store away
To pride yourself upon because you've got
A better than your neighbor's. You can do
That very well with things you merely know.
But if you once believe a thing is true
That isn't possible. You've got to go
And put it into practice. Most of us
Know we should love our neighbor, be forgiving,
Speak ill of none, be patient, generous
And kind to all, in all our daily living.
But if you watch us closely, you'll perceive
That most of what we know, we don't believe."

He finished loading the slide and it pulled away toward the creek. Matthew turned then, looking for the next task, and saw Crawford still waiting patiently. "I told you I don't have time to talk," he said. "Go talk to Arlis."

"It's you I came to see," Crawford said. "Why don't you sit down and rest a minute?"

Matthew glared at him. His eyes were red, too dry, and there was a smear of dirt on his beardy face. "I can rest when I get this dam finished," he said. "Then I can rest all my life if I want to."

They were away from the men. Crawford glanced back to see if they were far enough so their words couldn't be overheard.

"Matthew," he said, "you've got to put an end to it. It won't work. It just won't work. I've told them to condemn your land."

Matthew felt the air rasping in and out of his lungs. "How can they condemn land that won't be covered by their reservoir waters?" he said. "Their law says land that will be flooded. The cove won't be flooded—not after I get that dam built."

Crawford felt hopeless, exasperated. "Their maps and their studies show this land is necessary. That's what they go by."

"They'll just have to change their maps and their studies," Matthew said inflexibly. "They didn't figure on me building a dam, and they'll have to change their figuring." He glared at Crawford belligerently.

"They're coming," Crawford said heavily. "You'll be served with the papers on the condemnation proceedings any time now. So you'd just as well stop, let these men go back home and do their own useful work."

"No," Matthew said. His voice was short, heavy, final.

Crawford moved closer to him. He said, "They're all gone now. All up and down the coves on the river, in the river bottom. The Sheltons and the Precises and the Upjohns, all those who have coves named after their names; they've moved out now, the houses are torn down and the land is cleared ready for the water. You're all alone now. You'll only kill yourself trying to stand against it."

"Come here, Crawford," Matthew said. "I reckon the time has come to show you."

He turned and led Crawford toward the house, up on the porch and into the dogtrot. Matthew, beckoning, opened the door into his own bedroom. Crawford followed him. Matthew went to the foot of his bed and put his hand on the high post. There was a tight smile on his mouth. Then he moved his hand, shoving the bed forcefully on oiled casters halfway across the floor.

Crawford gasped. He stared uncomprehending, unbelieving, down at the floor boards. There were guns. Pistols, and shotguns, and rifles—even a .22 rifle—were laid out on the floor, and boxes of shells and cartridges were stacked neatly against the wall.

He lifted his eyes to look at Matthew. "You can't mean it," he breathed.

Matthew nodded. "I mean it. Those men out there—they're not going to melt away with the coming of the law. I've told them already what to expect. You can serve your papers. You can serve me a ton of 'em if you want to. But they can't take this land with paper."

Crawford did not want to see the guns again. He stumbled out of the room into the fresh air, knowing that he could not bear the presence of Matthew any longer. Matthew came out of the bedroom and went past him without looking or speaking, going back to the men and the work. Crawford stared at his broad back. Uncertainly he went into the kitchen. He wanted Arlis, but the kitchen was empty, and the emptiness was a blow to him.

Crawford had never held a gun in anger. He tried to imagine the feel and the heft of it, the determination and the anger it would take to pick up the gun and fire it, the sound of the shot, the cry of a struck man. He was sunk into the awesome contemplation when Arlis came into the room.

She put her hand on his bowed head, her voice quick with alarm. "What's the matter, Crawford?"

"He's got guns in yonder," he said. "Guns he's ready and willing to use."

He felt her hand tighten against his head. "I know."

He drew away from her. "You knew? Then why didn't you tell me?"

"I kept hoping it wouldn't travel this far," she said, her voice faint, despairing. "I was afraid, if you knew, you'd force him to it. I kept hoping ——" Her voice stopped.

"Once he picks up a gun in his hand, he'll go to jail," he said. "They'll kill him or jail him. Doesn't he know that?"

"He knows it," Arlis said. "You can't stop him, Crawford. There's no way to stop him." She turned toward him. Her face was cold, tight, hard as his own, icy-white. Crawford put his hand on her arm.

"It's time now," he said. "It's time for us to go."

She did not move under his touch. "Us?" she said as though she did not understand.

"Us," he said violently. "You and me. We're going to save ourselves, at least."

She withdrew her arm. She felt the call of his words. But she could not answer. "You go," she said. "I have to stay."

"He's changed, Arlis. He's not the Matthew he was. This is a stranger, a man we'll never know."

Arlis watched his face, feeling the truth of the words. She said slowly "He still needs me, and as long as he needs me I'll have to answer."

Crawford went to the table and picked up his cap. "I'm going now."

She watched while he walked to the door. Her voice stopped him with his hand on the doorknob. "Can't we hope?" she said. "Can't we even hope any more?"

He turned his head. "I don't think so."

"You won't come back?"

"Yes," he said harshly. "I'll have to come back. I'll be serving Matthew with the condemnation notice."

Arlis woke quickly, as she always did. But immediately with the waking she felt a weariness so great she could not stir to move out of her bed. She turned her head to look toward the window and the shock of lateness swept into her. The sun was high in the sky, at least ten o'clock. She could not ever remember having slept so late.

Groaning, she forced herself to sit up. It did not matter that, incredibly late, she had not prepared breakfast for Matthew and grandpaw and Miss Hattie, and for John and his boys, who were staying at the house. The only mattering was the departure of Crawford. He was gone, and so her days were empty before her. And yet—she could not have followed him.

She lifted her head. She had denied him by standing on her duty—and here she was sleeping it away. She stood up, dressing quickly in a light cotton dress.

She opened the door into the kitchen and stopped. The table was cleared, the washpan was piled high with dishes, and there was a fire in the stove.

She looked around. There was a pot of turnip greens bubbling on the stove. Miss Hattie leaned over the dishpan. She straightened up, feeling a presence, and turned to look at Arlis.

"Well!" she said. "So you finally decided to get up. Set down, I'll fix you some breakfast in just a minute."

Arlis went to sit at the table. Miss Hattie tested the coffeepot gingerly with her hand and poured out a cup, bringing it to Arlis.

"Here" she said. "Drink this while your breakfast is getting done."

Arlis did not touch the coffee. "You cooked breakfast?" she said unbelievingly.

"Sure," Miss Hattie said. "I kept you some biscuits warm too. Want some 'lasses to go on them?"

Arlis shook her head. She waited while Miss Hattie finished cooking the breakfast and placed it before her. The eggs were just right—not too soft, not too hard.

"Where in the world did you learn to cook?" she said.

Miss Hattie sat down across from her again. She was grinning. "From you," she said. "Where else? I reckon us Dunbar women are just natural-born housekeepers."

Arlis put down her fork. She stared at Miss Hattie, seeing her no longer as a child. *She's almost fifteen*, she thought. *As old as I was when mamma* —— She stopped. She stopped the thinking dead still and let it hit her, coming into her with the force of a blow.

Miss Hattie moved uneasily. "I didn't aim to make you mad."

"I'm not mad," Arlis said hastily. "I'm glad you did it. I'm just wondering, that's all. Miss Hattie do you—do you think you could take care of papa?"

"Of course," Miss Hattie said boastfully. "I ——" Then she registered the seriousness in Arlis and her stance changed instantly. "You mean ——"

"What if I went off with Crawford?" Arlis said.

Miss Hattie studied her face intently. "You love that man, don't you?" She was standing holding the coffeepot. "Sister," she said seriously, "if you've just got to go with him, go on. Don't worry about this house or about me or about papa. You just follow what you've got to do."

Miss Hattie had not called her "sister" since she had been a little girl, a very little girl who had just lost her mother. Arlis felt the weakness, the sudden sense of release, flood

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150



Yardley products for America are created in England, and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

To make you feel so fresh and feminine

YARDLEY soap . . . of course



No other soap is like it, because Yardley soap is made from an exclusive, secret formula that can't be copied. You'll sense this lovely difference the instant the gentle, rich lather touches your skin. You'll know it from the true perfume fragrance that never fades. You'll enjoy it even hours later in a fresh, radiant glow. Luxurious, yes, but not extravagant, because Yardley soap lasts amazingly long. Pick your favorite from five delightful fragrances. Box of 3, from $1.50.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

over into tears. They were the only happy tears of her lifetime.

Crawford was following in his own car behind Sam when he heard the single, blasting shot. Sam drove on for a couple of hundred yards and then pulled to the side of the road; Crawford parked behind him and walked up on the roadside.

"They know we're coming now," Sam said.

Crawford nodded, thinking, *They have the guns now.* He looked at the lawyer. Sam was a tall man, big and gangling, with heavy shoulders and a big head.

Sam shifted in his seat. "Well," he said cheerfully, "he can't shoot us just for talking to him."

"Better let me go first," Crawford said. "He knows me."

They went on down the road to the head of the cove and turned in. Crawford could see Matthew standing on top of the dam, watching. He was holding a pistol.

"Howdy, Mr. Dunbar," Crawford said.

Matthew stood looking down at them. "Howdy, Crawford. What can I do for you?"

Crawford could not help looking at the gun. He looked back at Matthew's face. "This is Sam MacClendon. "He's a TVA lawyer."

Sam opened the folder he carried and extracted an envelope. "Mr. Dunbar," he said briskly, "here is your notice of the Declaration of Taking. You'll find all the information, including the price we're willing to pay. This will serve to make notice on you that this land is now legally vested in the ownership of the United States Government."

Matthew stepped away from the proffered envelope. "I refuse to accept it," he said. "Get off my land."

Sam turned toward Crawford for a cue.

"Matthew," Crawford said, "this is just a formality. You'll have the right to appear before the Condemnation Commission. If you'll let us, we'd like to send our appraisers to make a reappraisal of the land. You can hire your lawyer, and have him prepare your case. The Condemnation Commission will hear you—they're good men, and they're fair—and then they'll make a decision. If you want to, you can appeal, then, to the Federal District Court. That's the legal way of handling it. It's the only way."

Matthew eyed the white envelope as though it were a water moccasin. "You see this dam?" he said then. He gestured with one hand. "When I get it finished, my land won't be touched by the TVA water. So you don't have any right to take it."

Sam said, "I'm sorry. We can't recognize such a stand. Our experts have certified that this land is necessary to the proper and full development of Chickasaw Dam. You'll have your day before the Condemnation Commission ——"

"Can they decide that the TVA doesn't have the right to take my land?" Matthew asked quickly.

Sam shook his head, starting to speak. Matthew forestalled him.

"All they can do is decide how much I ought to get for it. Is that right?"

"Yes," Sam said.

Matthew moved his hands. "You don't give me a chance," he said. "By just consenting to the procedure, I'm giving up." He shook his head. "I think you'd better go."

"If you don't appear, the proceeding will be summary," Sam said. "They'll authorize our price without question. I've already told you, title is vested in the Government right this minute. Immediately after the hearing, the District Court will issue an eviction notice and you will be moved off the premises."

Matthew took the gun out of his overalls and motioned with it. "Get off my land."

Sam proffered the envelope. "I've got to give you this," he said.

Matthew ignored him. Sam held the envelope for a moment, then dropped it to the ground at Matthew's feet.

"Go on now," Matthew said to Sam. "Get into your car and don't stop moving while you're still in sight."

Crawford could not help him. He nodded his head imperceptibly at Sam, telling him to go. Sam went on to his car and got behind the wheel. They watched while he turned it around and drove away. Then Crawford looked at Matthew.

"You can't win," he said quietly.

"Not your way," Matthew said. "My way—maybe I can."

Crawford looked at the cluster of listening men, beyond them toward the cove and the house under the big oak tree. "Matthew," he said, "you're going to shoot somebody down before it's over with. Then you'll go to jail."

"That's the chance I've got to take," Matthew said. "You'd better catch up with your lawyer friend. I've got work to do."

Crawford turned away from him. He went down the side of the dam, got into the car, backed it and drove away, leaving Matthew standing on the top of his dam, holding the pistol in his rage-trembling hand.

Once out of the cove, Crawford slowed his car. He was driving almost without watching the road. Then, looking up, he stamped on the brakes, hard, swerving to the side of the road. Arlis was standing directly in front of the car, a blue weekend suitcase in her hand, wearing a pretty dress he had not seen before.

He opened the car door and got out. "Arlis," he said.

"Can I go with you?" she said.

He stared at her. She dropped the suitcase, running to him. He grabbed her, tight.

"Yes," he said, "yes, yes."

They were married in Rising Fawn, Georgia, by a tall, gangly minister whose wife and six children stood by watching. Arlis wore her pretty dress that Crawford had never seen before and he wore the khakis he had gone to work in that day.

But it did not matter. There was a radiance in Arlis as she spoke the promises, and when she turned her head to look at Crawford she could not see him clearly through the golden haze. He was Husband. He was the dim and shadowy and golden figure she had always brought to life in her adolescent dreaming.

As they walked back to the car, her hand tucked under his arm, Crawford felt a sudden stab of incomprehension and doubt. This was a long and twisting way from the sawmill where he had started and he wondered, with a sudden sharp wondering, how he had arrived at this moment of time and space, married to this woman at his side. He could not trace out the convolutions of chance and circumstance that had brought him to the climax of elopement with Matthew Dunbar's daughter, from Dunbar's Cove, and he was panicky with his inability as though, not understanding it, it could not be real and true.

Then he straightened up. "I didn't kiss the bride," he said.

"No," she said nervously. "You didn't."

"To tell you the truth, I was afraid to in front of the preacher. I didn't think he'd approve."

They laughed, and he reached for her, and the kiss made everything all right. He searched her lips and she gave herself to him through hers, the golden haze deepening around her so that she was dizzy with the wonder and the happiness.

"Now," he said when he released her, "let's go home."

It was dusk by the time they arrived in town. Crawford had planned it out in his mind: they could stay at the hotel—of course they couldn't go to his boardinghouse—until he had a chance to rent a house and put the furniture in it.

Arlis began to feel strange as they carried her single bag into the lobby of the Rainey Hotel. There were old men sitting in chairs around the wall whom she knew slightly, and they watched while she and Crawford walked to the desk to register.

In the room, Arlis waited until the bellhop had deposited the suitcase, received his tip and departed. Then they looked at each other.

The clerk had given them a corner room, large and high-ceilinged. "Hungry?" Crawford said. "Shall we go down and eat supper in the dining room?"

"No," she said before she realized the implication of her words. She stopped. "Yes. I believe I ——"

He turned around. She saw his look and on the instant it was all gone, the driving and the going and the returning, the men in the hotel lobby, all of it. She was his wife. She did not wait for him to come to her. She met him halfway, her arms going around his body even as he took her into his, and their lips drank at each other thirstily, as at a cool woods spring of pure water.

Before the TVA had come, Matthew would have known that Arlis was absent before she had been gone half an hour. As it was, he did not know until the next morning. At supper that night they all sat around the big round table, the nine men, Matthew and John's oldest boy, while Miss Hattie dished up the food. Matthew assumed that Arlis was in her room, not feeling well. Besides, he was too worn out to think about anything except food and bed and a deep sleep in preparation for tomorrow. He had chosen the men for watches to guard the cove while the others slept and he rose at three o'clock to take his turn, holding a shotgun to use for a warning shot in case of trouble.

He waited through the dawn and then he went back to the house to find Miss Hattie in the kitchen, fixing breakfast.

"Arlis still feeling bad?" he remarked, going to sit at the table.

NEXT MONTH

"What you did just now was horrible. Please go away. I never want to see you again. Never."

● The man who stood before Teresa professed to love her. And, in the name of love, he had shattered her every illusion, revealed the ugliness beneath the sweetness of her life, threatened the very foundations of

THE SUGAR HOUSE

By Elizabeth Cadell

Condensed novel complete in the December JOURNAL

"No," Miss Hattie said.

"Then where is she?" Matthew demanded.

Miss Hattie turned toward the stove so she would have the courage to say the words. "Why, I reckon she's gone and got married. At least, that's what she was aiming to do."

Matthew went to her, took her cruelly by the shoulders. "Why didn't you come and tell me?"

She did not step away from him. She regarded him coolly. "I figured I'd give her as good a head start as I could. I figured she'd need it."

Matthew glared, jerking her toward the table with both hands. He sat down in a chair, flinging her across his lap in one violent movement, and lifted his hand high, bringing it down stinging on her buttocks. He had not spanked Miss Hattie since she was six years old. But he blistered her now, working out his anger and his frustration in blow after blow.

At last he stopped. He was not through with his rage but he stopped, releasing her, letting her get to her feet. "You all think you're grown," he said. "You all think you're not my children any more. Even you. Even Arlis."

He could not bear the looking on her any more. He went to the kitchen door, going toward his bedroom.

"Don't you want your breakfast?" she said.

"I don't have time for breakfast." He went to his bedroom and got the pistol he had left on the bedpost. He strapped it under his overalls, and went out to the barn. He had a hard time getting the car started—he cranked and cranked the sluggish motor. At last, when he kicked the car and cursed it, the motor started with a roar and a jump.

He got behind the wheel, and drove out past the house, wheeled out on the river road and toward town. He stopped the car behind the hardware store where he always parked it.

Mr. Gross, the owner of the store, came out on the sidewalk, pushing a rack of hoes and rakes. "Mr. Matthew," he said cheerily, "how are you today?"

Matthew answered him shortly and started to move away. Mr. Gross called after him, "Heard your daughter got married yesterday. Heard she made a fine match."

Matthew wheeled around. "I was the last to hear it," he said. "Can you tell me where she is?"

Mr. Gross straightened up, startled. He stared at Matthew. "Why, Old Man Whitehart told me she and her husband checked into the Rainey Hotel last night."

"Thank you," Matthew said shortly. He walked away and went on up the street.

He stopped when he saw the hotel. He glared at the building as though he would search out their room by the very appearance of it from the outside. But it was not possible; the blank face of the building was inscrutable. He entered and walked up to the register desk.

"My daughter is registered here," he said. "What room is she in?"

The man turned to a tickler file at his elbow. "What name?"

Matthew could not bring himself to couple "Arlis" with "Gates." "She's with a man," he said. "Crawford Gates."

The clerk turned to look at him. "They're married. I saw the marriage license myself."

"All right. What room are they in?"

"Mr. Dunbar," the clerk said, "we don't want any trouble. As far as we're concerned, they're legally married. That's all we have to worry about. We don't care if ——"

"A man has a right to visit his daughter," Matthew interposed. "If you'll just give me the room number ——"

"Three hundred," the desk clerk said. "I'll send the boy up to tell them you're here. You can wait in the lobby."

But Matthew was already walking toward the stairs. "Don't bother," he said. "I'll go up."

He mounted the stairs, climbing slowly, holding down the panting in his lungs that did not come from the climbing. He reached the third floor and went down to the end of the corridor, watching the numbers on each door.

Three hundred. He stopped in front of it, lifted his hand and knocked. He knocked three times, deliberately, heavily. And the door opened before him.

Arlis' second thought, that morning when she awoke, was of Matthew. The first was of Crawford, asleep beside her, and she turned, touching his face lightly, lovingly with her finger. He came awake with the touch and smiled.

Arlis sat up in bed, looking down at her pretty nightgown that had been saved so many years for this one night.

It was then she knew it. "Crawford," she said, "I've got to tell papa. Today."

"Sure," Crawford said lazily. "We'll drive out there after breakfast. Hungry?"

"Yes," Arlis said. "I'm starved."

She flung back the covers and got out of bed. She went to her open suitcase, found fresh clothing, and began dressing without consciousness or embarrassment. Crawford lay watching her while he smoked a cigarette, then he got up too. He had only the khakis he had worn yesterday and he began putting them on.

"I've got to get some clothes today," he laughed. "Don't want to wear my wedding clothes all the time."

Arlis, combing her hair, felt a shudder pass in her. "I dread the telling," she said. "He's going to ——"

"It'll be all right." Crawford went behind her, putting his hands on her shoulders and leaning his head down beside her face. "He couldn't have kept us separated forever. I wonder now why we let him do it for so long."

"Me too. I was just a fool, I reckon."

The knock sounded on the door. Once. Twice. The third time. They froze at the sound, touching each other like children.

"Papa," Arlis said, starting up from her seat.

"Wait," Crawford said sharply. "Let me."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153



Turkey-time treats:

New kind of breakfast and timely new recipes enriched with Quaker Oats



Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are exactly the same

CARAMEL PECAN OATMEAL MUFFINS

High-protein Quaker Oats adds nourishment and nut-like flavor to muffins.

- 1 cup sifted flour
- ¼ cup sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ cup shortening
- 1 cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup milk

Mix until smooth **⅓ cup brown sugar and 2 Tbsp. soft butter**. Pat mixture evenly in greased muffin cups; arrange **pecan halves** in each.

Sift together flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Cut in shortening. Thoroughly blend in oats. Lightly stir in egg, milk. Fill muffin cups ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) about 20 minutes. Remove from pan immediately. Makes 12 to 15 muffins.

TASTY TURKEY LOAF

Quaker Oats makes turkey and meat loaves juicier, tastier—cuts down shrinkage.

- 2½ cups ground cooked turkey or chicken
- 1 cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
- ½ cup chopped celery
- ⅓ cup chopped onion
- 2 Tbsp. chopped pimiento
- 2 Tbsp. chopped parsley
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1¼ cups milk

Combine all ingredients thoroughly. Grease loaf pan, line with foil, grease again. Pack in mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hour. Let stand 5 minutes before slicing. Makes 8 servings.

PINEAPPLE-BLENDED OATMEAL

Here's a brand new kind of oatmeal! And a new taste delight! It's an intriguing new way for youngsters (and grownups) to get the high-protein benefits of good hot oatmeal. The tangy flavor of fruit—blended into the oatmeal *during the cooking*—deliciously flavors every spoonful of creamy oatmeal. Try it!

Follow oatmeal recipe on package for 4 to 6 servings. During cooking, stir in 1 cup crushed pineapple, not drained. Cover and let stand as directed. Garnish each serving with crushed pineapple, or pineapple pieces, and brown sugar.

WATCH "SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON" ON CBS-TV

Five Thanksgiving ways to



Brighten the plate with Ocean Spray

1. Flaming Sauce. Moisten sugar cubes with lemon extract. Press into Jellied Cranberry Sauce. At serving time, light cubes – sprightly flames will spring up.

2. Pilgrim's Hat Salad. Children coming? Cut a roll of velvety Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce in half lengthwise. Use half for tall crown. Halve the other lengthwise again, and lay 2 strips end to end for brim. With pastry tube add cream-cheese buckle. (Ocean Spray stands proudly – it's rich in fruit pectins.)

3. Biscuits for Cold Turkey. Crush ½ cup Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce with ¼ cup brown sugar. Grease muffin cups. Into each, put some nuts, 1 tbsp. above mixture, and bake-and-serve biscuit. Bake 8-10 minutes at 425°. Turn out at once.

4. Create your own Sauce. Heat Ocean Spray Whole Cranberry Sauce and serve as is. Or add a splash of wine . . . some chopped nuts . . . cinnamon . . . or a seeded, chopped orange.

5. Broiled Cranberry Cups. New flavor with leftover turkey! Divide 1-lb. can Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce into 2 or 3 slices. Hollow into cups, fill with hot, creamed turkey, top with buttered crumbs. Brown quickly under broiler. (Broiler flames won't wilt Ocean Spray. Yet it's always tender eating!)



Save on Cranberry Juice Cocktail

Refreshing Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail is yours for less during fresh-cranberry season. Look for Ocean Spray Fresh Cranberries with the valuable juice coupon.



JELLIED OR WHOLE BERRY

Now in Canada, too

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

Matthew had not lifted his hand after the third knock. He waited for a long second and then the door began to move, opening, and he walked into the room. Crawford stood holding the doorknob. Arlis was sitting before the mirror on a low bench, holding her comb in her hand.

He had expected her to be subtly changed from the daughter he had last seen. But she was not changed; she was heavy, graceful, her half-combed hair down around her face in a comfortable, accustomed combing.

"Come on, Arlis," he said. "Let's go home now."

"Wait a minute," Crawford said. "She's my wife now."

Matthew looked at him. "Don't get in my way," he said. "Arlis, are you coming?"

She did not move. It was a long minute when she did not move, and then at last she began to stand up. "Papa," she said, "we're man and wife ——"

"That's what you think," he said. His voice whipped at her. "I'm not going to argue with you. You've had your night of frolicking. It's time to go home."

Crawford went toward Matthew, a matching anger rising up in him. "I've had enough of this. Get out of here, Matthew. Get out before I ——"

Matthew wheeled toward him. "Before you *what*, young man?"

Crawford's hands went out before him, the fingers curling into fists. "I don't want to hurt you. But I'm going to. If you don't leave our room this minute ——"

"I'm leaving," Matthew said. "I'm taking my daughter with me."

"She's my wife," Crawford cried out blindly.

He started to move. Matthew, seeing it, put his hand inside the overalls, quickly lifting out the gun. "Stand back," he said. "Stand back."

Crawford would not have stopped without Arlis' voice cutting between them, snapping the thread of conflict.

"Matthew!" she screamed. "Crawford!"

They stopped. They had forgotten her. Now they both looked at her. She came between them.

"You've got to stop it," she said. "You——" She stared at the gun in Matthew's hand. "Papa," she said, "put up the gun."

"Are you going with me?" he said.

"Papa," she pleaded, "listen to me. I ——"

"Are you going with me?"

There was no answer. Crawford moved suddenly around Arlis until she was behind him. He ignored the pistol lifting toward him. "No," he said, "she's not going."

Matthew looked down at the pistol in his hand. "She's got a choice," he said. "She can go home with me. Or I'll kill you, Crawford."

"She's staying with me." Crawford put his hand on her, touching her, holding her. "You can't kill me, Matthew. You know that."

Arlis looked at Matthew. She saw the killing in him plain and clear. Matthew knew it, too—he could feel the hair-trigger urge to tighten his finger. He wanted to murder; it was a living wanting, like a raving appetite for food or sex.

"Put your gun down, papa," she said. "I'll go."

Crawford's face was white, drawn. "If you go now," he said, "you'll never come back."

I will, she cried silently inside her. *Nothing can keep me from it*. She went to him and touched him with her hand on his face, trying to tell him with the feel of her fingers. But his flesh was not listening to her.

She turned on Matthew. "Had you rather kill him than take me away? Are you waiting for the chance to kill him?"

Matthew moved then. He did not put up the gun, but he walked to the open door.

Arlis went quickly out of the room and the door closed. She walked blindly toward the stairway leading down into the lobby, Matthew coming behind her. At the stairs he put the gun into the holster.

In the kitchen Miss Hattie did her work, leaving Arlis' room a silent center untouched by the living going on around it. Arlis lay on the bed in her closed room. She was not thinking; she was not feeling. She was not aware of the heat of two o'clock and the slow lessening toward the relative chill of night. When darkness came she did not rise to light her lamp. The men came clumping through the dogtrot to supper, but they did not pass through her hearing. After the men were gone out of the house again Miss Hattie came to her door and tapped gently, asking if she wanted supper. But Arlis did not answer; she moved her throat, but there were no words and she desisted after the first effort.

Matthew had not eaten either. Miss Hattie went back to the kitchen to wash the dishes. Then she sat alone in the kitchen.

It was nearly midnight before Arlis moved. It was clear in her mind then. She could only wait. The feeling between Crawford and Matthew was not her alone; it was the dam and the cove and the TVA. She would wait until that was cleared out of the way. And then she would go to Crawford. Only then could Matthew not use her against Crawford.

She got up and went into the kitchen where Miss Hattie was still sitting with a cup that had held coffee before her on the table. Miss Hattie looked up at her and smiled.

"I knew you would be all right," she said. "I knew you would get hungry."

Arlis sat down at the table. "I only left because of Crawford. Papa was going to ——"

"I know," Miss Hattie said. "Don't talk about it. I know."

Matthew wandered a restless night, back and forth in his mind. He was tired. But he could not stop. His feet moved ploddingly, pacing through the fields. He told himself that something must be wrong in an endeavor that did not allow him time for a planting of the seed. He had never missed a planting in all the years of his lifetime.

But at last he could no longer avoid the consideration he had been fighting all the long night. He wanted to sleep; he could feel the want of it gnawing in him. And yet he could not stop, he could not close his eyes before he traced out the fatal end to the endless thinking. He wanted wildly to change it all back, in a sudden wildness that shook in him. *I was wrong*, he thought. *Wrong. I ought to have another chance*. He had started with good beliefs. And yet the actions that had come out of them —— His mind cringed as he thought of Arlis, of his dead son and the departed sons. He thought of the guns waiting in the hands of his men, and his stomach moved again. He felt suddenly the weight of his belt that he still wore.

With frenzied hands he stripped it off and flung it into the crib. He walked out of the barn into the lot. Dawn had come suddenly and the light was pearly in the sky. He could see the far reach and sweep of the cove, all of it lying within the sight of his eyes.

The shot rang out and he turned, looking down toward the head of the cove. Then the night—all of it—was forgotten. He ran, snatching open the crib door and scrabbling among the ears of corn to recover the pistol. He strapped it on again, his fingers fumbling with the hurry.

When he ran toward the cove some of the men were moving, roused by the warning shot. Matthew was the first to reach the dam. He ran up the face of the dam and stopped. He could hear the sound of a car.

Then it came around the curve of the road. It was Crawford's car—only Crawford's car. He felt the sudden movement and excitement ebbing out of him. He turned toward the men below.

"It's all right," he said. "It's not them. Not yet."

Crawford was getting out of his car. Matthew stood looking down at him. "Did you come after Arlis?" he said.

"No," he said. "Not this time." He stopped, watching Matthew. "They were coming this morning, Matthew. The United States marshal and his men."

"Were?" Matthew said.

Crawford steadied himself against the seeing of the gun on Matthew's hip. He began climbing the face of the dam toward Matthew, feeling the distance a very long way.

"I want to talk to you," he said, with the same words, with the precise tone he had used so often.

"Don't you think we've done about enough talking?"

Crawford shook his head. "I want to show you some land. Will you come with me?"

Matthew felt the explosion of words in his mouth. "Good Godamighty!" he said, loud and startled. "You want to show me land? Now? *Now*, when the law is coming ——"

"I told you," Crawford said. "They *were* coming this morning. But I talked to the marshal, and got him to wait until tomorrow. They'll be here tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. This is the last chance." His voice was hard, blunt, unforgiving. "Or do you *want* to do the shooting?"

Matthew was jarred by the words. "You're sure they're not coming today?" he said.

"Yes," Crawford said. "I promise you that."



"This is my dance. You can do that any time."

Matthew turned his head. The men had gone back to the house now. He would not even have to tell them yet. "All right, son," he said gently. "I'll go with you."

They went across the highway and down a dirt road on the other side, following the river toward the dam. Then the dirt road swung away from the river and began looping up the side of the mountain. They did not talk, listening to the pulling of the car. Crawford thought he would have to take low to make it, but the car topped out on the shoulder of the mountain, slowing down but still pulling. He swung to the side of the road and stopped.

"There it is," he said, "Chickasaw Dam."

Matthew looked out the window of the car, down the long steep wooded slope. He could see the dam far below. The gray concrete powerhouse looked almost white in the sunlight. There was water banked behind the dam, though the gates were still down. The swarm of working men had lessened now; there were only a few figures around the south embankment and in the switchyard beside the powerhouse. The dam was almost finished.

"Is this what you brought me to see?" Matthew said, a trace of indignation rising in his voice.

Crawford laughed. "No. It just happened to be on the way. Pretty, isn't it?"

Matthew looked at it again. "Yes," he said ungrudgingly.

Crawford started the car and drove on. He turned away from the river, going deeper into the mountains, following a road paralleling a creek. The trees were close around them. Part of the way the creek had cut deeply into a rocky gorge and it flowed white-watered below them. They passed an old water mill. The road became very rough and the car jounced in the ruts. There were no houses; only the rocks and the trees and the fast-running creek.

A couple of miles farther on, Crawford turned off the road where the close-lying hills suddenly opened out around the creek. A smaller stream flowed to a juncture here, making a tiny cove. There were clearings among the trees, grown up in bush and briers. Crawford stopped the car and they could hear the joining waters flowing quietly together in the little interval of peace.

"Well," Crawford said, "here it is. What do you think of it?"

Matthew was bewildered. He opened the door and got out to walk to the creek bank. "This?" he said.

Crawford was out of the car. He said, "No man has ever laid his name on this cove. It's been Government land since it was taken from the Indians. It's yours, if you want it."

Matthew stopped and grubbed up a handful of the soil. It was rich and black in his hand. He rubbed it with his fingers, remembering that so far this spring he had not yet found the time to turn his own soil.

This cove was smaller than the Dunbar by at least a third. But it was well watered and drained by the two creeks, and the trees were thinly spaced so that clearing would be comparatively easy. Farther up the creek there was a high, drained deep-green-cedared knoll where a house could be built. From the front porch a man would be able to look out upon all his land.

"Crawford," he said, "what would you do if a man told you you had to quit the TVA? What would you feel about that? Tell me honest now."

Crawford looked uncertain. Then his face firmed. "If he offered me something better," he said. He looked at Matthew. "I should have found this cove in the first place, Matthew. I should have known what you needed. But I thought only of putting my idea into your head, not of strengthening and building your own. I only came taking, and not giving. But just look at it, Matthew. It's rich and it's new, it's waiting for the labor of your hand. You can shape it the way you want it to be shaped." His voice was eager, pressing.

Matthew could feel the pull of it. It was the first land he had ever seen outside of Dunbar's Cove that pleased his eye.

"So I'm supposed to give up the generations that have gone into Dunbar's Cove, and start out new again. You want me to kill Dunbar's Cove for good and all."

Crawford could not hold back now. "Do you think Dunbar's Cove will die without that land?" he said. The words sounded angry with their force. "Dunbar's Cove is not in the land, Matthew. It's in you—you're the Dunbar. Not the earth, not the river and the trees and the creek and the buildings. None of that means a thing. It's you."

Matthew turned away and walked to the bank of the smaller creek and sat down on the ground, looking at the flowing water. It had been a long time since he had seen flowing water, for the creek that ran through the cove was low now, almost dry. He picked up a handful of small rocks and began flipping them into the creek. The pebbles were like marbles, smoothed and flattened over the years by the action of water and travel.

When his hand was empty he rubbed it on his trousers leg to dry the moistness. He stood up and walked back to where Crawford waited by the car, smoking a cigarette.

"We'd better get back," Matthew said. His voice was low, passionless.

Crawford flipped the cigarette to the earth, ground it out carefully with the toe of his shoe. "I'll quit the TVA," he said. "I'll ——"

Matthew looked up at him and smiled. "I wouldn't ask you to do that, Crawford. There's no need for it."

They got in and Crawford backed the car, turning it, and drove out of the small cove. They were silent as the car jounced over the harsh ruts, back down the slope of the mountain, all the way back until they crested out on the shoulder of the mountain, where they could see Chickasaw Dam below.

Crawford stopped, not wheeling the car out of the road but keeping it in position ready to go on. "Well," he said, "they'll be raising the gates before long. Chickasaw is finished."

Matthew looked down toward the dam. He was impatient to get home, but he did not show the impatience. "Yes," he said. "My boy helped build that. And now that Chickasaw's finished he's off somewhere building some other dam."

"It's a good work," Crawford said.

Matthew looked at him and then away. "I guess it is."

Crawford turned, shutting the dam out of his sight. "Be careful, Matthew," he said, "tomorrow. Don't get yourself killed."

Matthew could not look at him. "I'll be careful. As careful as they'll let me be. Take me home, son. Take me home."

The old man was asleep, dozing with the quick, dozing tiredness of old age. Matthew stood looking down at him. The face was sunken, the skin like white parchment stretched dry and tight over the high cheekbones. "How have you been, papa?" he said.

The old man struggled his head up to look at him with the milky-blue eyes. "Fine, son."

Matthew felt the desperation that was so familiar to him now. He could not communicate with him, either, any more than he could communicate with his own sons and daughters. He wondered if the deep gulf laid down between the generations was to protect one from the other, the protection more valuable to the species than the help and the advice and the knowing that would have been transmitted more surely without the gulf.

The old man's head started lifting again. "Matthew," he said. "Matthew."

Matthew leaned over the bed, close to him. "Yes, papa?"

His father stared up at him. "It's time," he said feebly.

"What, papa? It's time for what?"

The old man rolled his head on the pillow in a sudden agony. Then he stopped. He lay still and calm and deep in the bed. "I'm going to die," he said. "It's time for me to die now."

Matthew stood over him. With gentle hands, with a gentleness Matthew had not known for too long, he moved and straightened the covers over the old man, making him more comfortable. "Go to sleep, papa," he said. "Go on back to sleep now. Get your rest." He brought a chair to the bedside and sat down in it. He began to wait with the old man.

With the sun, life stirred again. The men were up and washing on the back porch, they were in the kitchen with coffee and subdued voices, there was the rattle of skillet and plates. John and Miss Hattie and Arlis tiptoed into the room one by one to look upon the old man, and at Matthew's gray face, and then they went away.

Matthew felt his father would not die now, until the night came again. But he could not be sure. Arlis came into the room and Matthew gave her the chair, going into the kitchen, knowing that he would need breakfast.

He sat down at the table, rubbing his hand over his bearded face. For two nights now he had not slept. But he was not tired. He was beyond tiredness, beyond any feeling in his bones and muscles or in his mind. He waited until the plate was set before him and then he ate, not with appetite but with the same dogged duty and dedication with which he faced everything now.

He started into the living room again, but before he reached the door the blast of a shotgun rang through the cove.

He had known it was coming, but still it was a shock. He stopped in the living room, looking toward the old man, knowing that it was necessary to go and yet not wanting to. He touched Arlis on the shoulder. "I've got to go. Call me if—call me, no matter what ——"

Then he went out and hurried away to duty. The men were already spaced out along the dam, lying down, their guns in their hands. Beyond, Matthew could see the cluster of cars in the head of the cove and the men behind the cars as though fearful of shots coming in their direction.

Matthew inched up the face of the dam to look at the men. There were four of them, in addition to Crawford. They spaced out and began walking toward him. There was a tall, heavy-set gray man in the lead.

Matthew looked back at the advancing men. "All right," he said. His voice was clear, loud. "That's far enough right there."

They stopped. "Mr. Dunbar," the tall man said, "I'm United States Marshal Wilson. It's





You can save a lot of calories by sweetening with Sucaryl

and you can't taste the difference

WEIGHT WATCHERS' CRANBERRY BAKED APPLES

6 medium red cooking apples
2 cups cranberries
2 tablespoons Sucaryl solution
½ cup water

Set oven at 450°F. Core apples and pare one-third of the way down. Place in a shallow baking dish. Combine the remaining ingredients in a small saucepan and cook until berries pop. Fill center of each apple with a tablespoon of the cooked cranberries; pour remainder over apples. Cover with aluminum foil and bake for 20 minutes. Remove foil and bake 5 to 10 minutes longer. Makes 6 servings.

Sucaryl makes it easier for you to watch your weight . . . by giving you wholly natural sweetness without bitter aftertaste, without one single calorie.

You use Sucaryl practically anywhere you would sugar... in coffee, tea or any other drink . . . on fruits or cereals. Cook with it, bake with it; any Sucaryl-sweetened dish tastes just like its sugar-sweetened twin. Sucaryl, of course, is for anyone sensibly counting calories, and for those who cannot take sugar. Your drugstore has Sucaryl in tablets or solution. Low-salt diets call for Sucaryl Calcium. Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois and Montreal, Canada. Abbott

Get your new Sucaryl Recipe Book — free at your drugstore.

Sucaryl®

Non-Caloric Sweetener — No Bitter Aftertaste

y duty to evict you from this Government operty. I waited until ten o'clock today, like romised Mr. Gates. Are you ready to give the cove?"

Matthew watched him, feeling a deep reluctance to start the violence and perhaps the bloodshed. "I need a little more time," he said. "If you can give me one more day."

Marshal Wilson studied him. "Will you promise to give up the cove peacefully then?"

Matthew shifted his eyes to Crawford's face, then looked back quickly at the marshal. "I won't promise a thing," he said. He added stubbornly, "I need one more day."

"Why?"

Matthew moved his head in a jerking motion toward the house. "My daddy is dying up there."

The words stopped them. But suspicion moved in the marshal's eyes. "If you'll give me your solemn promise ——"

Matthew shook his head.

"Then what's the difference between today and tomorrow?" the marshal said. "No use putting it off."

Matthew turned to go back behind the bulwark of the dam. He heard Arlis' voice from the house. He twisted around.

"Papa," Arlis called, her hands cupping her mouth. "Papa. Come quick."

He dropped down off the face of the dam, beckoning to John. "I've got to go to the house," he said. "If they move in on you, start shooting. You've got to hold them until I can get back." He looked into John's white face. "I'll be back as quick as I can."

There was no time for any more. He ducked, running along the face of the dam. He did not want the marshal to know that he was gone. He skirted along the close-in ridge and came up behind the chicken house, running. He went through the dogtrot and stopped, seeing Arlis still standing on the porch.

"He's calling for you," she said. "He ——"

Matthew did not wait to hear any more. He opened the door into the living room, seeing Miss Hattie standing beside the bed. The old man's head was turning fretfully on the pillow. Matthew leaned down to him.

"Papa?" he said. "Papa?"

"Stay with me, son," he whispered. "Stay ——" His eyes closed again, cutting off the thread of voice.

Matthew sank into the chair. He looked at Arlis and Miss Hattie, inclining his head toward the kitchen. They went away at his nod, leaving them alone. Not a sound, not a creak or settle of the old house or the obtrusive blast of a shot, broke the dead-of-night quiet.

Matthew did not know when the old man died. He lay quiescent with the steady rattle and husk of his breathing. In one of the seconds the thready husk and rattle stopped. Matthew sat on, holding the hand, for a beat of undetermined time afterward before he became aware that the sound of his living had ended.

Gently he took the arms and crossed them on the breast. He did not feel anything; only the release that his withered father must have known himself. Matthew took out his leather purse and fumbled two half dollars from its depths with clumsy fingers. He stroked the eyelids closed and put the coins on them to weight them down.

Then he turned from the bed, going to the kitchen door and opening it. Miss Hattie and Arlis looked up at him. "Children," he said, "your grandfather is dead."

He walked through the living room, not looking at the bed, and now he was listening for the shot, holding his breath to hold it back as though it would surely come, now that the dying was finished. But he walked out of the house without the sound of it in his ears, and toward the dam. He went straight to John, not trying to hide himself away from the marshal and his deputies.

"John," he said gently, "your daddy is dead. He died just a few minutes ago."

He saw John's face twist. He looked away from him toward another man, a first cousin.

"Walter," he said, "will you go up to the house and tend to him?"

"Of course, Matthew," Walter said. He handed his gun to another man and walked quickly away.

Matthew looked over the top of the dam toward the cars. He took a deep breath. He walked up the dam, moving toward the marshal and his men. The marshal stood up, too, stepping away from his shelter.

"What do you want now?" he said in a steely voice.

Matthew ignored him. "Crawford," he said, "you did make me a true promise yesterday, didn't you? I can buy that cove you showed me?"

"Yes," Crawford said. "I put down a binder payment for you myself. The Government's selling that land, and I wanted to be sure ——"

Matthew did not listen to the rest. He turned back to the marshal. "Marshal Wilson," he said with dignity, "if you'll give me the time to bury my dead, and get my plunder ready for moving, I'll surrender the cove."

There were a great many things to be done, a kind of planning that Matthew had never faced. He had to think about how they would live until he could build a house, and planting a crop, in spite of late moving and new-ground clearing, for he couldn't afford to miss an entire crop year, and the fact that a new barn would have to come before living quarters. He had the stock and the feed and the weather to think about.

"If there was time, the TVA would let you move these buildings," Crawford told him. "But there isn't."

"What about a tent?" Matthew said. "We could put down a floor for it, and by laying-by time I could get a house built."

He went to town and found a big tent. It cost a lot more than he thought it should. But he bought it, anyway.

Miss Hattie and Arlis helped more than he had thought they could. Each afternoon Crawford came to the cove after his TVA hours. He would go first to Arlis, then he would hunt up Matthew and fall silently to the task beside him. There had been no discussion of the marriage or of their impending departure. Once though, Crawford let drop the fact that his work was almost finished, that they were only closing out the paper work—and Matthew knew he would soon be transferred to another project. He could depend on Arlis only for the moving.

The first night in the new cove Crawford went back to town. But he came early the next morning to help them get settled. They had pitched the tent up on the cedared knoll near where Matthew planned to build the house. They had found a spring on its back slope, that would do until a well could be dug. Matthew stood before the tent, watching Arlis run to meet Crawford. Already the cove bore the scars of their presence; smoke lifted from the knoll, and there were the beginnings of a road where the truck and the car and the wagon had passed back and forth. Down the other way, Matthew had made a lot for the stock, fastening wire from tree to tree. The fresh grass was already trampled under the feet of the cows and the mules, and the chickens were ranging about, picking busily.

Crawford and Arlis climbed toward him, hand in hand.

"Well," Crawford said cheerfully, "I figured you'd have you a crew out here to build you a house and a barn today."

HEBREW PROVERBS

The first step in the acquisition of wisdom is silence, the second listening, the third memory, the fourth practice, the fifth teaching others.

Do not trust the man who tells you all his troubles, but keeps from you his joys.

Beware of those whose ignorance is joined with piety.

Men should be wary of making women weep, for God counts their tears.

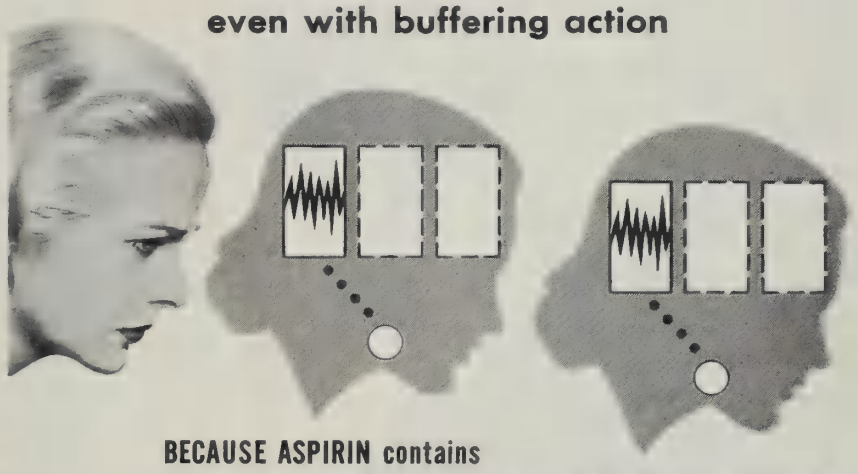
Here's why

ANACIN®

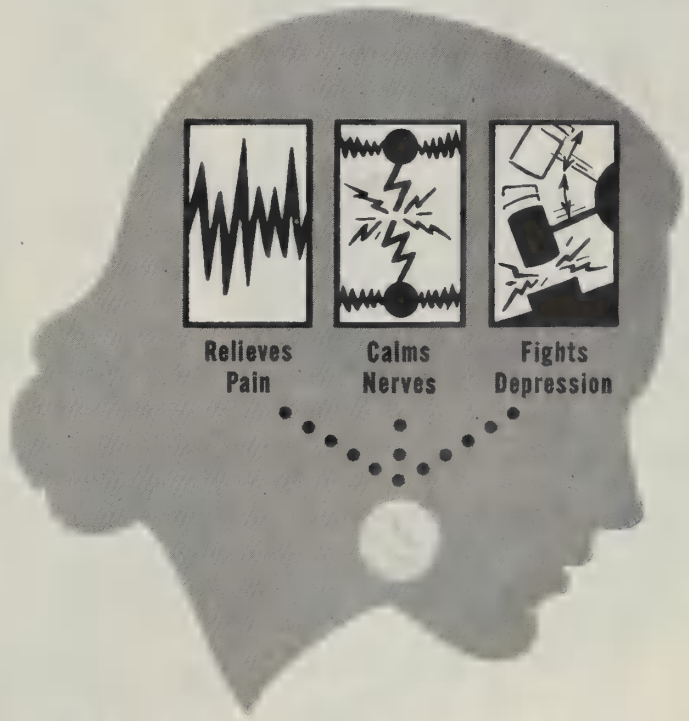
gives better TOTAL results in

PAIN RELIEF

better than aspirin...
even with buffering action



BECAUSE ASPIRIN contains only one pain reliever..... ADD BUFFERING ACTION and you still have only one.



BUT ANACIN relieves pain, calms nerves, fights depression.

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven active ingredients. Anacin (1) gives fast relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. (2) Calms jittery nerves—leaves you *comfortably relaxed*. (3) Fights depression. Thus, Anacin gives you better TOTAL results in pain relief than you get from aspirin, even plus buffering action. And Anacin does *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin Tablets today.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN



"I've got a crew coming tomorrow for the barn," Matthew said. "But I'll have to build my own house. I'll bet there are lots of old log houses on that Government land back up yonder." He turned, motioning with his hand. "When I get time, I aim to find me enough seasoned, sound logs to put up a house like they used to build."

Crawford frowned. "That's a lot of work. I guess you'll just have to forget about making a crop this year. You can't possibly build your own house and ——"

"I've got to," Matthew said firmly. "I aim to get some corn planted anyway. I found some wild Johnson grass I can cut for hay. Hay and corn this year—cotton the next." He looked up at the sun. "And I'd better get at it. If you come here to work, come on."

"Well," Crawford said, "I ——" He cleared his throat. "They're closing the land office in town today. We're all through now. And I ——"

"You're being transferred," Matthew said steadily. "You aim to take Arlis with you."

"That's about the size of it," Crawford admitted. He lifted his head. "We'd just like to have your good will on it, sir."

Matthew looked at him. He said, "So you finally asked my blessing. Well, you can have it—on one condition." He looked down at the unseeded cove, that was not even divided into fields. "All three of my boys are gone. I've got a lot of work to do, and just one pair of hands. If you and Arlis would be willing to stay here in Dunbar's Cove, I'll gladly give you the word of my mouth."

He kept his face stern. But his eyes watched for the faintest shade of resistance in Crawford—or in Arlis—ready to retract his words. Then he began to smile, for he could see the hope and the promise leaping into Crawford's eyes and into his face. Crawford dropped Arlis' hand.

"I never thought you'd want me ——" he said. He stopped. It was too much, too sudden. "It never crossed my mind ——"

"Do you really want us to stay?" Arlis said.

He looked at her. Then back at Crawford. "Yes," he said. "I want you to stay. Dunbar's Cove can be yours after me. You can take it on from where I leave off. One of these days I'll be ready to sit down. I'd like to know that it was left safe to your hands."

Crawford was watching him, bewildered and uncertain. Matthew clapped him on the shoulder. "Think about it, son. When you make up your mind, I'll be over yonder working."

"Yes," Crawford said, "I'll let you know. I'll—I'll be down there before long."

Matthew went on, smiling secretly to himself. He had seen deep into Crawford, he knew what the answer would be. He stopped and turned. There was one more thing. Just one. "Crawford," he said, "can you find out where Knox is working now?"

"Sure," Crawford said. "If he's still with the TVA, it won't be any trouble at all."

"That's good," Matthew said. "I want to write him. And Jesse John too. I've got to tell them what's happened." He started on again. "Anyway, they'll want to be able to find us when they get ready to come home for a visit."

Matthew hurried on—there was so much to do, more than he could ever hope to accomplish in the remainder of his lifetime. He went on down the hill hurrying, eager for the labor of the day.

Miss Hattie went across the flat of the cove and climbed up among the pines on the other side. She stopped, breathing hard from th climbing, and looked back down the way sh had come. The cove was beautiful, all righ But it would never be the way the cove ha been at home.

She crested a hill and stopped, panting hard She pushed her hair back from her face an took a handkerchief from her pocket to da the sweat from her forehead and her upper lip She had always believed that women did no sweat. None of the ones she knew seemed to But she certainly did.

She started on again, forgetting about th dishevelment she was making in herself. Sh did not know where she was tending; she wa only sure it would be a long time before sh returned to the tent. Perhaps, even, not before sundown.

"Well," a voice said, "where could you b going in such an all-fired hurry?"

She brought herself up short. A tall, lean boy sat on a hickory stump, grinning at her He had red hair, and he was taller than sh was.

"Who're you?" she blurted.

"Me?" he drawled. "I live around here You belong to them new folks who just move in down the cove?"

"Yes," she said shortly. "And I better b getting back. They probably need me fo something right now."

She started back the way she had come flustered by his sudden presence.

"Wait a minute," he called after her.

She stopped. "Where do *you* live?" she said

He waved a lazy arm. "Little ways ove yonder." He grinned at her. "Looks like we and you are going to be neighbors."

She looked down at the ground. She put her hand to her hair, smoothing out the tangles, feeling suddenly cool and ladylike.

"Yes," she said. "It does look that way." She lifted her eyes, looking directly into his face. The grin wasn't so irritating, after all. When you studied him a little, it was even rather nice. Then, under her gaze, it went away, and she could see into his eyes. She looked quickly away again.

"What's your name?" he asked, in a different voice.

She told him. Then he told her his own.



Pimples dry up fast!

THYLOX MEDICATED CREAM

heals and clears blemishes while you sleep!

Thylox Medicated Cream treats and heals pimples from the very *first* application, as proved in hundreds of clinical tests.

At the first sign of pimples, don't wait. Even little blemishes can develop into acne pimples that may leave scars! Get Thylox! Its exclusive curative ingredient has been recommended by doctors for over 10 years—now, no prescription needed. Thylox will give you a cleaner, clearer, better-looking skin—quicker than you ever thought possible!



Also make Thylox Medicated Soap your daily soap. Cleans and frees blackheads, clears pores. Contains a germicidal agent that prevents spread of acne infection. Relieves oily skin without drying it ..... 50¢

PRODUCTS OF THE PHARMACEUTICAL DIVISION OF SHULTON

ARE GOOD MANNERS IMPORTANT TODAY?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

politeness are suspicious of poetry. I think there is a school of snobbery in reverse, of deliberately cultivated oafishness which takes pleasure in sneering at anything more civilized than a beer commercial.

MR. GOULD: We see it on the stage and the screen. Marlon Brando, an extraordinarily capable actor, has become one of our most popular heroes by personifying bad manners—by coarsening the human emotions.

MR. BONNER (*His face is rounded, his smile easy and friendly*): Some people, I believe, cannot be trained. They are like horses. In any group of hunters, whatever their breeding, there are some with red ribbons tied to their tails. They have had the same training as the others, but they are bad-tempered; they kick and they bite. They are the horses to stay away from.

MISS HICKEY: Mr. Muggeridge, do you find this same sort of suspicion of manners in England?

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE (*He has been listening intently, his bright blue eyes turning from speaker to speaker, his white-crested head cocked first this way and then that*): Manners *(he says, in pear-shaped tones)* in England are related to the class system and the class system is becoming increasingly abhorrent to the people, and along with it the codes of behavior which accentuate the differences between the classes.

And so people have invented techniques, like the first-name technique, in opposition to this idea of social hierarchy, of classes. They are seeking new manners. Everybody agrees that manners in the sense of kindness are desirable—but how is this to be expressed? By conversation, by clothing, by speech, by ways of eating—which are economic things really—or can they be expressed solely in a considerate attitude of mind, which may or may not find its expression in particular methods of behavior?

We live in what is called "the century of the common man." This means that we require different manners, more democratic manners, let us say, than the old European manners, which belong to a society which by virtue of its very nature presupposes a small elite.

MRS. GOULD: Certainly it is true that court manners were often designed to set up a barrier. And it is not surprising that with the growth of democracy we have rebelled against codes of etiquette whose purpose was, primarily, to suggest social distinctions. But isn't the problem, now, to create new codes which truly express and make manifest our consideration for others? Can this be called snobbish?

MR. NASH: Isn't snobbery under another name actually a very desirable thing? Certainly it is despicable to snub or be contemptuous of somebody who is vulnerable to snubbery—but isn't admiring somebody finer than yourself a very good thing?

MR. GOULD: You mean some people might call it snobbery, or social climbing, to wish to associate yourself with people who are more intelligent, perceptive, better mannered? You call it snobbery in reverse.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: I do not think manners are such a society game. It is not the privilege of any one class to have a heart. The French working people are extremely shocked, more shocked than we are, by bad manners, by people who push them around. It is not a matter of society; there is an absolute human reaction between the person who treats you nicely and yourself. It would be rude to discuss, do you eat soup with a fork or a spoon? We know that is not interesting today. What is still interesting is that people want to be

considerate of others, to make life comfortable for the person they spend time with.

MISS HICKEY: What do you think, Mrs. Post?

MRS. POST: My own manners were very much influenced by the French and German rules when I was a child, so when I had children of my own I gave them French manners. But today—well, real manners are what are important today, something that is real and sincere so that you will be kind and pleasant and well bred, so that you will make a happier place about you.

You must teach kindness today, how to make yourself pleasant to another person, how to make him pleased. You see the sun shining in his eyes, you put an umbrella over him. You think of the people you are talking to and you say something nice; you don't say something disagreeable but you don't lie. You find something to praise that deserves it. And you don't make fun of anybody ever. That's the worst thing you can do.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: This is not the privilege of one class, to learn this. Manners are something that are everywhere. The Marlon Brando types—they are not only disdainful of manners, they are disdainful of people. "I am just as much as you are," they say, and what does that mean? "I am better than you are."

MR. BONNER: I'm afraid there are some people who will never have good manners.

MR. NASH: Sometimes they step on my toes with their hearts. The rough diamond with the heart of gold—well, a little polishing would not detract from his goodheartedness.

MRS. MEYNER: I agree. The more you teach the goodhearted, the better off they will be.

MR. MUGGERIDGE: Provided that you know what you want to teach them, that you know what period of history you are living in.

I think the basic thing, the foundation of all good manners, is that people should be taught to be good, and the instrument in our society which has expressed this concept is the Christian religion. And one of the reasons why this problem in manners exists at all is that the diminishing influence of this religion creates a vacuum which we are instinctively reaching out to fill. But we cannot fill it with artificial training. You say to a child, "Do not take the biggest piece of cake, another person may want it." But this will affect him only if he has true consideration of others—and if the others have true consideration of him. Otherwise the whole moral basis breaks down.

MR. GOULD: No one wants to see manners used for a purpose—as an artifice.

MR. MUGGERIDGE: That is what happens when a technique of behavior is used to replace a moral or religious position.

You see this particularly in Russia. People there, instead of trying to appear to belong to the cultured classes, try to appear to belong to the *un*cultured classes. A man there takes off his collar and tie and quite literally cultivates illiterate speech in exactly the way someone living in a small suburb of London tries to identify himself with the upper classes by cultivating a literate manner of speech. In both cases it's the same phenomenon. It's the biological drive of a person who belongs to a weaker section of society trying to identify himself with those elements of society which seem to him to be strong, to be powerful. The element of brotherliness has broken down; the drive for power has taken its place. The rules are just the superficialities of the thing, the code of behavior.

Beneath such varying conventions, in my opinion, is a reality, which is manners and which derives from morals. A person who is good has good manners; a person has good manners who is considerate.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: There is more to it than that. Very often you don't know people long enough to appreciate their good heart or their bad heart. If I am in the Metro—the subway—in Paris, I find it very necessary for the man who is there to open the very heavy door for me—but whether he has the best heart, the absolutely greatest heart in the world, I do not care. I think that manners are important just because they are superficial and because our relations with other people are usually superficial. Superficiality is tremendously important. I cannot ask everyone I meet, "How do you feel inside?" Oh, no!

MR. NASH: A man can be very goodhearted and yet very disagreeable to sit next to at dinner. I worked with a goodhearted man for four weeks once who ate his food by pushing it down his throat with his finger. I respected his good heart, but I would rather have sat at another table.

MRS. GOULD: Then you think Mr. Muggeridge's gentleman with his wonderful heart and all the best instincts can still be an annoyance and a bore because he lacks politeness?

ON POLITENESS PAYS:

MR. NASH: I've traveled comfortably through five foreign countries without knowing the languages except for two words. The countries are France, Holland, Portugal, Spain and Italy, and the two words are "please" and "thank you."

MRS. POST: It must be taught. You begin with the child. Another little child comes in to play and your sweet child hurts that other little child, accidentally, and so you tell your little child, "You have hurt your little friend," so that he knows and so that he doesn't do it again. You try to make him understand how the other child is feeling. You say to him one day, "You have been kind today. You have been sympathetic"; and you say to him another day, "You have been a horrid little thing and I would like to spank you."

MRS. GOULD: You feel, then, that training in manners begins with directing a young person's mind to the consideration of someone else?

MRS. POST: Yes. And you must put yourself in the feelings of the child you are talking to and the child you are talking about.

MRS. GOULD: And you think that even goodhearted children who have not had their attention directed to the feelings of others may grow up a little oblivious of other people's feelings?

MRS. POST: That's it. Oblivious. Not their willingness to be unkind. But it is very important for every child to learn what unkindness is.

MR. BONNER: Last summer when I was out in Wyoming and Montana I met sheepherders, ranchers, cowpunchers, and all, almost without exception, had wonderful manners. They always said the polite thing, did the polite thing. Not the polished thing, necessarily, but the polite thing, They were essentially kind and understanding of the other fellow. Then I came back and stopped in several cities on my way home to South Carolina, and it was in the cities that I found the manners, generally speaking, abominable. Neither polite nor polished.

MR. NASH: Neither nature's gentlemen—nor gentlemen.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: It is like the sea. If I look at it and see it is blue and charming to bathe in, I do not mind if it has monsters in it somewhere. I am not going to explore it. People can create the same happy climate as a blue sea. Even if they have monsters in them somewhere, they can create a happy climate with manners.

MRS. GOULD: Mr. Muggeridge, do you agree? Do you think your good man might be better able to live in society and create mademoiselle's "happy climate" with some schooling in the codes of behavior?

MR. MUGGERIDGE: Yes, I am in favor of it. I am in favor of people's being taught the code of behavior just as I am in favor of their being taught the law, so that they can stay out of trouble. But I do not think either will work well without a moral basis.

MRS. MEYNER: Personally, I find some of the new manners are good. I think the first-name business is good—it's healthy, friendly, a part of progress, and I like it. Just as I like the more informal dress today and people not talking the way they did in Queen Victoria's time.



DANIEL GREEN COMPANY • DOLGEVILLE, NEW YORK (PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES)



Garnished with pink applesauce!

Light as a bubble!

So fluffy-light . . . no other pudding is so creamy delicious, yet so *light!* Never heavy or hard to digest.

So nourishing . . . full of fresh eggs-and-milk goodness, yet *not* loaded with calories. Kids love it!

So changeable...changes its personality with sauces, toppings, flavorings, fruits—fresh, frozen, canned.



A fine product of General Foods

TODAY'S QUICK AND EASY

MINUTE TAPIOCA CREAM

MR. NASH: I think this first-name business is horrible myself. To hear a moderator on TV addressing his distinguished guest not as Professor Einstein but as "Al"—I think it breaks down reserves essential to self-respect.

MR. BONNER: It seems to me just as artificial and suspect as too polished and elegant manners. And I hope the wheel will go around and false intimacy will go out of fashion just as false elegance has gone out.

MISS HICKEY: But not everyone has been able to accept this fashion. When General Marshall was president of the Red Cross, he listened to me chairing a meeting one day, calling everyone by their first names. Then we had a little break, and the general came up to me and said "Miss Hickey, I'm not going to be able to enter into this in the same way the others are doing. Only Mrs. Marshall calls me George."

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: I do not mind this first name. I am not at all against a familiar attitude when it comes from a kind heart. On the contrary, it comforts me, makes me feel young, and a part of the new life.

MISS HICKEY: It is part of the new informality, certainly. But are there not times when informality is carried too far?

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: The American tourist! His style! You cannot say appearances are not important. For example, the porcupine is a kind, extremely intelligent animal. You could teach him to bring you *café au lait* in bed. But no one wants him to because of his appearance. It is the same with the American tourist: he appears spoiled, careless. His trousers, very, very low. Shirts outside, loose. Funny patterns—sometimes a naked woman diving in the deep blue sea—and all mixed-up colors. Always the camera. Short sleeves, no tie, any little old *casquette*—cap—of linen, or nothing. And they sit in the restaurants like that. If they didn't come, we should be much poorer and we realize it—but—well, they may be charming at heart, but how do we know it?

MR. NASH: It is like the damnable blue jeans, leather jackets and dirty white shoes we see on young people here. Sloppy dress is part of a general breakdown of social morale, deliberately sloppy dress.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: It makes for bad sentiment in France, this tourist dress. The French say, "What do the Americans think we are—they do not put on a tie for us?" We French have a great gratitude toward America and we would like to be able to like the tourists—but we cannot admire their style. That is the real horror about this dress.

MRS. GOULD: You feel it shows lack of respect?

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: If I came to dinner at your house dressed in a pullover and blue jeans, you would certainly think that I had bad manners.

MR. BONNER: But you would be doing it deliberately. The tourist dress is chiefly an economic thing. We have in this country many who have only recently had enough money to spend their vacations traveling. It is a good thing—an excellent thing. But since they consider themselves on vacation, they put on their vacation clothes: their Hawaiian shirt, the cap, even shorts. They wear this vacation costume on vacation and it doesn't matter to them whether they take that vacation in Wisconsin or Florida, Paris or Rome.

MISS HICKEY: Mr. Bonner, you have had a great opportunity to see the world. Would you say there was a difference in the manners of one country and another?

MR. BONNER: No, I don't think it is possible to put a national label on manners. They vary from group to group and from area to area.

I view manners simply as a "civil and honest manner of behavior and speech," the essence of which is something inside you. It's a certain tolerance, a certain understanding, and a willingness to appreciate the other person's point of view. And there I must admit you do find a difference between totalitarian manners and those of the free countries. When Khrushchev speaks of coexistence, he means coexistence according to his way of thinking; he means agreement, provided it's his way. The free country's way is to try to understand the other fellow, to make some compromises, to be courteous.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: But how you do this still depends on the code—and the set you are in. Basically the code of manners is not to offend anyone; to be your most beautiful self. Bad manners is to sin against yourself—to scratch the head, to pick the nose, to make abominable noises. And then there are the rules of the set. In the army, for instance, the private must salute the officers. In France, you must not wave to a woman on the street—you must at least stop and bow, and admire her. And it is an absolute law that the woman must go first. The most ordinary person in Paris will not pass before you through a door. He will say, "*Passez, madame.*" He has got that law in him. This is manners. This is consideration.

It is the same with such things as dressing for dinner. If men dine alone, ten men together, how they dress I really don't mind. I'm not there. But if a man takes me out to dinner, I like him to smell of a nice soap, to wear his best suit, maybe black tie, so that I can wear my nice little dress. I will know then he has kindness of heart, he has said to himself, "I will make a little effort so that she can look her best."

But these things must be taught, these kind manners. "Darling, please don't chew with your mouth open, it's tremendously ugly." "Please do not fix your hair at table, it is very annoying." The child learns all that very easily with no strain of the mind. These are manners. Are they good? Are they great? I don't know, but they are better than bad manners.

ON FINE MANNERS:

MR. GOULD: Not long ago when President Eisenhower was being sharply criticized by his older brother, Edgar, it seemed to me he showed delightful manners. Ike could have drawn himself up. Instead he said, "Edgar has been criticizing me since I was five." By showing the all-too-human relationship between an older and a younger brother, he put everything in its place, without acrimony.

MISS HICKEY: Mrs. Meyner, in your home, when you were a child, how were you taught manners—and are you glad you were?

MRS. MEYNER: Oh, yes! It has been especially helpful to me to have some knowledge of the art of making people feel at ease. We had some behavior rules, of course, like not to chew with your mouth open, and to say please and thank you, and be polite—but the emphasis was on being interested in other people. We were taught not to talk always about ourselves, and we were also taught to give of ourselves and not just to expect to receive attention.

MRS. GOULD: Were you given any lessons in agreeable conversation?

MRS. MEYNER: No, just that we should try to draw the other person out.

MLLE DE VILMORIN: We were taught that when you sit next to someone at dinner and he asks you questions like, "Did you leave Paris during the summer?" you should answer, "And you? Did you?" And he answers, "Yes, I went to Portugal." And you say, "Tell me about it. Portugal—so interesting!"

That's the art of conversation: "And you?" . . . "Tell me about it."

MISS HICKEY: And how would you answer a young person who said this sort of conversation is artificial—is not sincere?

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: It is true that when I am dining among old friends, it is not needed. Everybody has something to say and everybody is very sincere. But what is sincere? Is it sincere to tell my dear friend, "You look dreadful in that pirate shirt—at your age"? Is it sincere not to speak to my dinner partner? Is there really a lack of sincerity in saying to someone, "Tell me about that"? It puts them at ease and makes the party less boring. The whole table may listen with the greatest of interest. Is it sincere—"Tell me about Portugal"? Why, it is perfectly sincere!

MR. NASH: I'm willing to let the young sit in sincere silence if they want, but I think they really ought to realize that there are many conventions which are neither sincere nor insincere. Should I say that I am being insincere when I address a letter to a complete stranger Dear Mr. So-and-so? Does it convict me of being his friend, his admirer, to call him dear? No, it is only a convention, it is manners.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: I don't see why, in principle, the young should be so defiant.

MRS. MEYNER: Most everyone has something that is real and true and interesting to offer if you take the trouble to draw him out.

MR. MUGGERIDGE: Herbert Spencer wrote in his autobiography that when sitting next to a bore at dinner he used to plug his ears with cotton wool and continue with his eating. That's a very sincere act, but I should think it would cast quite a pall over the dinner party.

MRS. GOULD: And what do you think that you *should* do if your dinner partner bores you, mademoiselle?

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: That is difficult. But perhaps, perhaps I wonder, is not this my fault? I say I could not leave Paris because I had typhoid fever. He says, "Typhoid fever, but imagine! I had both legs cut!"

MR. NASH: This reminds me of those wonderful lines of Arthur Guiterman:

Don't tell your friends about your indigestion.

"How are you?" is a greeting, not a question.

MRS. GOULD: How not to be a bore is certainly a part of good manners. There are very goodhearted people who ask awkward prying questions, make personal remarks, interrupt—tell endless anecdotes whose only point is "I was there."

MR. BONNER: And think they are being very sincere. Which brings us to the question of whether you can be stupid and still well-mannered. I doubt it.

MR. NASH: This puts a perverse thought into my mind, and that is that one reason we should be polite is that rudeness is too precious a commodity to be dribbled away here and there. We should save it for occasions when we feel we really need to insult someone.

MR. BONNER: I think if you believe it is insincere to have party manners and party clothes, you must refuse invitations to go out. That is the only really sincere way to handle this.

MR. GOULD: Just as we dress up in our best clothes for a party, we should display our best manners, if we have them.

MR. BONNER: I think so too. But training requires discipline, and under the influence of Freud discipline has been very much discarded as being harmful and warping to the nature of children. I have never seen that discipline, properly administered, ever warped anyone in the wrong direction.

MR. NASH: I agree very strongly. I think a child finds security in discipline. He likes to know what the rules are so he can settle down contentedly to run on the rails instead of the crossties.

MR. GOULD: I regret seeing able, talented young people who are terribly ill at ease in a group just because they haven't learned any of the things we are talking about—how to forget oneself by interest in the other person, for instance. I sometimes think a few rules would save them years of difficult adjustment, make them better and happier persons.

MRS. MEYNER: I think discipline is necessary, but I also think that explanations should be given as to why rules are important, and that parents should try to teach manners as much by example as by rules.

MRS. GOULD: And how about teachers? Do you think that if strict rules of courtesy were adopted in our schools, the behavior of students in general would be improved?

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: I think many children do not have good manners toward their teachers because they are not told to. In France, we were trained to behave in a respectful way toward our elders and we defend that training. Let us say we have a friend to the house and one of the children, twelve or thirteen, says after she has left, "Oh, don't you think she had such a silly hat?" Then we say immediately, "Leave the room, dear child. Go and make fun of our generation on the other side of the door. Think anything you like about us, but do not say it in front of us." We defend our generation.

MRS. GOULD: Young people have never been old, rarely experienced severe illness or tragic loss. It is difficult for them to imagine these feelings, and to show consideration for them. Would not rules help here?

MR. MUGGERIDGE: Probably the basic quality in good manners is humility in the Christian sense, the awareness that all men and women, whoever they may be, are very much the same. And the more materialistic a society becomes, the more difficult it is to sustain and develop that particular quality.

MRS. MEYNER: To quote Emerson: "No manners are finer than the most awkward manifestation of good will to others." Good manners are just good human relationships, basically.

MR. BONNER: They are also good business. If you want to get on in business ——

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: Or society ——

MR. BONNER: —— or any pursuit of life where you come into contact with people, you have to have good manners.

MR. MUGGERIDGE: Ah, but the very best manners will be disinterested. All forms of generosity, of giving, are, at their highest, a desire for the other person involved to have something, rather than a hope for gain for the giver in terms of business advancement, or even love.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: But we do have interests in teaching manners, all the same. We give to our children good chances when we give them manners. When they succeed, we are proud of them. We don't want our children to make us ashamed, we don't want them, or us, insulted because they have acted badly. Manners are a great treasure which we can give our children, and I think we should be happy to give it to them even if it is to our advantage.

MR. MUGGERIDGE: What we want today is an Aristotelian mean, a middle way. Much of the breakdown in manners today is due to the excessive discipline and artificiality of the past. Today we want discipline, but also freedom; manners, but resistance to artificial manners ——

MRS. GOULD: Education of the heart and soul for kindness ——

MR. MUGGERIDGE: —— the body for grace, and the mind for faith. All these things minister together to produce a harmonious and good and unegotistic human being and an agreeable and civilized society.

MRS. MEYNER: And just the sort of world I would want my children to grow up in. END

ON BAD MANNERS:

MR. GOULD: In Russia, in Sochi, we were staying at the very best hotel—it is a resort—and there were a lot of well-dressed, nice-looking people there. But in the dining room I saw a young woman of about twenty-five, beautiful in her evening gown, leaning way over her soup plate, holding a spoon half full of soup in one hand and waving a well-chewed bone with the other—absent-mindedly feeding herself and staring at me, as a visiting American.

MR. MUGGERIDGE: In Russia people *try* to belong to the lower classes.

MR. GOULD: And very successfully, it seems to me.

MR. MUGGERIDGE: Lord Birkenhead, who was a famous figure in London some twenty or thirty years ago, was once in his club and somebody started telling him an interminable anecdote. It went on and on and he listened attentively for a while. Then, finally, he rang the bell and said to one of the club's servants, "Would you mind listening to the end of this gentleman's anecdote? Because I have to go home."



In the channel fog

HER ENGINE FALTERED



A few minutes out of Dover, fog wrapped the flimsy Bleriot monoplane like a shroud.

The pretty young woman in the smart flying costume she'd designed it herself—"bloomers, blouse, and hood of mauve satin") glanced at her compass. It was the first time she'd ever used one. She thought of instructor Hamel's parting words:

"Be sure to keep on course, Miss Quimby, for if you get five miles out of the way, you'll be over the North Sea, and you know what that means."

She climbed to 6,000 feet. Freezing cold and still fog.

She pointed her nose down. The comforting clatter of the Gnome engine changed to a coughing splutter. It was conking out! She leveled off, figuring how she'd ditch. To her relief, the engine suddenly took hold. Harriet re-checked her compass.

Some time later, breaking into clear sky, she saw a stretch of beach below. She put down at Hardelot: and on April 16, 1912, Harriet Quimby, first American woman to earn a pilot's license, became the first woman in the world to fly the English Channel.

As charming as she was brave, Harriet Quimby combined the thorough femininity and the self-confident ability which make American women like no others on earth. And help make this country so strong in character that investing in America is the wisest thing any American can do!

Today more than 40,000,000 of us have more than $41,000,000,000 securely invested in our country—through U. S. Savings Bonds. Bonds in which *America* guarantees the safety of our savings and the return we receive. There's no greater security! Buy Bonds regularly—where you bank or through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work.

Now Savings Bonds are better than ever! Every Series E Bond purchased since February 1, 1957, pays 3¼% interest when held to maturity. It earns higher interest in the early years than ever before, and matures in only 8 years and 11 months. Hold your *old* E Bonds, too. They earn more as they get older.

SAFE AS AMERICA . . . U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISING COUNCIL

"Western Ranch Dinner"

Baked in one pan... Easy do!



Made with Ballard OvenReady Biscuits, (Sweetmilk or Buttermilk) Frying Chicken, California Cling Peaches and Pet Evaporated Milk ... it's scrumptious!

Bake 'em all together this way! Dip cut-up 2½ to 3-lb. FRYING CHICKEN in ½ cup PET EVAPORATED MILK®, roll (or shake in ■ bag) in mixture of 1 cup Flour, 2 tsp. Salt, ¼ tsp. Pepper, 1 tsp. Paprika, and if desired, ¼ tsp. Poultry Seasoning. (Reserve remaining flour mixture for gravy.) Melt ½ cup Shortening in 13 ■ 9-inch pan. Add chicken, skin side down. Bake uncovered in hot oven (425°) until tender, basting occasionally (average cooking time 40 to 50 minutes). Turn chicken and move to end of pan. Arrange drained CLING PEACH HALVES (No. 2½ can) on chicken. Open can of BALLARD OVEN-READY® BISCUITS. Separate and put in other end of pan. Bake 15 minutes, until biscuits are brown. Remove peaches, chicken and biscuits to hot plates. For Gravy: blend ¼ cup of reserved flour mixture with pan drippings. Gradually stir in 1 cup Water. Boil and stir 2 minutes. Stir in 1 cup PET EVAPORATED MILK. Heat, but do not boil. Add Salt and Pepper to taste. Serves 4.



At your grocer's dairy case

Pick up two or three cans of Ballard OvenReady Sweetmilk or Buttermilk Biscuits. Inside are ten perfect unbaked biscuits. Bake and serve in 9 easy minutes. You'll have wonderful golden-brown biscuits—high, light and oh, so tender . . . just pennies per can! Use 'em in dishes like this Western Ranch Dinner—complete recipe on each can.

More biscuit lovers reach for Ballard than any other brand

Ballard *Oven Ready*® Biscuits



Ted won $152,000 answering questions on quiz show. He remembers effortlessly things he read 30 years ago.



Being rich has done nothing for Ted's ulcers. "I'm bleeding to death," he complains.



Taxes took $82,000. Another $15,000 went into a new home.



$32,000 is left. "We spend more on incidentals than my whole salary used to be. At this rate we'll be broke in two years."



"Who wants to be in my shoes?" Ted asks.

Famous Overnight

When fame and fortune came to Ted and Clara Nadler, he was earning only $1.98 an hour as a Civil Service laborer in St. Louis.

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

Photographs by JOSEPH DI PIETRO

The airport taxi draws up to the small red-brick house at 8157 Vardaman Drive in University City, Missouri, and quiz sensation Teddy Nadler steps out, a short, dark man in ill-fitting cotton slacks and a loud open-necked sports shirt. He has just returned from two weeks of personal appearances in New York.

"Hi, doll! Hi, baby!" he greets his 132-pound son, Michael, racing out to greet him. His two other sons crowd about excitedly as Teddy gathers up assorted paper packages and tips the cab driver. ("Eighty-five cents! I must've been crazy," he moans a bit later.)

Struggling up the front steps, Teddy kisses his black-haired wife, Clara, who waits for him, smilingly drying a dish. Once indoors, Teddy kisses and hugs his three sons exuberantly again and again, then sinks into a chair, beaming with joy and relief at being home again at last.

"I was at Grossinger's for the weekend. *Grossinger's*," he repeats louder to his wife, who is hard of hearing. "Jennie sat and ate with me. Jennie *Grossinger*. Senator Wayne Morse shook my hand, I had my picture taken a dozen times with four show girls from Damn Yankees—they turned the spotlight on me in the dining room. It was horrible. No, they didn't give me any free cigarettes this time," he tells his disappointed wife. "Here, boys, I got something for you." He struggles to untie the twine on one of his parcels. "I made a personal appearance at a food chain and they gave me these." Amid appreciative "oh's" and "ah's" he distributes plastic packages of dried prunes to his sons and wife.

Smiling widely, Clara opens the closet door of her prettily furnished living room and produces her "surprise"—four free packages of oatmeal. "From some man who heard about your ulcer," she explains. "And your books came. They're in the bedroom."

HOW AMERICA LIVES

"My books! My books!" Returning the oatmeal to the clothes closet, Teddy rushes out and returns, staggering under the load of an encyclopedia, gift of "some millionaire" Teddy met at the Advertising Club in New York. "I gotta look something up, see if they're any good," Teddy worries, hastily leafing through the volumes to Mozart. He squints painfully over the fine print, then announces in a pleased voice, "They're O.K. Gee." The famous winner of $152,000 on a quiz show looks proudly at the first books of any kind that he has ever owned.

"Wait," he suddenly recalls, turning to his suitcase. "I got something for you, Clara." With a bashful smile, he hands her a white jewel case.

His barelegged wife, wearing a bargain-basement sleeveless cotton dress, regards the slim box speechlessly for a moment, then opens it. She pulls out two strands of pearls. "Hey, nice. Who gave 'em to you?"

"Gave 'em to me?" Teddy looks outraged. "They cost me twenty dollars!"

"Wish I had known," worries Clara. "I paid twenty-nine cents for some just yesterday."

She puts the pearls carefully back into the box and smiles radiantly. "I'm living at last, understand? Really living!" Her glance takes in her immaculate living room with its pale gray walls and gray viscose carpet, the blond birch furniture and dinette set with touches of brass. Every stick of furniture in their newly purchased home is new, for when they moved from the three-room railroad flat which had been their home for twelve years, the Nadlers sold or gave away everything they had.

"Antiques, I'm crazy about antiques, big mahogany commodes with marble tops"—Clara indicates with her hand furniture six feet high—"but here the rooms are too small. So we buy new, everything very plain, very simple." In the boys' bedroom are colonial reproductions with brass hardware and a double bed and a single cot where the three boys sleep. Ted and Clara's bedroom is gay with ruffled chintz. "I got an automatic washer and drier, a dishwasher and garbage disposer and a telephone." Her blue eyes grow bigger as she enumerates all the miracles which befell the Nadlers in a single year. "Before, we used to be so poor, I tore up old sheets to make the boys handkerchiefs."

"Oh, everybody does *that*," Teddy tells her.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 163



Ted has always been the family shopper.
He buys the groceries, hunts bargains in clothes for Clara and the children.
She goes practically nowhere, rarely has any new dresses.

Teddy may growl that the money slips away too fast.

But Clara is ecstatic: "I'm living at last. Really living!"



The Nadlers moved from a three-room apartment into a home they own outright.



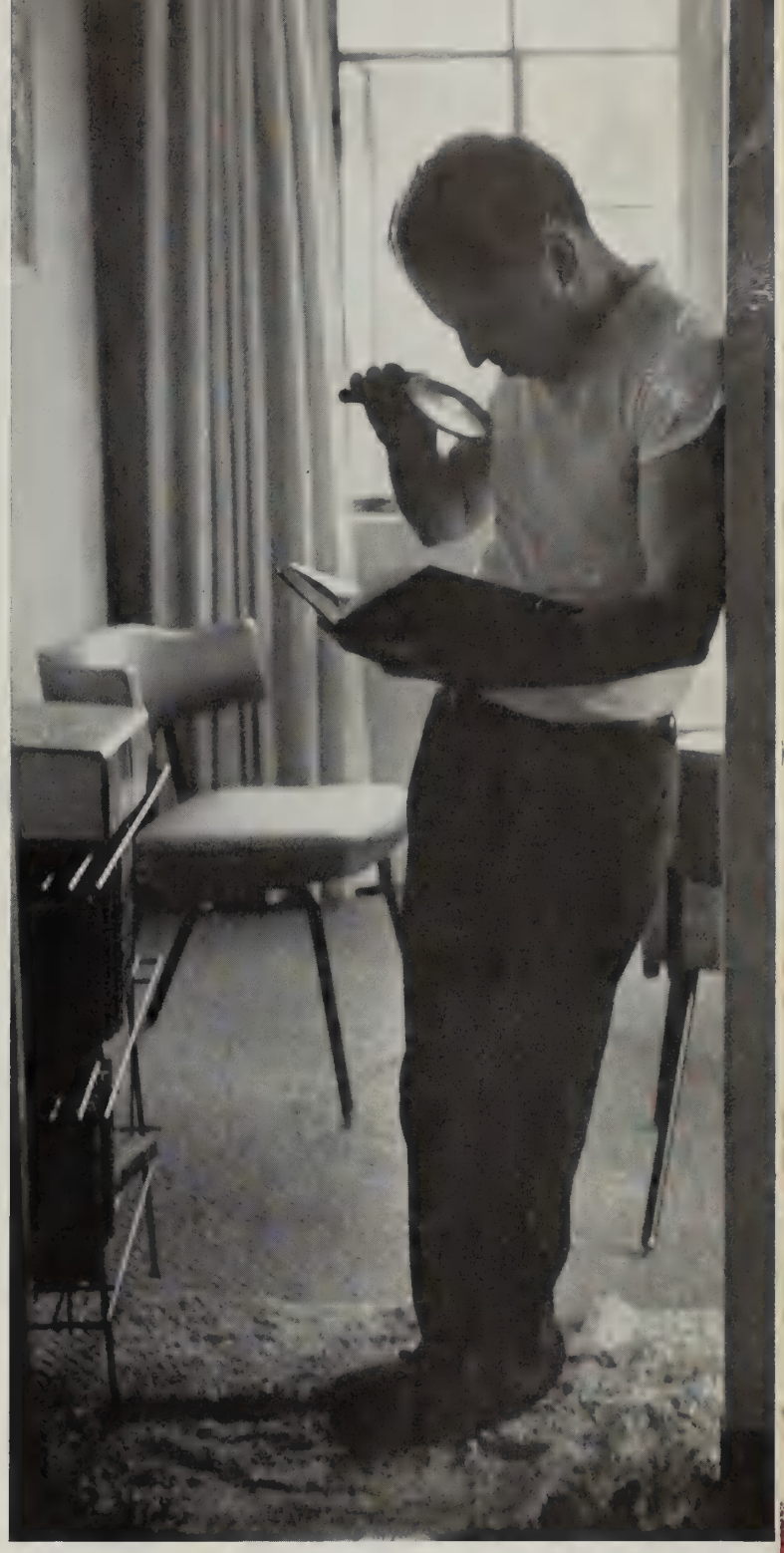
Before the $64,000 Challenge, Ted had only one suit, now has three to choose from.



No installment buying for the Nadlers. They paid spot cash for a houseful of new electric appliances.



Teddy and his gift encyclopedia, first books he's ever owned. People always laughed at his bookishness. One day, in 1940, he quit reading everything, including the daily paper.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 161 Some of the joy at being home has left his face and his heavy Slavic features contort with worry.

"Here I'm supposed to be deliriously happy with a home of our own," he comments, fiddling in a helpless manner with a broken front-door handle. "A house is like a cancer, it eats you up. We spend more on incidentals now than my whole salary used to be. And all that lawn to cut," he moans, gesturing through the picture window framed in new $100 oyster-white draperies. "I got a hundred feet of frontage. Supposing they put in a sidewalk, it will cost me a fortune, and all those bushes and trees and things, they bring caterpillars and mosquitoes. I got no time to take on the insect world."

Hurrying over to the new rose sofa, he snaps off a table lamp which is not in use. "We've moved into the Higher Brackets," he announces dramatically. "At this rate we'll be broke in two years and then who's going to pay me enough to live in this expensive neighborhood?"

Of his $152,000 winnings over the past year and a half, Teddy has paid (groaningly) $82,000 in taxes. Their nine-year-old, two-bedroom house in University City, a suburb of St. Louis, Missouri, cost $15,000. Teddy has paid for it outright and spent another $9,000 on furniture and appliances. New clothes, old medical bills, dental work for both him and Clara, plus living expenses, have whittled down the remainder of his winnings to $32,000. He has made no investments, but keeps the money in banks.

When fame and fortune came to Teddy Nadler, he was earning $1.98 an hour as a Civil Service laborer at an Army depot in St. Louis. He tried to get a year's leave of absence and, failing this, quit last winter, as he is now in an income-tax bracket which makes it foolish for him to earn any more money until 1958, he says.

One of the first purchases he made with his prize money was a hi-fi record player. "For fifteen years I never bought a record," cries Teddy, passionate music lover. Now he spends five or six hours daily on an aluminum chaise in his basement "rathskeller" listening to his slim newcollection of perhaps twenty classics. As he lies there immobile, eyes closed, sometimes all night until five in the morning, Teddy is not just simply listening to music. He's thinking about the composers. "Mozart, dead at thirty-five—a pauper, unrecognized, such a master! Such immortal music! I could cry!" With Handel's Water Music, he is floating down the Thames in a royal barge in the company of George I—"pompous, and fat, with a Germanic face and powdered wig. He can't speak English," Teddy rattles off about the English monarch.

"Clara, now," he sighs, getting up and preparing to go shopping, "she thinks I'm playing the same record over and over. She can't tell one from the other. If it weren't for all that money I won, she'd never stand for *this*"—he gestures about his cozy hideaway in the cellar with its cardboard printed sign in one corner, "No Quiz Questions, Please!"

"I'm goin' shopping, Clara!" he calls as he leaves the house a moment later. Since his marriage fifteen years ago, Teddy has done all the family shopping. He buys the groceries, all the family clothing, even lingerie and stockings for his wife. Until quite recently, Teddy owned only one suit and his wife nothing more than $2.98 cotton dresses. But for the boys he has always spent generously. Teddy will never allow Clara to darn the boys' socks or have their shoes resoled. The moment the boys' clothes show the least sign of wear, Teddy, product of an orphanage, throws them out and buys new. A chronic sufferer who neglects his own health (he lost his teeth from pyorrhea, for instance), Teddy has always seen that his three sons receive the finest of medical care. "Five dollars a visit at the pediatrician's," says Clara. "And Teddy pays the nurse *before* the boys see the doctor."

"Can I get waited on today?" Teddy is calling grouchily to the busy clerks in one of suburban St. Louis' large department stores. "I'm bleedin' to death." This is in reference to the duodenal ulcer which has hospitalized him three times

HOW AMERICA LIVES



Ted's favorite purchase: a hi-fi player and a collection of classical records.



They threw out or sold all their furniture. Everything in the house is now all new.



Mike and Bruce got bikes from their father's winnings; Joey, a tricycle. They've demanded nothing more.

Ted tells the boys stories, "fantastic improbable tales," he says, "in which the hero—that's me—goes to a remote part of the world on an adventurous mission, or funny stories like hiding all the food when relatives come to call."

Product of an orphanage, Ted declares nothing is too good for his children.



"We've never had a baby sitter," says Clara. "Ted wouldn't trust anybody. He thinks it's cruel to let babies cry without someone to comfort them. And I do too. Love is everything in the world."

since 1938. Although it keeps him in constant pain, he refuses to submit to an operation because he distrusts all surgeons.

A clerk looks up and smiles, recognizing Teddy. "Be right over, Mr. Nadler."

Now a buzz of recognition surrounds Teddy; people nudge one another and whisper and stare; a few come up and shake his hand and congratulate him. Teddy's thorny manner mellows somewhat and he responds with shy smiles and polite "Thank you, ma'am"s.

As the clerk hurries deferentially over, Teddy picks up a pair of $3.98 men's slacks from the counter and asks, "These the cheapest you've got?"

The noise increases in the aisles and some say audibly, "With all the money *he's* got!" and "If I was in his shoes ——" and "Some nerve!"

A harassed frown puckers Teddy's brow as he buys his sons cotton sports shirts ("They must have thirty-forty of these already") and boys' socks ("Socks, socks!" he cries. "Every week buying more socks!"). He counts out the cash carefully from a roll of one-dollar bills and without a thank-you to the clerk elbows his way grimly through the staring crowds and out the revolving door.

"Who wants to be in my shoes?" he explodes, slamming the door of his secondhand Plymouth and then locking it and the three other doors. "I got ulcers, and arthritis in my shoulder. Down at the depot I used to lift reams of paper weighing a hundred and twenty, a hundred and thirty pounds. I feel miserable all the time. I got no job, no future. And the CONTINUED ON PAGE 190



Out of the blue . . . the whitest, brightest nylon ever!

NEW LA FRANCE BLUING with its special nylon brightener actually prevents "graying" of new nylon.

What's more, La France restores even the dingiest nylon in just five washings. And it won't turn fabric yellow as most bleaches will.

Try it tonight . . . La France is detergent, nylon brightener and bluing all in one handy box.

P. S. La France is perfect for all your family wash, too.

washes away "nylon gray"



La France is detergent, nylon brightener and bluing all in one handy box

Another fine product of General Foods

THE EXECUTIONERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

Sam swallowed hard and said. "You don't have to ——"

"I'm talking facts, Mr. Bowden. I'm not talking to see how much I can get you unset. And I wouldn't talk to your wife like this. If he'd hit the boy the way he wanted to, we'd have had us a real bad time trying to figure where the bullet came from. But he missed and he put two holes in the shack and that gave us a line of sight. It couldn't be direct, because of the way the slug will drop, especially after going through a three-quarter-inch board. It put us on a line up the side of a knoll the kids call Shady Hill. There's a lot of back roads up in there and I know from a fact that there are plenty of places you can look down right into that camp. I've got a deputy working on it, and he'll find where the man with the gun was when he took aim. We were too late for any roadblock because we didn't know what to look for. I understand you can tell us who to look for, Mr. Bowden."



"I can't prove he fired the shot. I can't prove he poisoned our dog. But I know it was Cady both times. Max Cady. He got out of a Federal prison last year in September, I think. He drives a gray Chevvy sedan, about eight years old. You can phone Captain Mark Dutton in New Essex and he'll give you all you need to know on him."

"He must have a pretty strong hate for you folks."

"I was instrumental in getting him jailed for life. But they let him out after thirteen years. He was in for rape of a fourteen-year-old Australian girl during the war. He comes from bad stock. He's vicious and I think he's more than half demented."

"Is he smart? Shrewd?"

"Yes."

"Let's take a look at this situation now. Suppose he's picked up. He'll be miles from here. He won't have a rifle with him. He'll deny firing at any boy. He'll yell persecution. I don't know any good way to hold him, under the law."

"That's just fine."

"Now you've got to think the way those people think. All right. This was carefully planned. He had to spend some time scouting the situation. So he had to think of what he was going to do after he killed the boy. He knew you'd point suspicion at him. So he'd have to either brazen it out, depending on no evidence showing up, or he'd have it all set so he could hide out. Killing a kid would attract a lot of attention. He couldn't be certain somebody didn't see him up on those back roads. So I'd say he's got a hole to hide in. He'll have it all stocked and he'll be in some out-of-the-way place where nobody will look for him."

"You're so optimistic."

"I'm trying to be practical. So you can know what to expect. I'll bet he's sore at himself for missing. I think he was planning to move fast and get out of the area. He may try to keep on moving fast. I'd say this is the time to be just as careful as you can."

The sheriff stood up and smiled wearily. "I'll get hold of the people up there in New Essex and then I'll put out a pickup order on him. I think the thing to do would be lock up you people."

"I don't find that excruciatingly funny, sheriff."

"I can see how you wouldn't have much sense of humor left this afternoon."

"What can I do, sir?" Tommy asked Sam.

"Could you go —— No, I'll do that. I'll go over and pick up Bucky and bring him back here. Stay with the gals, Tommy."

"All right, Mr. Bowden."

"And thanks. Thanks a lot."

It took him just a little over a half hour in the station wagon to reach camp. He found Sheriff Kantz with Mr. Menard in the administration cottage. The young man with them was introduced as Deputy Ronnie Gideon.

Menard was obviously troubled. "I don't know what we could have done to avoid this, Mr. Bowden."

"I don't blame you in any way," Sam told him.

"I am finding it very hard to accept the fact this was intentional. Sheriff Kantz assures me it was."

The sheriff was tossing a small object into the air and catching it. "This is the slug. Badly deformed. Thirty caliber, I'd say. Mr. Menard here put a slew of kids to looking for it until they found it."

"We're saying it was a stray bullet," Menard said. "Everybody is excited enough as it is. But I don't know what the parents are going to say when they get letters saying a stray bullet wounded a camper. I'm sorry, Mr. Bowden. I shouldn't be complaining about my problems when yours is so much greater."

"Did you find the place where the shot was fired from?" Sam asked.

The deputy nodded. "Rock ledge. Prone position. About thirty feet from the road up there. He matted the moss on the rock. It was still springing back up. No car tracks, no empty cartridge case. Did find a chewed cigar butt. He'd rubbed it out on the rock. Mouth end still soggy."

"If he'd killed the boy," the sheriff said, "we'd be sending it along to the lab to see if we could get a type on the saliva. But I don't see as how it does much good."

"Cady smokes cigars."

The sheriff looked blandly at Sam. "Hope you got a permit for that thing you're carrying?"

"What? Oh, of course. Yes, I have a permit."

"What do you plan to do now?"

"We were going to take Jamie out of camp today anyway. I think I'll go over to the girls' camp and get Nancy's gear and check her out."

"And go home?"

"No. I'm going to leave my wife and children in the place where . . . she has been staying with the younger boy."

"Any chance of this Cady knowing where that is?"

"I don't see how he could."

The sheriff pursed his lips. "Sounds O.K. to me. Leave them all there until he's picked up. But suppose he isn't picked up? How are you going to know when he gives up and goes away?"

"I guess we won't know."

"Can't keep your family hid out forever."

"I know that. I've thought of that. But what else can I do? Do you have any ideas?"

"The only one I got I'm not proud of, Mr. Bowden. Think of him like he's a tiger. You want to get him in out of the brush. So you stake out a goat and you hide in a tree."

Sam stared at him. "If you could possibly think I'd use my wife or any of my kids as bait for ——"

"I told you I wasn't proud of it. You can guess what a tiger will do, I've heard, but you can't guess about a crazy man. He tried sniping this time. Next time he might try something else. I guess it's best to keep them hid. It's the best you can do."

Sam looked at his watch. "I'd like to collect Jamie's gear and pick up Bucky, Mr. Menard."

"I've had his gear packed and brought up to the mess hall. Bucky is with my wife. I'll go get him. I'm sorry this was such a bad ending to Jamie's month."

"I'm glad it wasn't worse."

"We'll look forward to having him back with us next year."

Sam said good-by to the sheriff and thanked him. The sheriff assured him there was a pretty good chance of Cady's being picked up for questioning. But there was a hollow ring to his assurances.

He was back at the hospital by quarter to five. Nancy was very surprised when she found he had checked her out of camp, and disappointed she would have no chance to say good-by, but she soon accepted it as a logical and inevitable decision.

She nodded slowly and said, "I know. There's so many hills. I couldn't be outdoors anywhere in daylight without wondering if ——" And she shuddered.

Sam phoned Bill Stetch from a booth in the hospital lobby and told him the situation and said he wouldn't be back in the office until Friday morning.

After they saw Jamie again and said good night to him, they had dinner at the Hotel Aldermont. Sam suggested to Carol that she drive on back to Suffern with Nancy and Bucky and he would stay over and bring Jamie up the next day. But when he sensed how reluctant she was to be parted from him, he went to the hotel desk and took two rooms for the night. Tommy Kent tried to insist that he could get a bus back to camp, but Sam drove him back. Nancy had wanted to come along, but Sam told her to stay with her

Art, if it is to be reckoned as one of the great values of life, must teach man humility, tolerance, wisdom and magnanimity. The value of art is not beauty, but right action.

From A Writer's Notebook, by W. Somerset Maugham. Copyright 1949 by W. Somerset Maugham, reprinted by permission of Doubleday & Co., Inc.

ther and Bucky. He was worried about
ol. She was entirely too reserved and sub-
d. During dinner she had joined in the
versation mechanically. She seemed far
ıy from all of them.
ıs he drove the MG west toward the
rglow of the sunset, he said to his quiet
senger, "Am I doing the right thing?"
Sir?"
Try to put yourself in my shoes. What
ıld you do?"
I—I guess I'd do what you're doing."
You sound as if you have reservations."
It's not that, exactly, but it seems so . . .
know, waiting instead of doing anything."
Passive."
That's what I mean. But I can't think of
thing you can do."
Society is well organized to protect me
my family from theft and arson and civil
. The casual criminals are kept under rea-
ably good control. But it is not set up to
with a man who is trying specifically and
tionally to kill us. I know I could put
ugh pressure to bear to get my family
ially guarded around the clock. But it
ıld merely give Cady pleasure in finding a
to outwit the guards. And if the police
e pulled off, I could hire people as body-
rds. But that would be the same story, I'm
id. And it would be a very artificial way to
And it would be constant terror, especially
e this has happened."
He won't be able to find out they're in
ern?"
Not unless he can manage to follow us
n we leave Aldermont. But I don't think
in this area any more. I think he is always
ılf step ahead of me. I think he knows I
ıld immediately pull both kids out of
p. I have the feeling he's back up near
per. There's a lot of fairly wild country
ınd there."
l—I sure wouldn't want anything to hap-
to Nancy."

m studied a road map for a long time be-
the two-car caravan started the hundred-
trip from Aldermont north to Suffern.
ie was in good spirits, and his color was
k to normal. He had all the faintly patron-
g nonchalance of a seasoned combat
ran. Carol was still peculiarly subdued and
esponsive. He led the way in the MG with
ıcy, and Carol followed with the boys. He
k a roundabout route over secondary
ıls, and after stopping twice to be certain
weren't followed, he continued with
e confidence. It was a bright morning,
ı air so clear that every detail of far hills
sharp. The back roads went through
ıtiful country. It was the sort of day that
es the spirits. They were all together. He
ld be almost certain that Cady would be
rehended, and when that happened, maybe
e would be some legal way he could
given tests to determine his sanity. Maybe
e kind of pressure could be brought on
sie McGowan to make her testify.
e looked frequently in the rear-view mir-
to see how far behind Carol was. At
roximately eleven o'clock, when they were
y miles south of Suffern, he glanced back
ne precise moment when the station wagon
ıle a wild swerve, swung back into a deep
ih and turned over. It seemed to happen in
motion. He braked hard. Nancy looked
k and screamed. He put the little car in re-
se and shot backward and got out and ran
ne car. He climbed up on the side of it and
ned the door. Bucky was roaring with
ıt. He got Bucky out first and then Jamie
finally Carol. Nancy helped them down.
re was no traffic. Sam made the three of
n sit down in the thick grass at the top of
ditch near the fence.
ucky had a lump like a half walnut on his
head. Carol's mouth was bleeding. Jamie
ned unhurt. But Carol had gone to pieces.
npletely. Her hysteria seemed more alarm-
to the children than the accident. He was
ble to calm her. A car came down the road.
n ran out to hail it. It was a dusty sedan.
back was full of tools. Two big men in
k clothes got out. Carol by that time had
austed herself. She lay on her side, holding
n's handkerchief to her mouth.
Anybody hurt bad?"

"A split lip and some bruises. They weren't going fast. Where can I get help?"

"We're on our way back to town. We could send Charlie Hall back out with his wrecker for the car. Ed, if you want to wait here and ride back in with Charlie, I could take the lady and the kids in and leave them off at Doc Evans'."

Sam helped Carol across the ditch and put her in the sedan. She made no protest. There was just room for Bucky in back with the tools. Jamie sat on Nancy's lap in front. The driver got in and said, "Doc Evans is on the left-hand side in a white house just when you get inside the town limits."

As they drove off Sam said to the man named Ed, "I didn't even remember to thank him."

"I don't guess his feelings are hurt. I can't get this straightened out. Who was driving what?"

"My wife was driving the station wagon and I was leading in the MG with my daughter. I happened to look back when it happened."

"I get it. Pretty tricky thing to stay out of trouble when you lose a front wheel."

"Front wheel?" Sam said. "I didn't even notice that."

"Ought to be around here someplace. Left front wheel, probably ran off the other side."

They found it after five minutes of search, fifty feet from the road. The chrome rim had glinted in the sun and Ed had spotted it. Three cars stopped and were waved on. Ed got down in the ditch and looked at the wheel bolts. He touched one gently with a thick finger.

"Funny," he said.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing sheared. The threads got chewed up some. How far you come?"

"From Aldermont."

"Well, I'd guess you had maybe only three nuts on here and each one of those turned on just enough to catch the threads. Kids act

CONTINUED ON PAGE 169



eggs *"up and easy"* ... the delicious MIRRO-MATIC wa



Golden yolks and tender, bright whites, with no burnt-on "lace" or leathery taste . . . that's what you get, first time and *every* time you set it for "eggs." And you can expect the same wonderful results with *any* fried food. A dependable Temperature Guide shows the right heat to dial on the Heat Control. A signal light tells when pan is ready. And the Heat Control *automatically* holds heat till food is cooked . . . just like in the pictures!

EVERY DAY IS "FRY-DAY"
with

MIRRO-MATIC

the remarkable, new automatic

completely immersible electric fry pan

Sturdy *stamped* aluminum makes MIRRO-MATIC light and easy to use. And the Control Plug makes it easiest to clean. You can wash the *whole* pan completely under water, handle and all, like any ordinary pan.

You can get this best-looking, best-cooking fry pan, now, at department, hardware, and home furnishing stores—wherever the finest aluminum is sold. Just remember: *every* day is *fry*-day, with MIRRO-MATIC!

ALUMINUM GOODS MANUFACTURING COMPANY • MANITOWOC, WISCONSIN

World's Largest Manufacturer of Aluminum Cooking Utens

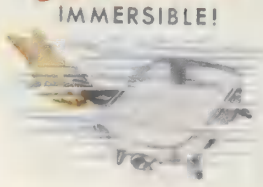


Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

your best buy...

MIRRO
THE FINEST ALUMINUM

COMPLETELY IMMERSIBLE!



When control is removed, pan can be completely immersed in water and suds, handle and all for easy, safe thorough cleaning.

SELECTIVE
MIRRO-MATIC HEAT CONTROL PLUG



Accurate Heat Control built into plug. Dial right heat for whatever food you're cooking. Signal Light tells you when heat is right and pan is ready. Can be used with any of the new MIRRO-MATIC Electric Utensils that are the way.



$19.95 Fed. Tax Incl.

INCLUDES COVER

11 x 11 x 2¼" Fry Pan including Heat Cont Plug, Cord. Fitted, high-domed cover, of th stamped aluminum, with cool plastic knob a adjustable steam vent.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 167

azy these days. If the nuts were tightened wn tight enough, they couldn't all work off. azy kids, I'd say, playing a pretty nasty ck on you. Let's see if we can find the hub- p."

The wrecker arrived a few moments after m found the hubcap in the ditch on the her side. The car was efficiently winched up to its rear wheels and pulled out of the tch. The right side of the station wagon was umpled and two windows were cracked. m listened to directions about how to find e repair garage, thanked Ed, and drove in the doctor's. The small town was called lendon. The doctor's name was Biscoe. He plained he was taking over the practice from octor Evans.

He took Sam off into a small examination om and closed the door and offered Sam a garette. "Mr. Bowden, is your wife, would u say, a nervous woman? Tense?"

"No."

"Then has she been under some great strain tely?"

"Yes. A very great strain indeed."

He waved his cigarette. "I sense—you ow—undercurrents. The boy's bullet wound. checked to see if the stitches held. This is ne of my business. But were it my wife, I uld take steps to see the strain is ended. on. It is like combat. She has committed her reserves. She is totally in action. She uld be broken."

"What would that mean?"

"Who can say? Retreat from reality when ality becomes more than she wishes to ar, or can afford to bear."

"But she's very stable."

Biscoe smiled. "But not dull stable, stupid able. No. Intelligent, sensitive, imaginative. e is frightened out of her wits, Mr. Bowden. have given her a mild sedative. You can get is prescription filled for her, please."

"How about her mouth?"

"Not enough of a split to try to stitch. I opped the bleeding. It will be puffed out for few days. The small one is pleased with his mp. He admires it in the mirror. No other mage."

"I have to go and see about the car. Would be imposing too much if I asked to leave em here while I check?"

"Not at all. Miss Walker will have your bill, Mr. Bowden. Your wife is resting and your ell-behaved children are out in the back miring my Belgian hares."

The station wagon was on the alignment ck being worked on. The service manager id, "Not much damage. We had to use a file n a couple of those chewed threads before e could get the wheel back on. It's way out alignment, but I don't think the frame is rung. Neither right-hand door will open. 've replaced the oil that ran out. Hammering e body out would be a long job, of course. ut I imagine you want to get back on the ad."

"I'd like to. I don't think my wife will want drive. Can you people store my MG for a w days?"

"Sure thing."

"How soon will the car be ready?"

"Give us another forty minutes."

"Can I give you a check?"

"Certainly."

After he had got the prescription filled, he ent back to the doctor's. The nurse showed m where Carol was resting. The shades were rawn and her eyes were shut, but she wasn't sleep. She opened her eyes when he approached the bed. There were spatters of dried lood on her blouse. She smiled weakly and e sat down and took her hand, sat on the dge of the bed.

"I guess all my sawdust ran out," she said.

"About time, wasn't it?"

"I'm ashamed of myself. But it wasn't tipping over in the car. I guess you know that. It as Jamie. Ever since it happened. A little boy ke that. Trying to kill him with a gun. Trying o shoot him to death, like killing a little nimal."

"I know."

"I just couldn't stop thinking about it. Does ny mouth look terrible?"

"Horrible," he said, grinning at her.

"You know, when I look down I can see my upper lip. It's cut on the inside. He packed something in there. He's very nice."

"He gave you something."

"I know. It takes the edges off everything. It makes me feel floaty. Is the car ruined?"

"It'll be ready to roll in a half hour. It won't be pretty, but it'll run."

"That's wonderful! But—but I don't want to drive it any more today."

"I'm storing the MG here and we'll all go in the wagon."

"All right, dear."

"How did it act?"

"Right from the first it wasn't steering right. You know, it sort of wandered. I thought it was out of line again. I had to steer it every minute. And then, on curves, it would make a funny crunchy noise up in the front somewhere. Then, just before it happened, it got much worse. There was a terrible vibration. I was just starting to put my foot on the brake and blow the horn for you to stop when I saw that wheel go scooting out ahead of me. Just when I realized what it was, we were turning over and something hit me in the mouth. Do they know what happened?"

"Somebody loosened the nuts."

She looked up at him and then closed her eyes and shut her hand hard on his fingers. "Oh, God," she whispered.

"He knows the car. He would know the nearest hospital was in Aldermont. He could find that out. Aldermont isn't large. I don't imagine they have a night watchman on that lot across from the hotel. If we'd taken the main road with all that fast traffic, it might have been a different story."

"When does all our luck run out? How long do we wait before that happens?"

"They'll pick him up."

"They'll never pick him up. You know that. I know that. And if they pick him up, they'll let him go again the way they did last time."

"Please, Carol."

She turned her face away from him. Her voice was far away. "I think I was about seven years old. My mother was still alive. We went to a carnival. There was a merry-go-round and my father lifted me up onto a big white horse. It was wonderful for a while. I held the brass pole and the horse went up and down. I didn't know until later that my father paid the man to make it a long, long ride. After a while the faces of the people began to blur. The music seemed to get louder. When I looked out all I could see were streaks. I wanted it to stop. When I shut my eyes I felt I was going to fall off. Nobody could hear me yell. I had the feeling it was going faster and faster and the music was getting louder and louder, and I was going to be hurled off."

"Honey, please."

"I want it to stop, Sam. I want it to stop going around and around. I want to stop being scared."

She looked at him with naked plea. He had never felt so helpless in his life. Or loved her so much.

When they arrived at The West Wind in the late afternoon Sam phoned the office again and told Bill Stetch about the accident and then, on sudden impulse, heard himself say, "I'd like to take all of next week off."

There was a silence on the line and then Bill said, "O.K., partner. Hope you get everything straightened away."

"I'm going to try, Bill. And thanks."

After completing the call, he went back to Carol's room and sat at the small desk and, using a pencil and paper to help his concentration, he tried to determine through process of logic if Cady could have found out about the Suffern hide-out. He made a short list of the people who knew about it. He questioned Jamie and Nancy and they vowed most solemnly that they had told no one. Except Tommy. And Nancy was certain Tommy had told no one. He checked with the owner and by judicious use of white lies learned that there had been no inquiries about Mrs. Bowden. The phone calls had been made from the office, but he had placed them himself. Mail had been delivered directly to the office. He had posted his letters to Carol himself. The possibility of Cady's tailing them to Suffern was remote. He thought back over the possible times and decided it was so remote as to be checked off entirely.

In the end he decided that Suffern was safe. With proper care it would remain safe. He knew he could not function efficiently if he based his moves on hunch and superstitious alarm. There had to be some starting place. Suffern was safe. So Suffern was an adequate base, a place to operate from.

On Friday and Saturday and Sunday they vegetated. Rest and the sedative improved Carol's nerves. They swam, ate hugely and slept long hours. And slowly, hour by hour, the resolution grew in Sam's mind. He found it almost impossible to face it at first. But it became easier and easier. The concept was so alien to his nature as to revolt him. It meant a reversal of all his values, of all the things he lived by. He knew that this inner combat made visible changes in his manner. Several times he saw Carol looking at him speculatively. He knew he seemed moody and absent-minded.

Monday, an oppressively hot day, he took Carol out in one of the yellow rowboats. The sky in the east had a coppery and ominous look. A moist infrequent wind would ripple the water and then die into a waiting stillness. Carol sat in the stern in white shorts and red halter and trailed her finger tips in the water as he rowed out into the middle of the mile-long lake. He boated the dripping oars and the boat moved smoothly along until momentum died.

"You're acting weird, you know," she said.

"I know."

"And this is the time to reveal all?"

"Yes. But questions first. How are you now?"

"Better, I think. I could go to pieces again if I made a good try at it. Since you convinced me we're safe here, and because we're all here together, I feel better. But not joyous. You say it's safe, but my litter of three are over there, a half mile across the water, and I don't feel really good unless I can see them and touch them."

"I know."

"Why do you want to know how I am? Outside of polite curiosity."

"There's something I want to do. I can't do it alone."

"What do you mean?"

"I've been up one side of this and down the other. I want to kill Cady."

"Of course. So do I, but ——"

"That was not a figure of speech. I mean that I want to plan it all out and lay a trap and kill him. I want to commit murder, and I think I know how it can be done."

She stared at him for what seemed a long time. And then she looked away, as though in shyness. "Not murder. Execution."

"Don't help me rationalize. Murder. And it may go wrong, but not if we're careful. Have you got guts enough to help me?"

"I have. It would be doing something. It would be something besides waiting around and looking at the children and wondering which one you're going to lose. Yes, Sam. I can help and you can depend on me and there won't be any going to pieces either. Waiting is what ruined me. Action won't."

"That's what I hoped. Your part is harder than mine."

"Tell me," she said. She was leaning forward, dark eyes frowningly intent, tanned arms crossed and resting on her knees. He looked at her and thought of how good her legs were, and how all of her was truly compact and vibrant. The gusts of wind had turned the boat and the far-off copper was higher in the sky, and the water at that end of the lake behind her looked dark. The dark water and the sky made the white houses stand out clearly at that end of the lake.

It was, to him, a moment of curious significance, of a dramatic unreality. *This*, he thought, *cannot be Sam and Carol, man and wife*. He had thought he knew this woman and knew himself. But this was a time of change. There was a new quality of tension and excitement between them, but there was an unhealthiness about it, a tinge of rot.

"You can help me plan it. I just have . . . a general idea. It started with something the sheriff said. I haven't worked out the details. We leave the kids here. Nancy can accept the responsibility."

"What do we tell them?"

"We certainly don't tell them what we want to do. We can think of something. Some plausible lie. You and I go back home. We have to gamble that he'll come there. Particularly if he thinks you are alone. We'll have to make it look that way, somehow. We can't take a chance of giving him the same kind of chance at you he had at Jamie. I've been thinking of the layout. If you were in the side yard or in back of the house, he'd have that chance. You'd be clearly visible in any window in the back of the house at night."

REFERENCE Library



QUILTING FOR BABY

Here's a lovely Christmas present, easy to make for the baby you love. On blue taffeta squares—with plain pink squares between—an array of appliqué animals: kittens, Teddy bears, bunnies, ducklings, a baby lamb. The finished crib quilt is 22″ x 32″, and color perfect for a favorite baby, boy or girl. For pattern No. 2619, send 25 cents* to: Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

* Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.

"Or any window at night? Where will you be?"

"I should be hidden in the house somewhere. Waiting."

"Won't he know it's a trap? Won't he sense it?"

"Perhaps. But we ought to make it look good. It's the details I haven't figured out yet."

She bit at the corner of her thumbnail. "If you could be in the top of the barn?"

"I'd be too far away. I ought to be in the house with you."

"If there was some sort of signal system, it wouldn't be too far. Didn't Nancy and Sandra fix up a buzzer thing a couple of years ago?"

"And got me to string the wire. I know the wire is still up."

"I could sleep in Nancy's room. You could get it working again."

"But why the kids' place in the barn?"

"I thought how we could make it look right. You could take the MG. Then I could go out in the wagon as though I was going shopping. I could pick you up someplace and you could lie down in the wagon and I could drive right into the barn when I come back, and then go to the house with a bundle of groceries. And we could buy food you could keep in the top of the barn. I mean that would be a way to come back without him knowing it."

"But if he doesn't see me leave?"

"The one car would be gone anyway, and if we did it any other way, he might see you come back."

"I could wait until night and sneak into the house."

"If it's supposed to look as if I'm alone in the house, the best way is to *be* alone in the house. And if he's watching he'll satisfy himself I'm alone, and then he'll come in after me."

"We've got to be sure we can handle him."

"I'll have the Woodsman and you'll have that new gun. There's a lot of things I can do to make sure I'll be safe from him long enough. Like stringing pots and pans on the stairs so he'd have to make a noise."

"Can you handle it, Carol? Can you?"

"I know I can."

"Then there's another part to the problem. Suppose we . . . are successful? What then?"

"Well, wouldn't he be a prowler? I mean can't you shoot a prowler? And the police know about him, don't they? And he is a criminal. Couldn't we just call?"

"I—I guess so. I guess that would be all right."

"We can do it, darling. We have to do it."

"And we can't be careless. Not for a minute. We've got to stay as cold as ice."

"What if nothing happens?"

"Something will. He can't afford to wait much longer. He wants to move in and finish it. Shall we go back in the morning?"

"Today, darling. Please. Let's go today and get it started and then it will be over. Row back now, please."

After lunch they drove to Ellendon to pick up the MG. They arrived home a little after five and put the two cars in the barn, and hurried to the house with their luggage. When they went across the lawn Sam realized he was hurrying with his shoulders hunched, and trying to stay between Carol and the hill that rose behind the barn. He felt relief when they reached the comparative safety of the front porch. He sensed that it was absurd to imagine that Cady would be sprawled up there on the hill, cheek against the stock, finger on the trigger, tracking them with the telescopic sight. He could not be that ready. But, on the other hand, it was equally absurd to assume that he would not be ready, and act as if he were not ready.

Before dark he went up to the attic window in the rear of the house and carefully searched the hillside with his binoculars. He wished it were not so heavily wooded, that there were not so many huge gray boulders, so many deadfalls.

They went through the house together, before dark, deciding what areas were safe. They decided it would be unwise to use the kitchen at night. She could use the study and use Nancy's room. After dark he risked going out to make certain that he could not see into either of those two lighted rooms from outside. He circled the house with the revolver in his hand, moving with caution, stopping where the night shadows were most black to wait and listen.

When he went back into the house he found he had spent too long outside. Carol held him tightly and he felt her body tremble. He locked the house with great care, checking every door and window. They slept in their own room. Carol went to sleep in his bed, his arms around her, and the gun under the pillow, the bedroom door locked, a Rube Goldberg trap of pans and string blocking both stairways.

Tuesday, the sixth of August, was a golden day. After breakfast he checked the buzzer system, and Carol went with him when he drove down to get batteries. Before they left he checked the station wagon over carefully.

Each time they had to cross between house and barn, they moved very quickly. And each time he glanced up at the hill. He became more and more convinced that Cady was up there. And he would not be at all surprised that they ran.

When the buzzer system was working and had been completely checked, they decided on signals. During waking hours she would press her toy telegraph key three times, quickly, on the hour, and he would return the same signal. She would leave Nancy's room only when it was absolutely necessary, and then for as brief a time as possible. It was evident that he could not break in without arousing her. At the first suspicious noise she was to hold the key down for a single long signal.

The tension was grim and strong. They said no more to each other than was necessary, and they both avoided looking into each other's eyes. It was as though they had embarked on some project that shamed them.

He said, "I think we're as ready as we'll ever be."

"How soon will I follow you?"

"This is the part I don't like. It shouldn't be too soon. But I don't want to leave you alone any longer than I have to."

"I'll be all right. It's a chance we have to take. It's eleven o'clock now. Twelve o'clock sharp?"

"All right." He looked at her, wondering about her.

She touched his arm. "It's not so bad in the daytime, really. I'll be careful, and I'll be all right."

He kissed her quickly and found her lips cool and dry and unresponsive. He waited on the porch until he heard her lock the door. He backed the MG out, swung it around quickly and headed down to the village. He put the car in Barlow's garage for a complete engine overhaul. He walked from there to the new supermarket on the far side of the village. He bought a good flashlight and the food he thought he would need. As it grew closer and closer to noon his tension increased. The village horn blew at noon. A chill drop of sweat ran down his ribs. At five after twelve, just as he was beginning to feel frantic, she came through the front door and paused, looked around until she saw him, and came directly toward him.

"Betty Hennis stopped by," she said in a low voice. "I had to be rude to get rid of her. Have you got everything you'll need? Let me see." She made a few more selections. "I think we should kill some time, dear," she said. "If I've gone shopping, I shouldn't return too soon. And you should get something to read."

He did not know at which precise moment he turned against their careful plan. He had thought they could do it. He had thought Cady could be handled. But there was so much at stake, so much that could go wrong. And the whole device seemed so totally out of character for both of them. He had the feeling that if it succeeded, it would turn their world into a jungle from which they could never escape.

"Let me drive," he said as they walked toward the station wagon.

"What? What are you going to do?"

"I'm going into the city. We're going into the city. I'm going to try Captain Dutton again."

Her voice trembled. "He hasn't done anything. He won't do anything. It won't do any good. Let's do it our way."

"I've got to try this one last time." He smiled bitterly and sadly. "Rack it up to my intense devotion to law and order."

"He won't do anything, and he'll stop us from doing what we want to do."

"Don't start to cry."

"But it puts us back where we were. Just waiting and waiting and being scared every minute."

Capt. Mark Dutton was out, and they had to wait over forty minutes before he came back to headquarters. The waiting room was barren and depressing. Carol sat woodenly, her face stamped with hopelessness.

At last a clerk came for them and took them to Dutton's office. Dutton greeted them with bored courtesy. They sat in two chairs near his desk.

Sam said, "Did you hear about . . . the trouble we had down at ——"

"A report and a request for information came in from Sheriff Kantz. There's a pickup order out on Cady. Unless he leaves the area, he won't stay loose very long. How is your boy?"

"He's all right. We were lucky."

"How long can we keep on being lucky?" Carol said flatly.

Dutton gave her a quick measuring glance. "Are your children in a safe place?"

"We think so. We hope so," Sam said. "But in a business like this, there are no guaranties. The man is insane."

Dutton nodded. "From what's happened, assuming he was the sniper, I'd say that was a fair estimate, Mr. Bowden."

Dutton listened with no change of expression while Sam told him of the loosened wheel lugs.

"All I can say to you is I hope we can pick him up soon. I don't know what other assurances I can give you. I've given the job the best priority I can give it. If you people can . . . be careful until we ——"

"You want us to hide," Carol said sharply.

"That's one way to put it, Mrs. Bowden," Dutton told her.

"You want us to hide and wait and then, when he's wanted for murder, you'll give it some extra priority."

"Now just a moment, Mrs. Bowden. I explained to your husband ——"

Carol stood up. "There's a lot of explaining going on. I didn't want to come here. I'm sorry I came here. I knew you'd be nice and rational, Captain Dutton. I knew you'd pat us on the head and send us away full of some kind of forlorn confidence that you people will be able to handle this."

"Now just ——"

"I'm talking, Captain Dutton. And I'm talking to you and I want you to listen. We were going to try to trap that . . . animal. We were going to use me as bait. And we were going to depend on the gun you let my husband carry. I'm astonished you went so far as to let him have a gun. And when everything was arranged, he felt he had to come down here and see you again. And I knew it would be just the same as before."

"Carol ——"

"Be still, Sam. The world is full of too many little men full of self-important petty authority, and not one ounce of imagination or kindness. So fill out all your neat little priority forms, captain, and we'll go home and try to do it our way. Unless, of course, you can quote some law that will restrain us from even trying. My children are threatened, captain, and if I can kill Mr. Cady, I will gladly do so, with a gun or a knife or a club. Let's go, Sam."

"Sit down, Mrs. Bowden."

"I don't see as how ——"

"Sit down!" For the first time there was the full ring of dominance and authority in the man's voice.

Carol sat.

Dutton turned toward Sam. "Just how did you plan to trap Cady into coming to you?"

"There's a lot of ifs. If I can be smuggled back in the station wagon and sneak into the kids' room in the barn. If he is watching the house. If our signal system works. If he thinks Carol is alone, and decides to come after her. If I can fire at him and hit him."

Dutton looked at Carol. "Do you people think he's watching your house?"

"I think so. Yes," Carol said. "Maybe it's just nerves. But I think he is. We're pretty isolated there."

"Please wait right here," Dutton said, and left the office quickly.

"I'm sorry, darling," Carol said. Her mouth was trembling.

"You were slightly magnificent."

"I made a fool of myself. But he made me so angry."

Dutton was gone for a full fifteen minutes. When he came back he had a young man with him, a brown young man in his twenties, short and stocky, with mild blue eyes and brown hair that needed cutting. He wore a white shirt, dark blue trousers, and a yellow pencil behind his ear.

He stood at semi-attention as Dutton went around his desk and sat down. "This is Corporal Kersek. He's restless, unmarried, a first-class pistol shot, and bored with his current assignment in communications. Andy, this is Mr. and Mrs. Bowden. I've cleared his assignment with the county and with the state police. Andy was an infantryman in Korea. I can assign him to you for three days, Mr. Bowden. He understands the situation in general. Go over your plan with him in detail, and accept his recommendations for any changes. Good luck to you. . . . And—Mr. Bowden."

"Yes?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172



"Are the doors sturdy? My husband slams out of the house a lot."

Men of Action need Canada Dry Ginger Ale! It's light, dry . . . not sugary sweet!

The *exclusive* ingredients of Canada Dry Ginger Ale do the trick! Sparkling bubbles with exclusive "Pin-Point Carbonation," pure, pure water, select, imported ginger grown especially for Canada Dry, and premium, larger-crystal sugar bring 'em back to life after hard work or play.

This Ginger Ale is deliciously refreshing . . . light, dry (less sweet), not filling. And the livelier bubbles aid digestion. Try it when pep disappears, and put the sparkle back in your family's eyes. Canada Dry is good for everyone . . . keeps them mentally alert, physically alive.

FIRST IN TASTE: Canada Dry, the Original Pale Dry Ginger Ale . . . often imitated but never duplicated.



Exclusive personalized Christmas card offer from Canada Dry!



Get 12 personalized Christmas cards containing your favorite snapshot. A $2.25 value for only $1.00. Cards are 4″ x 6″, beautifully printed in full color, and come complete with envelopes. Here's how:

1. Send ■ negative or print of your favorite snapshot together with $1.00 and the special gift certificate you'll find attached to a bottle of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Club Soda or Flavors . . . be sure to include $1.00 for each set of 12 cards you order.

Mail to CHRISTMAS CARDS, Box 2548, Pittsburgh 30, Pa., and *don't forget* to include your name and address.

2. Do it today to be sure you get yours in time for your Christmas mailing. Offer expires November 27, 1957.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170

Dutton smiled thinly. "You have an alarmingly effective wife. And a very handsome one."

Carol flushed and smiled and said, "Thank you, Captain Dutton."

They talked with Kersek. Sam explained the original plan, and made a rough sketch of the house, barn and grounds on a yellow pad.

"About how far from the house to the barn, Mr. Bowden?"

"A hundred feet."

"I think it'll be better if I'm in the cellar. I can make it there after dark. You could open cellar window for me, Mrs. Bowden."

It pleased Sam that Kersek did not in any way question that Cady would make an attempt. It made the whole project seem more businesslike and official.

After Kersek drew the equipment he thought he would need, they drove him to his rooming house, where he changed to dark shabby slacks, a dark shirt, tennis shoes.

Before they reached the village, Sam and Kersek stretched out in the back of the wagon and pulled a dusty car blanket over them. Sam knew all the familiar turns. He felt the pitch of the hill, and knew just when she would have to slow down for the driveway. When she drove into the barn, less light came through the blanket, and the motor sound became louder before she turned it off. She opened the left-rear door and picked up the bag of groceries for the house.

"Be careful," Sam said in a low voice. She nodded, her lips compressed. He and Kersek got out of the car and he stood well back from the dusty window and watched her scurry across the lawn toward the house, through the late-afternoon sunlight, moving with all the clean grace so familiar and so dear to him. He saw her unlock the door, go inside and close it. He turned and saw that Kersek was tensed and waiting, head cocked.

"What's the matter?"

"He could be inside waiting. She'd get a chance to yell once."

Sam berated himself for not having thought of that. They stood in the intense silence of the barn, listening. The cooling motor of the station wagon ticked. Suddenly, startling both of them, the buzzer sounded in the upstairs room, three short quick sounds.

"All clear," Sam said gratefully. He climbed the ladder quickly and returned her signal. It was just four o'clock. Kersek helped him carry his stuff up and get organized. Kersek left his supplies near the foot of the ladder. They sat upstairs on the old Army cot, surrounded by broken toys, half-completed projects, a hundred pictures cut out of magazines and tacked and pasted to the rough walls, and they talked in low voices. Sam told Andy Kersek the complete story of Max Cady.

The single cobwebbed window looked toward the house, and from where he sat Sam could look along the thin wires that sagged and lifted again to enter the house through the hole drilled in Nancy's window frame. He could see a portion of the hill behind the house, but he did not try to see more of it because he did not want to get his face too close to the window.

Carol sent her brisk signal each hour on the hour. After they had exhausted the subject of Cady, Kersek talked about Korea and how it had been, and how he had been hurt and how it had felt. They both read for a time—Kersek reading at random in the great pile of dusty comic books in the corner. And at last it grew too dark to read and too dark to smoke.

Carol buzzed at nine and at ten, and Kersek muffled the buzzer, suspecting the sound might carry too far in the stillness of the night.

"Time to move," Kersek said. He held his hand out and Sam took it.

"I don't want anything to happen to her," Sam said.

"Nothing will." There were reassurance and confidence in his voice. Sam followed him down the dark ladder, feeling his way. Kersek drifted out into the night. He made no sound. Sam strained his eyes to see him, but he could not. Kersek had smudged his face, and his clothes were dark, and he moved with the ease and vigilance of a trained man.

The faint light that showed around Nancy's window went out at ten-thirty. He tried to sleep, but he could not. He listened to the sounds of the long summer night, the insect chorus and the distant dogs, and the few cars on the road, and the far-off trucks, and a long brazen diesel hoot, far down the valleys.

The first light of dawn awakened him, and he moved the cot back away from the window. There was no signal at six, and he resisted the temptation to initiate a signal. The slow minutes passed. The hour from six to seven seemed but little longer than eternity. There was no signal from her at seven. The house looked silent and dead. They were in there, slain while he slept. At five after seven he could wait no longer. He initiated the signal. Twenty seconds later, as he was reaching again for the key, his mouth dry and his heart pounding, the signal was returned. He took a long deep breath, and was immediately sorry he had awakened her. She needed sleep so very badly.

He ate. The long morning passed. A salesman parked in front of the house and walked to the front door and waited there several minutes before giving up and driving away. A brown-and-white cat stalked a bird across the lawn, tail twitching, ears forward, body crouched. It sprang and missed and looked up into the elm for a few moments, then sat and washed neatly, and strolled away, the birds scolding it.

By noon his worry over the children had become intense. If Cady had found out, somehow——But Carol had promised to call them twice a day, and if anything was wrong, she would have come running to the barn.

He could not remember ever having spent a longer day. He watched the shadows change, and lengthen. At six the sun went behind a bank of dull cloud in the west behind the house, and night came earlier than usual. She made her last signal at ten o'clock and her light was out shortly afterward.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174



Teddy Nadler, whose prodigious memory won fame and fortune on TV, adds to his storehouse of facts.



PIETRO

What is INTELLIGENCE?

After the quiz is over, what can be done with the facts?

By LESLIE B. HOHMAN, M.D.

It was an exciting adventure to be permitted to interview a human being like Ted Nadler. This forty-seven-year-old man has a memory for facts that is so extraordinary—prodigious, colossal—that it's almost unbelievable. You can't think up an exaggerated statement that will express his memory skill. To think of a man who can describe battle contestants, the places, the number of troops, the weather, the date and the outcome of a thousand battles is to think of a talking encyclopedia. This father of three boys and the possessor of a pretty, adoring wife looks down a little on professors of history because they do not have his factual knowledge of historical events. He wonders why famous baseball players know their batting averages less well than he does. His ability on a quiz program to challenge contestants in any category made him a name of fame and a lot of thousands of dollars.

With this extraordinary memory and extraordinary knowledge of facts, why has it taken Teddy Nadler so long to achieve recognition? Before inquiring into this question, it must be said that Teddy Nadler is a lucky man. His wife is a real blessing to him. Not only is she attractive-looking, but she has the belief that Teddy and the three boys she has borne him are nigh perfection. Her whole life is her husband and three boys. That is what attracted Teddy to her and what makes him so happy with her—he says she's like a European woman in that her only interest is her home and family. She is a compliant person. She lets Teddy do the food shopping because he likes the job and doesn't mind spending for extravagant food for his children. If he doesn't want to buy electric appliances or household items, she's satisfied. She thinks Teddy is a marvelous father, entertaining to the children, and makes them very happy when he's with them, and he likes to be with them. Clara Nadler says that the boys, her husband, her family, his family, their house—everything connected with her is wonderful. She uses the word over and over—everything is wonderful. It is indeed heart-warming to find a woman so completely happy with her family and so admiring of them in every way.

Teddy Nadler is a likable person in spite of the fact that he has many qualities that would make the average person who had these traits unlikable. For example, in the past he thinks he has been unfairly discriminated against. He thinks the men who let him do all the work on his job let themselves take all the credit and, incidentally, the promotions.

I suggest that the reason these ideas of persecution are not irritating or disturbing to his likableness is that he has ways of creating the idea of modesty about himself—even though he is at times too full of self-praise!

A puzzle immediately confronts you when you ask why a man with so prodigious a memory has not made more of himself. Except for the accident of quiz programs, Teddy would still be earning less than $4000 a year. He had to live in cramped, close quarters—three rooms for five people; he had no significant promotions after fifteen years in his job as clerk-laborer in a military-supply depot. Even menial workers got promotions over him.

What did he lack that made him not successful in income, job and place in the world?

It brings up the whole question of what is theoretic intelligence and what is usable intelligence.

All psychologists today are agreed that intelligence is made up of a series or a number of different abilities. Memory is one of these abilities. The ability to calculate, to use common sense in situations requiring judgment, and to know the meaning of words of a sufficiently large vocabulary are other examples of the abilities that are thought of as intelligence.

It is also agreed by psychologists that intelligence is made up of many individual capabilities, but it is also dependent upon how the capacities are put together. A capability is of no service if a person doesn't know how and when to use it or if he is so emotionally upset that his thinking is made useless. An example of this would be an individual who is so upset emotionally by having to take orders that he becomes confused when asked to do his job, which may be calculations.

Although there are many capabilities which go to make up intelligence and although they appear to be very different from one another, nevertheless it has been proved that these capacities are strung together on a thread of general intelligence. If an individual is very good in one field, he tends to be good in other fields. It is also known that a very highly developed individual capacity such as memory does not markedly influence or add to the general intelligence of an individual.

Intelligence, which is a sum total of individual capacities strung together on general intelligence, to be highly usable, must enable a person to act wisely and with directed purpose. Everybody knows some person who is smart but never gets anywhere in the world of either professional or business success simply because he or she doesn't know how to direct his or her skills into usable channels.

Another quality which is an essential part of intelligence and intelligent behavior is incentive and ambition and drive. Without ambition and drive nobody can succeed; and by succeed I do not mean to suggest money success—I mean success in realizing one's capabilities to the fullest.

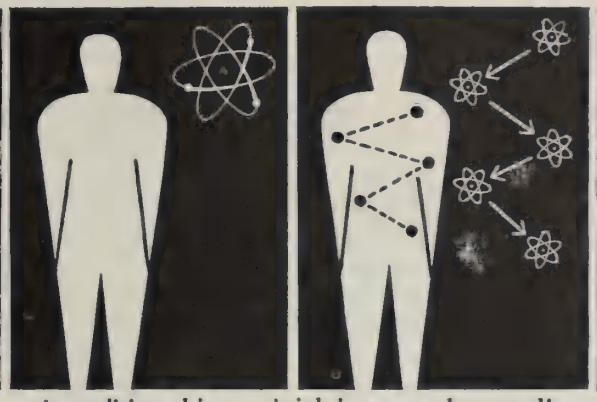
In Ted Nadler's case, there are two big points to be borne in mind. No one can judge another's success by his own definition of that word. A man or a woman is successful by his or her own definitions—roughly equated by happiness, satisfaction, self-evaluation. Ted often refers to himself as a "nobody," as a "dumbbell," is frequently self-deprecating, often bitter, and troubled by the gap between his potential achievements and his real ones. As we talk of success in his case, then, we will base it not on such ready gauges as wealth or prestige, but on Ted's own feeling that he is not a happy or successful man in a key area of his life—his work.

The second point to be brought out is this: much of Ted's effort has been exceedingly successful. It went into overcoming severe handicaps when as a child he was least fortified to deal with them. Problems that would give any adult pause—poverty, life in an institution, cruelty by strangers, physical difficulties, ill and troubled parents—were surmounted by Ted as a child in such a way as

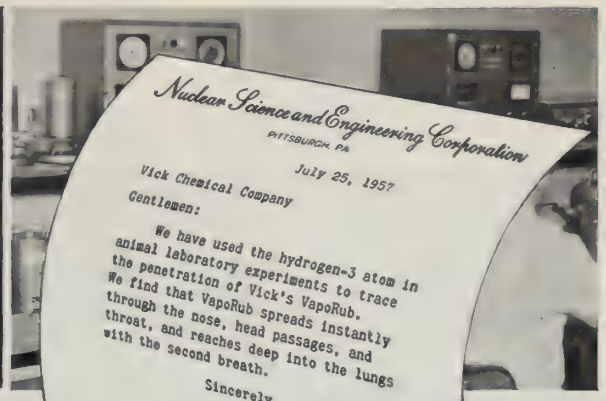
CONTINUED ON PAGE 193



This is a peaceful atom working for human health. Its contribution to medicine is a blessing of our atomic age!



In medicine, this atom's job is to trace how medicines act in the body—where they go—how fast—what they do.



Nuclear Science and Engineering Corporation
PITTSBURGH, PA.

July 25, 1957

Vick Chemical Company

Gentlemen:

We have used the hydrogen-3 atom in animal laboratory experiments to trace the penetration of Vick's VapoRub. We find that VapoRub spreads instantly through the nose, head passages, and throat, and reaches deep into the lungs with the second breath.

Sincerely,

Ralph L. Ely, Jr., Ph.D.
Technical Director

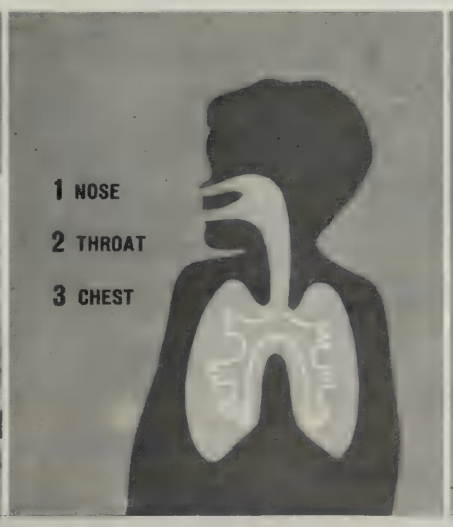
ATOM TRACER TESTS PROVE VICKS VAPORUB

acts faster, longer than aspirin or any cold tablet

...without internal dosing



WHEN YOUR CHILD has a cold, rub VapoRub over area of lungs, heart, back, throat, neck. VapoRub acts *instantly!*



NO OTHER TYPE of treatment relieves all 3 cold areas–nose, throat, chest –all at once–without internal dosing.



VAPORUB penetrates while medicated vapors relieve head, throat, bronchial congestion. Your child feels good fast.



GROWN-UPS and elderly people also prefer VapoRub. It acts faster, works longer than aspirin or cold tablets.

While aspirin and cold tablets are still in your stomach . . . . Vicks VapoRub is already treating nose, throat, bronchial area . . . and keeps bringing relief for hours after tablets have stopped working.

Now—from the laboratories of atomic medicine comes *new proof* of a more effective way you and your family can get relief from miseries of colds.

For scientists have used atom tracer tests to check the action of cold medications—and found that Vicks VapoRub acts faster and longer than aspirin or any cold tablets.

No other type of cold medication treats all 3 cold areas—nose, throat, chest—all at once—for hours—with every breath—without internal dosing.

So it's no wonder that more mothers depend on Vicks VapoRub than any other cold medication. Why don't you turn to VapoRub, too? Enjoy the fast relief—the peace of mind—VapoRub can bring.

Vicks VapoRub and Asiatic Flu

Whether caused by a cold or Asiatic Flu...VapoRub relieves nose stuffiness, coughs, local bronchial congestion! So at first sign, turn to one medication you can trust! If fever, call your doctor.

World's most widely used colds medication ... **as a rub ... in steam ... in the nose**

"Vicks" and "VapoRub" are registered trademarks of the Vick Chemical Co., Greensboro, N. C.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174

. . . fogged dream in a deep sleep, dream interrupted by the morning alarm clock. And he groped for the clock that was not there, and suddenly sat up in absolute darkness, his reactions so blurred by heavy sleep that for long and precious seconds he did not know where he was, nor why his heart should be hammering so heavily.

When shrill realization came, he rolled off the cot and tried to scoop up the gun and the flashlight. His body was clumsy with sleep and he pawed the flashlight away from him and then found it in the darkness. He lowered himself hastily through the trap door, found the rungs of the ladder with his toes. He had not anticipated how awkward it would be to try to climb down in complete darkness carrying a gun and flashlight.

His foot slipped, and when he tried to catch himself his hand slipped. He fell and landed with his right foot on something uneven. It was an eight-foot drop and he landed with his entire weight on the right ankle. It felt as though a white flare had exploded inside his ankle. He fell heavily, faint with pain, a sprawling fall that brought him up against a wheel of the car, rolling in darkness, empty-handed, his sense of direction completely confused. He got up onto his hands and knees, grunting with pain, and he realized the long alarm cry of the buzzer had stopped. He began to paw around in the darkness, sweeping his hands across the floor, feeling for gun and flashlight.

He touched the roundness of the flashlight, snatched it up and pushed the switch, but it did not light. He heard a scream of complete and shocking terror, a scream that seemed to tear a long and ragged strip off his heart, and he heard the muffled and yet brittle sound of the Woodsman as two shots were fired.

He was sobbing with fright and frustration and pain. He touched the butt of the revolver and snatched it up and tried to stand. When he put weight on the ankle he fell again, and crawled to the wall and pulled himself up. Just then he heard the second scream quavering across the night air, a piece of silver wire stretched out to an unendurable point to then snap into a silence which was worse than the scream.

From somewhere he found the strength to walk, and then the strength to break into a blundering run. The night was utterly black. There was misty rain on his face. He felt as though he were trying to run in chest-deep water. The right foot flopped uselessly, and each time he came down on it he felt as though it landed in white-hot coals, ankle deep.

He fell on the front steps, struggled up and found the door and knew in despair that it was locked and that he had no key and it would take him an eternity to find his way around the house and find where Cady had broken in. That was another thing they had not considered. Another tragic oversight. But where was Kersek?

Just at that moment he heard a sound that must have come from a man's throat, but it was utterly unlike any human sound he had ever heard. It was a snarling, roaring sound, full of anger and madness and a bestial frenzy. And there was the deep resonant bang of a weapon heavier than the Woodsman, a sound that rattled the windows.

There was an enormous crashing and clanging and thudding of something running or falling down the front stairs, bringing Carol's alarm system of pots and pans and string with it. And a jar that shook the house.

Before he could move, the locked front door burst open and a half-seen figure, wide and hard and stocky and incredibly quick, came plunging out and smashed into him and drove him back. There was a sick sense of floating as he sailed backward over the steps, and then he landed flat on his back on the wet grass with a great jar that knocked the wind out of him.

He had managed to hold onto the revolver. He rolled up onto his knees, gagging for breath, and heard the pound of running feet on the turf, saw something running toward the corner of the house. He fired three times at it, snap-shooting, taking no aim. He got up and wobbled to the corner of the house. He was still sobbing for breath, but he managed to hold his breath and listen. He heard something that moved with frantic haste, crashing up through the brush on the hillside behind the house. He fired twice at the sound and listened again, and heard it recede and become fainter and disappear entirely.

When he turned back, his ankle folded again and he fell against the side of the house, hitting his head. He crawled on his hands and knees. He crawled up the steps and through the open front door and found the light switch in the lower hall and turned it on.

He could hear a faint mewling sound, a hopeless sound of fright and pain and heartbreak so like the unforgettable sound he had heard so long ago in a Melbourne alley that it seemed to him his heart would stop.

The sound continued as he climbed the stairs on his hands and knees. Halfway up he threw the empty gun aside. When he reached the upper hallway, he turned on the light. Kersek lay in the hallway outside the door of Nancy's room. The door was open. The room was in darkness. The endless whimpering sound came from inside the room.

Kersek blocked the hall. His gun lay five feet from him. Sam had to clamber over him. He tried to be gentle. Kersek groaned as he climbed over him. He turned on Nancy's room light. The bedside table was tipped over, the lamp shattered. Carol lay half under the bed, curled in fetal position. She wore her pajama trousers. The top was ripped off her, hanging by one sleeve. There were two deep bleeding scratches on her back. She made the endless and broken sound with each breath as he crawled toward her. When he tried to pull her out from under the bed, she fought him, and her eyes were squeezed tightly shut.

"Carol!" he said sharply. "Carol, darling!"

The sound continued and then stopped. She opened her eyes cautiously, and when she turned he could see the purpling bruise that covered most of the left side of her face.

"Where were you?" she whispered. "Oh, where were you?"

"Are you all right?"

She worked her way out from under the bed. She sat up and buried her face in her hands. "He's gone?"

"Yes, darling, he's gone. Are you all right. Did he . . . hurt you?"

"Like an animal," she said brokenly. "He smelled like some kind of animal too. I didn't hear anything. Just a sort of scratching near the door. And I found the buzzer and pushed it for a long time and I had the gun, and then he ran right in through the door, right through it like it was paper and I fired and I screamed and I tried to fight. And he hit me."

"Did he . . . do anything to you?"

She frowned, as though trying to concentrate. "Oh, I know what you mean. No. He was going to. But then . . . Andy came." She tried to look beyond him. "Where is Andy?" she asked.

"Put your robe on, darling."

She seemed to pull herself together with a great effort. "I went all to pieces. I've never been so terrified. I'm sorry. But where were you? Why didn't you come?"

"I fell," he said, and turned and crawled back out into the hall. Kersek was breathing raggedly. Blood ran from the corner of his mouth. The leather grip of a hunting knife protruded grotesquely from his side, just below his right armpit.

He crawled down the hall to their bedroom and pulled himself up onto his bed and took the bedside phone from the cradle and dialed the operator.

"Sam Bowden," he said, "on the Milton Hill Road. We've got to have a doctor out here, and the police. Immediately. Emergency. Tell them to hurry, please. And an ambulance, please."

Five minutes later he heard the first siren, screaming up the hill through the misty night.

Doctor Allisson, after emergency treatment of Kersek, and after Andy had been taken away in the ambulance, treated the deep scratches on Carol's back, and as soon as she was in her own bed he gave her a sedative that put her into a deep sleep in thirty seconds.

After he had decided that Sam's ankle was badly sprained and not broken, he injected it with a local anesthetic and bound it tightly.

"Try to stand on it."

"It doesn't hurt at all!" Sam said wonderingly.

"Don't use it too much. Try to keep off it. But use it some. Big night you people are having out here."

"How about Kersek?"

Allisson shrugged. "Take a guess. He's young and he's in good shape. He was in shock. A lot depends on how long that blade is. Better to take it out on the table. I've got to get along. Those state cops are anxious to get at you."

When he went downstairs, favoring the dead ankle, he found that Captain Dutton had arrived. He was talking in low tones to a big man who managed to wear baggy pants and a leather jacket with a look of competence and importance.

Dutton nodded at Sam. "This is Captain Ricardo, of E Barracks, Mr. Bowden," he said. "I've been briefing him."

"How is Mrs. Bowden?" Ricardo asked.

"She was on the ragged edge. Doctor Allisson gave her a shot. He says she'll be dopey tomorrow, but rested." Sam moved over to a chair. "I'm supposed to stay off this ankle as much as I can."

"Apparently you and Kersek didn't handle this too well," Dutton said.

Sam stared at him. "If it wasn't for my wife and her little lecture," he told the policeman, "I would have been handling it myself, and it would have been a lot worse than it was, Captain Dutton."

Dutton flushed and said, "How were you staked out?"

"I was in the top of the barn with a buzzer alarm system rigged so she could call me. Kersek was in the cellar. The front stairs and the back stairs were booby-trapped. I'd like to know how he got in."

"We found out," the big state-police officer said. "He climbed up onto the shed roof over the kitchen porch and cut the screen out of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

The loveliest hair is naturally

COLOR-KISSED



by tiz— MIST

creme and-color rinse combined

Whether you have blonde, red, brunette or gray hair, there's a shade of TIZ-Mist that makes the *most* of your very *own* hair color. Not a tint . . . not a dye, TIZ gently kisses your hair with lustrous color casts.

Never, *never* is there a trace of "theatrical color" . . . just the ladylike loveliness of natural-looking, well-groomed hair . . .vitally alive and shining with color highlights. TIZ lasts from one shampoo to your next . . . and it's so *very* easy to use. Just spray on . . . brush in . . . and rinse.

At beauty salons or cosmetic counters for use between appointments.

$1.95 *plus tax*

Conditions, improves hair texture . . . leaves it wonderfully manageable.

More TIZ-Rinses are used in America than all other creme-and-color rinses combined.



LEARN MORE WHAT TIZ CAN DO FOR YOU! SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET GET "QUICK FACTS TIZ-MIST"

TIZ-Products, Inc.
Dept. L, P.O.Box 4977
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Please send me free booklet on what TIZ can do for *me:*

*NAME*_____

*ADDRESS*_____

*CITY*_____ *STATE*_____

Canadian Distributor: Walter Fielding, Inc., Montreal



"Now is that normal?"

He said: "Sorry I have to leave so early..."
He meant: "I can't wait to leave! The air in this house is unbearable!"



She must have used an ordinary, "cover-up" deodorizer!

This couldn't have happened with air-wick

Air-Wick, the one and only chlorophyll deodorizer, gets rid of unpleasant odors in seconds... makes the air in your home seem sunshine fresh. Air-Wick is economical too... conclusively proven 3 times as effective... faster... more pleasant to use.

Make this simple test! Use any ordinary, "cover-up" deodorizer to combat an offensive odor. In seconds, you'll notice the resulting "combination odor". When you do, spray Air-Wick, and *smell* the difference! Notice how Air-Wick kills *both* odors: the original offensive odor *and* the peculiar odor left by the ordinary, "cover-up" deodorizer. Notice also how fresh and clean-smelling Air-Wick has left the air!



Use handy wick or speedy spray... deodorize the Air-Wick way!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174

window at the end of the upstairs hallway and forced the latch."

Sam nodded tiredly. "And Kersek didn't hear him and that's what cut down the warning time. And he wouldn't hear the sound of the buzzer. The first thing he heard was her scream and the two shots she fired."

"Two?" Ricardo asked. "You're certain?"

"Almost certain."

Ricardo turned to Dutton. "We found two twenty-two slugs, one in the doorframe at chest level, and one in the plaster on the other side of the hallway, about six feet high. And one thirty-eight slug in the baseboard in the hallway. It struck at an angle and knocked a long splinter out."

"I was certain Kersek could handle himself," Dutton said.

Ricardo tugged at his ear lobe. "Handling a rough customer is one thing. Handling a nut is another. It was dark in the hall. Your man didn't know the layout, and he probably couldn't locate a light switch. And he was trying to move fast. This Cady probably came out of that room like a bomb."

"I fired at him too," Sam said.

"With the revolver we found on the stairs?"

"Yes."

"Where, and how many times?"

"Three times in the front yard. He knocked me off the porch. He was running to the corner of the house. Then I heard him going up the hill in back, and I tried two more at long range. But he kept going. I could hear him."

When the phone rang, one of Ricardo's people answered it, announced it was for Captain Dutton. Dutton went over to the phone. He listened for a time, spoke in monosyllables, hung up. When he turned, his face looked older, the eyes pouched and bitter.

"We won't know how he got suckered, Ricardo. He didn't make it. They lost him on the table."

"I'm sorry," Ricardo said.

"What are your plans?"

"This isn't an easy area to seal off. Too many back roads. And maybe we didn't get onto it soon enough. I don't know. But I've established the blocks. We can't use dogs, because we can't give them the scent. I've got a half-dozen more troopers reporting in a half hour. At first light we'll spread out and go up the hill and see if we can follow the track. I've got one boy who's pretty good at it. We can hope Mr. Bowden nicked him, and if he didn't we can hope we sealed off the area in time."

"Just in case we didn't, how about putting out an alarm?"

Ricardo nodded. "Six states. Give it the works. All right. Now how about the press? My people have been keeping them off our necks so far."

Dutton pursed his lips. "It's a cop killing. Let's get a big spread. We can release mug shots." He looked sharply at Sam. "They'll want a statement from you, if they can get it. I can handle it, if you wish."

"I'd like that."

"I'll do it now," Dutton said. "The quicker we cooperate, the friendlier they'll be." He went out the front door, heading for the cluster of lights and sounds of conversation by the barn.

Ricardo eased his tall big-boned weight into a chair. He said thoughtfully, "From what Dutton says, this Max Cady must be off his rocker."

"And he's big and fast and in good shape," Sam said.

Ricardo lighted a cigar carefully, examined the glowing end of it. "Some people named Turner from just up the road were here and my people sent them back. Good friends?"

"The best."

"Maybe somebody ought to be with your wife. Mrs. Turner O.K.?"

"Yes."

He got up. "Which house?"

"The next one up on the same side, thanks."

"I'll send one of my people up to get her." He went out.

Sam sat alone in the living room. He felt dulled by all the expenditure of emotion and energy. He thought of all the things he had done wrong. *A clown act. Fall off the ladder. Can't get into the house. A great man of action. Decisive.* All it needed was for him to have run into a clothesline in the dark. It was hard to believe Kersek was dead. Tough, competent, efficient Kersek. In dying, he had prevented the unthinkable from happening.

Liz Turner came hurrying in. She was a tall blonde who concealed incredible stores of energy behind a façade of a look of languid anemia.

"Sam, we've been frantic. It was like a war going on over here. By the time we got dressed and got over here, we got shooed off by the troopers. The trooper that picked me up told me a policeman was killed over here and you are both all right. How is Carol? Where is she?"

"Allisson gave her a shot. She's knocked out, but I don't know for how long. I thought if you wouldn't mind ——"

"Of course I wouldn't mind. I'll sit with her. In your bedroom? I'll go right up. Is it the man your Jamie told little Mike about? The one that poisoned Marilyn?"

He nodded. She looked at him for a moment and hurried to the stairs and went up, two steps at a time. He heard more cars arrive. He got up and went to the window and looked out. State troopers in uniform moved back and forth in front of the car lights. It was beginning to get light in the east. The rain had stopped. The trees dripped.

Ricardo came in and got him and had him come outside and show them where he had stood and fired at the hillside and point out where the noise had seemed to come from.

"I've got it organized now, Mr. Bowden. As soon as it's light enough to pick up a trail, we'll get going. I'll take ten men and we'll spread out. I'm leaving one man here. And here's your gun back. It's reloaded."

Just as Sam took the gun a flash bulb went off, and Ricardo turned in irritation. "What did I tell you press people?"

"Just a little break, cap," the man with the photographer said. He had a putty face, wide blue innocent eyes. "Every press service will grab this one. How about an exclusive interview, Mr. Bowden? I'm Jerry Jacks."

"Not now," Sam said, and walked slowly back to the house. Behind him he heard Ricardo shooing Jacks back toward the barn.

From the kitchen window he watched the line of men start up the hill, guns ready. He watched them until they were gone. The dawn sun was up. He went up to the bedroom. Liz smiled at him and held her finger to her lips. Carol breathed deeply and slowly, her bruised face relaxed, lips parted. Liz put her magazine aside. "She hasn't moved," she whispered. "Her poor face!"

After he went back downstairs he was too restless to sit and wait. He went out the kitchen door and sat on the back steps. The sun was high enough to warm his cheek and the backs of his hands.

The magic formula in human relations is simple—when you begin to dislike someone, do something nice for him.

JOHN K. SHERMAN
Music and Maestros
Published by University of Minnesota Press

In the silence of the morning he heard the voices before he saw them. They had chosen an easier path down the hill, the one that came down from the improvised range, past Marilyn's grave and out behind the barn.

He went over. Four troopers struggled with the improvised litter. Two saplings had been cut and trimmed and threaded through the arms of two uniform tunics. Cady lay on his back on the litter. The blunt face had a strangely shrunken look and it was the color of soiled dough. In his lifetime Sam had seen several bodies. Not one of the others had looked as dead. A flash bulb went off.

"He made it halfway to the car," Ricardo said. "The car was hidden off that dirt road up there, covered with brush. A 'scope rifle in it, and food and liquor. One of the boys is taking it in."

"Did you have to shoot him?"

Ricardo looked at him. "All we had to do was bring him down. We started finding blood halfway up the hill. A lot of it. Look at his clothes. One of your shots must have hit him, one of those last two you fired. Tore his right arm on the inside, just below the armpit. Tore an artery open. He climbed another three hundred feet before he ran out of blood."

Sam looked at the body. He had killed this man. He had turned this elemental and merciless force into clay, into dissolution. He searched through himself, looking for guilt, for a sense of shame. And found only exultation.

"I'll get him off the place as soon as I can," Ricardo said. "Stop by the barracks tomorrow if you can. I'll have the red tape ready for signature."

Sam nodded and turned and walked back to the house. He walked ten feet and stopped and turned and looked at them, and looked at the body, and said tonelessly, "Thanks."

He had intended to go upstairs, but a sudden weakness turned him toward a chair and he sat down listlessly. He could hear Jerry Jacks talking over the phone. He knew he should be annoyed at Jacks' sneaking into the house, but it didn't seem important. ". . . that's right. Dead. And it was Bowden did it."

It was Bowden did it.

When he felt strong enough he plodded up the stairs to wait there until Carol awoke, and

for DEPENDABLE MOVING



'cross town

CALL YOUR ALLIED MOVER
...he's the No.1 Specialist

Ask your Allied Mover for a copy of "Before You Move." See yellow pages of your phone book, or write Allied Van Lines, Inc., Broadview, Illinois.



ALLIED VAN LINES • WORLD'S LARGEST LONG-DISTANCE MOVERS

hen he would tell her, and then he would leep, and then he would drive down and get he kids.

On Labor Day the Bowden family, with ommy Kent as the special guest, took the raditional last trip of the year on the Sweet ioux to the island.

It was a warm day with a fresh wind across he lake. The kids swam. Sam sat on a blanket n his swimming trunks, arms resting on his praised knees, can of beer and cigarette ir and. Carol was beside him.

"Baste me, ole friend," she said.

He put the beer can down, rested his ciga- ette on top of it, uncorked the lotion bottle, oured the liquid into the palm of his hand and troked it into the long clean brown lines of er back. One of the rarest of women, he ought. Woman of grace and spirit, pride nd delicacy.

Once again he thought of the nightmare ning that had so nearly happened to her. A uller spirit might have survived the crime ithout too much emotional damage, but arol never. It would have broken her ut- rly and forever. When he thought of the nar- owness of the escape, it made his eyes sting, nd it blurred the shape and pattern of her.

"Um," she said contentedly as he recapped the bottle.

"You are far too lazy to go in the water, I suppose." He threw the empty beer can into the lake and watched it move away, pushed by the wind. He watched Nancy eel up onto the stern of the Sweet Sioux and go off in a clean dive as lovely as music.

"Maybe I will swim. You've made me feel guilty with your insulting comments."

He looked at her tucking her hair into the white rubber cap. He said to himself, *Moment of significance. On this day, at this hour and this minute, I know we have come out from under a dark cloud labeled "Cady." We are quite whole again. It's like recovering from a serious illness. All the world looks fresh and new. Everything looks special. I feel enormously alive.*

He got up and followed Carol. They walked down to the water, hand in hand. Suburban father and suburban wife. A handsome, mild and civilized couple, with no visible taint of violence, no lingering marks of a dreadful fear.

He swam out with her, stopped and smiled lovingly at her, ducked her unexpectedly and violently, then swam for his life toward the stern of the boat, while the kids yelled for her to catch him. END

THE CARYATIDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

, as it pleases themselves. They dig a grave n the forest, and before sunrise they go to it ith their sons and friends, and some of them ven blow airs on a flute, and they lie down n it. They spread a goatskin over their face, nd as the sun comes up, the others fill in the arth. They will remain there, lying on the rave, without eating or drinking, with their ace upon the sod, till the sun is down, for ey do not believe that the old man in the rave will have died till then. Then they go ack, and eat and drink, having buried their ther, and think no more of it.

"Now it was said that they had buried, in is way, an old woman who came from a ountry in the East, and indeed I think that e was the grandmother of the miller's idow. Father Bernhard also heard of it, and as terrified that such ungodliness should be oing on in the parish.

"I said to him, 'It is the same to me hether, of the people, the living are buried r the dead choose to walk about. As to it appening in my forest, I do not like it, but any things go on in a forest which you may ot like.'

"Then he went to the people himself. 'Fa- er Bernhard,' they said to him, 'you settled eople chase us from one place to the other. ou fine us and whip us and put us in prison nd hang us. Do you now also grudge us a ttle earth to put into our mouths? Wait a ttle, and you will yourself come running fter us, to ask us to bury you for the sake of our peace.'

"Shortly after this, as it was that time of e year, they all went away, and I did not see ny one of them for a long time. Now you now, sir, that Father Bernhard, who was a ious man, was not well learned, and had ifficulty to read. From this time he began to ead all day, and to carry his book with him verywhere. One day, when I was out, it was e market day of Sarlat, and they were driv- g pigs to the fair, I found Father Bernhard t the side of the road, very pale and panting.

"'Who do you think, Claude,' he said, 'just assed me? The swine of the Gadarenes,' he aid, 'all the herd of them. Why, they may rise as well as other things in the Scripture, nd the people have sent them here. The devils re in them still, but they are tired by now of eing in swine, and are looking for someone enter into. It is hard that an old man like e shall have to be, now, night and day in e mountain, cutting myself with stones.'

"I said nothing to him; what can one an- wer to things out of the Holy Book?

"Then, again, a fortnight later, I met him. Will the people not be back soon, Claude?' e asked me. 'When will they be back?'

"That same week he was gone altogether, nd nobody saw him after that. And you will remember, sir, that as he had last been seen near the mill, they swept the seine for him in the millpond. There were then two little gypsy children who stood by. 'Sweep with a harrow,' they said." The old man stopped, and sighed.

"But, Claude," said his master, smiling, "they can have nothing to do with the misfortune of poor Father Bernhard. You tell me yourself that they were far away by that time."

"They were not here," the old man said with deep bitterness. "They would take care about that, the crafty devils. But what is she about at night, at Masse-Bleue, making the wheel turn, when she has no grain to grind?"

Seeing the young woman in the tartan frock coming down toward them, the men changed the subject of their talk, and the keeper again took off his cap.

"Am I interrupting an important debate?" she asked them, smiling. "Childerique sends me to ask you to take a glass of wine with us. You, too, Claude." She nodded to the old man.

They all walked up to where the young mother having finished the task of bathing her child, still blushing from the effort, was instructing the servants to spread a tablecloth upon the turf, and to bring wine and glasses. Out of the carriage the groom lifted baskets of cherries, deep orange speckled with crimson, and rich black, through the skin of which the red blood shone. The children had milk and cake upon a rug, a little way off, and were silent under the novelty of the treat.

The conversation of the party ran upon horses. They were all of them horse breeders and traders, and keen equestrians. Childerique had given up hunting; she had lost her own mother when she had been a baby, and would not have her children run any risk. But it had been a great sacrifice, and a horse was still to her what a bottle is to an old reformed drunkard; also, her team of horses was only a substitute. She was driving it today to break it in, in the hope of selling it well to a very rich neighbor, who had lately come to the district. The old nobility of the province was much taken up with this man, as with the first person capable of making a fortune whom they had never met face to face.

"Surely, Delphine," said Childerique to her friend, "you could sell Paribanu to Monsieur Tutein for me. You are his formulary in the manners of good society, and have only to tell him that a true gentleman is ever known by his off thill horse."

The young widow blushed. "If I really have the honor," she said, "of playing mentor to Monsieur Tutein's social Telemaque, I shall have more conscience than to drive him straight into the arms of Circe. You must ask him to your birthday party at Champmeslé, and do the bewitching yourself."

A FOXY WAY TO CLEAN...



—the detergent specially designed to clean FLOORS, WALLS, WOODWORK!

Soilax eats up dirt . . . actually picks up and holds all the dirt from your floors . . . without scrubbing or rinsing! Floors sparkle, with less fuss, less muss than you'd believe possible.

It's the smartest cleaner you can use on walls, woodwork, too! Never streaks or smears . . . works in half the time . . . with half the work! Now in 1 lb. and economical 3 lb. packages.

Another Famous Product of ECONOMICS LABORATORY, Inc.

NOTHING BOTHERS THE MAN IN THE BERK-LOCK







Let the little ones romp and play . . . they can't disturb your man when he's relaxed in a Berk-Lock! This 3-in-1 rocker-recliner-lounger (available with swivel, too), is tops in relaxation and comfort . . . so perfect for reading, chatting, TV, and cat-napping. The whole family will love it! It's low in price, and available in many fine styles and fabrics.

THE BERKLINE CORPORATION, MORRISTOWN, TENNESSEE

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF PLATFORM ROCKERS

SITTING IS BELIEVING



Shown above: SERENE

REAL CHINA designed for America's new Carefree way of life for only **5.95**
5-piece place setting

- GUARANTEED AGAINST BREAKING*
- OVEN-PROOF
- DISHWASHER-PROOF
- COPPER COVERED SERVING PIECES

Not plastic, *not* pottery, *not* thick or heavy! Carefree is real china, translucent and delicate-looking, thinner than you ever dreamed an oven-proof china could be. So elegant for formal entertaining, so sturdy you can use it every day...even for outdoor barbecues. See Carefree, the beautiful, durable true china that pays for itself...over and over again!

Carefree
ALL PURPOSE TRUE CHINA
BY SYRACUSE

Permanent underglaze colors. Beautiful shapes, styled for multi-purpose use.



WINDSWEPT. 6.95 BLUE MIST. 7.95 FLAME LILY. 6.95 FINESSE. 7.95
Prices are for 5-piece place settings 16-piece starter sets from 19.95. 44-piece family sets from 56.95.

* BE SURE TO ASK YOUR DEALER FOR GUARANTEE CARD

Send for free illustrated brochure and name of nearest dealer.
Syracuse China • Dept. CJ117 • Syracuse 1 • New York

They began to discuss this party, which was to be given in honor of Childerique's twenty-fifth birthday, and was to take place in a week. Childerique got up with her husband and went off to look at the children, leaving the two others to discuss various festival arrangements, which were to be a surprise for herself.

On the way she squeezed her husband's arm a little and said, low, "There is a bite."

She was planning a match between her brother and her friend. That the young widow was five years older than the projected bridegroom she thought a fortunate circumstance. She was six years older than the boy herself, and would have disapproved and been jealous of any quite youthful feminine influence in his life. Her mind was running pleasantly on the prospect of presenting to the young couple a green set of Sèvres porcelain, which had come to Champmeslé nearly a hundred years ago. She came near to communicating her thought to her husband, but retained herself, suspicious of his laughter at her old manner of anticipating the course of events.

The nurse was teasing the little boy by pushing him back on the rug every time he tried to get up; the child was hiccuping with laughter, clear as a shrill little bell. At the sight of his father he gave such a shout of exultation as did, in the mast, Columbus' watchman at the first sight of a new continent. The young man lifted him onto his shoulders, and the child looked down majestically at the green world below him, and at his big sisters, suddenly so very small.

Children whose parents have been very much in love develop a fearlessness toward life unknown to the breed got in cold beds. They are indeed like those cherubs of old Relievi who are represented riding on lions, spurring the mighty lord of the desert with their little rosy heels, and pulling his dark mane. The dangerous powers of life have kept watch round their cradles; the lion has been their guardian and friend, and when they meet him again in life they recognize him, laughing, as their old playmate.

"What was Claude preaching about?" Childerique asked her husband. "I suppose it was of the gypsies."

"There are so many of them just now," said Philippe, "he wants us to chase them off the land, and tells me that Monsieur Tutein has done so on his estate."

"Yes, Monsieur Tutein," said she with disdain, "what does he know about them? Grandmama once told me that in 'ninety-three they hid grandpapa from the soldiers when he came back home to see his wife. At that time Monsieur Tutein's people were very likely with the troops of the mountain. When I was a little girl I often wished to be a gypsy child and to wander about with them. Did you never want that?"

"But I did it," said her husband, "when I was living in Canada, with my father. As a child, I was friendly with many of the red Indians, and went about with them for long whiles. They were good people, kind to me, and taught me many things. Sometimes these people remind me of them. It is curious, for instance, about that young woman of the mill. I knew an old Indian woman, whose tribe believed her to be a witch. She was a hundred years old, and hideous to look at. Still, those two are alike. I have wondered whether it is the brand, the witch's mark which they have in common. An old Indian told me that once a woman has turned to witchcraft there is nothing in the world that can turn her off it, not love, children nor virtue. I have wondered ——" He stopped.

"I know," said Childerique. "You have been told that old Udday, her father, once laid a curse upon my father and all his descendants. But my mother liked them." This was always the last word with her. Her piety to the memory of her dead mother tolerated no argument.

"And besides," she cried, "where is the curse on me? Where is the curse?" Laughing, she dragged down her little son from his father's shoulders, played with him and blew into his face. "Where is our curse?"

"Childerique," cried Delphine from her seat on the grass, "I must go back or I shall be too late. The two old sisters De Maré are coming to play cards, and I must pick up the abbé on my way to make a fourth."

The party broke up, first seeing Delphine off in her phaeton. From the entrance to the dense wood she waved her hand with the whip; her gay colors were swallowed up by the somber deep.

Childerique got herself and her family into the landaulet; she let the coachman drive the horses for the return journey. The little boy grew sleepy on his nurse's knees.

"Give him to me, Marie," said the mother.

No sooner was he seated in her arms than he dropped off to sleep, his dark curls—luminous as the black cherries that they had been served—toward her bosom. She became absorbed in the delight of the pressure of his firm little body against her own, and sat silent, thinking of the struggle she had had with her stepmother, before she got the old woman's consent to nursing her babies herself. *What obstacles people do make for our happiness*, she thought.

The two riders trotted on, a little behind the carriage, their horses prancing on the narrow road; they did not talk. The young boy, red-haired, tall and slim on his tall horse, was pushing his mount on impatiently, as if he could not stand this state of things one moment longer. Philippe had his eyes on the carriage, and that air of listening and keeping watch which rarely left him.

On his return to France from America nine years ago, his neighbors had been impressed and a little frightened by his new ideas and schemes of reform, but he had quite settled



"It was a very gay, mad party—us kids were very gay and Mrs. Finch was very mad."

wn by now, and seemed to form himself e a ringwall round the little world of his mestic life. It had indeed taken him some e to get used to the abundance around him. eemed to him that he had done nothing but e to himself a lovely young girl of his ive province, and from that one step had ulted the richness of life on all sides, the ltiplicity of color and melody in his house d garden, the activity everywhere, laughter d crises of tears, the sweetness of young s and alternation of work and hopes, the ole solar system of Champmeslé.

He watched the figure of his wife, sunk in sing in the carriage seat. He recognized the ughtful mood which had come over her, wave motion of her being, following the thm of the moon like the tidal waves of sea. It was as if a weigh was being gathd grain by grain, within the depth of her, ancing down her vitality into a new calm d a deeper understanding. Sometimes she uld disappear from him altogether for a or two, but only to come back, radiant, from a flight into a distant world from ich she brought with her fresh flowers to rn her home.

II

e young master of Champmeslé himself had h an uncommon destiny.

He was born in Dordogne, but when he was en years old his father had gone away from country, and had taken him with him, to on an estate near Quebec, upon the river Maskinongé, which had been in his family a long time. The boy never quite knew t had driven his father into exile. His ther had died two years before.

For some reason his father took up, in new country, the life of a hard-working ner, and left the interest on his capital to umulate in France, and to keep up and rove his estates there. Philippe was told t they were rich, but he never knew in ctice what it meant to be rich.

He became conscious of himself and of the ld in a rough new country. Still the old vince—these same hills and valleys, woods old towns which now encircled him—was h him during all his childhood, as God is r present to a child piously brought up. e names of the old places were on his her's tongue, and the boy would not forget w the rivers ran and the roads turned, what e the signs of the changing seasons, or w the old people on the farms were related ne another. The records of stags killed and ses bred in France were kept on the Cana- farm. Most often of all would come back name of Haut-Mesnil and of the people o lived there.

His boyhood, lonely in a strange country, in the company of a melancholy man, had ne all the same with rainbow radiance m a lost, a promised land.

ne after time in the course of these years father would take up the idea of going k to France. The life of the child then ected the terrible struggle within the soul he ordinarily collected, quiet man. He saw thrown off his balance, upset and stirred the bottom of his being. For weeks the ny would go on; the man would decide to nd give it up ten times within one night, or would imagine them already on the way, e up and find himself in the Canadian ne, and despair. These outbreaks became a rly returning rite, an equinoctial gale in existence of the boy. One thing he would ice: as soon as there was any plan of going k to France the names of Haut-Mesnil and inhabitants would disappear from the abulary of his father. Then, in the end, the od passed, always in the same way, and Baron de la Verandryé never went back France.

When his father fell ill, the conflict of his suddenly dissolved itself in his plans and es of his son's going to France when he self should be dead. During his last months talked much of all that the boy was to do re, with such gay hopefulness as Philippe never known in him. The boy would find feverish in his bed, waiting for his return nstruct him how to put out carp in a pond Champmeslé. On his last day his mind was swarming with the names of old servants and dogs; to the son listening it was just as if the world of Champmeslé were rushing out to meet him.

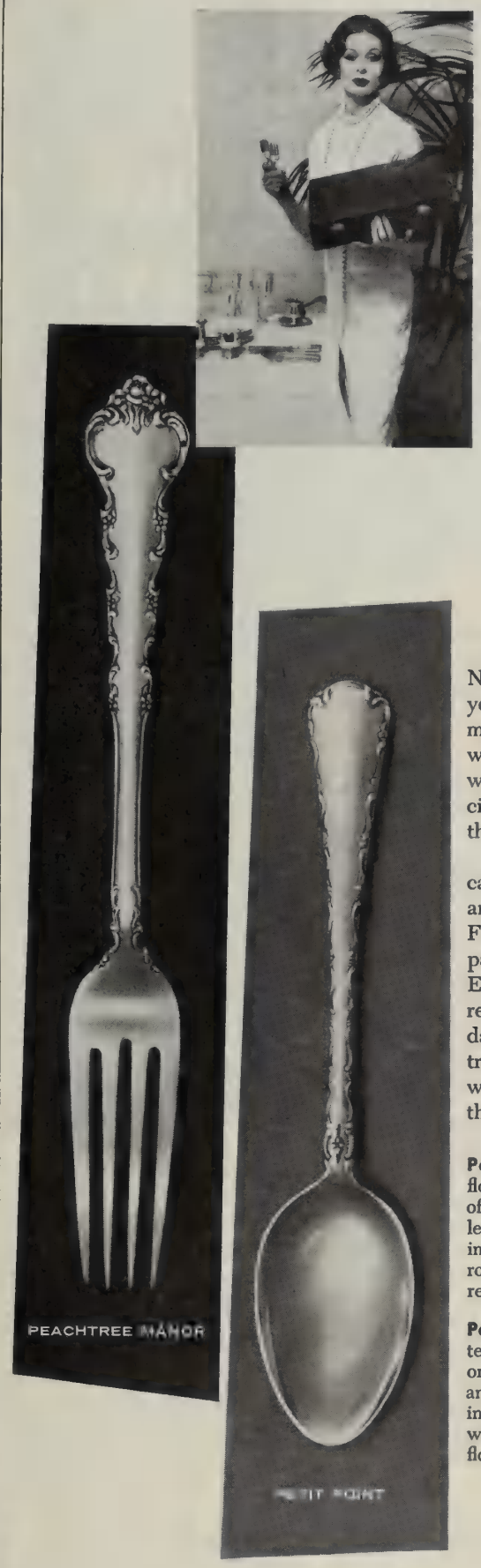
Six months after his father's death, when he had settled the affairs of their estate, Philippe started on his journey home.

He had his first real feeling of freedom at the sight of the ocean. But one moonlight night, when he was on the deck in the dark-brown, transparent shadow of the large sails, it was to him suddenly as if the cold, gray, wandering waters spoke to him, warning him not to go, but to turn back. The feeling did not last long, but he remembered it long.

On his return to France, for a time he forgot everything.

The promised land more than kept its promises. Strange as it was to him to travel toward his home, to meet, one after the other, the blue hills and rivers, and the towns, and to find them so much smaller than he remembered them—for in Canada the problem of distances had been one of the serious phenomena of life, but the French land all seemed to be one neighborhood and distance non-existent, and this from the first made everything dreamlike to him—conditions were soon, in a much stranger way, changed entirely. He was no longer acting himself, but was being received and handled by something stronger than he. Just as it had come to lift up his dying father, the country came out to meet him, put its arms round him and held him. He learned that his father had been dear to people here in a way which he would never himself have guessed; they talked of him with smiles and tears. A new picture of the lonely man was here forming itself to his son.

This extraordinary happiness of his first year in France was, even now, sometimes brought back to Philippe, unconsciously, in an old tune or a scent. And when he thus got the whole fullness of the nights and days of that year, of friendships, hunts, journeys, meals



Isn't it about time you bought the silver you promised yourself?

Now You Can Afford Fine Sterling

Towle has specially designed two new patterns to bring you the pleasure and pride of solid silver at a modest price!

In a service for four with 2 serving pieces, only $96

Nothing adds more to your pride in your home, your pleasure in family meals than a table graciously set with fine solid silver. What better way to teach the children to appreciate nice things... and remember the manners that go with them!

And now, thanks to Towle, you can keep that promise to yourself... and set your table with fine sterling! For now Towle brings you two new patterns at a *really modest price!* Each is specially designed to be correct and harmonious with present-day table settings, either modern or traditional. Each has the luxurious weight, the carefully finished detail that you have come to expect from Towle Silversmiths. Which is yours?

Each set includes 4 place knives, 4 place forks, 4 salad forks, 4 teaspoons, a sugar spoon, a butter knife. Additional place settings at $21 apiece. Ask your dealer about convenient Budget Terms.

Almost 300 years as craftsmen in fine sterling give Towle Silversmiths the special skills needed to bring you solid silver of such weight, such elegance at such a moderate price ...truly within the most sensible budget. Why wait to enjoy the beauty... the assurance... the daily delight that comes only from using your own solid silver! Why not see these beauties today?

Peachtree Manor—a distinguished floral touched with the stately elegance of the 18th Century. The graceful scrolls lead the eye to delicate flowerets set at intervals along the rim. The full-blown rose that tips the handle is delightfully repeated in reverse on the back.

Petit Point—Classic in concept, contemporary in its subdued treatment of ornament, to highlight the lovely color and texture of the silver itself. The shining ribbon of polished silver is bordered with wavelets bearing tiny sculptured flowers on their crests.



Towle
Silversmiths
Newburyport, Massachusetts

and dreams, distilled and in one draught, the strongest flavor within it was still that feeling of belonging to something, and of having been made one with a life outside himself, in which he had still a more perfect freedom than he had known before. It had the sweetness of a first union of love. Consciously he could never recall it, it had lasted too briefly.

In due time he also called at Haut-Mesnil. There he found things much changed, for the master of the house had died, his widow was a second wife, whom his father had never known, and the present head of the family, her son, was a boy of ten. The daughter of the first marriage, with whose name he was familiar, was in a convent at Pirigueux. But he was received there as kindly as everywhere, and in time, in spite of the place being so unlike the Haut-Mesnil of his childhood's dreams, he came to feel more at home there than in any other house. So much power is there in lifeless things, in houses, roads, trees and bridges. Also there was a particular influence at work in the place, to which, later on, he came to find a name.

From the countess he learned a thing which surprised him: namely, that the heads of the houses of Haut-Mesnil and Champmeslé had not been on friendly terms. This did not affect the benevolence of the countess toward him; in fact, it seemed that this lady had made it a line of conduct to take, in life, the opposite side from her husband. Thus she had taken, on her marriage, the side of her stepdaughter against her father, and even, when her own son appeared on the stage and was made much fuss about, against him. She did not come from Dordogne, but from the province of Geneva; she was a highly bigoted, dry woman, with little knowledge of the world or the heart, no imagination and no faculty for loving. Life was dull to her, and she welcomed, with a passionate gratitude, the few phenomena in it which were capable of awakening her imagination. Probably it was her grudge against her husband that he had never been able to do so—even her son, when he had once been born, had failed. For scandal she had no taste; the world of sentiment lay too far off her domain. Religion had often shown a fatal tendency to dry up under her hands, from the ecstasy which, upon the best of authorities, she had expected of it into sawdust of moral principle. But adventure she appreciated. When Philippe would talk to her little son of red Indians, of bear hunts or of canoe expeditions she would listen as spellbound as the child. Something of the picture of the little boy who had grown up, motherless, far from France, in the company of wild red-skinned men, struck her heart and brought out one of the rare little wells of feeling in it. Philippe found in the narrow-minded woman who could not love a rare talent for being a friend, which, toward him, lasted all her life.

Many things at Haut-Mesnil were explained by the strange luster which was still spread everywhere by the memory of the Countess Sophie, Childerique's mother. The remembrance of this beautiful young woman seemed to live in all the province, like an afterglow of her rich vitality. People talked about her as if she were still alive, and little tales of her grace and generosity were hurried upon him, as if he could not be accepted as a true child of the community until he shared this creed. He heard of her curious taste for disguise, so that she would, like a neat female Harun al-Rashid, become acquainted with the poor and outcast of the land in her maid's apron, even dressed up as a horse dealer's boy, for she was an exquisite horsewoman; and of her impulsive heart when, on finding a poor tenant's household lamenting a dead mother and a newborn baby, she had shifted her own little daughter to the arms of the nurse, and laid the forlorn child to her full breast. The present countess herself, who had never seen Madame Sophie, had a special feeling toward the frail figure, a mixture of admiration and pity. In Childerique, though she strove to graft into her the strictest principles of prudence, her true devotion went toward the imaginative, defying sides of her nature which recalled the dead woman.

When Childerique came from her convent she found the new young neighbor a *persona grata* of Haut-Mesnil, so much the friend of her little brother that to begin with she did not like him. Philippe afterward wondered whether the stepmother had not, before the girl's turn, planned—as much as she had it in her to plan anything in life—to unite sense and romance by marrying off her stepdaughter to the largest estate of the province as well as to the blood brother of the Mohicans. The heart of the young man needed no encouragement. He was prepared for love for this girl as a field plowed and harrowed, for the spring rain. Virginal and generous, Childerique seemed to him the incarnation of France and of all that he had dreamed of as a child. At times it was as if he had known her first, and as if the country was imitating the girl in sweetness and ease of heart. Now even had the young woman and the young man been scheming together skillfully, the prey would not have been easy for them to come up to.

Childerique was at this time intoxicated with her freedom. She had grieved as a child because she had not been born a boy; for the sake of her mother's honor, she was indignant that her stepmother should have accomplished the exploit which her beloved mother had failed to achieve. She was also at this period of her life troubled by being unusually tall for her age. Toward both these worries she took up the same attitude; she seemed to feel that as the truth could not be concealed, the world might as well have it point-blank. On this account she carried herself erect in her full height and also allowed herself the full freedom of being a girl, following all her own whims and frankly keeping from the society of males. In spite of her conventual education she was a Diana of Dordogne, a kind of deity, but with bow and arrows. She might well, had she seen bathing in her favorite forest pool, and Actaeon approached, sweaty from the hunt, congratulating her on her choice of a bathing place, have invited him to join her in a swim. But had she found him spying on her secret



THIS SEAL—created by the Better Hosiery Council protects you and the money you spend for socks . . . men's, misses' and children's.

Socks awarded this Seal are longer-wearing, colorfast, satisfactorily washable, and accurately sized. They are top quality in their price class . . . *tested and approved under impartial laboratory conditions* which have been set up by the Industry's National Association.

Look for this Seal. It identifies good value in socks . . . makes your sock shopping safer and surer.

Whether you are buying socks for an active family, for yourself or for gifts . . . avoid the disappointment of socks that don't wear, fit or wash properly. Just look for the Seal—and get good value in socks every time!

"Never wear shoes without socks,"
National Foot Health Council

Better Hosiery Council

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF HOSIERY MANUFACTURERS—468 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

he would not have been behind the goddess in posing her fierce hounds on him. She had o desire to be desired, and her woman's ingdom of longing, rapture and jealousy eemed to her all too vast; she did not want to ake up the scepter at all. Like a young stork hich considers that it runs very well, and oes not care to fly, she had to be lured into er element. But once in it, she gave proof of reat powers. After his first kiss and words of ve, she fluttered up audaciously into flight; was in their honeymoon an ecstatic, easy aring, and as the children were conceived nd born a succession of majestic wing strokes.

They were married in the month of June, nd Philippe took his young wife by her own am of four horses, which were his wedding resent to her, the dreamlike easy distance om Haut-Mesnil to Champmeslé. The house which he brought her was inferior to her d home, for the manor of Champmeslé had en burned down dur- g the Revolution. The mily had since lived in long white house, for- erly the habitation of e inspector of the es- te. But it lay very ely, surrounded by the rraces, gardens and oods of the old châ- au, and within it was chly furnished with oice old things and steful modern fur- ture.

Up under the roof of is house there was a rge room, light in elf, but darkened by utters. Upon the day- ek of his wedding the ung husband, a little dy with happiness, aming about in the use of which many rners were still un- own to him, came up re, and on finding the ace filled with old fur- ure, mirrors, pictures, oks and papers, sat wn for half a lazy ur, going through old ters in the chiaroscuro the room, and scat- ing them round him. ally he was looking some trace of the le boy Philippe who d wandered about in same house twenty rs ago, and might ve left a reflection in ne dim and dusty old king glass, into which one had since gazed.

Out of an old tortoise-shell box, which ened by the touch of a spring, a packet of ers came into his hand. They were love let- s, written by a lady to her lover, by Childe- ue's mother to his father. Afterward he re- mbered how he had, after the first glance, up to destroy them, when his eyes had been ght by his own name.

The young mistress wrote: "Your clever l adorable little Philippe, who, when I sat h him on the garden seat, and had closed eyes to think of you, poked his little finger o my face and said, 'Light your eyes, dame.'"

Here was the child of Champmeslé then, no ger lonely; a young woman had sat with n in a garden, had smiled at him, and re- ted his little sayings in a letter to her lover.

e read all the letters through, only once, he found later that he knew many passages them by heart, and could have passed an mination on the correspondence of the d lovers. The last of them was a crumpled of paper, unlike the others in form as well. an: "Dear Baron de la Verandryé: Just a rd. I am sorry for what I said to you yester- . The bearer, the gypsy Udday, has got message and will give it to you correctly; too long for me to write, as I am not well. od-by, good-by."

Philippe looked at the date; it was the day of Childerique's birth. This letter was written to deceive anybody into whose hands it might fall; the lovers had quarreled, and unable to bear the burden of their disagreement at this moment, Sophie had sent the gypsy with a verbal message, and the note as a credential.

As soon as he understood the sense of the letters, Philippe got up and locked the door. It was as if he had found his father in here, defenseless and exposed to danger.

Here, then, was the central point and the heart of his world, even from childhood, and of his father's wanderings, exile and death, run to earth at last in the attic of Champmeslé. This sweetness and this fire had hurled people to and fro across the ocean. He looked round him, so strongly did he feel the presence of the man in the grave over the sea, and the woman in the mausoleum of Haut-Mesnil.

How was it possible that he had not known till now? His heart was squeezed by pain as he thought of the comfort that he might have given his father had he only understood that when he said "France" he meant "Sophie."

He made a heap of all the letters, struck a light and watched them flame up and come to ashes upon the cold fireplace.

So Childerique was his father's child. There was no doubt about it; the young impassionate mother had informed her lover of the happiness and danger, and had come back to it many times. It seemed natural enough, and that rare sympathy and feeling of home which he had with her was real and sprang from a source deep in their blood. He had had the sensation, when they had laughed and jested together, of being with someone whom he had known well and loved all his life, and now he understood that too: he had then been playing with his father as a child.

He smiled at the thought that he and she were works of the same artist. He had met, in his father's nature, a deep conflict between his sense of duty and the strong and wild inclinations of the heart. He himself was then a product of the man's conscience, his respect of, and resignation to, outward forces, but Childerique was what his father could do when he was left free, where he wanted to be.

Suddenly the thought of Childerique filled the room so completely that it drove away all the shadows, and he rose to go to her when he remembered that he had locked the door. He was struck by a great wave of terror. It seemed to him that he had separated himself from her forever. That gray and cold ocean upon which he had looked down from the ship, he had laid it between him and the young wife downstairs whom he had lately held in his arms, and had left arranging bouquets for their home.

Frightened to death, he could not bear the silence. "Father!" he cried, his hands to his head, and in a moment, as there was no answer: "Sophie—Madame Sophie, what have I done?"

Why had they not told him, but let him walk straight into this misery? Still, he knew now that his father had told him, had he only understood. But, he thought again, the day before his wedding a bridge had given way as he rode across it, and he had been in danger of his life. Why had the dead people not helped him there, and let him die?

WISH

By INGEBORG KAYKO

If I could wish upon my wedding ring
I'd pray it circle back until one day,
No feast or holiday, any, warm or gray,
Begun in clouds or breaking clear, as long
As it were one of ours and far away,
Before the nations in their sundering
Had broken in our common clock the spring
And dealt us sunset with the sun still high.
Then we saw dawn and noon as with two eyes,
Dusk happened to us both, and when night came
Each knew the other heard her footfall too.
If I could have my single wish, I'd prize
One more sweet everyday, full of the same
Hours for both of us, all striking true.



Roy Rogers toys-clothes are tested



by our children–for your children!

The toy gun that breaks, the cowboy clothes that rip... these can be a heartbreak to a child as well as a waste of Christmas money for a parent. That's why every product bearing our name is tested first by our own lively family of seven. When we are *sure* the items can stand up under rugged ranch life, we know they'll give *your* family equal satisfaction. Only then can they be marked with our Double R Bar brand. This is our pledge to all parents.

Roy Rogers Dale Evans

YOU PAY NO PREMIUM for the Roy Rogers name, found on 50 different kinds of children's clothes and toys for home, school and play. Featured at most leading department stores.

RRB the Plus Brand

Roy Rogers-Frontiers Inc., 337 No. Canon Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

He sat for a long time in the room, to make up his mind. Had it been the week before, he thought, he could have told her, or he could have gone away without ever telling her. Now he could do nothing. In the end, before he left the room again, he had sealed his mouth and his heart forever; she should never know that anything had been changed between them. He thought, *It would bring down all the world around her, the sacred memory of her dead mother, her strong faith in honor and virtue, her joy and hope about the future.* Was it not then for him to guard her against such disaster? In his heart he knew well that all these reasons were of no account, and that the true motive for his silence was that he could not, he would not suffer her to think with horror of his embrace.

His longing for her, as he got up, was so strong that his arms and hands ached. *Let it be as it will,* he thought. *Let them even separate our souls forever, if it be as they tell us. Our bodies they shall not separate at all.*

As life went on at Champmeslé during the following seven years, and his existence grew up on all sides, this same thought was ever with him. Their home became, round Childerique, a little world of its own, through all of which one line and spirit ran. The horses and dogs, the servants of the house, the furniture and the books of the library, the lilacs on the terrace, the silhouette of the roofs as you came home late in the dusk, and the tunes that she played—all belonged to one another, and were each of them part of a greater whole. If they were scattered by another revolution, or if, their earthly career finished, they were to meet again in another world, wherever two or three of them were gathered together they would recognize each other and cry, "Hail, there is one more of us. We, too, were there. We, too, were part of Champmeslé."

When the first two children were born, he was glad that they were daughters. He thought that it would be wrong should a child of incest carry forth the name of La Verandrye. After the birth of his first little girl he had even gone to their old doctor to ask him whether there was any sure way of deciding the sex of children beforehand.

The old man laughed at him. "Oh, Monsieur le Baron," he said, "you are too impatient. Do not refuse to plant us a few roses at Champmeslé, for the joy of the province, before you graft the oak."

Childerique herself had been on the watch for any sign of disappointment in her husband, but she thought that the loveliness of the children had conquered their father's heart. When the boy was born she made all the house and land of Champmeslé clap their hands at this master stroke of hers.

She had wanted the child named first after his father and then after hers. To him neither choice had seemed seemly; he thought, *Let each of the dead men have that peace of the grave now, which they have more and less deserved.*

He often wondered what would happen to her should she come to know the truth now. He imagined that she would go into a convent; she would have to throw herself into the arms of heaven for her salvation. It was not her actual fate either which took up his thoughts, but the transformation which, at a word, all her world would undergo. He had seen grass fires, and the black and wasteland which they leave behind them; her flowering world would come to look like that. When he had been a boy he had been the friend of an old Indian horse trader, who had assured him that he was, at the very same hour as he was trading horses in the market place of Quebec, even as well, in the strong and shaggy shape of a timber wolf, hunting and sleeping in the mountains. Thus, he thought, the white house of Champmeslé was even at this time at once the pride and refuge of her heart and to her mind a house of crime against the law of God, a place of shame. The three children, playing under her eyes on the terrace, were both the flowers and the crown of a proud, wild race and, more terrible than the cubs of the timber wolves, nameless offspring of dishonor. And he himself—like his friend Osceola, who, while he was grooming his sleek horses and tying up their tails, was also trotting upon a trail in the woods or sitting in the snow and howling at the terrified mares and foals—he was at the same time the head of the corner of her happiness, and her enemy, the destroyer of it all.

In the beginning of their married life his consciousness had made him a little unsteady in his relations with his wife. He would leave her then, to come back begging for her love, as if he thought that they were soon to be separated for life. Childerique, who had no means of comparing him to other young men in love, took this as the normal expression of a man's passion: it did not affect her: her strength and resilience of heart could have stood out against a heavier weight thrown at it. Sometimes she felt a slight compassion for him because he was still a stranger to many things which seemed to her foundation stones of existence. He was at home neither in the old nonsense rhymes of the nursery nor in the divine service of church, and he hardly remembered his first Communion.

One trait in the nature of his wife made Philippe wonder if she had in her an instinct which knew more than she did herself. Though she was such a devoted wife, radiant with love, her feelings seemed to be more those of a sister or comrade than of a woman in love, as if she knew his love to have been born with him, and to be hers by right of nature. Many women, he was aware, will buy their supremacy over their lovers at the price of much self-denial, and will submit to servitude through all the hours of the day to hold, within one hour of the night, triumphantly, the highest power of life and death. This, in a woman, had always made him uncomfortable; he distrusted both the servitude and the triumph. Childerique would be prepared to buy his appreciation of her as a housewife or a mother, and his admiration of her wisdom, justice and virtue, at the cost of her greatest efforts, and of a good deal of persuasion. For his desire and adoration, which were her happiness, she would give nothing at all, as if holding that within their sphere there can be neither sale nor purchase.

But with the young lord of Haut-Mesnil, six years younger than herself, she showed all the attributes of a passionate and jealous mistress. She could not live without his adoration, and would humor and coax him into it; she never ran short of coquetries and artful flattery. She was vain about his appearance and about her own when he was near, and melancholy when he was melancholy, like one of his own dogs. And with him she was also capricious, zealous of attention, hurt by negligence and ever on her outlook for a rival, be it only one of his friends from school. She rarely gave her husband any caress on her own accord, but she would take trouble to keep near the boy, fondling and petting him, holding his hands and playing with his fingers or running her own fingers through his red locks.

III

There was in the forest a large oak near which the roads divided and went off, the one to Haut-Mesnil and the other to Champmeslé. Here Childerique had her carriage stopped to take leave of her brother.

But the boy rode up to her and said, "I will dine at Champmeslé if I may. I have something to talk to you about." She smiled at him very tenderly.

After dinner the brother and the sister walked up and down the terrace. Her husband watched them from the window of the library as he went through his papers and letters. He was starting in a day or two on his annual trip to La Rochelle, where he was to arrange the business of his Canadian property, and this time meeting some people of his from over there. A letter from Canada, received the same day, and not yet read, was on his table before him. The couple on the terrace walked into and out of his range of sight. Childerique had let down her hair, still moist from the children's splashings. It was very thick and soft, and wafted round her neck and shoulders as she moved. Philippe remembered having seen pictures of deities with hair of snakes, rays of sun or zig-zagged lightning, and he could well believe the personality of the bearer forcing itself thus even into the hair. These dark tresses, dead stuff which you might cut off or burn without her feeling it, just because at one point they were attached to her head, would twist, shine and fill the air with fragrance. As she turned and came toward him, the sun behind her, her head was wrapped in a dark cloak, within which red fires were smoldering.

The boy was silent for a while, gazing not at her but far away over the landscape. In the setting sun it was filled with strong and live colors, the shadows lengthening across it on all the eastern sides of slopes and forests. The glinting river wound along in the distance, in and out between groups of trees and rushy margins. The sister had picked a rose and from time to time touched her lips with it.

Suddenly the boy stopped and spoke. "Remember this afterward," he said: "I need not have told you. I have told no one else, nor shall I do so. But one time, long ago, out in the forest, I said to you that I should probably always tell you everything that I was doing. In three days' time I am marrying the miller's widow at Masse-Bleue."

His sister made big laughing eyes up at him over her rose, confident of some jest. On meeting the ice-cold, bloodshot eyes of an antagonist, she stood dead still and the color of her face slowly deepened to dark crimson; her eyes even seemed to water from the heat of the fire on her forehead and cheeks. It was as if, on finding her brother murdered and plundered in a dark forest, her first feeling should have been that of shame on seeing him naked. Soon her silence became intolerable to him.

"Yes," he said, "this is Udday's curse. We are lost. But I am free to be lost, if I choose, whatever all the world, whatever you say of it."

It hurt her mortally that he should speak of all the world and of her in the same breath; still she dared not give in to her emotion, lest she should fall down dead, when she could not afford to fall, for she was standing up here to fight him.

"Why," she said, gazing straight into his pale, agonized face, "are you doing this?"

Her question seemed to calm him. So many times had he explained his whims and difficulties to her, to get her influence in their home on his side, that her words were to him like a bugle call, which he could not disobey. After a moment he sighed deeply and spoke to her very slowly and brokenly.

"You know," he said, "that people live on the moors and the wasteland where the vipers are. There is not one of them who has not been bitten by vipers at some time. They have become immune to the poison; not only do they not die from it, as we do, it harms them not at all. You know, Childerique, how frightened I have been, all my life, of vipers and snakes—even now, when I set eyes on one of them I feel as if I should die. Well, I should like to be invulnerable to their bites too. I will be with the people who cannot be hurt by vipers" after a moment he added, "who play with them, and make them dance."

It was her weakness that she understood him so well. His mother, she thought, would not have grasped the meaning of a single word he was saying; she would have met him with an absolute, heroic lack of understanding which would have swept all he had said into nothingness. Her own fatal insight into his soul was like a weight round her neck. Still she disdained pretending not to understand. She was aware that all their common past was behind his words. They brought up a swarm of pictures of him and of herself, out on travel in the woods, in those moors or marshes of which, he spoke, where they had strayed against the orders of his mother and their nurses. They had seen vipers there, and ha

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

The best time to have children is when you are old enough to spank them and young enough to be able to.

Overheard: "What she thinks of she's already said."

Money saved for a rainy day too often provides a fancy umbrella for someone else.

A recruit doing K.P. arrived late in the kitchen one morning and hurriedly warmed up yesterday's coffee. Expecting the worst, he was surprised to hear, "Best yet! How'd you make that coffee? Tasted just like my wife's."

Mother feeding child: mind over splatter.

For parents: If at first you don't succeed, ask your children; they'll tell you how.

When one parent sides with a child against the other parent, the balance of nature is disturbed.

Adolescence: that period when children revert to the two-o'clock feeding.

The experts have managed to furnish a house with everything unscratchable, unstainable and unbreakable—except the children.

The jet pilot who fired into the blue and was subsequently injured by his own shot has nothing on what happens to many a parent after directing advice toward an adolescent.

For sheer excitement, there is nothing to equal living through the first few months in a new home, waiting for the house to reveal its true character.

The person who learns to rise to an emergency in early life can sleep longer later on.

Perhaps the farmer really had a point when he was in no hurry to have water piped into his house because "I don't like to have things too handy around here—want to keep the kids on their feet."

I owe so many recipes for cooking and *living* to my beloved Aunt Delphine, who cherishes my interests so much that she once took the paring knife away from me in my own kitchen because my peelings were "too thick."

The young mother's back carries her burdens like the brittle walnut limb, the old mother's back like a willow limb.

A citizen's first session on a jury may be a shocking experience. He is likely to hear, "I'd believe *him*" (doctor, lawyer, officer) "before the defendant"; or, "Let's be lenient. After all, it *is* his first murder."

It often seems that the more pans a woman has the less she bakes, and the more tools a man has the less he makes.

One family seems to be rearing the son to become adapted to life in this brave new world: he earns his allowance by plugging in and unplugging the toaster.



Out of town...out of sight...

but close to home by telephone

Before you know it, children grow up and move away. But distance doesn't really matter.... It's lots of fun and it costs so little to keep in touch by telephone. Isn't there someone you would like to call right now?



LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

For example:	*Station-to-Station Calls* First 3 Minutes	Each Added Minute
Chicago to Indianapolis	55¢	15¢
Detroit to Pittsburgh	60¢	15¢
Washington, D.C., to Boston	85¢	25¢
Miami to St. Louis	$1.35	35¢
San Francisco to New York	$2.00	55¢

These rates apply every night after 6 and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast. BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

been looking for wolves, which they knew to have lived there many years ago. They had been out in search of other things as well, of the dangers and horrors of the world. She had then egged the delicate boy on, indignant of his timidity, and she had triumphed when in the end she had called forth his foolhardiness. Their dangers had caused her great delight. But on what wild track was her little dog now running? She could not follow him, and she would not let him get away.

"Ah, indeed," she cried, "you talk like a man! It is the right thing for the lord of Haut-Mesnil to go to the people of the moors, to be taught to make vipers dance, to be taught witchcraft and treachery. It was thus that you went away, in the old days, to learn the ways of Turks and infidels, and left the women to guard your land. But what about us? Might we not also want to try the taste of poison, to sleep in the woods at night?" She was surprised at her own words; they rushed to her lips on their own. What was she saying?

"Might we not also," she went on, "marry, at our pleasure, someone who could make vipers dance? But we did not do so. We did not forget the honor of our houses when you went away. There is not one, no not one, of the women of Haut-Mesnil who has disgraced their name, the name of our father. Is it forever, then, the task of the women to hold up the houses, like those stone figures which they call caryatids? And are you now, lord of Haut-Mesnil, going to pull down all the stones of our great house, upon your own head, and upon mine, and the heads of all of us?"

He looked at her with a strange, cold and hard curiosity. "What about you?" he repeated. "You, women of the great houses, who are holding up the houses upon your arms? You believe, mama and you, that you are the finest things in all the world; but then it is, perhaps, easier to make fine things out of stone than in flesh and blood."

Childerique drew in her breath in a long deep sigh. It was easier to her to hear herself, in his mouth, compared to his mother than, as before, to all the world, for she loved her stepmother, and had great respect for her.

"You curse us when we leave you, you say," the young man went on, "but what have you got to do with us, when you can never get your arms down? You know what you want; but what do we want? No one thinks of that. Father never liked mama; how could he, when she was made out of stone, a caryatid, as you say, on the house of Haut-Mesnil? Why should I want more stones, a son of stone, with a heart of stone, which you must break with a hammer, and throw on the road? A weight, that's what you want to give us, always a weight. The devil take it!" he cried, having worked himself into a childish fury. "If the loveliest things in the world be made of stone, we must be free to go and play with those that are less lovely."

She was as furious as he was, and it seemed to her that some huge black shadow, of such depth as she had never known, was stealing upon her from all sides. But she spoke calmly. "When you were a baby," she said, "and we were out in the forest together, I watched Rose-Marie nurse you, and when the milk ran from the corner of your mouth I wished that I had been grown up like her, and able to nurse you myself. Now I think it would have been better had I forced the juice of gall apples into your little mouth, so that you should never have grown up to shame us. How have you come to turn from all our old ways like this? What has the mill witch," she cried out, "given you, so that you must forget me?"

"Who?" he asked, as if he had forgotten what they had been talking about.

She stared back at him contemptuously. "The mill witch," said she.

As if his thoughts were, by her words, forced back to a resting place, his eyes fell, and slowly his distorted face was smoothed out, as if someone had kept stroking a hand over it. "I do not know," he said, "but she knows."

The darkness and the pain were now closing all round the sister. "Let us go away together, you and I," she cried. "We will sleep in the marshes, we will walk on the moors. Shall we not, in time, become immune, we two, to the vipers' poison? Come."

He stood straight up and looked at her for a moment. He sighed deeply. "Childerique," he said, "do you always dream of me?"

"Dream?" she asked. "No."

"No, you do not," said he, with deep, bitter emotion. "But I, you see—it is only in the mill, in my dreams, that you have never been. When I dream of the mill, you are never there. I have gone to the mill, I chose it for myself, now it is too late to go back. Now it is too late for you and me to go together. I wish, now," he went on very slowly, "that you would never think of me again."

For a second her knees, within her voluminous skirt, swayed, as if she meant to throw herself down upon them to him, but her movement took another direction; she cast herself toward him, folding his slim figure in her arms with the energy of a protecting mother or of a drowning woman, looking with radiant eyes into his face.

"Oh, my brother, my dearest love," she said, "I will never let you go. Do you not think that I know more than you, that I can also open up a new world to you? Oh, I can teach you dances too, darkness, magic too." While she spoke she lifted her hand and pressed up his chin.

The boy turned so deadly white under he touch that he frightened her. He drew back step, and with strong hands he freed himsel of her.

"No, do not do that," he said. "Simkie ha held me, holds me, like that."

The sister stood where he had left her, a white as he. She thought, *That was the las time that I ever held him in my arms.*

Suddenly he walked away.

At that moment a strange and terrible thing happened to her, which she had never experienced. She saw herself, clearly, as with her own eyes. She saw her own figure standing before the house, with her loosened hair; she ever

CLARA NADLER ? Quizzes ?

Ted Nadler's overnight TV fame brought new possessions into his wife's life. She asks our Workshop staff for clues on the care of them.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor

Ted Nadler won a total of $152,000. But when he furnished his house, he had hit a TV plateau of only $16,000, had sunk most of his winnings into a down payment on the bungalow in University City. "So we bought budget-priced furniture," but even so, he estimates, equipping the home came to "about $9000 . . . luckily I went on winning more around that time." From Clara's point of view, the new possessions are all a happy bonus. "We enjoy our home, so I figured we were always wealthy in *that* way," she explains. Now with all new equipment, she felt she needed new housekeeping techniques.

The apartment the Nadlers lived in before had been old, dark and small. Clara used to hang her clothes out on a line each morning, hand-scrub worn linoleum floors, coax a chipped and chugging refrigerator into action, push a carpet sweeper. The bungalow they have now is "another world." Its floors are tile or newly carpeted, and kitchen equipment came with the house, including a dishwasher, a garbage-disposer unit.

Ted did all the buying and Clara and the boys agreed to anything he chose—for the most part blond woods, pale upholstery, plastic surfaces. She doesn't drive, and St. Louis' shopping centers are out of walking distance. "So we drove to the store together, bought for cash—we don't want to go into debt."

But now Clara finds herself unsure of the tools she needs to maintain her home's good looks. Visiting the JOURNAL Workshop to see how we housekeep and what tools we use here, she came primed with quiz questions all her own.



"I'm ready to give up on our rug—it picks up every mark—what can I do?"

Here Clara examines small rug samples; later compares soiling on large sections laid where many feet tramp in the dirt.

The new rug is light gray viscose. Ted's solution: cut the traffic of visitors and in-laws through the house! But Clara is sociable, thinks a rug should be too. Up to now she has tried to clean spots with detergents and soap powders and, with no luck, "started to wonder if I should put bleach in the water."

Our answer: When a rug is in a sad state, it is really worthwhile to have a professional cleaner take over, but the news is that you can ask him to use a special preparation to retard soil. When the rug is ready to face life anew, you can go on using a protective solution at home. Only recently on the market, this solution cleans and adds a soil-repellent to the rug at the same time. We showed Clara samples of rug swatches we had treated in our Workshop and then subjected to wear tests. The part of the rug to which we had applied protective solution had stayed bright after six weeks' heavy walking. The untreated half was contrastingly marked and soiled. She decided to try the protection in her own home. And in the way of Monday-morning quarterbacking, we all agreed that the really best protection was to buy a rug that was soil-retardant to start with. Many are on the market now, treated with chemicals in the manufacturing process. When the gray rug is ready for replacement Clara plans to look for one of the treated types.

"Don't you honestly think a dishwasher takes too much time?"



In a Workshop kitchen, Vickie Harris shows how a dishwasher makes short work of after-meal cleanup.

"By the time I scrape and rinse the plates," Clara told us, "I think I might as well do it by hand."

Don't rinse, we advised, unless you do all your dishes once a day, in which case it's best not to let food harden. Many homemakers follow that system. But all we do after each meal is to scrape plates lightly with a rubber spatula.

We find the dishwasher a tremendous work saver. Just be sure the water heat is 140° F. and a special dishwasher detergent is used. We load the bottom rack first, then the top, put in the silver as is, turn it on. The process takes only minutes and a whole tableful of dishes is washed and dried while we turn to another chore. Clara practiced with the spatula, and agreed that rinsing in the sink was unnecessary and could be eliminated from now on.

DI PIETRO



"The dryer is one of my favorite appliances. I don't care if it rains!—but how do you keep nylons from needing ironing?"

A secret of success with a dryer is demonstrated by Hazel Owen.

Clara, a conscientious housekeeper, was doing extra work ironing synthetics she overdried. A good rule: take everything out of the dryer while still a little damp before creases are set. They will dry as they are flipped and folded. Nylons or other synthetic garments can finish their drying on hangers, may need touch-up with an iron, but very little. Since the Nadler boys' new play shirts are mostly iron-free fabrics, Clara can save herself chores—and actually get longer wear from her fabrics—by setting the dryer cycle accordingly.

v it grow smaller and smaller, upon the ter-
e, as he walked away from her.
The young master of Haut-Mesnil rode
ay quickly, making his horse trot down the
g avenue of sweetly smelling lime trees.
t as he got on to the road he thought, *At*
s pace I shall be home in three quarters of an
r, and drew in his reins. He saw before him
long crimson drawing room, and his
ther below her lamp, looking up from her
ss-stitch to welcome him. He blew the air
ough his nostrils and turned his horse from
road to a narrow path which ran through
woods; after half an hour's ride it brought
n out in the open, and to the moors.

He rode slowly now, down the slope from the forest to the open land, first through a thicket of nettles, raspberries and crane's-bill, then through the deep undergrowth of bracken that crushed under his horse's hoofs. The sound of the breaking branches and the strong and bitter smell went to his head and heart; it seemed to him that this was his fate: to crush and destroy everything. As he got out, the wide stretch of moor lay before him.

The sun was just setting; the air was filled with clear gold. The heather was not yet in flower, but the long hills had in their somberness a sweet promise of bloom. Along over the dark moor ran a floating line of fine golden dust that was the dry grass flowering in the wagon track across the dark land.

Into the head of the boy, riding on in deep thought, ran the often playfully repeated sentence of his old Swiss tutor about him: "*Homo non sum, at omnium humanum ad me alienum est.*" He wondered what it was that these human people named human. It seemed that there was a curse upon him—of human beings loving him, and claiming love from him in return, when he could not, would not love! He thought of his mother, ever hoping for some richness of life through him and his love of her. Of his friends at school, who had liked him and wanted him to like them. He was sorry for them all. But all this love—it was like the cravings of vampires, with their large wings, asking for blood and offering, with deep sighs, their own thick hot blood in return.

He rode alongside a long slope that ran from north to south, and was suddenly struck by seeing, upon a lower parallel hill, east of him, his own shadow and that of his horse, accompanying him as he rode, upright, huge and long—a giant horseman stretching himself as far as he could over the land.

God, he thought, *O God, save the world from me.*

The sun went down, and the hills that had blushed in its last slanting rays in a soft shine of grayish purple suddenly cooled and darkened, like steel withdrawn from the furnace; the world became indescribably somber and severe. Immediately after, an owl flew past him on noiseless wing strokes.

He tried to follow its flight in the glass-clear air. He remembered the joy which the sight of the big night bird always caused to the heart of Childerique. "I count that a great stroke of luck, a great happiness, to see an owl," she had said to him. He had asked her if she believed that the birds were omens of happiness. "I do not know," she said. "I think it a great happiness, in itself, to see them."

Just as he was thinking of this, his ear caught the sound of music, the notes of a flute, played at a long distance. His face changed. He turned his horse and rode down the track of live gold dust, now extinguished, toward the mill of Masse-Bleue.

Down here he had soon to ride through long milk-white stripes of mist, which rose from the damp meadows near the river. Below them the sward was still bright green. In the midst of a grass field a gate rose straight before him, dark in the dark. He did not care to get off to open it, but made his horse walk back a little, and, hurrying it on, he jumped the gate. It was a risky thing to do in the dusk; the horse had become wild by it; he himself grew warm and comfortable from his success. A strong smell of marsh whortleberry and bog myrtle contracted his nostrils. The stars came out one by one.

IV

The lady of Champmeslé came out of the shade of the forest to the white road, and walked on to the bridge leading across the lock of the millpond to the mill. The smell of running water and water weeds was fresh and quelling here. The hour of noon was absolutely still, and the heat heavy as lead; the whole landscape was somber with it as if seen through a pair of dull blue glasses. Even the mountain-high white clouds had a sort of dusk in them. Childerique paused on the bridge. Nobody knew that she was here, and that thought itself was inspiring to her; this had not happened to her since she had been married. She had been in such uproar all night, now, if she hesitated it was from neither fear nor irresolution, but just to gain her breath. She had been filled with wrath, and had started from the high terrace of Champmeslé like one of those great white clouds, sweeping down with thunder and lightning upon the mill of Masse-Bleue. But this dead silence, these smooth rapid waters rushing away under her feet, were they hers or the miller's widow's?—and with whom were they in league?

The miller's widow opened the door of the millhouse, and appeared on the threshold as if she had been expecting her. She was wiping her round arms, that had flour on them, on her skirt. The women of her tribe, Childerique knew, often smile very sweetly and coaxingly, but laugh out only in triumph or amorousness.

The gypsy was eighteen years old, rounded in all her lines, singularly light of movement. She was barefooted and had on nothing more than a shirt and a closely folded, faded blue cotton skirt. Although both married and widowed, she, here in her own house, wore her thick hair in two pigtails; between them at the nape of her neck a coarse tatter of hair bristled out, a sign of strength.

At the nearness of this strong and fresh young body Childerique's fury came back; she felt in her hands the desire to seize the rich, round, amber-colored throat and to strangle this creature who defied her; and a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 187

"Can I get kitchen or bathroom floors really clean without scrubbing on hands and knees?"

e don't believe in hand and knee work any more and never it ourselves. There are so many tools now to save us from crouched scrubbing our mothers and grandmothers knew. r cleaning, we use long-handled brushes or mops of the tomatic wring-out kind, or we use an electric floor polisher th a scrub-brush attachment. Then after rinsing and drying, wax—again with a long-handled applicator or an electric xer. The bathroom floor needs a nonskid wax rather than slippery kind. But once you've finished, the wax takes the ar, and dirt can't penetrate. The only cleanup needed is an casional wipe with a long-handled sponge mop.

"We've never had a cuum so we wouldn't know one from another. What kind is best?"



n our Workshop homelike ting Clara tried cleaners of various types with her own needs in mind.

She couldn't make up her mind. "Ted asked me if I wanted one to replace the carpet sweeper. I dn't know what to choose."

Try them out, we suggested. We use both upright and tank d canister types in our Workshop, and Clara experimented. enerally we find the upright best for carpet cleaning because uses both suction and a rotating brush, while the tank and nister types clean chiefly by suction. On the other hand, the nk or canister is more compact to store. To summarize, we'd y that if the cleaner is to be used mainly for carpeting, the right is a good choice. Tools are available and on the newest odels are easy to attach. If much of the housework will be ncentrated above the floor—cleaning blinds, dusting, drawg soil from shelves and radiator crevices, for example—then e tank or canister gives splendid results. In any case, a cuum insures more cleanliness than a carpet sweeper because its pulling power. Clara decided she liked both vacuum pes, leaned slightly to the upright design and tried out all the tachments. Her favorite machine automatically shifts to high d creates more suction when attachments are used. The tool r cleaning Venetian blinds alone, she thought, would save ours of handwork she now puts in.

"They say that what you don't have you don't miss. Now that I own a garbage disposer, I couldn't do without one. Is there anything I shouldn't put in it?"

We agree that a garbage grinder in a sink is a modern sanitation wonder. It shreds waste, pulverizes ven chicken bones and eggshells and flushes them away. On ur don't list: don't put in any tin, metal, glass, china, plastic, ottle caps, oyster and clam shells, string, feathers, paper, or e rubber bands that come around vegetables. It can handle lmost any food items, although some models vary on such ems as peach pits and corncobs and it's wise to check the nstruction book. We also find it a help to cut grapefruit and range halves so they don't bounce around. Our *do* rule is to agger any bulky loads so the unit won't have to handle too uch at a time. By our records, its operation costs only pennies month.

"In St. Louis we have so much dust and dirt coming through the windows. Is there any way to keep the curtains clean?"

We'd use vacuum attachments to remove dust from both curtains and draperies. Since Clara likes organdy curtains for the bedroom, we suggested she ask about new curtains made of treated fabrics that repel dust. These new fabrics also wrinkle less in the washing, and make ironing easier.

"I love antiques—except antique refrigerators. Is there a special way to take care of a new one?"

Is she pleased with her new pale pink refrigerator? She's delighted. "It's my Christmas, New Year's and Mother's Day all in one." Ted bought it after Clara had coped for years with old models that developed motor trouble. Now that she has a new one that defrosts automatically, she will have very little maintenance work to contend with. The only work on a refrigerator: inner cleaning, which we do whenever it seems needed with a hot soapy-water-and-baking-soda mix. Any dirt mark on the outside can be removed with a creamy kitchen wax of the kind that cleans and polishes at the same time. You can use these waxes on either pastel or white surfaces.

"When I see a spot on the walls I scrub it with cleanser. Is there a better way?"

Quick and easy ways of banishing smudges on walls is discussed here by Clara and Mary Casey.



Yes, we think so! Cleansing powders and strong cleaners are hard on paint, anyway. They wear off the surface, are usually alkaline and cause the paint to crack and dry out.

What we use are mild liquid paint cleaners that do an efficient once-over job (and that's better than a twice-over any day). We find the results clean and streak-free, especially if you use an upward stroke. The liquids we use are clear ones that smell mild and fresh. Total tools for the job: one bottle, one clean cloth or sponge.

"I don't care for the color of my couch and chair and they spot easily. We'd buy something else if we could. Do people ever dye furniture?"

Not ordinarily. We thought the natural answer here was slip covers. Clara will then have the color she likes, will protect the quite adequate new couch and chair she has and can save all worry about spot-cleaning of her upholstery. And when the slip cover needs it, it can be taken off for cleaning or washing. "For the first time in my life," she mused, "I'm getting an interest in decorating." As a child she had played house, "but I never learned to housekeep before—just worked with what I had." We share Clara's feeling that it is one of the world's great joys to create a colorfully comfortable home. She especially likes the idea of slip covers' offering a change of scene, winter and summer. We liked her summary: "My family and house are my whole life—that's where *I'd* like to be a success."

New idea! VINYL in a floor wax

and the beauty of it is – *it's childproof**



***Never before such a high gloss!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax with *vinyl* in it; gives you higher gloss than you've ever known. On *any* kind of floor—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile or finished wood! Throughout the house!

***No wax easier to apply!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax polishes itself. No buffing. No rubbing. It spreads evenly —without streaks—quickly sets to a tough, beautiful, *vinyl* gloss!

***Wet spills won't harm gloss!**

Splashes and spills—so common with children—won't hurt the tough vinyl surface —or shine. Simply wipe them up. *New* Simoniz Floor Wax is water-repellent.

***Never before such protection!**

The miracle of vinyl—and only Simoniz has it—gives you the toughest floor surface. The kids won't scuff it, or harm the gloss with their roughhousing. No doubt about it—it's *childproof!*

***No finish so easy to maintain!**

Simoniz Floor Wax with vinyl has a gloss that lasts and lasts. You can even damp mop your floors freely without dulling the shine. Without spoiling the wax finish.

***Good news about re-waxing!**

Here's the *one* floor wax you can remove *evenly* before re-waxing. Simply use your regular household detergent and warm water. The beauty increases with re-waxing. You'll be amazed, once you try it.



Simoniz® Floor Wax

For all floors—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile and finished wood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 185

deadly nausea arose at the thought of touching her, as if she had had a snake in front of her, and the latter feeling was the stronger.

"You come to me, my lovely lady," said the gypsy, "all the long way, in the midday heat! Please God you will not regret it. Come in, come in now." She held open the door, and as Childerique was about to walk in, she kissed the palm of her hand and deftly placed it for a moment upon the threshold.

Within the room it was hotter and closer than outside. A stripe of golden dust of light lay across it from the small window. The miller's wife had been taking her new bread from the oven; it was arranged upon shelves along the wall. She lifted a three-legged chair into the middle of the floor for her guest. Childerique sat down because a tiredness and giddiness had come upon her. She thought, *I would as well sit down in a viper's nest.*

"I am informed," she said slowly, "that your dogs are again, in your old manner, running mad down here." The gypsy stared at her, clear-eyed, patient as a child. "That is your affair," said Childerique, "but you may not snap at anyone outside your own pack. You, you have bewitched the young lord of Haut-Mesnil. Get you gone." As she pronounced her brother's name she held on with both hands to the seat of the chair. "Get you gone," she repeated. She remembered having been told how the pious old miller had used to birch his young wife. *This creature,* she thought, *is used to more brutality than I can even think of.* She tried to remember the old modes of punishment of which she had, as a child, been shown the instruments.

The gypsy sighed, and shifted on to a position customary to her, standing upon one little foot, with her other naked ankle in her hand. "Ah, ah," she said, "how hard they speak, how hard! Ah, stop it, you cut the heart of the poor girl, you fine lady."

Childerique looked hard at her; she felt her own face under her wide summer bonnet burning. The air of the room, filled with the fragrance of flour and new bread, was heavy to her to breathe. She was at this moment held by a queer fancy. She remembered how she had been taken, as a child, to see the queen as she had been passing through Pirigueux, and how at the sight of the ceremonial she had thought, *Whatever happens, happens because it pleases the queen.* Even when it had begun to rain the little girl had felt that it did so because the rain pleased the queen. Now, in the presence of the young gypsy the fancy, long forgotten, was recalled. *This woman,* she thought, *is pleased with whatever happens,* and this seemed to her to be a strange treachery at the hands of fate. *But,* she thought, *what is the matter with this Simkie? Why on earth is she like a queen, this slut on her bare feet? Is it really the queens and the gypsies who have all that they want, and only we, the women of the great houses and the estates, who have to work to hold up the world?* The words of the Scripture came back to her: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love." Her thoughts shied at the name called forth to her. Could it be the same with the devil as with God? Would he have the equal reward to give for being loved? *Yes,* she thought, *yes, it is so. It is all because Simkie is really a witch, this extraordinary content in her, like that of a child. It is the witch's happiness, this is what she sells herself for to the devil.* And somewhere at the bottom of it, as at the bottom of the millpond, she saw the doom of the witch, the sadness and dreadfulness of her fate.

"Are you God, beautiful lady?" asked the gypsy, watching her face. "Are you to manage all the world?"

"Yes," said Childerique with all the strength of her heart. "I am to manage the world here, Champmeslé. God Himself has placed me here to do so. You know that, too, all of you. Beware of me."

"But how can it be, my mistress?" said the young woman. "How can it be? If I have indeed bewitched the lord of Haut-Mesnil, how can I undo it now? You, you know yourself that young men are after women with long hair, who speak sweetly to them, who sport with them. If it be only that, say so, my sweet lady, for you know that a young woman can again make a young man leave her, whom she has made to come to her. But if there have been spells and magic there, and the devil has helped me—why, the devil is on to the work even now, and you and I cannot stop him, indeed, we cannot, my dear, dear mistress."

She was out of breath with speaking so insinuatingly, and stood as if she waited for a decision, very still.

"Yes," said Childerique hoarsely, "you have bewitched him. You brought him to you by spells, you know it well." The gypsy woman began to sway her body as in pain; all her movements were graceful and fascinating.

It occurred to Childerique that her brother had held the girl in his arms. A strong pain and alarm ran through her; she looked away and down. At the same time, as if even the idea of a gentler and sweeter human relation, brought into this place of harsh judgment, was softening the air of it, the terrible hardness which had been like a pain in her entrails seemed to loosen. As often, when she was suddenly and strongly moved, her thoughts ran to her mother; she remembered her good will to the foreigners within her land.

"Simkie," she said, looking again at the gypsy, and for the first time calling her by her name, "release my brother of this magic, and I will forgive you and do you no harm."

Simkie wrung her hands. "Oh, madame," she said, "the devil is not to be jested with. We shall have to make a stronger magic, you and I now, to break the power of the one which has been made."

"Yes, yes," said Childerique. "If you have made one charm, you must be able to make another." At the very moment she thought, *What is this that I am saying? How do I get this into my head? I have got fever, surely.*

"And what shall I do it for, my lady?" asked Simkie. "If my lord marries me I shall sleep in a silken bed. Why shall I undo my work? What are you going to give me for it?"

Childerique could not answer; she sat dumb. *For honor's sake, for the honor of Haut-Mesnil*—these words had been strong in her heart all day. But she was ashamed to speak them to the gypsy. She could not tell her that she was really here on her mother's errand, for the sake of that young heir of Haut-Mesnil whom she had failed to bear, and that the strength and courage of the dead woman were bearing up her own, in the service of their house. She looked round in her mind for something to promise the sorceress.

"Let it be for nothing, then," said Simkie, and sighed. "Who knows, who knows, I may get my reward for serving you still, in some way. Only repeat this, that you will not harm me afterward nor will any of your people."

"No, that we will never do."

"But what shall the words of the witchcraft be now, my lady? What am I to demand of the devil of the water, if he will come to us? For what shall he have come?"

Childerique felt again the blood in her face. "For this," she said, "that the lord of Haut-Mesnil turn entirely ——"

"No, no." The gypsy quickly interrupted her, placing a finger on her lips. "Names must never be spoken, that is against the rules of witchcraft. No, wait, I shall speak for you and you will tell me if I am right in what I say, if it be to your good pleasure. This," she went on after a moment, speaking very slowly, and looking down, "shall be a charm to turn the heart of your brother, your father's son, entirely away from the woman whom he now loves, and thinks of as his wife. This shall be a charm to separate the two forever with the help of our guest, whom we have called for."

"Yes," said Childerique, staring into the gypsy's face.

Simkie stood again for a while in deep thought. "It can be done," she said at last, "but not now. Come this time tomorrow, and it will be for you to speak the words, for if I have once spoken a charm I cannot myself speak against it. And you must bring with you ——" She stopped herself. She seemed to change and grow heavier. All lightness of limb and movement had gone from her; she looked worn like a woman with child. "Madame," she said after a long time, "you must bring your little son to help us make the spell. A male child, who has in him blood common to you, who will speak the charm, and of him about whom we speak it. Blood, madame, such noble blood is precious in magic."



Childerique thought, *My little son? How am I to bring him here if nobody may know? I shall have to carry him all the way through the forest except where he can run a little.* The idea itself was charming to her; it was rare that she had the child to herself without the nurses. *But what am I to tell them,* she thought, *to get away without anybody knowing?*

Simkie saw that she hesitated. "Come, come then," she said, speaking in the same heavy and strained way, as if a great weight had been laid on her. "You do not quite have faith in Simkie? Come, I will show you a little magic to make you believe, a little only today."

Childerique looked round her bewildered. "Come this way," said the gypsy, and opened the door to the millroom. Childerique stopped on the threshold for a moment. She had need of her courage now. It was not that she was afraid of what might befall her in there, but she felt the fatality of this one step which took her from the daylight of her life into the play with unknown powers. What made her walk on was not her strength, but her love of danger. The unknown called to her. And she would now know more of witchcraft.

Everything within the large old building was wry and crooked, and from this room to the other three high steps led down. The huge room of the water wheel was much older than the rest of the mill, and built all in timber, now black with age. The room was dim; the panes of the windows were green and covered with cobwebs. It was suddenly quite cold. The room had an atmosphere of its own, made by the presence of the water; its breath met you on the threshold. The river ran below the heavy floor boards. Childerique felt all at once cool and fresh, her face and hands all bedewed like a silver cup quickly filled with ice-cold water. She followed the miller's widow across the floor. This was the room in which the gypsies were said to have their dancing and singing at night. The floor was smoothed and polished with the dragging about of heavy sacks, the sweeping away of grain, and the steps of two hundred years.

This, Childerique thought, was the only room which, within the dreams of her young brother, she had not entered. Well, she was here now. If within his dreams of the future she should still not be there, his dreams would not be true, not in accordance with reality.

In the middle of the room rose the wooden walls of the water wheel's house. "We shall call the magic of the wheel," said the gypsy, "which is the most honest of all magics. Come, my little wheel, my full moon, I let you loose; you shall have all the river to turn you, and no grain to grind."

Her bare feet made no noise as she went to loose the wheel. With an effort she heaved up the ponderous bolt which connected the wheel with the water. At once the room became alive. Above and below a hundred little voices whispered and groaned, the timber creaked and moaned, heavy iron sang and snarled, beyond all the voices rose the roar of the wheel and the splashing of water.

The sweat had sprung out all over the gypsy's face, and Childerique was again struck by her sudden disfigurement. She dragged herself along laboriously, and she had the stiff and empty face of a woman near her confinement. Childerique felt quiet and strong now, her own body light as when she was a child. She was victorious, her adversary prostrate before her; she was even being taken into the heart of the fortifications of the enemy. In her triumph her heart was ready for forgiveness, and beating highly.

The gypsy let up the door to the wheel's shed. "Look down," said she.

Childerique walked out on a little gangway near the wheel, holding on to the rail. She was at once splashed all over by a delicate sprinkle of fresh drops—this was a joke on the part of the water. She thought, for the last time, *How can I be so foolish? There will be nothing there but just water.*

She had indeed to wait long, before anything else showed itself to her. Then it was as if by a sudden jerk her own position was changed; she was no longer gazing down, or there was no longer any up and down in the world. At this, and all at once, the noise round her changed; it had sense; it spoke.

Before her a great pattern of glowing red sparks was forming itself. First it was like a wheel, then settled into a sort of fixity, but what it was she could not tell. From time to time it was blurred, some of the lights were put out. A strange smell, alarming to her, and a new noise, a grunting or rummaging, spun round her head.

Now again she saw clearly. The sparks were not a pattern on a dark ground, they were themselves the background, that of a flaming evening sky. The black lines, and stripes upon it, were the lower branches of a fir thicket; these branches were dead and bare because the growth was so dense that no light reached down here.

The large moving forms among the trees were a troop of huge black boars. They were all busy grunting and rooting up the earth, buffeting one another and rubbing their backs upon the mighty fir trunks. A sow with her young passed her; a terrible old boar with terrible tusks turned and fixed his little red eyes on her, and afraid that he would come for her, she flinched back. It was all gone. She was in the mill again, giddy and out of breath.

She found herself staring, with a queer delight, into the face of the gypsy. "What is that? What was all that?" she asked.

"That was the old forest of Haut-Mesnil," answered the miller's widow. "That was just the place where the great house stands now."

Enraptured and transported, Childerique turned again to the water wheel. She no longer asked herself what it all meant, or why the gypsy was showing it to her. She felt only a deep ecstasy about this new world opened to her. Had anybody tried to draw her away from the wheel, her mind would have been deranged by grief. The water was now foaming under the buckets of the wheel. "Look again," said the witch.

Again the noise changed; this time it grew fainter, as if melodious A great and sweet, fresh calm came over Childerique.

Before the landscape had shown itself, she knew that it was lovely. It was again the wood, and the place was dark; she could distinguish the depth, and the stems of the trees by the lighter green of the grass and the undergrowth only. It was either the sunset or very early morning, before sunrise. Just in front of her lay a wide space of water, and upon it hung a thin milky mist. She heard wild ducks a little way off, between the rushes. It was all dim around her, like a big bouquet of foliage, reflected within a thick silver mirror. But she herself—to get this view of it all, she must be in the water, the clear surface up to her chin, and she remembered for a moment the dragonfly on a broad green leaf which she had watched from the mill bridge. What a delicious pleasure it was to sit upon the water like this!

In the dusk on the shore she saw a form moving, curious to her at first. It was a woman in white, but a shawl was swathed in a dark shawl. The upper part of her body became merged with her surroundings, the white skirt swept on as on its own. This amazed Childerique; she clapped her hands. But as the lady passed out into the glade, she distinguished clearly the little dark head, the curls arranged *à la coup de vent*, and a great wave of tenderness and pride exalted the whole being. She knew this lady. Who was she? Immediately after she recognized the spot; it was the outskirts of the park of Haut-Mesnil, and she knew also, at that same moment, the reflection of a star, the first or the last of the summer night, shiver in the lacteal surface of the water. There was a seat in the wood; the young girl sat down on it, and leaned her head upon her folded hands at the back of the seat.

Suddenly Childerique noticed a change in the mirror of the pond. It was broken into an outstretched pattern of little chopped, luminous ripples. And what was this? She saw the next moment: the ducks had been disturbed by something, and came rushing across the water toward her; in the dusk she could not see their tawny bodies, but only the long lines made upon the surface by their hurried retreat. She thought, *It is early summer here; the young wild ducks are not fledged yet*. But what had disturbed them? A young man came along the forest path, from the opposite side to the woman, hastened up to her and took her in his arms; she sank into his embrace.

At the moment when the lady gave herself up to her lover's adoration Childerique knew her. It was her mother, the fair and cherished Sophie, younger than herself and bright with beauty and happiness. *Oh, dear mother*, she thought, *apple of my eye, I see you at last*. The young man must then be her father, so much younger than she remembered him, really just like Philippe when he had first come to France. Her mother had come out to meet her father in the park. Childerique remembered her father as a cold man, coming in silent from the work of the estate, or from hunting. How much she had wronged him if he had come back, in the old days,



Look at the difference!... it's Drexel

Travis Court® sets traditions of happy living in your dining and bedrooms. Here's elegance straight from the 18th Century: heavy brass pulls; serpentine fronts; matched mahogany dignity in familiar amber or the lighter "Treasury" finish. Whichever you choose, be sure to look for the Drexel brand mark in the drawer, your seal of value, fashion and integrity in furniture.

Send for your "Portfolio of Fine Furniture," colorful illustrated booklets on Drexel's traditional, provincial and modern groups —35c in coin to 14 Huffman Rd., Drexel, North Carolina.

by Drexel DREXEL FURNITURE COMPANY, DREXEL, NORTH CAROLINA



this. She saw that the two wanted nothing in the world but each other; they clung together, pressed their faces together, and sought and held each other's hands; the woman took the man's face between her hands and lost herself in contemplation of it. Again they sank into each other and made one figure only in the half-light. The gestures were all so familiar; it was indeed as if she had seen herself and Philippe in a looking glass, younger and fairer. She had often been told that she was like her mother, and surely her father had had something of the beauty of Philippe; or it was only that all young men were alike, making love. She remembered an evening, a month perhaps after their wedding, when she herself had gone to meet her husband in the forest, and he had made love to her there. At times then he had alarmed her by the violence of his love for her, as if there were no moment to lose, as if death were threatening to separate the two. Now she knew that that was just the way of her father and mother.

Had she in real life come upon a pair of lovers like this, she knew that she should have turned her eyes away. Not so here, although she felt the blood in her cheeks; not so with her own mother, in this world of sweet witchcraft. Here everything had a deeper meaning and heart, and the mother and daughter could well do service to the gods hand in hand. Nor was she sorry that her mother did not turn and look at her, or notice her at all, although at the first moment she had felt a burning longing for that. This was a lovelier confidence and intimacy; this was as it should be.

The picture was blurred to her as if her eyes had been filled with tears. She again found herself clinging to the wet rail of the gangway in the mill. The miller's widow was before her, with drops of sweat in her eyebrows. Childerique sighed deeply as she realized that the visions were all gone.

"I have shown you true pictures," said the gypsy laboriously.

"Yes, yes," answered Childerique, wringing her hands as the miller's wife had done before.

"I shall show you more tomorrow."

"Yes, tomorrow, tomorrow," said Childerique, feeling how long it was till tomorrow, and how the time would be filled with longing.

Now she herself walked slowly, and she stopped on the threshold to take one more look at the room, and listen once more to the music of the water wheel.

"The wheel has been turning on your behalf, madame," said the gypsy. "The water that turned it has gone a long way already, and will not come back to turn it the other way."

On the bridge she paused. She thought, *How much have I learned since I stood here last! How much wiser I am!*

She looked round, and was surprised at the change in the earth and air. That high sky had paled, as if bleached, drained of all its rich blue, so much so that the large clouds, which had appeared light against it, now, without having themselves changed their hue, floated like dark, slate-colored clots on a white metal ground. It was cold. Gusts of wind rushed through the trees which swayed and bent. The dust of the road whirled up in little spires.

As she walked through the forest heavy drops of rain came down through the tops of the trees; they felt lukewarm in the cold air. She heard thunder in the distance, but no heavy shower followed—probably there was a great storm somewhere off. She herself, who had rushed down to the mill, now walked with difficulty, although she meant to hasten, like a honeybee, carrying the collected sweetness of moors and gardens through the rain to her hive, heavy and a little unsteady on the wing. In the darkness of the forest path she seemed to feel the nearness of a young lover, and when the twigs and tendrils caught her dress it was as if she had to stop to give him time for a sweet word or a kiss. She thought of her husband, and for the first time in her life she felt an overwhelming longing for his embrace. She calculated how long it would be until she could be in his arms, and pictures of love-making swarmed at her from all sides, like gadflies on the narrow road, and made her face glow and her knees weaken under her.

Where the forest path joined the drive of Champmeslé there grew, curiously, a very old, crooked wild-mulberry tree. She mused under it, and thought, *This terrible, sweet drowsiness which makes my limbs so heavy, which lies like honey on my tongue and runs so soothingly in all my veins—can it be a poison, a drug? Does the poppy juice confuse you like this?* She remembered having spoken to her brother of the sweet taste of poisons and was surprised at her own wisdom. She thought, *I shall never get home*, and was astonished when, immediately after, she saw before her Champmeslé.



Her husband, who had seen her approach from his window, came out to meet her. "Where have you been?" he asked her.

Childerique breathed heavily. "Oh, do not ask me," she exclaimed.

"Why not?" said he, and struck by her looks, he added, "My dear, you are not well." He took her hand. "Have you got fever?" he asked her.

"What an idea," said she. "I walked fast to get home. I am a little chilly."

She was frightened herself because at the sight of her husband she felt disappointment and insecurity. It was as if he, the house and garden of Champmeslé and all the life awaiting her there were pale and cold in comparison with the world of witchcraft, as the landscape was pale and cold now compared with the glowing earth and air of an hour ago. Had the warmth and color gone from her live husband to remain with the vision lovers, even with the vision animals of a burning sky and a forest of a thousand years ago?

"Where do you come from?" he asked her again.

"Oh, why do you go on asking me," she cried, "when I would rather have died than told you? I come from the mill, from the miller's widow. Udday's daughter. But you, you know nothing of all this."

"Yes," he said, "I know of Udday. What had you got to do there?"

"Oh, she knows a thousand times more than we do," said Childerique. She took his hand, eager to prove to herself that he was, after all, the lover of the forest path, but let it go again, staring into his face. His hand seemed to her changed, and hot; it burned her cool fingers. He had asked her if she had got fever, but had he not fever?

"You are quite wet," said he, laying his hand on her shoulders. "Be sensible now for once and take off your clothes. You should go to bed, my dear. You were looking feverish last night already."

From her window Childerique, never thinking of changing her clothes, looked toward the horizon and at the figure of her husband, small in the foreground. He had walked on to the end of the terrace and stood there, his hands in his pockets, quite still. She found time to wonder, in the whirl of all her thoughts, what he would be thinking of. *He walks there*, she said to herself, *like a sentinel. He thinks: "Will the storm come up here? It is well that I have got my wheat garnered. Will the lightning strike in the forest of Champmeslé?"*

As she followed him with her eyes her heart softened to him; tears pressed against her eyelids even while she kept moving up and down her room.

END

FIRMER "Health Center" SUPPORT
IS THE REASON
you get up feeling wonderful!



Spring Air mattress pattern shows extra-firm "Health Center" section where 70% of your weight lies

People who own Spring Air "Health Center" Mattresses step out of bed *sparklingly refreshed.*

What makes them sleep well? Extra firmness across the mattress mid-section (where 70% of the body weight lies)! This extra firmness keeps them on a level surface—*the only way a person can totally relax!* Spring Air calls this exclusive feature the "Health Center." You can easily locate it by the change in pattern coloring.

Like to get up feeling wonderful? Try a Spring Air "Health Center" Mattress and you will!

Spring Air "Health Center" Mattresses and Box Springs suggested retail prices —from $69.50 each. Also, in foam rubber and king sizes.

SPRING AIR®
"Health Center" Mattress

Write for FREE booklet, "All The Secrets Of Sound, Healthful Sleep."
THE SPRING AIR COMPANY
Dept. 530, 666 Lake Shore Drive • Chicago 11, Ill.

Copyright 1957—The Spring Air Company

FAMOUS OVERNIGHT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

letters I get! Every day people writing to say with my brain I ought to be President of the United States, and will I give them four thousand dollars? Old ladies stop me in the street and tell me, 'Teddy, you know what you should do with some of that money? You should send some poor deserving boys through college.' 'Yes, ma'am,' I say, 'I hope to—my own.'"

Teddy's mail is also flooded with requests to appear at movie *premières*, society benefits, and cocktail parties in St. Louis' exclusive Ladue section. Clara, an avid reader of the society pages, is thrilled, then hurt and disappointed when Teddy curtly refuses to oblige. "None of these people ever paid any attention to me before," he cries. "Why should I bother with them now?"

Teddy was born one of six children of a poor immigrant Romanian cobbler. Most of his male relatives were tailors and he can recall no mental giants among them. However, the Nadler family agrees that Teddy's mother was remarkably bright, teaching herself to read and write in Romanian, Hebrew and English. One of Teddy's first chores was lugging home from the public library every epic novel which had been translated into Hebrew. It was her consuming interest in reading, he says, which first led him to the drama-packed tales of Tolstoi and Victor Hugo.

Much of Teddy's mother's time was spent in bed, for she had a heart condition. When Teddy was four, he was sent to the county orphanage, but he soon ran away, finding his way home by trudging along the trolley tracks. His parents returned him the next day, and then when Mrs. Nadler became permanently bedfast following the terrible flu epidemic of 1918, the Nadler children were placed in a different orphanage, this time a Jewish home in St. Louis.

"We left a Jewish section of St. Louis, where we lived, for the Gentile south end," explains Harry, Ted's younger brother, a bright and pleasant-mannered cloth salesman. "We felt freakish and out of place. People didn't show much tolerance in those days and the Gentile kids who dropped in to play called us names, 'Jew-boys' and things like that. Teddy was very undersized then—he looked about five years old instead of eight—and he suffered from a bad speech impediment that kept him back in school. It all added up to the start of a terrific inferiority complex."

Teddy's stay at the orphanage, which lasted for seven years, sounds like something out of Dickens. There was, at the start, a cruel matron who hit the children with rulers, tied them up all day in a basement coalbin, and when they showed too much energy and spirit, lined up the thirty-seven inmates, both boys and girls, and gave them enemas. "She gave us nose irrigations, too," recalls Teddy. "Oh, how that water hurt when it rushed into our heads!"

Fortunately, the matron was soon replaced by a kinder woman and the Nadler children settled down into the drab, monotonous routine of institutional life, relieved only by the advent of Christmas, when each child was given some toys, apples, nuts and oranges. "We looked forward to that day for months and months," says Teddy. One dull afternoon Teddy discovered in one corner of the big dark recreation room some old walnut bookcases filled with worn copies of the classics. The homely undersized child who couldn't pronounce his *s*'s and *th*'s soon had to be dragged away from his books for meals.

When only in the first grade, he polished off Ivanhoe and then went on to The Young Carthaginian, the story of Hannibal, followed by the novels of Scott and Dumas. His appetite for history whetted, Teddy began reading whole encyclopedias and studying maps and atlases. And everything he read became imprinted in his mind like cuneiform characters in wet clay. Today he remembers effortlessly names and dates he read in Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire thirty-five years ago.

But Teddy's hungry mind soaked up more than mere dates and places. His vivid imagination gave faces to history's heroes and they became personalities far more real to him than the people he saw every day. When he thinks of the epic battles of the world, he actually visualizes the commanders of each in action. "I can see the terrain, whether desert or plains or mountains," says Teddy. "I see the troops . . . the uniforms they're wearing . . . their armor." He hears militant music, "those marvelous horns" of Liszt or Musorgski, and he smells the sweat and blood of battle.

"I never forget an epic," says Teddy, who can recall, scene for scene and line for line, the movie Ben Hur which he last saw in 1927. After reading Shakespeare's Julius Caesar through three times, Teddy recited it to his co-workers at the Army depot without a hitch. "I even got those barbarians interested in Caesar," laughs Teddy.

Asked on the $64,000 Challenge to name five of Alexander the Great's generals, Teddy unfalteringly reeled off such tongue twisters as Antigonos, Lysimachus, Perdiccas, Polyperchon and Seleucus—without having thought of these people in over thirty years! Teddy claims that he did no "boning up" for the quiz program whatsoever, that all the information he was called upon to give rose instantly from his fabulous memory.

"I'm a brain surgeon," a plane passenger once told Teddy after listening to him talk from St. Louis to New York. "And I want you to know that you have the finest and most extraordinary mind I've ever come across."

"He looked curious enough to carve me up to see how I ticked," grins Teddy. He is pleased when compared to the great Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, whose remarkable memory operated somewhat like his; angry when reporters refer to him as a "nitwit" and a "freak."

While still in his early teens, Teddy became fascinated with lonely, primitive islands, who discovered them, what it would be like to run away from civilization, like Gauguin and Robert Louis Stevenson, and live on them. He was annoyed when World War II brought into common usage names of islands he regarded as his own private domain. It was no trick for him to name on the Challenge the countries and islands larger than 5000 square miles which lie on the Equator. Even before the question was completely out of the announcer's mouth, Teddy was mentally in the jungles of Brazil, listening to the chatter of birds and monkeys, as he *saw* his way around the rest of the globe.

Hannibal . . . Caesar . . . Napoleon . . . "I've lived every day of their lives," Teddy is apt to say. "I can see each one of them. I know what they thought about, how they fought their battles, the women they loved, everything."

Remarks one of Teddy's brothers, "Sometimes when Teddy's talking, I half believe in reincarnation. Sometimes I think Teddy *is* these dead heroes, come back to tell us that what they did was important."

"Sometimes on quiz programs, contestants miss a date by a thousand years," says Teddy disgustedly. "Why, take the year one thousand A.D. and you're at the time of William the Conqueror. Another thousand years and you're in the twentieth century. Just *think* what happened in those one thousand years. And people don't know, they don't know! And they don't care!"

Teddy has no great urge actually to see the places he imagines so vividly. "If I saw the ruins of Pompeii, it would depress me," he says, shaking his head.

There is no telling what brilliant academic career might have been Teddy's, for his formal education ended in the eighth grade and he left the orphanage to become a delivery boy at $8 a week.

"Everyone took Teddy for a big laugh," explains his brother Harry. "Even in our own family, we called him crazy. If a talent couldn't be used to bring in money, it was considered useless by the Nadlers. So although we all recognized Teddy's amazing abilities, we couldn't evaluate them. For a few more years Teddy went on cramming his head with history, biography and music, but then one day he said to himself, 'What's the use? What good is it doing me to know all this stuff?' On that day he quit reading everything, including the daily newspaper."

Before that day came, Teddy says, he worked hard and conscientiously to get ahead. After he left the orphanage at sixteen, Teddy moved back with his family and helped support them for the next seventeen years. His mother was a bedfast invalid, his father suffered from an ulcer; it was an atmosphere dominated by fear and sickness and insecurity.

"We were a queer family, queer!" Teddy says of his parents and five brothers and sisters. "All so quiet, so terrified of outsiders! When Harry and I got home from work at night, we took off our shoes so as not to make any noise. We fixed a little toast, a boiled egg. Often we didn't turn on the lights but went to bed in the dark. Nobody ever spoke loud, or slammed a door, ever!"

Most evenings the two brothers retired to their bedroom and behind closed doors listened to classical records or the radio. "Teddy would lie on his back, flipping a coin, and explain the music to me, measure by measure, until I knew it as well as he did," says Harry. (Although Teddy cannot read music, or carry a tune very well, when he talks about a composition he sounds as if he has memorized every program note ever written about it.)

"The first time I heard Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony I was so excited I almost jumped out the window," recalls Teddy. "I ran a mile to tell Harry." In his estimation Mozart's Don Giovanni is so beautiful it is unendurable. "I don't dare buy the records: I'd be up all night; I'd never leave it," he vows. The opera Boris Godunov, by the Russian composer Modest Musorgski, also affects Teddy this way.

Working in a women's clothing store, Teddy rose to be in charge of the delivery department; then he became a clerk in the millinery firm of Ackerman and Rosenthal. But with the depression came a period which Teddy recalls as a "drab, morbid" part of his life. He knew how to pack hats for shipping; sometimes he earned $1 a day, and sometimes he worked for nothing. He spent a lot of time at the Y.M.C.A., where he was a swimming coach. To occupy his mind, he used to stage imaginary relay races between Japanese, Swedish and American swimmers whose styles and speeds he knew. Then he would post the results on the blackboard for the amusement of his friends.

Meanwhile, he learned the hat-blocking trade and took a job in Cincinnati. Co-workers there remember him as the odd fellow who was always begging, "Ask me a question! Any question!" They almost always asked about baseball, and Teddy always had the answer. Although baseball bores him to pieces, and he cannot sit through a single inning, he knows the hits, runs, doubles, triples, homers and batting averages of hundreds of players over fifty-six years of baseball. "And I *hate* the game," he says.

By 1936, Teddy was shipping hosiery for the Berland Shoe Company in St. Louis for $80 a month. "Bet I can hum excerpts from two hundred operas," he challenged the worker next to him, who refused to put up any money, but who tolerated Teddy's humming for the next four days.

About this time, Teddy developed an ulcer. He also, in 1941, left the clothing business for good and entered Civil Service. He was put to work as a packer at an Army medical depot in St. Louis. Teddy's photographic mind allowed him to glance at a requisition sheet of perhaps twenty-five different medical items and then go from floor to floor and section to section of a multistoried warehouse collecting them without once again referring to the list. And he was invariably right. Frequently he corrected other workers' mistakes and was hurt to discover that they seldom appreciated his help.

Teddy's record shows that he was capable, hardworking and superconscientious (he had accumulated 125 days of sick leave when he quit), yet, after the war, he says he was the first of the depot clerks to be thrown back into the laboring pool. When Teddy left Civil Service after fifteen years, he was the only white member of a crew loading steel office files and desks into Army trucks.

"I never knew how to play politics," says Teddy bitterly. . . . "Teddy doesn't know how to make the right kind of noises to the right people. He's a lone wolf," say his brothers.

In 1942, Teddy was thirty-three years old, weighed a skinny 125 pounds, and had by some miracle accumulated $1100. He had never been seriously involved with a girl ("I thought a lot more about symphonies than pretty girls," he says) until he met Clara Cohen, a dark-haired girl, ten years younger than himself, with warm blue eyes and a ready smile. Clara was the daughter of a Russian immigrant junk dealer and the Cohens' big house was alive with the comings and goings of seven happily extroverted children. (Clara's brother Ben, who changed his name to Elkins, had one of the best-known dance bands in St. Louis.) The first time Teddy visited Clara's home he stroked the heavy draperies and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

BOX SCORE ON TED NADLER'S PRIZE WINNINGS ON THE $64,000 CHALLENGE

$16,000. Won in a tie with William and James Egan, Hartford, Connecticut, lawyers. August 26, 1956

$16,000. Won when he defeated Joseph Doniger, Roslyn Heights, Long Island, millinery salesman. December 23, 1956

$32,000. Won when he defeated Dr. Harry T. Moore, Babson Institute professor. February 24, 1957

$24,000. Won when he defeated restaurateur Toots Shor and Dr. Thalia Howe, Brandeis University archaeologist. March 10, 1957

$32,000. Won by defeating Dr. Austin Ranney, professor of political science at the University of Illinois. March 17, 1957

$32,000. Won when he defeated Mrs. Lowell Thomas, Jr., expert on world travel. April 7, 1957

In this quiz program, a "challenger" like Teddy Nadler first pits his knowledge of a particular field or fields against another expert—a "champion" who has acquired the title by winning either on the $64,000 Challenge itself, or on a sister CBS-TV quiz show. If he wins, as Teddy did, then he becomes a champion, and may be brought back on the show when a suitable newcomer challenges him. The two contestants start competing by trying to answer questions with a prize value of $1000, then $2000. These are relatively easy. Then, each week, they are each asked an increasingly difficult question valued at $4,000, $8,000, $16,000, $32,000 and, finally, $64,000—concluding whenever one contestant gives a correct answer, and the other fails.

FARM-FRESH TASTE

from the heart of America's farm lands...

captured by

Stokely-Van Camp!





AMERICA'S SWEETEST-TASTING CORN—
lightly flavored with sugar and salt!

- **Stokely's Finest Cream Style Golden Corn** — Naturally creamy corn from the very heart of the kernel.
- **Stokely's Finest Corn on the Cob**—4 hand-picked ears of tender, young corn, vaccum-packed to insure freshness!
- **Stokely's Finest Whole Grain Golden Corn** — Plump kernels of golden corn. Fresh-from-the-cob flavor!

PEARL-WICK

TRANSFORMS YOUR BATHROOM

SO EASY TO DO...
SO GENTLE ON YOUR BUDGET...
AND WHAT A GIFT IT MAKES!



New bathroom or old, the fresh loveliness of Pearl-Wick's matched ensemble transforms it . . . adds dancing beauty and new convenience to this all-important room. Yet so quick and inexpensive to accomplish. See "Bathroom Beauties" by Pearl-Wick for your own needs as well as for gift-giving.

Shown: New "3-D" Ensemble, covered with a 3-dimensional, washable vinyl fabric with deep, luxurious tufting effect, and trimmed with gold-tone. Scuff-proof, stain-resistant. Upright Hamper; All-brass combination Towel Rack and Shelf; Waste Basket; Vanity Chair; Hold-a-Brush.

Pearl-Wick Bathroom Ensembles come in 8 different styles, each in 7 smart colors, all unbelievably low priced. At fine stores everywhere.

Pearl-Wick Corp. ▪ Long Island City 2, N. Y.



Thomaston Sheets

You'll find them at your favorite store in dream-pastels or snowy white . . . flat or fitted . . . for twin or double beds.

A product of Thomaston Mills ▪ Thomaston, Ga.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190

patted the soft furniture in disbelief. "My dinner plate had so much food on it I thought I was supposed to pass it around the table," he says.

Clara was attracted by Ted's honesty and by his pathetic desire for a home and family of his own. "He didn't say, 'Let's get married.' He said, 'We'll put up some shelves and buy some groceries,'" Clara recalls.

But for the first three years of their marriage, housing was scarce and they lived with her family. "Ted was so shy in those days he refused to speak on the telephone and he jumped if anybody spoke to him," one of Clara's brothers recalls. "But if we had a discussion about anything, he'd always butt in with a lot of information nobody wanted to hear. He made us feel, 'What are we, stupid or something?'"

As soon as they could, the young couple moved into the three-room railroad flat in a Jewish and Negro neighborhood which was to be their home for the next twelve years. To get the apartment, Teddy had to pay $800 for the furniture in it, all of which eventually fell apart. When the babies came, three boys, he proved himself a devoted parent. Although the oldest son is now twelve, Clara and Ted have never had a baby sitter. "I wouldn't trust anybody," explains Ted. During their infancies, he checked on them almost every fifteen minutes in their cribs and made formula. "If one of them cried at night, I got right up," relates Ted. "How can anybody lie in bed while a baby's crying? It's cruel, cruel!"

Before her parents died last year, Clara used to spend every Saturday, Sunday and holiday with them. She has always been deeply attached to her family, perhaps because she was sickly as a child. When only five, she was run over by a cement mixer; and surviving this extraordinary mishap, she later had blood poisoning and frequent mastoid infections. A loyal and uncomplaining person, she lives for her home and her loved ones. "I'm the type to suffer to the end. Don't want to spend money on myself," she smiles, telling about the time last year she went around for three days with a gefüllte-fish bone caught in her throat before seeking medical aid.

On the days Clara was at her parents', Ted took the boys to the park and wrestled with them, played ball, and told them stories by the hour. "How they love their dad!" says Clara. "He makes them laugh. They have good times."

Ted's stories are of two kinds: as he puts it, "fantastic, improbable tales in which the hero—that's me—is sent to some remote part of the world on an adventurous mission; and funny stories, like hiding all the food in the house when the relatives come to call."

According to their parents, the Nadler boys have never broken a toy, a window or lamp, or struck another child in anger. Michael, the oldest, is twelve, a strapping black-haired boy who gets excellent marks at school. "Michael is all the time for peace," says his mother. "He wants everything quiet, no arguments. And he worries, all the time worrying. When I give him money to go to the ball game, he says, 'Can you spare it, ma? Can you spare it?' Never has he left the house without first kissing his mother. And for Ted he feels sorry, so sorry."

Bruce, aged nine, of the roguish smile and rosy cheeks, is the most sensitive of the three. "For Bruce I like always to be home," explains Clara. A sweet, appealing, conscientious child, he tries constantly to please, and a harsh word will literally make him sick, says his mother. Because of his tender feelings, he gets special consideration from the whole family; if there is one cupcake left, for instance, his brothers will invariably save it for Bruce.

Joel, the baby, is five and already a whiz at memorizing his baseball "flip" cards. A husky, blond-headed child, he idolizes his father. "Daddy will answer it all right," he told his mother serenely each time Ted appeared on TV. His father's $152,000 winnings have meant a tricycle for Joel, two-wheelers for his brothers; they have demanded nothing more. Even at his age, Joel seems to sense the insecurity which hangs over Ted. "Hurry up, hurry up," he shrieks as the family climbs into its secondhand Plymouth. He points to the open door and adds, "You're wasting the car light bulb!"

When Michael was paralyzed by polio at the age of five, neither parent could bear sending him to the hospital. Instead, Clara kept him by her side on a cot in the kitchen, and for ten weeks she and Ted massaged him as the nurse instructed. "I nearly went crazy with worry," Ted recalls. This was also the lowest point of his Civil Service career—the garbage detail. Fortunately, Michael made a complete recovery.

Why didn't Ted quit? Because, he explains, he was earning between $1.70 and $1.98 an hour, plus annual leave and sick benefits, which was better than he thought he could do elsewhere. Medical bills were piling up: a mastoid operation for Clara coincided with a serious strep-throat infection for Michael; when Clara's mother died, Teddy suffered an ulcer attack which sent him to the hospital. For the past two years, medical bills for the Nadlers totaled $2000.

When the present crop of big quiz shows appeared, Teddy Nadler had not opened a book or read a newspaper in fifteen years. To his surprise, he found he could answer most questions before the TV contestants, particularly if they pertained to history, mythology, geography, music or baseball. Encouraged by Clara, he began to write letters to The $64,000 Challenge.

"Sometimes I wrote arrogant letters and told them my knowledge was fantastic—out of this world—that I was a walking encyclopedia of information," says Teddy. "I said I know every headline event from 4004 B.C. until 1940—that's when I quit reading. When they didn't answer my letters, I wrote humble ones and then I told them I was sitting and defrosting the refrigerator."

At last came the long-awaited phone call from New York asking Teddy to come East for interviews. As it happened, they called on payday, so Teddy blew his entire week's take-home pay of $70 on a round-trip coach ticket. ("Nobody said anything about going Pullman") and sat up all night in his one suit of clothes. "I had a toothache and my ulcer hurt something awful and I worried how I'd look before the cameras with no front teeth. Of course once I got to know the people on the program, and how nice they are, I knew they wouldn't care if you looked like an orangutan."

An hour after arriving sleepless in New York, Teddy was seated in a penthouse office on Madison Avenue, faced by a female in horn-rimmed glasses behind a pile of books. Groggy and confused, and fighting the speech impediment which worsens with strain, Teddy felt at first he was doing poorly. But to his surprise the woman became increasingly excited. "I think we've got something here," she said, pressing the buzzer and summoning more experts. Finally a dozen or more brains lounged about listening with respectful attention, an experience unique in Teddy's forty-six years.

"Teddy was like a kettle that's been at full boil with the lid on for years," explains one of

NEXT MONTH

"I dreamt of having a great, noisy Irish family, with lots of holidays to celebrate, in an enormous old house with four fireplaces. It turned out that our friends were right about the pitfalls of buying a big old house. And we weren't cut out to be parents of seven. But do we regret it? Heavens, no!"

Our house is

NOT FOR SALE

By MARJORIE WESTERN RILEY

HOW AMERICA LIVES
In the December JOURNAL

the listeners. "And then suddenly, wham! the lid was off."

The rest is television history. Teddy went on the show that Sunday night, minus his teeth, against two attorneys, William and James Egan, of Hartford, Connecticut, one of whom was a Rhodes scholar. Teddy made his first and only "miss" when he couldn't recall five full Confederate generals. He named three, and James Egan got only one. The match ended in a tie and $16,000 for Teddy. On subsequent appearances he defeated a renowned authority on the Civil War, Dr. Austin Ranney, of the University of Illinois; Mrs. Lowell Thomas, Jr., on geography; an archaeologist, Dr. Thalia Howe; and restaurateur Toots Shor, whom he bested easily in baseball.

He remains undefeated in every category he has tried with the exception of music, where he was ruled wrong on a technicality. Teddy said that Beethoven's Fourth was called the B Minor Symphony; his opponent said B Major; it took a special board of judges including Leonard Bernstein to decide the complicated issue, but finally Teddy was ruled wrong.

Says the master of ceremonies of the show, Ralph Story, about Teddy, "When he first came on the show, he had a terrific inferiority complex, and at the same time great arrogance. Seventy per cent of the people who wrote to me couldn't stand him. Now my mail is just the opposite: seventy per cent are begging to have him back on the show. This makes Teddy Nadler one of the greatest contestants of all time. He not only has *impact* but he's *mercurial*—he grows and changes on the program.

"The more chance Teddy gets to ventilate, the more his arrogance and inferiority complex lessen. The last time I saw him, he actually told a little joke at my expense. Teddy is beginning to *relate to other people*. This would have been inconceivable a year ago."

However, as Teddy's winnings pile up, his underdog appeal lessens and fewer experts are willing to challenge that inexhaustible fount of total recall. Few college professors care to be trounced by an eighth-grader. And although Teddy has been offered jobs in New York, Detroit and Chicago from insurance firms and stock brokerages, in St. Louis his talents have so far been ignored. And Clara refuses to leave her home town, friends and family. There is only one question which consistently stumps Teddy: the future.

It is one of the greatest blessings that so many women are so full of tact.
WILLIAM OSLER

In discussing the twist of fate which brought him fame and fortune beyond his wildest dreams. Teddy remarks:

"Most of the great rulers got to be king just by chance. Look at ugly old me, now—I got three suits of clothes, three sets of teeth." He grins, showing a large expanse of ivory. "And I got my music."

He stretches out on his cellar chaise and puts on the machine Mozart's Cosi Fan Tutti (which he calls fondly "tootsie"). As long as the music plays, a smile of heavenly content banishes from his face the dark worry.

"Who wants to work?" jests this ex-laborer. "Just livin' is work."

WHAT IS INTELLIGENCE?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 172

o bring to mind a memorable phrase of William Faulkner's: "Man will not merely endure: he will prevail." Out of the troubled spirit of man, many triumphs are won, some obvious and fanfared and some known only to the triumpher. In the eyes of the world, Ted, by overcoming his childhood difficulties, was only then on an elementary competing basis with his more fortunate fellow men. His triumph in reaching that point was not obvious. Yet resourcefulness and courage went into the struggle against uneven odds, at a time when Ted received little encouragement from any source, and he went on to become a self-reliant and contributing citizen and a partner in a rewarding marriage. His key area of dissatisfaction, then, has been in his work.

One of Ted's admitted difficulties has been in getting along with other people. One of the criticisms he has met with is that he tends to talk too much, should listen more. Carried by the momentum of his memory, he may tend, conversationally, to lose a sensitivity to others' reactions. A gift, too, is best used when it does not put others on the defensive, another area to which Ted plans to devote more thought. How his memory can be best put to work requires both some self-analysis and some research in the job field. The job he gave up called less for his memory skills than for physical labor to which he was not primarily suited. Much more to his liking, and probably yielding of more recognition and satisfaction, would be work as historical researcher, librarian, proofreader, inventory expert with a big manufacturing firm, work of a computing or accounting or tax nature, or a variety of compatible possibilities. Often professional guidance, psychological or vocational, will help solve this problem, and a good deal of counseling is available today along this line.

As a result of our talk, I have jotted down some of the questions Ted is thinking over at this time. Perhaps you want to take the same kind of personal evaluation test. Any "no" answers you check in the first section are good reason to go on to the second section.

Am I a Successful Human Being?

	Yes	No
my way of living a true reflection of my intelligence?	☐	☐
Am I reasonably happy in most areas of life?	☐	☐
Have I set myself a realistic goal?	☐	☐
Am I willing to struggle or sacrifice to reach my goal?	☐	☐
Am I doing today what will bring me closer to achievement tomorrow, a year from now, five years from now?	☐	☐
Have I overcome recognized faults that might sidetrack me?	☐	☐
Am I capable of putting to the proof the talents I claim?	☐	☐
Do I consider myself, rather than others, to blame for past failures?	☐	☐
Am I able to accept criticism and use it constructively?	☐	☐
Do I recognize the value of the present over the irretrievable past and the unforeseeable future?	☐	☐

One to three "No" answers show minor areas that need thought and improvement. Five "No" answers are a danger signal—time to look for crossroads rather than plunge ahead in the same pattern as in the past. Ten "No" answers call for a complete re-evaluation of life and some constructive action.

How Can I be More Successful?

What is my strongest talent?
How and where can I put it to use?
If for others, have I made it known to the persons or firms most likely to be interested?
Have I overlooked, or failed to seek, counsel from those who are qualified to direct me?
Do I recognize my liabilities and make a serious effort to overcome them?
Am I willing to learn from others?
What practical step can I take today toward reaching my goal?
Do I want it enough to take that step?
Is there anything to stop me, except myself?

END



Always a special need...

now a special laxative

for women only!

Sure, gentle, more normal relief... even after childbirth and during menstrual periods

Constipation presents special problems to a woman.

A woman's system is complex and sensitive. It undergoes cycles of change during which constipation may make discomfort even more severe. So it's almost unbelievable that science never until now has developed a special laxative for woman's special needs!

Correctol is a new kind of laxative... made possible only by a recent major medical discovery.

This medical miracle is a new *non-laxative regulator* which simply softens waste. Along with this, you get just enough mild laxative to start you toward normal regularity.

So Correctol acts promptly but unhurriedly. It gives the relief a woman wants and needs... but it's gentle, more normal relief. What's more, Correctol gives these results with far less laxative medicine than other preparations using the same ingredient for their effect!

Try new Correctol. See how much more naturally it brings relief. 30 tablets, only $1.00—any drugstore.



Correctol

the first laxative especially for feminine use

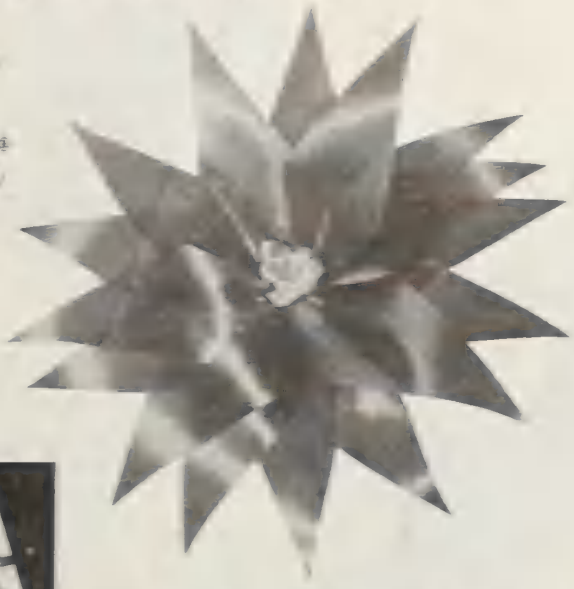
ALSO AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Can you tie this ?

You certainly can with versatile

Sasheen®

the ribbon that makes the "Magic Bow"







The Poinsettia Bow keeps Christmas gifts you mail "almost too pretty to open"—is easy to pave, can't be smashed. Using just one yard of gleaming Sasheen Brand Ribbon, you make the basic "Magic Bow" . . . but cut the ends of the "bow tie" into petal shapes and fan out to form the flower. Wreath idea: Cover a rounded coat hanger with brilliant Sasheen poinsettias!

"Magic Bow" bow method is making patented U. S. Pat. No. RE 23035

"Magic Bow" instructions are on every roll of Sasheen®, Decorette® and "Magic Bow"® Brand Ribbons

3M

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, St. Paul 6, Minnesota © 3M Co.



Wonderful for wreaths, table decorations, tree trimmings, toys, gift wraps, outdoor ornaments and a hundred other holiday items.



KRYLON Spray Paint

the "push button" paint that

instantly **glamorizes Christmas decorations**

If you prize it . . . **KRYLON-ize it!**

Your Special Holiday Greetings

By JEANNE BAKER WALWORTH

Originality is the subtle difference that you'll notice in all good Christmas-card collections. So why not get the family together and make your own? Nothing is more rewarding than having your friends comment, "We always look forward to your special holiday greeting."

Here are a few simple suggestions which can be varied in many different ways.



Ice-cream-cup lids obtained from dairy stands can be gaily decorated with colored sticky tape and gold edging to reproduce the elegance of a Christmas-tree ball. Ribbon threaded through the top adds dimension. Message is written on the opposite side.



Colorful foreign stamps can be glued to lightweight cards to make a greeting. Up to a thousand foreign stamps can be purchased at most department stores for around a dollar. An inexpensive rubber printing set can be used to postmark Christmas tidings in many languages. Print in gold simply by pouring metallic gold paint over a folded blank instead of using a black ink pad.

Although it's fun to take a special Christmas photo, you can often use existing family-album snapshots. Quantities of prints made from a negative are moderately priced and take about a week to get. Holes are punched in this card and a tiny sandwich board is tied on with red ribbon. Your message can be printed or hand-lettered in red or green ink.

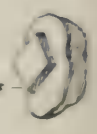




During the months before Christmas, most department stores sell bolts of ribbon with your personalized Christmas greeting printed on them. You can cut your photographs in various shapes and hang them on the tree with this ribbon. Be sure to plan all your cards to fit standard envelopes and try to have them all completed before cooky making, tree trimming and parties start.



You don't have to be a wood carver to make different and beautiful cards. Using an ordinary potato with a design cut in about ¼" relief makes you an expert in minutes. Also try different-color papers. Gluing on little flat sequins also adds a nice sparkle to your card.



Printed in U.S.



SERVICE PLATE EXHIBITED AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK CITY. VALUE, $18,000 A DOZEN.

If you were to visit every royal residence, presidential mansion and embassy for which Lenox China has been created by "Command Performance," you would make a world tour with many stops. You would find that only the crests, insignia, and special patterns distinguish these services from your own Lenox. There is only one Lenox quality... *superlative.*

LENOX CHINA

TRENTON 5, NEW JERSEY



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



8 ounces $1.00

NEW COLOR SYMBOLS NOW IDENTIF
EACH OF THE THREE BRECK SHAMPOO

D *For Dry Hair* N *For Normal Hair* O *For Oily Hair*

Breck has a new baby – shampoo packages with color symbols. These new packages help you ident
each of the Three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shamp
is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. You will enjoy using a Br
Shampoo because it cleans thoroughly, yet is gentle enough in action to be used on little childr

JOHN H BRECK INC · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSET
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES · OTTAWA CANA

Copyright 1957 by John H. Breck Inc.

JOURNAL

December
1957 ~ 35¢

The Magazine
Women
Believe In

NO 16 '57

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.



HOLLY AND IVY An Enchanting Christmas Tale by RUMER GODDEN

DAUGHTER OF THE SULTAN

GAR HOUSE Condensed Novel Complete-in-This-Issue by ELIZA

THE MENACE OF OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTI



Why did 7 out of 10 women prefer this deodorant?

new ban rolls on®

WORKS AS NO OTHER DEODORANT CAN!

Only **ban** *works as perfectly as all this:*

- ✓ More effective than messy creams!*
- ✓ Easier to apply than drippy sprays!*
- ✓ Doesn't crumble or break like a stick!
- ✓ Gives you a full 24 hours of protection against perspiration odor!
- ✓ Perfectly safe for normal skin!
- ✓ Won't harm delicate fabrics!
- ✓ Exclusive patented applicator can't clog or freeze!
- ✓ Rolls on just the right amount!



*EY AGAINST THE LEADING CREAM AND SPRAY DEODORANTS, 7 OUT OF 10 PREFERRED BAN.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Once there was a prince...



a true Christmas story by

Prince Matchabelli

He was a prince of royal blood, with a most unusual hobby, perfume! He created individual scents to dramatize the personalities of many notable women throughout the world. And, so well-known did these perfumes become, that he soon made his pleasure his business. The royal crown bottle inspired by his family crest still symbolizes Prince Matchabelli's royal family of fine fragrances... haunting Stradivari... adventurous Wind Song... romantic Beloved... exciting Added Attraction... and luxurious Abano. Each year these exciting fragrances are presented in a new and festive collection of fine gifts for you to give... or receive. See them now... from $1 to $45.

And remember... especially at Christmas... every woman deserves a crown!



Ladies' Home Journal

CONTENTS

VOL. LXXIV NO. 12

December, 1957

JOURNALITIES



Rumer Godden

Dolls in toyshops talk. RUMER GODDEN has convinced us. She'll convince you, too, in *The Story of Holly and Ivy* on page 42. It's a little girl's dream of Christmas come true, she says. If books are the dreams of authors, Rumer Godden has seen more than a dozen of hers come true, besides many short stories. She lives in a cottage in Buckinghamshire, in Southeast England, which is cherry-orchard country. "I grow roses," she reports, "and listen to village gossip as heard over the hedge; the house is shut in by thick, high, green hedges. I have a husband and two daughters who share my interest in Pekingese dogs and their ancient history, in ballet, herbs, Hindu philosophy and Victorian dollhouses. To write, I need, as Stephen Spender says, 'avenues of time, pools of quiet'—but I almost never have them."



Elizabeth Cadell

The Sugar House, page 44, is the creation of another British friend, ELIZABETH CADELL. Born in India, she was educated in Calcutta, London and Darjeeling (in that order). Now she has a home on the isle of Jersey overlooking the English Channel. She has made fourteen trips to India ("I long ago resolved not to let the possession of a house keep me from leaving it") and one to the United States. "I learned at least one important fact about your country," she recalls. "It isn't *Acheson to Pekoe*, as I've sung so often— it's Atchison-Topeka!"

Appleyard Center, the setting of the food feature on page 62, is an imaginary village with real people in it, and what they do there mainly is eat. Mrs. Appleyard and her recipes are the creation of LOUISE ANDREWS KENT and her daughter, ELIZABETH KENT GAY, of Calais, Vermont. "The things that happen in Appleyard Center may not always be true in fact," the daughter says, "but they are true in character—and the food is especially real." This we believe. It's going to be a full, rich Christmas Day.



Louise Andrews Kent and Elizabeth Kent Gay

Novel Condensation Complete in This Issue

THE SUGAR HOUSE, *Elizabeth Cadell* . 44

Stories

THE STORY OF HOLLY AND IVY, *Rumer Godden* . 42
SCENT OF CLOVES (Conclusion), *Norah Lofts* . 64

Special Features

DESERT CHRISTMAS, *Dorothy Thompson* . 11
SHOULD PARENTS FEAR TEEN-AGE IDOLS?, *Benjamin Spock, M.D.* . 24
DO WE GIVE THE MENTALLY ILL A CHANCE? . 29
"STRENGTH FROM THE EARTH," *Margaret Hickey* . 29
WHY AREN'T WOMEN MORE LIKE MEN?, *Ogden Nash* . 34
MOTHER AND CHILD . 46
DAUGHTER OF THE SULTAN, *Nancy Dughi and Margaret Parton* . 52
LET US REJOICE, *Bruce and Beatrice Gould* . 54
CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?, *Dorothy Cameron Disney* . 55
WHEN IS LOVE WRONG? . 60
HOW AMERICA LIVES: NOT FOR SALE, *Marjorie Western Riley* . 127
CARD TABLE PLAYHOUSE . 137
VOX HUMANA, *Bentz Plagemann* . 148

General Features

OUR READERS WRITE US . 4
DIARY OF DOMESTICITY, *Gladys Taber* . 8
UNDER COVER, *Bernardine Kielty* . 16
MAKING MARRIAGE WORK, *Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D.* . 36
THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE, *Harlan Miller* . 38
FIFTY YEARS AGO • JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN . 41
ASK ANY WOMAN, *Marcelene Cox* . 107
REFERENCE LIBRARY . 118
THIS IS A SOUND-BLASTER, *Munro Leaf* . 133

Fashion and Beauty

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM, *Wilhela Cushman* . 48
HOLIDAY GLAMOUR, *Nora O'Leary* . 56
WHAT MAKES THE STARS SHINE?, *Dawn Crowell Norman* . 58
HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING, *Bet Hart* . 86
FROM OUR COVER . 97

Food and Homemaking

APPLEYARD OPEN HOUSE, *Elizabeth Kent Gay* . 62
CHRISTMAS COLLECTOR'S ITEMS . 66
JUST PLAIN GOOD, *Marjorie Western Riley* . 140
COPING WITH CRISIS, *Margaret Davidson* . 154

Gardening

WHAT DOES THE GARDENER DO IN WINTER? *The Gardener's Assistant* . 100

Poems

IF I COULD BREATHE, *Elizabeth McFarland* . 12
SLOW ART, *Georgie Starbuck Galbraith* . 74
LETTER, *Hannah Kahn* . 92
DADDY'S TURN, *L. V. Francis* . 108
SONNET FOR THE GOOD WARRIOR, *Ralph L. Kinsey* . 121
TELL ME, *Barbara Shook* . 124
CHILD AT DUSK, *Alexander D. Taylor* . 146

Cover: Photograph by Leombruno-Bodi

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

At least 30 days before a change is to take effect please send your complete name, new address and a mailing label from a recent issue. If this is not possible, write out your old address and send it with the new one, including zone number. Address the Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide necessary postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Ladies' Home Journal, © 1957 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S Patent Office and foreign countries. Published on last Friday of month preceding date by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada—1 Yr., $3.50; 2 Yrs., $6; 3 Yrs., $8.50; 4 Yrs., $11. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $4. All other countries—1 Yr., $7. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U. S. payable in U. S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company. Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Richard Ziesing, Jr., Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of Ladies' Home Journal. The Company also publishes The Saturday Evening Post, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.











NOW!

Just add boiling water—

a home-cooked frosting is born

right in your mixing bowl!



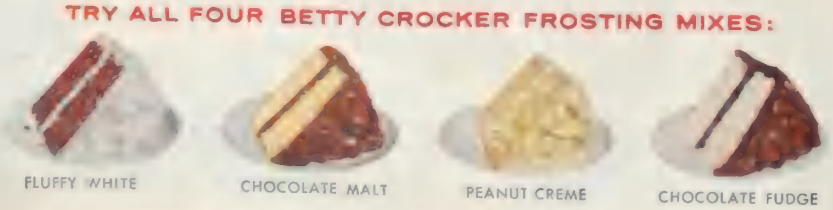


Like your fudge frosting rich and chocolatey? Try our new Chocolate Fudge Frosting Mix! You just add boiling water and presto! You've real home-cooked fudge frosting . . . ready in seconds . . . without cooking. Easy! Thrifty, too. There's plenty of creamy shortening right in the mix. And our fudge frosting will never, never fail you.

"I guarantee a perfect* frosting every time!" Betty Crocker — General Mills

* PERFECT! This offer: The makers make no claim to guarantee to turn out perfect or send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 261, Minneapolis 1, Minn., and General Mills will send you money back.

TRY ALL FOUR BETTY CROCKER FROSTING MIXES:



FLUFFY WHITE — CHOCOLATE MALT — PEANUT CREME — CHOCOLATE FUDGE

OUR READERS WRITE US

While Visions of Sugar Plums . . .

Palmdale, California

Dear Editors: This picture, which was taken in my home last Christmas, includes my father-in-law, brother-in-law



. . . danced?

and husband sleeping peacefully after a big Christmas dinner. Naturally the women were in the kitchen doing the dishes!

Sincerely,
MRS. ROBERT H. WEBSTER

P.S. The picture was snapped by another male member of our family who soon joined the sleeping group.

She Dood It

Oakland, California

Dear Editor: Carol L. Schleslinger's Dieting Doesn't Always Do It (October JOURNAL) made me think of a remark made by my fifteen-year-old son. He said, "Mom, are you getting fat for shame?" I didn't understand what he meant and looked at him questioningly. "It's a shame to throw this away," he answered, "and it's a shame to throw that away."

The electric disposer has replaced the human garbage can I once was and I wear a dress that is two sizes smaller than I used to wear.

Sincerely,
MARGARET O. ROMINE

Are People Helpless?

Somewhere in Illinois

Gentlemen: When I was a small girl in the 1890's, I earned many a premium getting JOURNAL subscribers. Now I'm an old farmer's widow still reading it, but somehow not as fond of it as I used to be.

Why must everyone's innermost thoughts and feelings be dragged out and displayed? Are people so helpless these days that they cannot figure out anything for themselves, nor endure a bit of hardship in the way of work or worry? I went through a bad time learning to keep house on a farm fifty-six years ago, but it never occurred to me to rush into print with a "poor me" attitude.

Name Withheld

Part of Their Christmas

Harvard, Illinois

Dear Editors: This "thank you" note should have been written long ago, but it is no less sincere by its tardiness. I want to thank you for your 1954 Christmas editorial. It was called "God Rest You Merry."

We have tried to establish some family traditions that our three children and their nine cousins will remember as a part of their childhood. We had long searched for something to read before our gift exchange; and when I read your editorial I was sure I had found it. My husband read it to us, and everyone agreed it should become a part of our Christmas!

The last weeks of preparing for the holidays are always hectic, leaving too little time for remembering that Christmas must be a time for giving love to my family. I find that if I take time to read "God Rest You Merry" I am a more loving parent.

Sincerely,
MRS. ROBERT HERRICK

▶ *"God Rest You Merry" appears in the Ladies' Home Journal Treasury edited by John Mason Brown, but we'll send a reprint to those who write us. ED.*

Thoughts on Motherhood

Norfolk, Virginia

Dear Editors: A mother is a maker, mender, a moderator.

She makes boxer pants and chocolate pudding, law and sometimes order, castles threats, promises and lion suits. She makes horses' heads from paper bags, little suits from big ones, new skirts from old ones, sun suits from kitchen curtains, small balloons from popped ones, stew from nothing whatever. She makes Mercurochrome faces, peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, and peace when possible.

A mother mends broken saucers and broken hearts, trouser knees, hurt noses and hurt feelings, trouser knees, overalls and trouser knees. She mends old sheets, old rosebushes, old baby dolls and brand new trouser knees.

She is a moderator in times of war, civil war, verbal war, insurrection, minor skirmishes, attacks from the enemy; in times of strife, in times of injustice, in times of temper, in times of hair pulling.

A mother counts calories and blessings and children's heads in the car. Never sheep!

She stoops and crawls and bends and stretches. She folds over and under and



Reasons for thanks.

backward—and retrieves the baby from under the bed.

She is immune to surprise: the glass of water in the desk drawer, the cat in the bookcase drawer, the lizard in the electric train, the split foreheads, chins, infinitives.

A mother leads nine lives, each teeming so with life that she has no time to read the article "Make Yourself Feel Needed."

There are times when she reaches the despair. The plumbing stops up and torrents pour through the dining-room ceiling again. Two-year-old bites the cat's tail and breaks it. The toddler drinks fountain pen ink and eats the last of the label, which as the doctor says, "Read me the contents!" The current infant screams with colic—soothing medications must be halted while mother sprints to a relentless doorbell. There stand two neighborhood children to report, "Your baby is crying." Seven-year-old, after forty-five minutes, cannot spell "what." Fingerprints all over the house loom suddenly vivid. The ragged edge of the rug seems suddenly dreadful. The dog won't go out. The toast won't come in. The gelatin won't jell. The sun won't shine. The diapers won't dry. The stew sticks and cocoa boils over.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



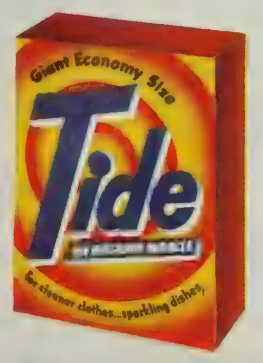
Yes! New Tide

with Reserve Cleaning Power–

EXTRA CLEANING POWER . . . does a better job on everything you wash . . . on all kinds of dirt!

New Tide brings you the *extra* cleaning power you've probably wished for on many a washday. Extra cleaning power that does a better job on everything you wash . . . even on the lightest, easiest jobs. But where you'll see a really *dramatic* difference is in things you couldn't get *really* clean before—shirt collars, for instance. When you see the way New Tide gets that dirt line out, you'll wonder if there's *anything* it can't do. Get some . . . *soon!*

New Tide is available now—in the same familiar package.



New TIDE for dishes, too!
It's Mild! Mild! Mild!

How mild? Lady, not even the products made just for dishwashing can beat New Tide for mildness to your hands!

Now, more than ever . . . the cleanest clean possible is **TIDE-CLEAN!**



Happy meals for everybody — the whole family loves that better *natural* flavor of *natural* unprocessed Carolina Brand and River Brand White Rice. They make Mom happy, too, because they always cook so *quick* and *easy*!

TASTES BETTER NATURALLY!
COOKS QUICK NATURALLY!



RIVER BRAND
Popular low-cost medium grain rice.

CAROLINA BRAND
King size extra long grain rice.

READY TO EAT
as fast as any rice!

14 Minutes from Box to Plate.
Fast Cooking Recipes on Every Box.

RIVER BRAND RICE MILLS, INC.
New York, N. Y. • Houston, Texas
Memphis, Tenn. • El Campo, Texas
Eunice, La.



Wonderful for wreaths, table decorations, tree trimmings, toys, gift wraps, outdoor ornaments, and a hundred other holiday items.



KRYLON Spray Paint

the "push button" paint that
***instantly* glamorizes Christmas decorations**

If you prize it . . . **KRYLON**-ize it!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

while the phone rings on and on. And with it, and above it, and through it all comes, "Mamma, do dis . . . Mamma, do dis . . . Mamma, do dis" incessantly, monotonously, unendingly, from four-year-old.

Mother leans chin on mop handle and mutters, "Next time I'll raise chickens, Lord. Children are too much."

Then ten-year-old slips in—rough and ready, all boy, fifth-grade football player—to confide, "At the Cub Scout meeting we had to list the five things most precious to us, and I did: One—God; two—love; three—peace; four—America; five—Strauss waltzes."

Suddenly the baby's eyes seem very blue, six-year-old's hair looks as if it might curl, fingerprints retreat again, daddy walks in. Really, life could not be richer. It is a glory never to be bartered.

"Lord, keep the chickens. I'll carry on for now. And thank You—from the bottom of my heart."

Sincerely,
LUCY McNAMARA HAGAN

Old Oriental Custom

Honolulu, T.H.

Dear Editor: With the "new" Oriental type of furnishings, I have been wondering why, with all the innumerable labor-saving devices, no one has come up with the suggestion of adopting the age-old Oriental custom of leaving shoes at the entry of a house. Why not tubbable slippers to be worn *only* in the house, to be put on *immediately* upon coming in the door? This would have particular merit in view of the expense and work of cleaning light-colored rugs and tile—also in keeping hardwood floors glossy and polished.

Sincerely,
VIRGINIA CROSS

O.K. for You, Robert!

Granada Hills, California

Dear Sirs: My brother Robert is two years older than I am and has always done everything first. So I'd sure like to fix him



Me

by getting myself in the JOURNAL. (He never made it.)

Yours,
JOHN BOSTIAN GRIFFIN

The Ceremony Known as Afternoon Tea

London, England

Dear Editors: When I was first confronted with a pot of very strong brown tea, a pot of hot water, a pitcher of milk, a bowl of sugar, and an empty cup in which I was eventually supposed to create a delectable brew, I sadly realized that the delights of English teatime were reserved for the initiated.

Now after six months of diligent observing (and innumerable cups of tea), I am prepared to give my compatriots a practical initiation.

First, let's see what English tea *isn't*. A friend from California wrote to tell me how she had created a proper English atmosphere by preparing clear green China tea (I bet she could even see the bottom of the cup!), toasted English muffins and orange marmalade. I never had the heart to tell her that what she actually had was a curiously international meal representing the Orient, American pseudo-English and the English breakfast. My friend would probably be pacified by being reminded that we won our independence long ago, and she can fix her tea as she pleases. But she mustn't pretend it's English.

If you will be my guest, we shall set the clock at 4 P.M. There will be either a table set or individual space provided around the room; and at each place are a cup and saucer, small plate, knife similar to a bread-and-butter knife, and a tiny spoon. No forks are allowed.

First the pot must be warmed with hot water. Once this water is discarded, the tea leaves are added to the pot and the water is added "hot off the boil." The packets always instruct you in scientific measuring—one teaspoon of tea per cup. Then it proceeds illogically to tell you to fill the pot with boiling water, never seeming to note that different pots hold different amounts. One *could* measure by cupfuls, but this would take away romance and never allow for the variety of encountering an average cup of tea or one which is "jolly good."

Now fill another pot with boiling water and proceed to the tea table to pour. We then approach a controversial subject: whether milk is to be poured into the cup *before* or *after* the tea. (You *will* have milk.) The milk firsters claim that the liquids mix better if the tea is on top; the milk lasters insist that their system allows more accurate judging in the amount of milk added as the tea turns color. The point is, be certain to ask; everyone *always* has an opinion. Sugar is optional—guests help themselves. Finally, the extra pot of boiling water is used to refill the pot containing tea leaves when a fresh brew is needed.

The rules for selection of foods to accompany the tea are even more strict and numerous. The basic principle is: proceed in courses from the less sweet to the more sweet. Do not sample cake before bread and butter. We might start with hot buttered toast, scones, or crumpets accompanied by jam or, if lucky, lemon curd. This first course is followed by sweet biscuits—and here a vocabulary lesson is in order. When I want a biscuit, I ask for a *scone*, and if I want cookies, I ask for *sweet biscuits*. Once sweet biscuits are consumed, cakes appear, and even the tiniest morsel has a very important name: Jap Fancies, Piped Genoese Slices, Chocolate Boxes, Treacle Tartlets, Ginger Parkins. You recall that forks are forbidden? You must cultivate the art of slicing your sweet into an edible portion and then taking it in hand—rather difficult, but you'll learn. Since by this time it must be at least 5:05, you are free to depart. (You must never leave *at* 5, since it would appear you had been clock watching.)

I'm certain that my California friend is now dashing to the kitchen to prove she is capable of doing this properly, and to let her know there are no hard feelings, I shall share my recipe, borrowed straight from my English landlady, for Lemon Curd, a delicious jam substitute blessed with an unfortunately ugly name.

LEMON CURD

⅔ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup butter
Strained juice of 2 lemons
Lemon rind (optional)
3 eggs

Place sugar, butter, lemon juice and rind in a saucepan. Beat eggs and add to first mixture. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly. Mixture will become thin and syrupy but will gradually thicken. When it is thick and custardlike (about 20 minutes), remove from heat and pour into a jar.

Sincerely,
BETTY PETERSON

CORRECTION

In "What Causes Third-Day Blues?" (October Journal) an article by Dr. James Clarke Moloney was quoted, but wrongly attributed to Child-Parent Digest. The correct publication is Child-Family Digest. We apologize for any confusion which may have resulted from our error. ED.

Naturally better *on pancakes*

because it's blended with **real maple sugar**



...best of all, it's **Vermont Maid Syrup**

IN THE NEW **NO-DRIP BOTTLE**



ADAM



Strong man with a weakness for beauty.

EVE



Utterly feminine with a flair for fashion.

MOJUD hosiery



The fashion that turns a leg into a legend!

MOJUD®
HOSIERY
division of Chester H Roth Co , Inc., Licensed Manufacturer ®

DIARY of DOMESTICITY

By Gladys Taber



This is the season to open the doors of the heart.

Now the soup kettle comes into its own. We use a very old cast-iron one with a cover and a sturdy disposition. It hangs comfortably over the apple-wood fire or works well on the range.

I dare say a thousand years hence if archaeologists should dig up Stillmeadow's kitchen, they would be hard put to it to establish the period. For if they first uncovered the hand-wrought square nails and the ancient H and L hinges and my old iron kettle and the wooden sugar scoop and the mortar and pestle and the wooden bread tray that we use for salads—well, they would be happy. But then they might dig up the pressure cooker, the modern metal pans, the stainless-steel cutlery, not to mention the toaster and coffee maker!

The secret of a good soup is long, slow cooking and plenty of ingredients in it. I can well remember the first time mamma took me to a formal dinner and when the consommé came on I looked up and said in a clear and carrying voice, "But mamma, it hasn't got a thing in it!"

The typical Stillmeadow soup begins with marrowbones, a *bouquet garni* (which is parsley, celery tops, leek tops or whatever I find around), onions—naturally—6 or 7 cloves, seasoned salt, freshly ground pepper, a pinch of chili, of garlic, and a sprinkle of monosodium glutamate. After a long simmer, I add the vegetables such as firm winter carrots, diced potatoes, celery. Cabbage does no harm. Later I add all the leftover vegetables in the refrigerator, a few frozen peas, Lima beans, mushrooms. I may even add that solitary parsnip—but parsnips are sweet and should be used sparingly. Then I dump in a can of tomatoes. In case the bones are on the scant side, I take out my favorite concentrates and add a teaspoon of beef extract or meat paste. And tomato paste adds that special taste. (I always use a little of this in gravy.)

This is all so easy. Every time I go past the soup kettle on my way to let dogs in, let dogs out, get the mail or hunt for something, I stop long enough to toss something in the soup kettle. A bay leaf is a must.

This soup has infinite variations. Such as noodles or macaroni. Or parsley dumplings.

If the soup bones have meat on them—and our Louis is very good about meat on the bones—we serve horse-radish. The chunks of well-seasoned hearty beef close to the bone take kindly to horse-radish; you eat the soup separately.

When Jill ladles it out, she always serves the cockers and Irish too. They like soup better than anything except the crispy fat from a steak.

Christmas soup is, of course, based on turkey, and I take a dim view of people who strain it. My turkey soup could almost walk alone. The dressing gives it such an added stability, and so does that tiny bit of giblet gravy. I do not use potatoes in this, always noodles or spaghetti, for the dressing is already there. It is a messy job taking the meat from the turkey bones, but well worth it.

Before Christmas, Jill brings home a ham, so we are fortified against extra guests. We love the true rich Virginia ham, but the Northern ham is also de cious. The new boned, cooked ham very good, and so easy.

We no longer cut our own Christm tree, because we have grown so anxio about conservation. All the Christm trees we planted years ago, we find cannot bear to cut. But in our villag the buying of a tree is rather unusual. hundred trees are stacked around in t yard of the Bullet Hill School (the olde school in Connecticut, we are tol Everyone drives into the schoolyard a finds his tree and loads it in the trunk the car and goes home with it. Event ally, by asking around, we find we c leave the money for it at the store, a the American Legion or the Lions whoever will pick it up. This makes n glad to live here, just as I feel glad wh we pass a vegetable stand by the road a can choose whatever we want and p the money in a cigar box.

One Sunday I ran out of gas on t way home from church and I pulled at Arza Bennett's gas station. Althou he is closed on Sunday, some man w there working on his car, so he pump my car full of gas, and said, "You c settle tomorrow." Of course I could ha taken off for Canada with sixteen gallo of gas, but around here this seldo happens.

A few transients do skip with unpa grocery bills, but I have known t grocer to carry people indefinitely, a get paid for his trust in the end.

The snow falls gently the first time, b starry flakes settle silently. The villa children watch anxiously, for they a dreaming of a white Christmas, and th may melt! But at my age, I view the sl wondering whether the roads will slippery when we meet all those trai ten miles away. Or whether the parkw will be hazardous as the traffic skates o of the city. Romantic or not, I prefer d roads.

When the tree is set up, the house b gins to smell of pine. Jill brings down t cartons of ornaments, and we check how many silver balls Holly broke l year as she flew to the door to greet t children. We play Christmas carols we trim the tree, and Jonquil comes in wag at the candy canes. Holly is bu sniffing at the woodshed door, for t turkey is there, wrapped in foil.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

Happy Holidays begin with

Undercover Strategy by Formfit

This Christmas, give yourself figure flattery for every outfit



"Happy Holidays—a gift from you to you." Begin with the beautiful Formfit figure that gives you a confident "I know I'm beautiful" feeling on every special holiday occasion. You'll feel like the angel on top of the tree . . . and the whole world will sparkle at your feet. See this striking "Holiday" collection of Formfit Bras . . . at fine stores everywhere.

"Holiday" Strapless padded Brassaliere No. 394. Plunges in front, dips way down in the back. Lace and Nylon powernet with contour-shaped cups. Wired underbust and detachable garters. White or Black. Sizes 32A to 38C. $15.

THE FORMFIT COMPANY · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · CANADIAN PLANT, TORONTO

GOWN BY CEIL CHAPMAN



Buckwheats and franks—a meal in itself just 10 shakes off your shelf!

Shake up a batch of "Penny-cakes"!

You'll coin a mint of compliments when you serve Aunt Jemima tangy Buckwheat "Penny-cakes". Just slice frankfurters into "pennies" a fourth of an inch thick, and place them on hot fry-pan. Put Aunt Jemima mixings in shaker (see package directions), shake ten times, and pour over each cluster. Flip 'em once. Serve with hot syrup or barbecue sauce for a hearty lunch or supper dish. And have plenty of "seconds" ready.

The famous TWO plus one that's NEW



Only Aunt Jemima gives you ALL THREE!

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
EDITORS

COLIN SIMKIN COLLECTION



LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH
Lithographed by Nathaniel Currier about ten years before his partnership with James Merritt Ives. Some of C. & I.'s early publications included important historical scenes.

DESERT CHRISTMAS

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

"*Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east . . . saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and have come to worship him.*"

We sat on bleachers—nearly 3000 of us—under the spangled night sky, and a man's voice narrating the immortal lines from Matthew rang out with peculiar clarity in the intense stillness of the desert. As he spoke a large electric star did rise in the east, and we saw the dim silhouettes of head-shawled men on camels.

"*And as Luke records,*" the voice continued, "*She brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for him in the inn.*"

A light appeared behind a gauzy curtain and a young girl, about fifteen, was seen bending over an infant, her face grave and serene, with a youthful Joseph in the background.

"*And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night,*" the voice related.

"*And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy. . . . For unto you is born this day . . . a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. . . .*

"*And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,*

"*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. . . .*

"*And the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass. . . .*"

Out of the dimness as the voice spoke, the shepherds appeared with their sheep, wearing the dress of the desert shepherds as it has been from time immemorial, their heads, too, shawled to the shoulders, and in their hands the familiar crooks. Throughout the Near East one sees such figures everywhere—very familiar to the Shepherd of men, Who spoke of them in His parables. We saw that these were very young indeed—perhaps ten or twelve years old. The sheep behaved as sheep do, and the young shepherds were put to it to herd them away from the bleachers toward the manger, over which the star had shifted, and we laughed a little.

But angels (with pretty American little-girl faces) now appeared over the Lord's birthplace, opening and closing their wings; the wise men dismounted from their camels, which dropped to their knees; the voice of the invisible reader was silent, but behind another filmy screen a chorus swelled forth:

"*Joy to the world, the Lord is come,*
Let earth receive her King."

And at that moment a new star appeared above the angels, the great evening star, seeming as do all stars in the desert East much closer to the earth than elsewhere, and glory shone around in a light as soft as that cast by the moon. The voices sang:

"*It came upon the midnight clear,*
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold."

The reverent little figures as still as those in the crèches carved from olive wood today in Bethlehem, the lovely voices singing now the grand Christmas choruses—"*O come all ye faithful,*" and now the gentle ones, "*O little town of Bethlehem,*" and "*Silent Night*"—cast a spell over all of us, and a three-star American general, sitting beside me, brushed his eyes in a gesture half ashamed.

The presentation of the Nativity continued through narration and song, accompanying nine luminous tableaux. A great deal of talent, dramatic, scenic and musical, had been mobilized among the many youngsters and a few

cutive Editor: Mary Bass
cial Projects Editor: Laura Lou Brookman
ociate Editors: Hugh MacNair Kahler,
Vilhela Cushman, William E. Fink, Richard Pratt,
Louella G. Shouer, Mary Lea Page,
Dawn Crowell Norman, Margaret Davidson,
Nora O'Leary, Glenn Matthew White,
Donald Stuart, Tina S. Fredericks, Helen Everitt,
Peter Briggs, Anne Einselen, Margaret Parton,
Cynthia McAdoo Wheatland
ntributing Editors: Bernardine Kielty, Gladys Taber,
Gladys Denny Shultz, Margaret Hickey,
Ruth Mills Teague, Barbara Benson
istant to the Editor: Nelle Keys Perry
torial Associates: John Werner,
Ruth Mary Packard, Ruth Shapley Matthews,
Alice Conkling, Joseph Di Pietro, Elizabeth Goetsch,
Nancy Crawford Wood, Jean Todd Freeman,
Eileen Sharpe, Betty Coe Spicer
istant Editors: Victoria Harris, Alice Kastberg,
Virginia Price, Dorothy Anne Robinson,
Albert Serwazi, June Schwartz, Liane Waite,
Joyce Posson, Neal Gilkyson Stuart,
Ruth Imler, Elizabeth Hart, Elizabeth McFarland
torial Assistants: Lee Stowell Cullen,
Patricia Martin, Flora Casparian,
Alberte Wright, Simone Smith, Hazel Owen,
Corinna Wildman, Isabel Blythe, Helen Olchvary,
Olivia Donovan, Abbot Mills, Sally Platt,
Marley Marseilles, Dorothy Markinko,
Mary Jane Engel, Jean Anderson,
Joan Cornog, Jean Hartman Culp, Grant Harris,
Mary Tinker Hatch, Mary Wright



NEW IDEA! TUNA-BAKE

Suggests Elsie, the Borden Cow

1 (7-oz.) can tuna fish **¼ cup chopped onion** **¼ cup chopped celery**
2 (8-oz.) cans tomato sauce **1 cup water**
¾ teaspoon salt **¼ teaspoon oregano** **¼ teaspoon pepper**
1 cup (4-oz.) elbow macaroni, cooked
1 (1½ oz.) canister of Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano Cheese

Drain tuna, reserving 3 tablespoons oil. Cook onions and celery in oil until soft. Add tomato sauce, water and seasoning. Simmer, covered 15 minutes. Arrange layers of macaroni, tuna and sauce in greased 1-quart casserole. Sprinkle each layer of sauce generously with Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano Cheese. It's the only blend of *two* great Italian cheeses – dry, sharp Parmesan and rich, full-flavored Romano. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 20 minutes or until sauce bubbles. Makes 4 servings.

P.S. Borden's exclusive blend of two popular Italian cheeses perks up every hot bite of many casseroles.

And here's an idea. Keep a big 3-oz. canister handy at all times – so your family can shake new cheese excitement on spaghetti, onion soup, hot vegetables, salads, eggs, etc. It shakes easily because the holes are extra-large. Keeps fresh for days without refrigeration. And *only* Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano tastes so great!

For 100 years folks have been saying,
"If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"

Borden's

Fine Cheeses • Milk
Ice Cream • Starlac

See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice" and "Fury" over NBC.

© 1957, The Borden Co.

adults. We sat in coats, with blankets over our knees, for when the sun goes down desert nights are cold, with a different coldness from that of snowy lands.

We had been dreaming of a white Christmas, there in Saudi Arabia a year ago. For the Northerner, Christmas is snow and holly, mistletoe and tinseled spruce trees, a log on the hearth, roast goose or turkey and a fruity pudding. But the magical story is neither Northern nor Western. Jesus was born in the Near East, and we were seeing the re-enactment of the holy night very much as it must have appeared two thousand years ago, in the Judean hills.

Every year at Christmastime the drama of the Nativity is presented in Dhahran by the Employees Association of the oil company, ARAMCO, whose administrative center is there. It is a community of 5000, the largest permanent American colony outside the United States, more recently added to by the officers, soldiers and their wives of the American air base.

Almost all the actors in this annual festival are children or teen-agers from the American schools in Dhahran, Ras at Tanura, Abqaiq (other ARAMCO centers), or from high schools as far away as Beirut, Paris or Rome, flown in by the "school bus" for the holidays.

To be picked to play the role of Mary or Joseph is the honor of the year. There were roles, however, for some seventy youngsters and a few adults.

But wise men's camels must always be led by Arabs, because camels are obstreperous beasts that few Americans can master or train. And as Arabs and Saudis the Arab participants are not Christians, but Moslems.

Saudi Arabia is entirely Moslem, and compulsorily so. No church spire raises the cross throughout its vast but scarcely populated deserts, in its few large towns, or even in the new ones built by the oil company. The only public places of worship are the domed mosques. Saudi Arabia shelters the holy places of Islam in Mecca and Medina. The king heads the Wahabi, the most rigorous and puritanical of Islamic sects, and he is president of the Islamic Council, which stretches into all Moslem lands. Certain Islamic laws are imposed upon those who live in Saudi Arabia, no matter what their origins or principles. The manufacture, importation and sale of alcoholic beverages is, for instance, forbidden as contrary to Koranic law.

Moslems count both Moses and Jesus among their three prophets, of whom they consider Mohammed the last and the greatest. A Moslem respects the religions of others and has no respect whatever for atheists, and hundreds of Arab proverbs express contempt for "the fool who says in his heart there is no God." Theirs is, I think, the purest monotheism in existence; they reject the divinity of Christ, but claim none for Mohammed. They reject Judaism as a racial religion. In their theology "There is but one God of all the universe and mankind, and Mohammed is His prophet" . . . "God was not begot nor begets." And God has no chosen people. God, in their belief, was there before the beginning of time and will be when mankind's time is ended.

To God (Allah) many human characteristics are attributed. He is "merciful, kind." But above all He is Power, awesome, inscrutable and even (to the Christian mind) arbitrary. Nothing in the universe occurs without His will. The intimate personal relation that the devout Christian feels to have with God through Christ is not, as far as I can understand, shared by the Moslems, though they prostrate themselves in prayer five times a day. And (as in Judaism) God is never depicted in painti or sculpture.

Contrary to publicized views, no Jew barred from Saudi Arabia because of his ligious faith. The ban is of political orig Saudi Arabia, like the other Arab states, co siders Israel as an alien intrusion into Ar territory at the cost of the Palestinian Ara does not recognize the state, and considers Jews, no matter what their citizenship, to probable Zionists and possible Israel ager No other Arab country goes so far in th respects.

Christendom suffers in the desert state cause it may not engage in proselytizing missionary activities, build churches or er its monuments. And the Americans, recogn ing that they are foreigners and guests, co form to the laws of the land.

But perhaps for that very reason the Am ican communities celebrate their religi festivals and services more intensely and m reverently, it seemed to me, than they do e where.

They worship at altars set up in priv homes or in the recreation center, and whet Protestant or Catholic the congregations proportion to the population are large.

IF I COULD BREATHE

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

If I could breathe
Breath into clay,
I'd make you turn
To me and say ——

Say what? Are we
With words concerned?
You need not speak!
Oh, if you turned

That lunar head
My lost stars wreathe,
I'd speak for both
If I could breathe.

religious festivals ret or have regained, t intrinsic meani Christmas is the Ma Christ, as Easter resurrection service all of them are meated by that pec quality of the truly erent Christian: joy

Of course the Am can communities imported all the c aspects of Christ Christmas food, Ch mas trees, and S Claus and his rein Some residents in real trees from Eu but others are extre ingenious in decor the native trees, or that can be mad flourish in the sli saline soil in the climate, burning h summer and almo void of rain—alth when rains come can be torrential.

The "do-it-yourself" movement reign communities and individuals vie with another in external and internal Chri decorations. One sees the back and leg large Santa Claus going head first d home chimney. Wreaths of marigold other annuals, in full bloom in Dec appear on doors. Every single house landed in colored lights. And through windows one hears recordings of the mas carols of all Christian nations.

Even the Moslem Arabs catch the tion; perhaps because so large a p Christmas spending is done in the Arab town of Khobar, near Dhahran- is more than that. The last word we when we left the capital, Riyadh, en r Dhahran, was a shy "Merry Christma a warm handshake from an Arab atten the airport.

There is continual Christmas visitin home to home, in the various clubs, an Guest House, which, after long travels, extremely luxurious to its warmly r visitors. Actually, like the homes of th pany executives, it is quite simple—a type house built of stone with a smal garden behind a neatly clipped he walls bowered with flowering vines tha not find in this country north of Flori

Like most American institutions, its sis is on comfort. We enjoyed our where the water was always hot, our ex good beds, the many American ma which arrive only a few days after publ and the superb meals prepared and se East Indians of foodstuffs importe many nations.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160



Christmas Bell Salad rings your praises when you fix it with tender, satin-smooth Del Monte Pears

Here they are in all their glory to grace your holiday salads and desserts — fragrant, mellow, ever-so-tender DEL MONTE Pears!

Nothing but the smoothest, finest-grained Bartlett pears find their way to you under the DEL MONTE label. Every luscious half is perfectly ripened, creamy-white and juicy. And we make a special point of packing DEL MONTE Pears in a syrup that's exactly right to enhance their delicate bouquet and flavor.

So any time you want pears at their best-looking and best-tasting, ask for DEL MONTE Brand Pears. And isn't that *every* time?

CHRISTMAS BELL SALAD

- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 pkg. (3 oz.) cream cheese
- 4 to 6 green (mint-flavored) maraschino cherries, halved
- 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatine
- ¼ cup syrup from green cherries
- 2 pkgs. strawberry or cherry-flavored gelatin
- 1 can (1 lb. 13 oz.) DEL MONTE Pear Halves
- Salad greens

Mix cottage and cream cheeses. Soften unflavored gelatine in syrup from cherries; dissolve over hot water. Stir into cheese. Arrange cherry halves in bottom of 1½-qt. mold or bowl; spoon in cheese mixture carefully. Chill till set. Make red gelatin, using 3½ cups liquid for the 2 pkgs. instead of 4 cups called for in directions. Chill till syrupy; pour over cheese. Chill 4 to 5 hours. At serving time, unmold on greens, add well-drained DEL MONTE Pear Halves. Serves 8 to 11.

Del Monte® Pears





Here's good news for grownups and children troubled with tooth decay

Do You Get More Than Your Share of Cavities?

BY MARGUERITE HIGGINS
Noted Journalist and Pulitzer Prize Winner

Does it seem as though you're *always* getting cavities?

Well, you've got lots of company!

Tooth decay strikes 95% of all Americans. Every year, we develop new cavities far faster than our dentists can fill them.

That's why you'll be excited, as I am, to learn about *a new discovery that cuts cavities almost in half*—for grownups and children both.

Most cavities begin in "soft spots"—weak places on tooth surfaces. Now scientists have found that a new stannous fluoride toothpaste prevents soft spots from turning into cavities.

The new toothpaste, Crest with Fluoristan, actually *strengthens* soft spots against decay—something no toothpaste has ever done before.

"Sounds wonderful," I said, "but how do you *know* Crest cuts decay?"

I was told about the Crest "in-use" testing program, in which thousands of grownups and children took part. This is the greatest testing program ever conducted on any toothpaste.

The scientists in charge of this project showed me the reports of the tests published in official dental journals.

People who brushed with Crest had far fewer new cavities than those who used ordinary toothpaste.

In one test on children (supervised by a famous university), Crest cut new decay by 49%.

In another test with grownups, Crest reduced new decay by 42%.

Many of the people who tested Crest had no new cavities at all between checkups by the dentist, I also learned. That's the happy situation which Norman Rockwell has dramatized on the opposite page.

Of course, this doesn't mean you'll never have another cavity if you brush with Crest.

But you'll certainly be far less likely to get cavities. And Crest will help keep teeth decay-free and attractive—for you and your whole family.

If you hate to have cavities filled, this is wonderful news indeed!

• • •

For an informative, attractively illustrated booklet of 30 pages, "How to Take Care of Your Teeth," send your name and address with 10¢ to: Director, Division of Dental Research, Procter & Gamble, Dept. F-1, P. O. Box 182, Cincinnati 1, Ohio.

Questions you've asked us about CREST

How long was Crest tested?
—Mrs. Jerry Wallace, Seattle, Washington

Repeated tests were made over a 4-year period. Thousands of people took part, both grownups and children. Some brushed with Crest, others with ordinary toothpaste.

The results were checked by X-rays and dental examinations made at regular intervals by the scientists who conducted the tests.

How does Crest prevent soft spots from turning into cavities?—*Mrs. Mildred Harrington, San Francisco, California*

Crest with Fluoristan actually combines with and strengthens teeth against decay. This protective effect is greatest in soft spots, which are vulnerable areas on teeth where decay is likely to start.

What is Fluoristan?
—Mrs. Mary Lorick, Dedham, Massachusetts

Fluoristan* is a special fluoride formula that makes possible Crest's unique action against decay, for both children and grownups.

A DENTAL HEALTH MESSAGE FROM PROCTER & GAMBLE, MAKERS OF CREST TOOTHPASTE



"Look, Mom–no cavities!"

Crest Toothpaste stops soft spots from turning into cavities—means far less decay for grownups and children. And Crest freshens your mouth—sweetens your breath!



COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

*Fluoristan is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter.

©1957, The Procter & Gamble Co.

LESTER



Betsy Ross Spinet

One of AMERICA'S FINEST PIANOS

used in SCHOOLS

CHURCHES

HOSPITALS

GOVERNMENT AGENCIES

and thousands of HOMES

Official Piano of The Philadelphia Orchestra

LESTER PIANO MFG. CO., INC.
LESTER 13, PA.

FREE! New Hamburger Recipe Booklet!

Send for illustrated *Hunt's Tomato Sauce* recipe booklet, "21 New Ways to Serve Hamburger." Delicious, easy-fixing dishes your family will love. *Free!* Write: Hunt Foods, Inc., Dept. J-12, P.O. Box 5, Fullerton, Calif. In Canada: Hunt Foods, Tilbury, Ontario.



Ripon®
funtime footwear

Slipperette stretch slippers. For home or travel. Nylon with lamé trim for ladies. Special styles for men and children, too. Popularly priced at better stores everywhere.

Ripon Knitting Works, Ripon, Wisconsin
In Canada: Forest City Knitting Co., London, Ont.

UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



FRITZ HENLE

"Merry Christmas to all," says the Radio City tree.

New York at Christmastime is a friendly town. The crowds on Fifth Avenue, laden with handsome packages, smile happily at strangers: the enormous tree in Radio City beckons one and all, and the smaller trees twinkle in front of nearly every church; store windows open up fairyland. Park Avenue, lined with lighted trees, reminds us at this time of the boys who died in war, and who would have liked this memorial; carols hang in the air, the carillon; crèches are out in the open; the complacent lions in front of the Public Library wear wreaths of hemlock and balsam. It is a heart-warming interlude.

●

Every Christmas I find myself giving the same dearly loved old children's books. It is not fair, because some of today's books are going to be tomorrow's dearly beloved. So I'll name a few of both. But I can't help it if I get a lump in my throat over THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS, THE JUNGLE BOOK (Mowgli!), BLACK BEAUTY (still the top favorite with children) and LITTLE WOMEN (their second choice); THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT (as much a part of the very young child's life as a toothbrush), THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER and OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN (in spite of the—to me—ridiculous stand on *Huckleberry Finn* now taken by the New York public schools), *Howard Pyle's* THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD and THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS; ALICE IN WONDERLAND, TREASURE ISLAND. It's like singing old songs together, when all the generations know the same books.

For children who have this library, because it was their mother's or grandfather's, here are a few new ones:

THE DAY THE COW SNEEZED, by *James Flora* (Harcourt Brace, $2.95), age 4–8; BED-KNOB AND BROOMSTICK, by *Mary Norton*, author of *The Borrowers* (Harcourt Brace, $3), age 8–12; TIME OF WONDER, by *Robert McCloskey* (Viking, $3.50)—a lovely book about Maine for any age; and BOY BLUE'S BOOK OF BEASTS, by *William Jay Smith*—delightful funny imaginative verses (Atlantic Monthly Press, $2.75).

One charming series for children with particularly beautiful French illustrations includes CINDERELLA, THE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE, SNOW WHITE (*Grosset & Dunlap, $1.95 each*). *These books were designed in France and have a bright new spacious look.*

●

GET AWAY FROM ME WITH THOSE CHRISTMAS GIFTS is just as it sounds—funny fresh. "There are certain things that if anyone gives them to me for Christmas I will scream." It is *Sylvia Wright's* pained comments on the nuisances she and all of us have to suffer through. *How to be Happy Though Fired, How I Lost One-and-a-half Pounds, How to Make Chicken Pâté Once, How to Mend a Broken Heart.* "Who has ever had a broken heart about the next to last person?" (McGraw-Hill, $3.75.)

●

James Thurber's ALARMS AND DIVERSIONS (Harper, $3.95) is a nearly complete Thurber—stories, verse, drawings, dogs, seals, lions, people with resigned expressionless faces. It needs no word from me. But if you don't happen to know *The Last Flower*, a Parable in Pictures, then buy the book for yourself!

THE GLUYAS WILLIAMS GALLERY (*Harper, $4.95*) *is also funny—twenty-five of his drawings plus gems by Ed Streeter, Bob Benchley, Corey Ford, Laurence McKinney, David McCord, all with Williams' illustrations.*

●

Bennett Cerf has eschewed humor as such this time for a particularly rewarding anthology: READING FOR PLEASURE (Harper, $4.95). He has omitted the stories that you can find blindfold in almost every other anthology, and has honestly included only what he himself has *read with pleasure* and remembered, from Carson to Capote, from Meredith to Marquand by way of Mansfield and Michener, Coppard, Canfield, Collier.

●

For gran'pa and gran'ma, the nostalgic type, there's THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC (*Ives Washburn, $5*). "*Fair words butter no parsnips.*"

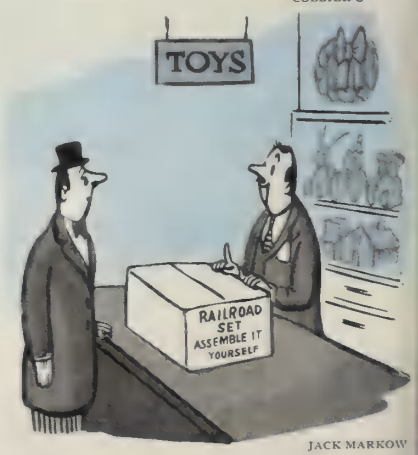
●

For the man who needs a few pointers, try THE EDUCATION OF A POKER PLAYER (Simon & Schuster, $3.50). This is by *Herbert O. Yardley*, the man who broke the Japanese cipher in 1919, a man with a mind for mathematics who has won at poker consistently since he was 16. This is his story complete with Five-Card Draw, Seven-Card Stud, Seven Card Hi-Lo, Table Stakes, and a background of the Far West and Chungking.

●

For men not interested in poker: HAMMOND'S WEATHER KIT (Hammond & Co., Maplewood, N. J., $1), with a map and a chart and a "weather wheel" which predicts the weather, given a certain wind, the way "time wheels" tell you the time all over the world.

COLLIER'S



JACK MARKOW

"A child can put it together if his father lets him alone."

And for yourself, when Christmas gets to be more than you can take, here are two good detective stories:

IF DEATH EVER SLEPT (Viking, $2.95) is one of *Rex Stout's* best Nero Wolfe yarns. And DEATH OF A POSTMAN, by *John Creasy* (Harper, $2.95) is the very best by that author that I have read—and he writes fifteen a year!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!



MONOPOLY

Parker Brothers' Trade-Mark Name For Its Real Estate Trading Game. Most Popular of the World's Great Standard Games.

No. 9 Edition. Board, removable "Banker's Tray", tokens, plastic houses and hotels, dice, and "money"; **$4.00.** No. 12 Edition. Complete, plus plastic tray, 2 packs of "money"; **$5.00.** No. 5 Deluxe Edition. Imported plastic houses, hotels, extra dice and "money". **$10.00.**

PARKER BROTHERS, INC.
Salem, Massachusetts

GIFT FOR:_____



Road To Success

CAREERS*

Fascinating and absorbing game lets 2 to 6 players pick their own goal in life. 8 careers to choose from—farming, law, business, etc. Realistically, players work hard to achieve money, fame, or happiness, whichever appeals most. Complete with board, cards, 6 playing pieces, dice, score pad, "money", rules. **$3.00.**

PARKER BROTHERS, INC.
Salem, Massachusetts

GIFT FOR:_____



SORRY!

Parker Brothers' Trade-Mark Name For Its Slide Pursuit Game

An immensely popular Board game combining skill and chance. Moves and thrilling situations controlled by cards. Don't count on victory 'til the last play. SORRY is full of surprises. Complete with board, SORRY cards, plastic pieces, rules. Also Point-Scoring Rules for Adult and Club play. 2, 3, or 4 players. $3.00.

PARKER BROTHERS, INC.
Salem, Massachusetts

GIFT FOR:_____



ROOK*

A Parker 4-Suit Card Game

One of America's best-known, popular card games. Many different variations can be played with a single pack. ROOK cards, 57 to a pack, are finest quality. For 2 to 4 players with special games for larger groups, party entertainment. Separate rules for playing Club Rook. **$1.25.**

PARKER BROTHERS, INC.
Salem, Massachusetts

GIFT FOR:_____

Fill your Christmas Toy List right on these pages

American Toy Promotion

AMERICAN TOY PROMOTION

Carefully selected toys from leading American manufacturers, members of the Quality Goods Manufacturers Assoc., Inc.



Batter Up!

MICKEY MANTLE'S REMOTE CONTROL BATTING PRACTICE "SWITCH HITTER"

For Little League sluggers who want to sharpen up their batting! Controlled by the batter, this amazing automatic pitching machine burns 'em in—will soon have him swatting homers every time he steps up to the plate. Complete with automatic pitcher, 15 feet of tube, and 3 harmless unbreakable balls. Indoor-outdoor fun for boys 3 to 12. **$6.98.**

IRWIN CORPORATION
85 Factory St., Nashua, N. H.

GIFT FOR:_____



Army on Wheels

MILITARY MOTOR POOL

His playtime army keeps rollin' with this authentically detailed set. 5 large vehicles: Motor Truck, Open Truck, Fire Truck, Wrecker Truck, Dump Truck. Battery operated electric control unit steers them, sends them forward or backward. Sturdy, rugged, made of unbreakable "poly". For ages 2 to 10. **$5.98.** Military Transport Set, 3 car remote controlled, $2.98.

IRWIN CORPORATION
85 Factory St., Nashua, N. H.

GIFT FOR:_____



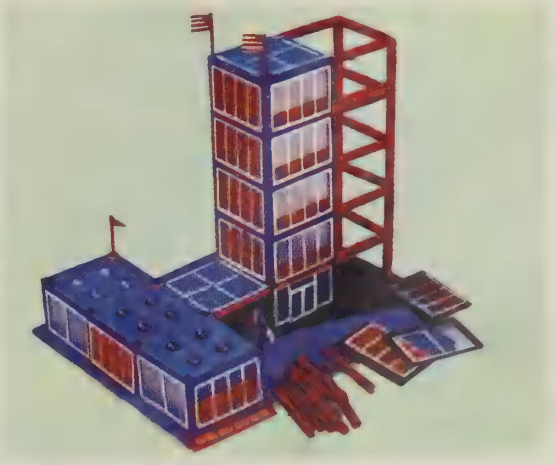
When The Girls Get Together

"MISS BUTTERFINGERS" TEA SET

No more breakage worries at little lassies' tea parties! Of gleaming unbreakable "poly", this charming service-for-4 holds 28 pieces. Contains large plates, cups and saucers, teapot, sugar bowl, creamer, spoons, knives, forks. Safe and harmless, in attractive pink and gray combination with flower design. Girls 2 to 12. **$2.98.** Service for 6, $3.98.

IRWIN CORPORATION
85 Factory St., Nashua, N. H.

GIFT FOR:_____



Building Going Up!

GIRDER AND PANEL BUILDING SET

Now, build the way real modern buildings are built. With girders, construct framework like structural steel on masonite foundation. Build up walls with prefab panels. Put on roofs, flags and signs. Youngsters get real thrill building original skyscrapers, airport terminals, shopping centers and hundreds more. Easy. Sturdy plastic, colorful. **$3.98.**

KENNER PRODUCTS
912 Sycamore St.
Cincinnati 2, Ohio

GIFT FOR:_____

e-mark †Prices slightly higher in South and West ††Prices slightly higher in the West †††Prices slightly higher in Denver and West



Oil Painting Made Easy

OIL PAINT-BY-NUMBER SET*

Every child can become a real honest-to-goodness artist with no training at all! Just follow the numbers—the right colors go on the exact spot and soon you've a superb oil painting for your own room. Set contains 2 beautiful subjects on large pre-numbered canvases, 20 paints, 2 fine brushes, plus a quality plastic frame. Ages 9 to 16. **$3.98.**† Others from $.98.†

HASSENFELD BROS., INC.
Central Falls, Rhode Island

GIFT FOR:_____



Prescriptions for Fun

DELUXE DOCTOR CASE*
DELUXE NURSE CASE*

All-day entertainment for budding doctors and nurses. 2-tone unbreakable plastic kits hold realistic professional-looking items; stethoscope, microscope, syringe, bandage, etc. Even candy pills! Completely safe. Hours of entertainment for children from 4 to 12. **$2.98.**† Others from $.98.

HASSENFELD BROS., INC.
Central Falls, Rhode Island

GIFT FOR:_____



Grown-Up Glamor for the Jr. Miss

DELUXE COSMETIC VANITY CASE*

The most fabulous vanity/cosmetic set imaginable! Rich, elegant pearl-studded case snugs shut with zipper. Chock full of handsome toy cosmetic and vanity items just like Mommy's. Completely safe and harmless. Starts little girls on the right road to good grooming habits. Ages 6 to 12. **$4.98.**† Others from $.98.

HASSENFELD BROS., INC
Central Falls, Rhode Island

GIFT FOR:_____



For The Budding Seamstress

DELUXE JUNIOR MISS SEWING CASE*

Youngsters learn to sew like Mother. Smart, luxurious hatbox case holds precision-made replica of famous Necchi sewing machine. Kit is complete with lovely moving-eye doll crowned with real hair, dresses, thread, needles, patterns, and instructions. A creative, pleasure-filled gift for girls from 6 to 16. **$4.98.**† Others from $.98.

HASSENFELD BROS., INC.
Central Falls, Rhode Island

GIFT FOR:_____

Write child's name next to "GIFT FOR".....then turn to

Fill your Christmas Toy

AMERICAN TOY PROMOTION

Toys shown are carefully selected for safety and age appeal from leading American



For Your Favorite Little Charmer

CHARMS-'N'-CHAINS CRAFT*

Now she can have a glamorous charm bracelet each day of the week. Magnificent plastic jewelry tray holds a treasure-trove of chains and popular-theme charms that snap into place without clips. Hundreds of combinations are possible, lets her design to suit her own taste. A sure delight for every young lady, from 6 to 16. **$2.98.**†

HASSENFELD BROS., INC.
Central Falls, Rhode Island

GIFT FOR:_____



A Game and Toy Combined

FEARLESS FIREMAN*

Brand new 2-in-1 excitement for children from 4 to 10 as they capture the thrills of playing fireman. 18 people to be saved, 3 firemen to rush to the rescue. Complete with 3 firetrucks, building, garage, and spinner. Little children will invent their own games, for the older ones there's an easy instruction booklet. **$1.98.**

HASSENFELD BROS., INC.
Central Falls, Rhode Island

GIFT FOR:_____



Famous Funniest Family

MR. AND MRS. POTATO HEAD AND PETS*

Potatoes, turnips, carrots, etc. become hilarious characters. Includes Mr. and Mrs., 2 animal pets, noses, eyes, mustaches, pipe, plus a host of other items. Always a gift-time favorite, this popular set stimulates the imagination, provides exciting, creative pleasure for youngsters from 4 to 16. **$1.98.**† Others at $.98 and $2.98.

HASSENFELD BROS., INC.
Central Falls, Rhode Island

GIFT FOR:_____



Water Color Painting Made Easy

PENCIL CRAFT PAINTING SET*

Color the pre-sketched pictures with water-soluble pencils—finish with brush and you have a lovely painting. 6 subjects pre-sketched by famous artists, 12 water-color-tipped pencils, professional-style brush, sharpener, water dish, and color illustrations of all subjects. Ages 8 to adult. **$1.98.**† Others from $.98.

HASSENFELD BROS., INC.
Central Falls, Rhode Island

GIFT FOR:_____

*Trade-mark †Prices slightly higher in South and West ††Prices slightly higher in the West †††Prices slightly higher in Denver and West



Bouquet of pleasure

PETAL CRAFT*

Fascinating and educational entertainment for children 4 years and up. Creative pictures and designs are made with 200 sanitary, unbreakable plastic petals in 10 brilliant colors. These snap into holes on the board to form unlimited designs. Precision-made petals can't fall out, but push out easily to start new pictures. **$4.00.** Other sets at **$1.50, $2.50,** and **$7.50.**

PETAL CRAFT, INC.
Bound Brook, New Jersey

GIFT FOR:_____



Farmyard Frolic

No. 953 LARGE FARM SET*

Hours of fun on the farm for youngsters from 2 to 8. Set contains barn and silo, farmer and wife, tractor and rider, wagon, fences, plus a wide assortment of farming livestock. All 42 pieces realistically fashioned of scratchproof, sanitary, unbreakable, rubber-like vinyl. **$3.69.**

AUBURN RUBBER CO., INC.
725 West 11th St.
Auburn, Indiana

GIFT FOR:_____



Play Cooking Is Real Cooking!

MINIATURE REVERE WARE AMERICAN HERITAGE SET

Gleaming copperclad stainless steel miniatures—replicas of Mommy's famous Revere Ware. Set contains 9 handsome, durable pieces; sauce pan and cover, skillet, sauce pot and cover, whistling tea kettle, coffee pot and cover, mixing bowl. Perfect for girls 3 to 10. **$9.98.**

REVERE COPPER & BRASS INC.
Rome Manufacturing Co. Div.
Rome, New York

GIFT FOR:_____



Jefferson's No. 85

LONE RANGER* COWBOY GUITAR

Make yours a tuneful home-on-the-range with this fine guitar. Rich professional tone. 6 strings, exclusive Lock-Tite Tuning Pegs. Silk-screened 2-color decorations on lacquered ivory and brown finish. Comes with shoulder cord, instructions for tuning and playing. 6 years and up. **$3.98.**† Lone Ranger Deluxe Guitar $4.98.†

JEFFERSON MANUFACTURING CO.
2433 N. Orianna St., Phila. 33, Pa.

GIFT FOR:_____

page 24 for the name of your favorite toy store.

List right on these pages!

AMERICAN TOY PROMOTION

manufacturers, members of the Quality Goods Manufacturers Assoc., Inc.



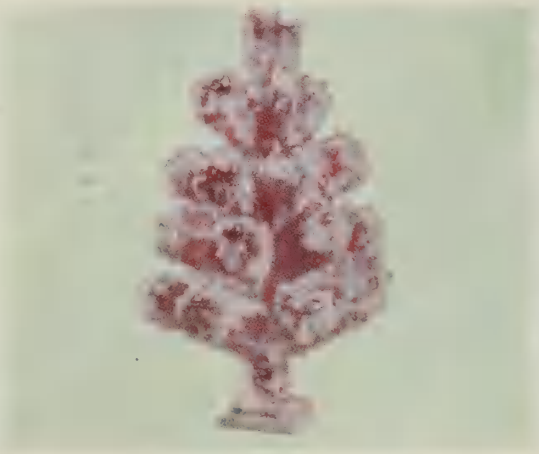
Twinkle, Twinkle Christmas Bells!

GLOLITE GIANT TWINKLING 3-BELL CLUSTER

So realistic they almost play "Jingle Bells"! 3 red plastic bells twinkle on and off individually. Bright red bow, simulated poinsettia and holly leaves of red, green, and silver tie the bells together, form a delightful decoration for indoor and outdoor use. Complete with lamps and cord. **$2.98.**

THE GLOLITE CORPORATION
Chicago, Ill.

GIFT FOR:_____



Gay As Christmas!

FROSTY-GLOW VISCA PINE TREE* WITH ORNAMENTS

Cheery Holiday decoration. 2 feet high, covered with snow-like frosty rayon flocking and glistening color ornaments, it's perfect for mantle, buffet, table centerpiece, TV set. Rugged, sturdy construction; branches individually secured with rayon yarn, can't fall out. Flame retardant. Style 424F. In pink, white, blue, or green. **$7.95.**

TREES INTERNATIONAL
2310 Prudential Building
Chicago 1, Ill.

GIFT FOR:_____



New Beauty For Your Tree

DELUXE ROYALITES* 15-LITE INDOOR TREE SET

Have a spectacular tree with this set of 15 *different* colored lamps. Each lamp burns independently—if one goes out the others stay lit. Even if a socket is smashed, special safety feature lets set function perfectly and safely, no exposed wires. Royal Klips, add-on connector, extension plug. **$5.25.**

ROYALITES, INC.
14th Floor, Merchandise Mart
Chicago 54, Ill.

GIFT FOR:_____



Sparkling Magic For Your Tree

HEAVENLY TWINKLE STAR LITES*

Cheeriest Yuletide decorations ever! Specially designed lamps twinkle like stars in the night ...light your whole room with the gay delightful spirit of Christmas. Tree trimmin' time takes on added fun and pleasure for the entire family. Fireproof, shockproof, completely safe. **$3.98.**

AMICAL, INC.
1472 Merchandise Mart
Chicago 54, Ill.

GIFT FOR:_____

*Trade-mark †Prices slightly higher in South and West ††Prices slightly higher in the West †††Prices slightly higher in Denver and West



Loaded for Bear!

DAISY* FRONTIER SCOUTING KIT

Everything junior plainsmen need to guard the wagon train! Large bang-'n'-smoke rifle has bronzed barrel and stock, features real magnifying scope. Complete with leather belt, pistol, canteen, holsters. Canteen has built-in compass, holds pint of fluid. Boys and girls 8 to 12. **$9.95.** Slightly higher in West.

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.
Plymouth, Michigan

GIFT FOR:_____



Quick on the Trigger

DAISY* BIG SMOKE SUPER PLAY RIFLE

What a thrill when your little buckaroos set their sights on this man-sized rifle with brand new cocking action! New Muzzle Blast Chamber bangs, smokes like the real thing, yet it's completely safe and harmless. Heavy steel parts are sturdy and durable. For boys and girls 8 to 12. **$2.98.** Slightly higher in West.

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.
Plymouth, Michigan

GIFT FOR:_____



Great Guns!

DAISY* DOUBLE HOLSTER SET

No young cowboy likes to venture out without his shootin' irons, especially this beautiful holster set. Two break-action Western repeating pistols with carved handles; in holster and belt of heavy leather with tooled edges, soft fringe, jewels, conches, 6 bullets. Boys and girls 8 to 12. **$4.98.**

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.
Plymouth, Michigan

GIFT FOR:_____



Double-Action Trail Blazers!

DAISY* DOUBLE HOLSTER SET WITH CANTEEN

Now, thirsty junior pioneers can tote their own "waterhole" with them! Pint canteen has built-in real compass, leather holster. Set is complete with 2 Western cap repeaters, snap-fastening belt with 12 bright bullets, and gun holsters with soft suede fringe, silvery conches, and gilded stars. For boys and girls from 8 to 12. **$7.95.**

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.
Plymouth, Michigan

GIFT FOR:_____

Write child's name next to "GIFT FOR".....then turn to

AMERICAN TOY PROMOTION

Fill your Christmas Toy

Toys shown are carefully selected for safety and age appeal from leading American



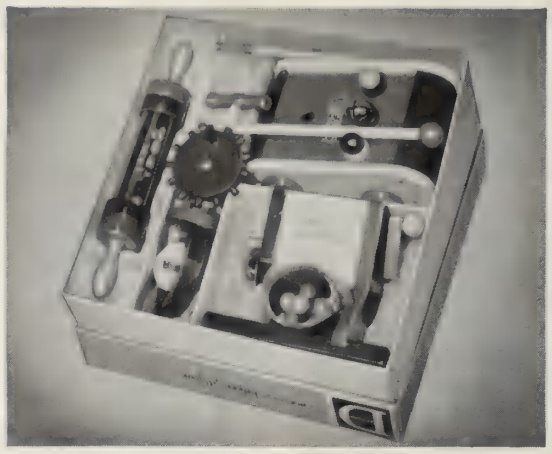
New Faces of '57

CARTOONIST MAGIC SNAP BOARD

Hilarious fun for all as you design and color your own cartoon characters. 29 plastic pieces twist in different directions, form unlimited number of caricatures. Pieces snap into board, can't fall out. Simply push out to form new faces. Includes crayons to give faces life-like skin tones. Washable colors. Ages 4 to adult. **$2.98.**

H. & K. TOY CO.
7108-7120 Tonnelle Avenue
North Bergen, New Jersey

GIFT FOR:_____



Kitchen Fun For Tots

MAMA'S HELPER GIFT PACK

Little lady fingers are less likely to stray toward hot stoves and whirring appliances with these appealing wooden, pre-school playtime utensils. Everything just like Mommy's. Set includes Merry Bell Rolling Pin, Jolly Jingle Sweeper, Mary Mix Beater, Tinkle Bell Food Grinder. 1 to 5 years. **$7.50.**

C. W. DOEPKE MFG. CO., INC.
Rossmoyne, Ohio

GIFT FOR:_____



Tower of Pleasure!

AMERICAN SKYLINE* CONSTRUCTION SET

Just 3 simple parts needed to make true H-O gauge skyscrapers, railroad stations, bridges, or the newest building in town! Finest high-impact plastic parts are strong, flexible, safe. 723 pieces, easy instructions let you assemble, disassemble endless variety of models. Children 6 and up. **$6.00.** Other sets **$2.00** to **$15.00.**

HALSAM PRODUCTS CO.
3610 Touhy Ave.
Chicago 45, Ill.

GIFT FOR:_____



Wings On Their Feet!

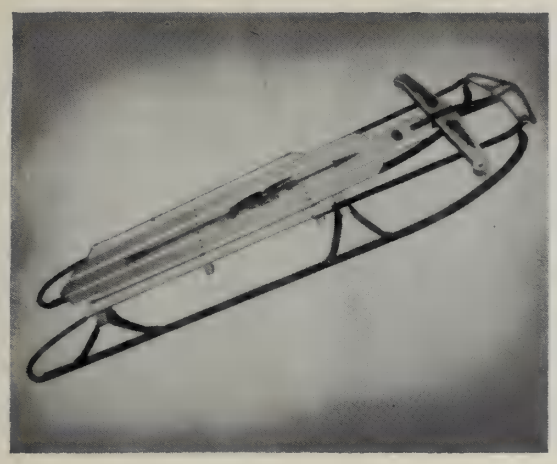
WINCHESTER* SUPER-SPEED MODEL 60 ROLLER SKATES

Fastest, smoothest, quietest skates ever! All-rubber wheels outlast steel, cushion against shock. Surer, quicker steering on turns. 20 ball bearings per wheel make skating easier, let you glide along all day without tiring. Skate extends from 7⅞" to 11¼". Ages 7 thru teens. **$5.95.**

WINCHESTER ROLLER SKATES
Winchester-Western Division
Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.
New Haven 4, Conn.

GIFT FOR:_____

*Trade-mark †Prices slightly higher in South and West ††Prices slightly higher in the West †††Prices slightly higher in Denver and West



King of The Hill!

FLEXIBLE FLYER*

America's most popular sled. Way ahead in performance. New colors, distinctive styling, streamlined and striking beauty. Buy the best—buy Flexible Flyer with strong steel, grooved runners, chrome plated bumper and white ash deck, plus exclusive Super Steering and Airline Safety Runners. 8 models for youngest tots to adults. **$9.75** to **$29.50.**††

S. L. ALLEN & CO., INC.
5th St. and Glenwood Ave.
Philadelphia 40, Pa.

GIFT FOR:_____



Discover Worlds You've Never Seen!

GILBERT SENIOR MICROSCOPE & LAB SET

See shrimp eggs come to life through this 3-stop Turret Bronze Medal Microscope. Magnifies to 405 times! Automatic focusing, Ramsden lens, "click-stop" power positioning. Complete with filters, test tubes and rack, dissecting equipment, and chemicals, all contained in steel cabinet. Ages 8 to 16. **$10.95.**†††

A. C. GILBERT COMPANY
Erector Square
New Haven 6, Conn.

GIFT FOR:_____



Year Round Coasting

FLEXY* RACER

Here's a toy that is fast becoming the pride of the neighborhood. Made by world-famous Flexible Flyer to give your boys and girls loads of exciting, safe outdoor fun. The new Flexy Racer has powerful, quick stopping brakes; safe, sure steering and spring steel bumper. Ball bearing wheels and rubber tires mean smooth riding. Ages 6 to 13. **$19.95.**††

S. L. ALLEN & CO., INC.
5th St. and Glenwood Ave.
Philadelphia 40, Pa.

GIFT FOR:_____



Scientific Private Eye

GILBERT CHEMISTRY EXPERIMENT LAB

Educational fun and pleasure as Jr. G-Men learn how the F.B.I. uses science in crime detection! 561 fascinating experiments—fingerprinting, secret writing, invisible ink, many others. Big array of chemicals, alcohol lamp, and other interesting apparatus make this an exciting gift-set for boys and girls 8 to 16. **$10.00.**†††

A. C. GILBERT COMPANY
Erector Square
New Haven 6, Conn.

GIFT FOR:_____

page 24 for the name of your favorite toy store.

List right on these pages!

AMERICAN TOY PROMOTION

manufacturers, members of the Quality Goods Manufacturers Assoc., Inc.



Everything for "Dolly Care"

DE LUXE DOLL-E-LAYETTE*

Everything the little mother needs for a trip with "baby." 10½", lifelike vinyl doll drinks real water, wets till her diaper needs changing! Sturdy "Overnight Basket" is complete with Chix diapers, unbreakable nursing bottles with caps, nipples, bottle-brush, rattle, bib, cup, funnel and spoon. Hours of fun for ages 3 to 9. **$3.98.**†

AMERICAN METAL SPECIALTIES CORP.*
Hatboro, Pennsylvania

GIFT FOR:_____



Living Designs

THE MAGIC DESIGNER

Just slip in a paper disc and you're ready to create thousands of different designs! Fascinating entertainment your child will never outgrow; designs can be transferred to other crafts—metal, leather, ceramics, etc. Sturdy, all-steel construction, easy to operate. For boys and girls of all ages, 7 to 70. **$3.95.** Paper refills **60¢** per 100.

NORTHERN SIGNAL CO., INC.
Saukville, Wisconsin

GIFT FOR:_____



Cross-Country Thrills!

SKILL-DRIVE*

All the fun and excitement of driving Daddy's car are right at your youngster's fingertips! Object is to stay on the road as electronic controls move car forward, backward, to either side. Kids meet all sorts of highway conditions, learn dexterity and coordination on a wonderful cross-country joy ride. Ages 5 and over. **$2.00.**

SIDNEY A. TARSON CO.
712 N. Franklin St., Chicago 10, Ill.

GIFT FOR:_____



A magic journey to the land of enchantment!

TRU-VUE 3-DIMENSION GIFT SET

Delightful and fascinating! Three exciting picture stories, plus sturdy 3-dimension viewer. Fairy Tales, Cowboys, and Adventure come thrillingly alive in the magic of 3-dimension and sparkling color. Timely new stories continually added to line. The perfect gift for ages 4 to 14. **$2.98.** Deluxe Set also available.

TRU-VUE COMPANY
Beaverton, Oregon

GIFT FOR:_____

*Trade-mark †Prices slightly higher in South and West ††Prices slightly higher in the West †††Prices slightly higher in Denver and West



America's best-selling finger-paint set

REDSKIN* FINGER PAINTS

Anyone can make imaginative pictures and designs immediately! Creative fun for all ages—from 3 years up to adults. Set is complete with paper, spatulas, instructions, and totally harmless, easy-cleaning paints. 2-oz. jars of red, yellow, green, blue, brown, black. A fascinating gift for every child on your list. **$2.00.**†

MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY
74 Park St., Springfield 2, Mass.

GIFT FOR:_____



Wheel and deal the fun!

RACK-O*

Watch the excitement mount as the whole family spends a day at Monte Carlo. World's newest card game races along as players try to place ten cards in numerical progression in handsome plastic racks. Keenly competitive, fast and easy to play. 2, 3 or 4 players may play alone or as partners. For ages 10 to adult. 4 plastic racks, 60 cards and instructions. **$2.00.**†

MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY
74 Park St., Springfield 2, Mass.

GIFT FOR:_____



Westward Ho!

No. 563 EARLY AMERICAN FRONTIER SET

Small-fry Daniel Boones can recreate the western frontier with this life-like set. Complete with Indians, frontiersmen, native animals, covered wagon, log cabin, wigwams, and colorful cardboard backgrounds. All 44 pieces realistically designed in soft, sanitary, unbreakable rubber-like vinyl. Ages 3 to 10. **$3.98.**

AUBURN RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
725 West 11th Street
Auburn, Indiana

GIFT FOR:_____



A Whiz of a Quiz

GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS*

Educational fun for the entire family in a classroom setting! New 3-section quiz book includes 792 questions and answers for juniors, intermediates, adults. Players move from desk to desk, grade to grade—winner gets to "college" first. Advancement depends on knowledge, ingenuity, luck. For 2 to 8 players, age 6 to adults. **$3.00.**†

MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY
74 Park St., Springfield 2, Mass.

GIFT FOR:_____

Write child's name next to "GIFT FOR".....then turn to

AMERICAN TOY PROMOTION

Fill your Christmas Toy

Toys shown are carefully selected for safety and age appeal from leading American



Never a Housing Shortage!

BLOCK CITY*

Whatever your model building fancy—you can make hundreds of different, real-as-life buildings with this creative, fun-filled set. Contains everything you need—interlocking blocks, roofing material, doors, windows, picket fence, lots more. Rugged, molded, shatterproof plastic. Ages 5 and up. Sets at **$1.98, $2.95, $4.95, $7.50, $9.95, $15.**

PLASTIC BLOCK CITY, INC.
4227 W. Lake St., Chicago 24, Ill.

GIFT FOR:_____



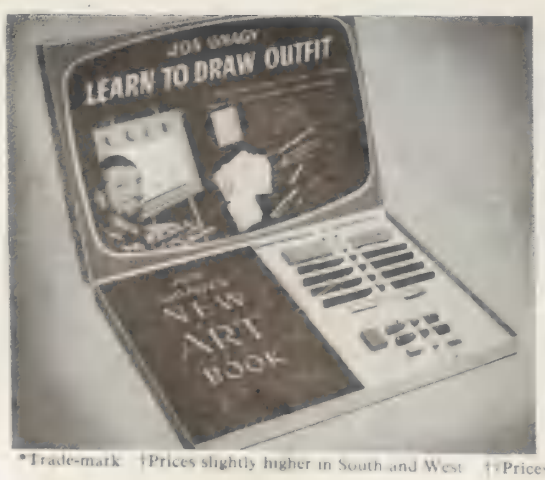
Rack Up the Fun!

BURROWES POOL TABLE

Loads of at-home thrills with the exciting, always popular game of pool. This handsome, rugged pool table has many professional features; green cloth-covered surface, cushions, counters, ball return, etc. Folds flat for easy storing. Complete with balls, triangle, cues, easy instructions. Boys and girls 10 to 14. **$34.95.**†

THE BURROWES CORPORATION
Portland, Maine

GIFT FOR:_____



Jon Gnagy

"LEARN TO DRAW" OUTFIT

By Jon Gnagy, television's favorite art instructor! Teaches drawing step-by-step. Supplies all materials needed...variety of special drawing pencils, chalks, kneaded eraser, sketching paper, sharpener, drawing board, and 64-page fully illustrated Art Instruction Book. All ages. **$2.95.**

ARTHUR BROWN & BRO., INC.
2 West 46 St., New York 36, N. Y.

GIFT FOR:_____



Jumpin' Joy!

HI-'N'-LO BOUNCER*

Lots more bounce to the ounce with this aluminum pogo stick! Travels higher, farther, faster with less effort. Steel plunger shaft, oil-tempered dual springs can't weaken or break under weights up to 200 lbs. Steps and tip of special non-skid rubber. Sponge-rubber ball safety top. An exciting outlet for the extra energy of children 7 years and up. **$6.98.**

EDUCATIONAL PRODUCTS INC.
200 5th Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

GIFT FOR:_____

*Trade-mark †Prices slightly higher in South and West ††Prices slightly higher in the West †††Prices slightly higher in Denver and West



Jet Away To Happy Times!

AMF JUNIOR TRIKE*

Now the tricycle crowd can really "zoom into space" on this thrilling jet-styled trike with jet-fin nose and tail. Sturdy FLITE-LINE fenders and truss rods; ball-bearing front wheel, padded vinyl saddle. Glides smoothly on semi-pneumatic tires. In black finish with red, white and chrome trim. 3 sizes for children 2 to 6.

JUNIOR TOY DIVISION
American Machine & Foundry Co.
215 Marble St., Hammond, Ind.

GIFT FOR:_____



Happy Landings!

"SUPER CUB 102" ENGINE-POWERED MODEL AIRPLANE

You're off to the wild blue yonder as you control this real-engine plane from take-off to 3-point landing! Of super hi-impact resistant styrene. Plane conforms to all requirements of model flying. Easy-starting engine has unbreakable spring starter. Packed with thrills for boys and girls from 10 to adult. **$7.95.**

L. M. COX MFG. CO., INC.
Box 476, Santa Ana, Calif.

GIFT FOR:_____



Ready For A Joy Ride!

AMF JUNIOR DELUXE CHAIN DRIVE TRIKE*

Make any space-happy youngster feel like a jet pilot! Easy-riding chain drive with sturdy FLITE-LINE frame, fenders and full-length chain guard. Padded vinyl saddle; ball-bearing front wheel, semi-pneumatic tires. Flamboyant maroon finish with white trim; red and white jet-fin nose and tail. Perfect for children 3 to 6.

JUNIOR TOY DIVISION
American Machine & Foundry Co.
215 Marble St., Hammond, Ind.

GIFT FOR:_____



Delightful Suite For Sweet Little Lassies

PERT PAT DOLL FURNITURE SET #8

How she'll love these superb miniatures! Authentic scale models of famous Pert Pat Juvenile Furniture. Features: natural-finish hand-rubbed pine, foam rubber cushions, cotton print upholstery. Set contains rocker, chair, settee, cocktail table, end table, grandfather's clock with moving hands, lamp with shade. Ages 3 and up. **$7.95.**

PERT PAT PRODUCTS, INC.
Boscawen, New Hampshire

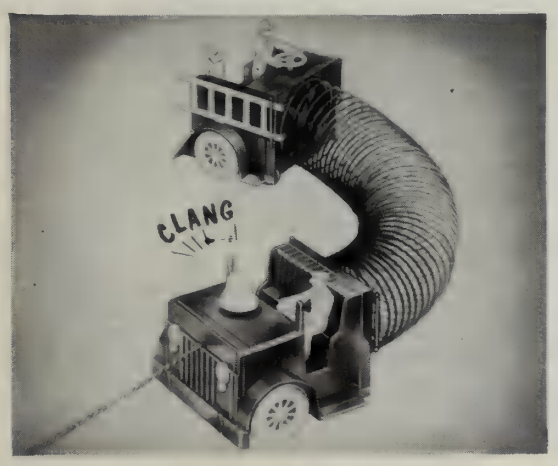
GIFT FOR:_____

page 24 for the name of your favorite toy store.

List right on these pages!

AMERICAN TOY PROMOTION

manufacturers, members of the Quality Goods Manufacturers Assoc., Inc.



4-Alarm Action!

MR. WIGGLE'S* FIRE ENGINE

Exciting and novel fire engine has 3 removable firemen, removable ladders, and a bell that clangs! Goes around corners like a real hook-'n'-ladder —and no matter how you pull it, the back always catches up with the front. Provides hours of thrilling fun for boys and girls from 2 to 6. **$2.00.** Slightly higher in Canada.

WILKENING MFG. CO.
Consumer Products Division
Phila. 42, Pa.—Toronto, Canada

GIFT FOR:_____



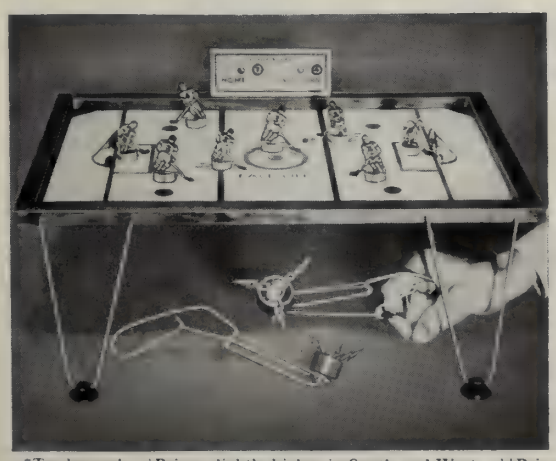
Magic Bazooka!

SUPERSONIC DEFENDER

Here's the exciting gun of the future to make your space cadet the envy of the block! Amazingly accurate play-rifle knocks over targets up to 60 feet away with an *invisible ball of air.* Uses no ammunition, completely safe and silent. Great for target practice, games, parties, or just plain fun in or out of doors. Shatter-proof plastic gun and 16 targets. **$7.95.**

AIDS INCORPORATED
211 Arena St., El Segundo, Calif.

GIFT FOR:_____



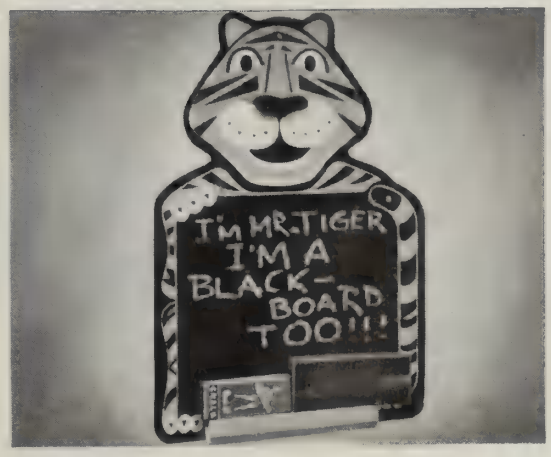
It's a Goal!

FACE-OFF* MAGNETIC ICE HOCKEY

Puck-chasin' fun at its sizzling best as the action whizzes up and down the board! Players skate, whirl, shoot...all at your command by remote magnetic control. Captures the thrills and excitement of a real rink for ages 8 to 12. For two players, **$5.95;** for four players, **$7.95.** Larger, deluxe set with Fiberglas rink for ages 12 and over, **$12.95.**

THE GAMECRAFT COMPANY
Red Lion, Pennsylvania

GIFT FOR:_____



New Family Pet

HAPPY TIGER BLACKBOARD

Kids love colorful, unique Mr. Tiger—they'd rather write on him than walls or furniture! Perfect household message center—for posting menus, shopping lists, bedtime schedules, baby-sitter instructions, etc. Sturdy construction, complete with chalk and eraser. Ages 3 to adult. Also available is an "Eager Beaver" character. **$1.50.†**

F. P. I., INCORPORATED
336 Third Avenue
New York 10, N. Y.

GIFT FOR:_____

*Trade-mark †Prices slightly higher in South and West ††Prices slightly higher in the West †††Prices slightly higher in Denver and West

American Toy Promotion

ALL ITEMS SHOWN ON PREVIOUS 7 PAGES CAN BE SEEN ON TV IN THESE CITIES..... BUY THEM AT THESE FINE STORES.

Baltimore, Md.–Downtown	Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
–Belvedere	Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
–Edmondson	Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
–Eastpoint	Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Birmingham, Ala.	Pizitz
Boston, Mass.	Gilchrist Company
Buffalo, N. Y.	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Chicago, Ill.	Marshall Field
Cincinnati, Ohio	King Drug Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	William Taylor Son & Co.
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus Company
Des Moines, Iowa	Younker Brothers
Detroit, Mich.	Crowley's
Houston, Tex.	Foley's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Company
Miami, Fla.	Jordan Marsh-Miami
Milburn, N. J.	Bamberger's
Morristown, N. J.	Bamberger's
Nashville, Tenn.	Harveys
New Orleans, La.	Krauss Company, Ltd.
New York City	Macy's, Herald Square
N. Y.	Macy's, Parkchester
N. Y.	Macy's, Jamaica
N. Y.	Macy's, Flatbush
N. Y.	Macy's, White Plains
N. Y.	Macy's, Roosevelt Field, L. I.
Newark, N. J.	Bamberger's
Paramus, N. J.	Bamberger's
Philadelphia, Pa.	Snellenburgs
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Boggs & Buhl
Plainfield, N. J.	Bamberger's
Portland, Ore.	Olds & King
Princeton, N. J.	Bamberger's
San Francisco, Cal.	Macy's California
St. Louis, Mo.	Scruggs Vandervoort Barney Stores
Tampa, Fla.	Maas Brothers
Toledo, Ohio	Tiedtke's
Tulsa, Okla.	Brown-Dunkin Company

ALL ITEMS AT THESE FINE STORES ALSO

Alexandria, Va.	Martin's Hardware
Allegan, Mich.	Allegan's Toyland—Bill's Cut Rate Store
Atlantic City, N.J.	Ronnie's 5 & 10c Store
Atlantic City (Ventnor) N.J.	Ronnie's 5 & 10c Store
Blackwood, N.J.	Ronnie's 5 & 10c Store
Brilliant, Ohio	Brilliant Hardware
Camden, N.J.	Sbar's
Charlottesville, Va.	Toy Headquarters
Claymont, Del.	Richardson Variety Stores
Columbia, Pa.	Motter Supply Co.
Dayton, Ohio	The Elder & Johnston Co.
Dayton, Ohio	Miller's 5c to $1., Inc.
Dayton, Ohio	Toyland Stores
Decatur, Mich.	Decatur News Stand
Dowagiac, Mich.	The Stilwell Company
East Lancaster, Pa.	Ronnie's 5 & 10c Store
Elsmere, Delaware	Richardson Variety Stores
El Paso, Texas	Springer's
Elkins Park, Pa.	Ronnie's 5 & 10c Store
Fayetteville, N.C.	The Capitol
Fayetteville, N.C.	The Toy King
Fort Worth, Texas	Leonard's Dept. Store
Galesburg, Mich.	Grant's Dept. Store
Glenside, Pa.	Ronnie's 5 & 10c Store
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Alger Heights Hardware
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Chic's Toyland
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Emdin's Toy Super Mart
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Rylee's Super Hardware
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Wyoming Park Pharmacy
Grandville, Mich.	Payne's Pharmacy
Greensburg, Pa.	Jan and Jeff's Toychest
Hamburg, N.Y.	Kronenberg's, Inc.
Harwich Port, Mass.	Harwich Port Hardware
Hastings, Mich.	Western Auto Store
Holland, Mich.	Reliable Cycle Shop
Houston, Texas	Playhouse Toy Stores
Huntington, W. Va.	Rich's Toy Shop
Kalamazoo, Mich.	City Drug #2
Kalamazoo, Mich.	The Cradle
Kalamazoo, Mich.	Harvey Hardware & Toys
Kalamazoo, Mich.	R & J Five to One Dollar
Kalamazoo, Mich.	Stafford Hardware
Kalamazoo, Mich.	The Tot Shops
Kalamazoo, Mich.	The Toy and Hobby Shop
Kalamazoo, Mich.	Trim Hardware
Kalamazoo, Mich.	Van Avery Drug Store
Lancaster, Pa.	Toy Fair
McKeesport, Pa.	The Toy Shoppe
Memphis, Tenn.	Bry's
Middletown, Ohio	Rose Toyland
Milton, W. Va.	Milton Hardware & Furn.
Moundsville W. Va.	Peerless Products Co., Inc.
Mt. Healthy, Ohio	Trapp's Toyland
Newark, N.Y.	Freddie's Auto Supply
Newport, Del.	Richardson Variety Stores
Niagara Falls, N.Y.	Lee's Auto Stores
Niles, Mich.	Andy's
Nitro, W. Va.	Western Auto Assoc. Store
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Big Top Stores
Omaha, Nebr.	J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Omaha, Nebr.	Olson & Clark Hobby Center
Omaha, Nebr.	Pine Tree Hardware, Inc.
Paden City, W. Va.	F. R. Hopkins Hardware
Parchment, Mich.	Kay Korner
Parchment, Mich.	Parchment Pharmacy
Passaic, N.J.	Prospect Toy & Juvenile Shop
Paw Paw, Mich.	Western Auto Assoc. Store
Peoria, Ill.	Brown Auto Stores
Philadelphia, Pa.	Ronnie's 5 & 10c Store
Plainwell, Mich.	Western Auto Store
Point Pleasant, W. Va.	Fruth Pharmacy
Pomeroy, Ohio	Eddie's Home & Auto Store
Richardson Park, Del.	Richardson Variety Store
Rio Grande, N.J.	Ronnie's 5 & 10c Store
River Forest, Ill.	Earl Webber Co.
Salem, N.J.	Ronnie's 5 & 10c Store
South Bend, Ind.	Grigereit Bon Bon Toys
South Bend, Ind.	Grigereit Juvenile Furn. Co.
Springfield, Ohio	Ronald Hardware Co.
Staunton, Va.	Young Hardware, Inc.
St. Joseph, Mich.	Grigereit Juvenile Furn.
Sturgis, Mich.	Ernie D. Cross
Stroudsburg, Pa.	Ronnie's 5 & 10c Store
Syracuse, N.Y.	Sam's Hobby & Toy Centers
Uniontown, Pa.	Jan and Jeff's Toy Chest
Upper Darby, Pa.	Jonas Toy & Stationery Shop
Vicksburg, Mich.	Weeks & Brumbaugh 5c to $1 Store
Wilson, N.J.	Aron's 5 & 10c Store
Williamsport, Pa.	Carroll House Toy Fair
Wilmington, Del.	Richardson Variety Stores
Wheeling, West Va.	Earle Rogers Company

The following distributors service American Toy Promotion retailers in each area and do not sell to the general public.

Allentown, Pa., Klein Bros. Paper & Twine Co.; **Atlanta, Ga.**, Southern Toy & Hobby Co.; **Boston, Mass.**, Arvedon Distributors Inc.; **Bridger, Mont.**, V & A Distributing Co.; **Chicago, Ill.**, Gale-Devon Co.; Kelenyi & Son; **Cincinnati, Ohio**, Imes Corp.; **Dallas, Tex.**, Thoreson Sales Co.; **Detroit, Mich.**, Sydney Kaan Co.; **Grand Rapids, Mich.**, S. Abraham & Sons; **Huntington, W.Va.**, Crass Supply Co.; **Jamaica, N.Y.**, Blumberg & Saron, Inc.; **Jersey City, N.J.**, Greenville Merchandise Co.; **Kalamazoo, Mich.**, Kalamazoo Variety Sales Co.; **Long Island City, N.Y.**, Samuel S. Horowitz & Son; **Los Angeles, Cal.**, Progressive Wholesalers Inc.; **Louisville, Ky.**, Grossman Sales Co.; **Nashville, Tenn.**, Sexton Wholesale Co.; **New Orleans, La.**, Interstate Electric Co.; **Oakland, Cal.**, American Toy & Plastics Co.; **Paducah, Ky.**, Rottgering Distributing Co.; **Peoria, Ill.**, Sell Rite Sales Co.; **Philadelphia, Pa.**, The Lesley Co.; **Pittsburgh, Pa.**, Milton D. Myers Co.; **Roanoke Va.**, Jennings Shepherd Co.; **Rochester, N.Y.**, Morris Rosenbloom & Co. Inc.; **St. Louis, Mo.**, Acme Specialty Co.; **East Syracuse, N.Y.**, S & H Distributing Co.; **Tampa, Fla.**, Frost's Inc.; **Yonkers, N.Y.**, William Gurdin Co.; **Youngstown, Ohio**, Ohio Notion & Paper Co.

Should parents fear teen-age idols?



BOB WILLOUGHBY

There's a degree of satisfaction for teen-agers whose heroes irritate their parents.

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



DR. SPOCK

"It's a mistake for parents to interpret the responses of adolescent girls according to adult standards."

There are a variety of ways in which teen-agers bother their parents. The one that I'm thinking of today is the infatuation that millions of girls declare for one singer or movie actor or another. Some parents of each decade think that this is a new affliction and wonder what has come over the younger generation. But this kind of mass adoration has been taking place off and on for many years. I suppose that in earlier generations—before TV, radio, movies and phonograph records—conditions did not favor such nationwide epidemics. In cities, though, certain matinee idols of the stage drew the same kind of frantic enthusiasm.

Adults read with amazement about long lines of adolescents waiting for hours outside the theater before the star appears, then greeting every step of his performance with tumultuous applause. They become uneasy when they hear of girls shrieking and sobbing and swooning. If they see a performance themselves on TV or film, they may, in certain cases, be disgusted. City officials and other groups have got so mad and alarmed that they have even tried to keep a performer from coming to town.

There are a number of aspects of adolescence that help to explain this phenomenon. I want to talk first about emotional and sexual development in general—and particularly in boys, because I remember it so well. I'll come back to girls later.

In the 3-to-5-year-old period, boys and girls go through a stage of emotional development in which there is considerable interest in romance and sex, at a childish level. They love to play at being father and mother and taking care of their pretend children. Boys develop a particularly intense romantic attachment to their mothers and often speak of marrying them. Normal girls feel the same way about their fathers. Boys and girls are apt to become involved in sex play with each other and with themselves.

We've learned from psychiatric work that children become somewhat anxious and guilty about their sexual interests by the time they are 5 or 6 years old, partly because of parental disapproval, partly because of rivalry with the parents and partly because of misunderstandings about the physical differences between boys and girls. It's a complex matter which I'll discuss some other time. Anyway, they come to think of sex as bad and dangerous, to some degree, and they make vigorous efforts to suppress their interest in it. This period of intense repression lasts from about the age of 6 to the beginning of puberty development, which comes at 11 years for the average girl and 13 for the average boy. The repression is so successful that, by the age of 9 or 10 years, most boys declare loudly that girls are silly, irritating and repulsive. Girls retaliate by agreeing that boys are impossibly rough and mean, which they often are. (Of course the persistence with which the sexes scorn each other and tease each other at this age shows that they still retain considerable interest in each other, underneath.)

The glandular changes of puberty which bring about a rather violent reawakening of personal and sexual feelings have to work against these deeply ingrained habits of repression. As a result, the child often does not recognize the feelings for what they are at first and he continues to try to ignore them for some time afterward. We have come to realize, through psychoanalysis and psychology, that he partially understands them in his unconscious mind, yet largely fails to understand them consciously. What conscious knowledge he does have is kept vague and confused by the tension in his feelings, compounded as they are of excitement, inhibition and guiltiness. Altogether, sex is more uncomfortable than pleasurable in the early stages of adolescence.

There are a number of different attitudes that will later blend together to create a mature romantic love: companionableness, protectiveness, joy in planning the future together, as well as sexual attraction. But in the young adolescent they are not ripening at the same rate and they don't mix smoothly. So his friendliness may go out to one girl, his chivalry to another and his sexual interest to a third.

Many boys have acquired such a strong conviction that sex is bad that they are unable to feel any sexual interest at first toward the "nice" girls for whom they feel respect or tenderness. They can only respond in this way to girls who seem "bad." This division of love into two compartments, and the division of the opposite sex into two categories, occurs to varying degrees in many girls at first too. (In a few individuals of both sexes it persists into adulthood and of course makes for serious marital problems.)

The adolescent slowly gains sexual maturity by becoming more accustomed to his new self, step by step, and also by becoming romantically interested in a succession of girls. Through them he learns not only about girls, but about himself.

As a matter of fact, the boy's most intense feelings of admiration may go out, in the very first stage of puberty, not to a girl—who is still taboo—but to a male teacher, or coach or hero. Many girls have crushes on revered women at this stage too. When a boy does get up the courage to think romantically about girls, he may find it much safer to daydream about an adventure with a faraway movie actress than with a home-town girl whom he might run into an hour later. Even after he realizes that he is interested in a girl nearby he may be quite content for months merely to think about her and make no move to speak to her or show his feelings.

His first love may be a choice which baffles his family and friends. They can detect no visible common interest on which it could be based. As time goes on, his preferences are apt to become more realistic and longer lasting. But it's only after a number of years that he is ready to recognize the girl who will be right for him for life and be able to offer her the combination of mature attitudes that will make him right for her.

Perhaps you think I'm laying it on too thick, in the picture I've been drawing of bashfulness and bewilderment. There are some boys and girls who—even from the very beginning of adolescence—approach the opposite sex with apparent suavity. (In fact, there are a few children, brought up delinquently, who never develop any sexual inhibitions even in the 6-to-12-year-old period.) I suspect, though,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

Speedier shine—more free time—with



New BRILLO soap pads



Polish off pots and pans fast—have time for things you really enjoy

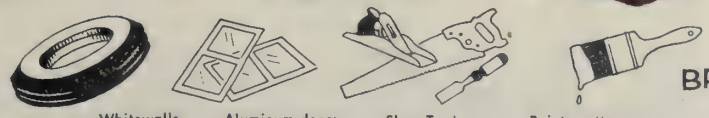
There's special soap with Jeweler's Polish in every pad!

Pans get twice the shine in half the time! New, stronger, tighter knit Brillo Soap Pads whisk away scorch, grease and stains like lightning! Nothing shines aluminum like new Brillo Soap Pads. *Only Brillo guarantees results!* You get a new utensil free if Brillo fails to clean!

Brillo Soap Pads (red box) Soap-filled metal fiber pads

Brillo Cleanser (green box) Metal fiber pads plus cake of soap

P.S. to husbands—
illo speeds up *your* clean-ups, too!



Whitewalls | Aluminum doors | Shop Tools | Paint spatters

THRIFTIER! 5 and 12 pad boxes!
BRILLO "Big 12" box gives you 2 extra pads!

Brillo Mfg. Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.



This Magic Fruit Cake is Oven-Ready in 15 Minutes

MAGIC FRUIT CAKE
(9 x 4 x 3-inch cake; 2 lb. 5 oz.)

1 pkg. (9 oz.) Borden's None Such Mince Meat ▪ ½ cup water

1 cup walnut meats, coarsely chopped

1 cup (8 oz.) mixed candied fruit, coarsely chopped

1⅓ cups (15 oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

1 egg, beaten ▪ ¾ cup flour

½ teaspoon baking soda

The magic ingredient is Eagle Brand—a special blend of wholesome milk and sugar pre-cooked to creamy smoothness. **1.** Break mince meat into small pieces and put in 2-quart saucepan. **2.** Add water. Place over heat and stir until lumps are thoroughly broken. Boil briskly one minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; cool. **3.** Add nuts, candied fruit, Eagle Brand and egg; blend well. Stir in flour and baking soda, until just blended. **4.** Pour mixture into 9 x 4 x 3-inch loaf pan which has been greased, wax-paper-lined and greased again. **5.** Bake in moderate oven (350°F)* 1 hour and 30 minutes, or until center springs back when lightly touched with finger and top is golden brown.

*If a glass type baking dish is used, reduce oven heat to 325°F.

Borden's

Borden's Milk ▪ Fine Cheeses
Ice Cream ▪ Starlac

©TBC

For 100 years, folks have been saying, "If it's Borden's, it's got to be good."



Borden's Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk

FREE! Get Elsie's 28-page, Short-Cut Recipe Book

The Borden Company
Dept. X-7, Box 171, New York 46, N. Y.

Please send me Elsie's *free* recipe book, *Borden's Eagle Brand 70 Magic Recipes*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice" and "Fury" over NBC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

that the sophisticated early adolescents are good actors who are really less sure of themselves than they seem. But when they succeed in their bluffing they gain real confidence quickly. The timid ones aren't able to take advantage of the opportunities that would teach them more assurance.

Even if I have been giving a lopsided picture by emphasizing the more inhibited type of early adolescent, the points that I have been making are basically true of almost every normal teen-ager to a greater or lesser degree.

Now we can get back to the response of girls in their early teens to the love songs and other seductive approaches of the singers and actors of the moment. Of course different personalities appeal to different girls. There is also the element of fashion, which makes one type particularly acceptable for a few years, and then another—just like clothes. There are the strong silent man, the wholesome boy, the tough guy, the wistful boy who seems to need mothering, the sexy male. Whatever the type, they all have the advantage that they can be dreamed about, to the heart's content, without ever having to be coped with. A girl in her imagination can have the idol say or do anything she wants, and she herself can be irresistible. No risk of being spurned because she is unattractive or of being tongue-tied or of having the actor prove hard to manage. (During a trip abroad in 1924 on a college athletic team, my friends and I managed to get ourselves introduced to Gloria Swanson, the reigning movie queen. But in an agonizing full circuit of the dance floor on the ocean liner I couldn't find one single word to say to her, even though she graciously tried to help me.)

What parents find particularly hard to take is the sexual suggestiveness of an occasional performer who has no appeal to them at all, and—harder still—the evidence that many of the girls are responding in the same spirit. The adults are repelled by the publicness and the wholesaleness of this kind of wooing. They are disturbed that girls of supposed discrimination, at an age of supposed innocence, will adore such an inappropriate person. Fathers and other male citizens are also probably jealous of so phenomenally successful a lover.

But parents are mistaken when they interpret the responses of adolescent girls according to their own adult standards. I think there are three principal reasons, seemingly paradoxical, why a wholesome teen-age girl can respond to a performer who is offensive to her parents. She isn't actually doing anything wrong—she's just dreaming. The fact that he shows no noble side to his nature gets around any inhibition she may have against associating sex with a good person—he can just be a symbol of fascinating badness. At the very same time, the girl's relative innocence—as far as her conscious mind is concerned—allows her not to recognize what the performer is implying, and how she is responding at a subconscious level. This keeps her conscience clear.

You might say (perhaps inaccurately) that a girl can swoon in a theater only because she is not yet mature enough to swoon in the right boy's arms. After she has had the experience of being thoroughly in love with a real person she will have only a mild interest in a symbol of heavy romance on the stage.

Why don't boys carry on about sirens in the way girls do about male singers? To a much milder degree they do. Boys of all ages have their enthusiasm for one popular seductress or another. But boys from early childhood have been taught to control and hide their feelings. I think that they also recognize their sexual feelings for what they are at an earlier stage of adolescence and so are less likely to reveal them ingenuously. Probably more important still is the fact that, to the average male, sex is predominantly a matter of initiative and activity rather than of passive response. He may be intrigued by a suggestive actress, but he won't be completely carried away by a performance in which he plays no active part.

There are other factors that clinch the popularity of an idol of the teen-agers. They have a strong herd instinct. This is partly because each one is somewhat frightened by his changed body, changed interests, changed feelings. He is so strange to himself that he wonders at times whether he is normal. He craves to find similarities in hobbies, tastes, ideals with others his age. Erik Erikson, a profound student of adolescence, has pointed out that each individual at this age really finds himself in his friends. He is amazed and relieved and delighted when he discovers that someone else likes the same book, hates the same teacher, responds to the same music, has come to a similar philosophy of life. This need to share thoughts helps to explain why two girls who have been together all day and who have just parted rush to their phones to resume confidences. So if an adolescent girl can adore the same man that five million other girls adore, she feels sure she's normal, no matter what her parents may say.

CONFUCIUS SAYS

There are three degrees of filial piety. The highest is being a credit to our parents; the second is not disgracing them; the lowest is being able simply to support them.

There is no one who does not eat and drink. But few there are who really know flavor.

Worry not that no one knows of you; seek to be worth knowing.

And then if several thousand devotees are gathered in the presence of the idol in a theater, mass hysteria adds a pleasurable frenzy to the whole affair.

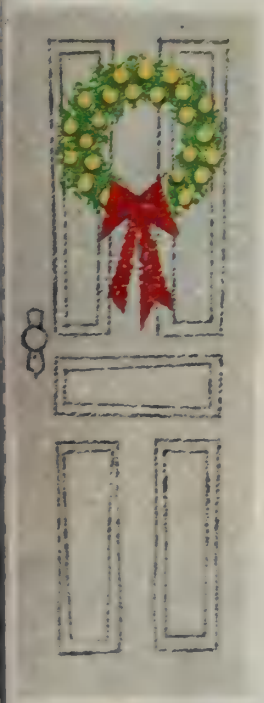
Another aspect of the herdlike behavior of teen-agers is their isolation from other age groups. They are trying hard to outgrow their own childishness, so they prefer to think of themselves as not children at all. Yet they are not really accepted into the adult world—at least not in our kind of civilization. In many simpler societies, adolescents go through certain initiation rites and then assume a dignified role in the life of the community, doing the same work as adults and participating in important ceremonies. Even in America colonial times some young men held positions of real responsibility by the age of 21. But in America today we keep our adolescents in schools and colleges for years, where they go on learning more about the techniques of our civilization, with little opportunity to feel that they are full-fledged members of it. They not only don't hold regular jobs, they usually have to live on allowances from their parents and submit to their judgment and authority. Our children agree with us that this is wrong. But psychologically it keeps them from feeling grown up and it keeps them rebellious. Often they make a virtue of their isolation from the adult world. They invent their own styles of dress and hairdo. They develop a language of their own. Rather hectically they foster their own hobbies and enthusiasms. They delight in having their own special idols in the field of entertainment. Then if it turns out that their idols happen to irritate their elders, they have achieved an additional success and satisfaction.

Before I stop I'd better be sure that in my efforts to be reassuring I haven't misled some readers. I certainly don't mean that any degree of infatuation with an actor or hysteria in a theater is normal. In fact, there must be some highly unstable girls in the audience I read about. I only mean that a teen-ager can be a thoroughly wholesome person in other respects and still proclaim her love for a performer objectionable to her parents. This doesn't mean her judgment is not good in other respects, nor does it mean she won't outgrow discrimination in regard to men later on.

But perhaps the reason I can be so philosophical is that I have no daughters.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.

All through the house it's the season for walnuts





Time for fixing fun decorations that put your house in ■ Christmas mood



Time for snacking on walnut kernels that are fresh and full of good walnut flavor



Time to let your cookie helpers get creative the easy way with big, golden walnut halves



Time out to enjoy things that are part of holidays — like the friendly walnut bowl



Time to stuff dates and give other holiday goodies plenty of crisp, crunchy texture





Time for entertaining and making special treats chock full of festive good eating

. . . Time, then, you bought Diamond Walnuts. They're the very special kind from California — with the freshest, plumpest, crunchiest kernels. More fun for snacking — and they'll add lots of festive feasting and good looks to your holiday baking.

Thin-shelled Diamond Walnuts are fun to crack — give you two full cups of fresh, golden kernels from each 1-lb. cellophane bag. Fresh-shelled Diamond Walnut halves and pieces come in handy, cup-size vacuum cans!

and the walnuts with the most holiday sparkle are

DIAMOND WALNUTS





"This is the only wrap I've found that keeps food really fresh!"

("I like the new package, too.")

"I can't possibly cook a big holiday meal in one day. This year—as I did last year—I'll prepare all my baked goods ahead of time and wrap them in SARAN WRAP*. I like the way it clings and fits close to the shape of what I wrap. It sure keeps things fresher."

Ethel Walker of Westport, Conn., loves her family, loves her work. There are seven children—ages 4, 6, 8, 13, 15, 17 and 20—yet Mrs. Walker finds time to run an efficient nursery school.

*TRADEMARK



"*Wonderful for leftovers!* Even with a family of nine, we had leftovers last year. Into SARAN WRAP they go! Our leftover turkey stayed as juicy as the day I roasted it."



"*Keeps my silver from tarnishing!* Saves hours of polishing and cleaning during the holiday rush. I find so many uses for SARAN WRAP outside the kitchen. Keeps my fine linens clean and fresh, too!"



New, easy-to-use package! This much stays out, ready to start! No lost ends! Says Mrs. Walker, "Saran Wrap is so very easy to use now!"

YOU'LL BE SARAN WRAP HAPPY, TO

The Dow Chemical Company DOW



TED STRESHINSKY

More doubts than usual plague a man searching for a job—when he is an ex-mental patient. "Will they like me, will they hire me when they find out about the past?" he wonders.

DO WE GIVE THE MENTALLY ILL A CHANCE?

. . . How San Francisco Helps

"Strength From the Earth"

By MARGARET HICKEY

The people who study and treat mental illness often use a jargon puzzling to the average citizen. But at Northport Veterans Hospital on Long Island, New York, there is no mystery about one treatment that is helping many patients find their way back to reality. It can be described by one word—gardening.

On an afternoon when it is too cold to go outdoors, a group of men, some of them just admitted to the hospital, will crowd around a table in a recreation room. The table is covered with yellow and bronze chrysanthemums, bits of green ribbon and wire. Two women in crisp blue uniforms expertly wind the wire around the stems, tie a bow with the ribbon and invite the men to try their hand at corsage making. Not everyone does it perfectly the first time, but their eyes reflect pleasure at their achievement.

The two women are volunteers from the Centerport Garden Club, who give at least one afternoon a week to teaching the men how to plant and transplant (when the weather is warm), how to care for their plants in the greenhouse and how to make flower arrangements and exhibits for flower shows. Altogether, some 98 women from Long Island garden clubs come in to help with these activities. "It doesn't matter what you look like, or how old you are or what you say," one attractive, gray-haired volunteer has discovered; "they just seem to enjoy your company."

And there are never enough volunteers in such programs—simply because people with the necessary skills in gardening, or in music or art or drama, do not understand mental illness and how much help a normal activity can be. Volunteers at Northport have watched hostile, aggressive patients take a hoe and hack away at grass and weeds in the field, return more subdued and less angry. Other patients, suffering from tension, become relaxed and co-operative after digging in the garden. Volunteers have also seen withdrawn and mute men suddenly express joy at the first tiny sprout from a seed they themselves have planted. And they know of many success stories. Altogether, some 41 patients have left the hospital permanently to take jobs as nurserymen and landscape gardeners, while a number of other discharged patients have taken up gardening as a lifetime hobby.

Lack of love, lack of security in their lives have driven many of these patients into a world of dreams where they are boss and never rebuffed. "But man started from the earth," Dr. Arnold A. Schillinger, the hospital's manager, believes, "and when in trouble is able to derive strength from the earth. At times, though, he may need a little assistance." That is the job of the gardening volunteers.

END

Bob S. walked slowly down the street, disappointment shadowing his face. "I'm awfully sorry I can't offer you the job," the woman office manager had said apologetically, "but the boss doesn't want to take the chance."

It wasn't much of a job at that—stock clerk in a shipping company—but Bob, twenty-eight years old and muscular, knew he could handle it and he had wanted it. He turned homeward. His mother would have lunch ready by now, and she would be waiting to ask in her kind, overconcerned way how things had gone.

Three months ago when Bob left the state mental hospital he had had only one thought: to grow in strength and confidence so that he'd never have to go back. He remembered that resolution now and turned into a large department store. In the personnel office he picked up a long application form. There was a space to list every school he had ever attended, every job he had ever filled. Bob laid the application back on the table and walked out. Nobody, he decided, was going to sit behind a closed door and, without so much as looking at him, turn him down.

The San Francisco Association for Mental Health can tell you about other Bobs—young men, and women too—who have come out of mental institutions full of hope, trying to act brave, but underneath scared at the prospect of competing in the world, wondering if people will like them, will give them jobs, what they'll think when they find out about the past. Readjustment is not easy, but the San Francisco Association, a citizens' organization with some 2500 members affiliated with the United Bay Area Crusade, is trying to smooth the way from convalescence to employment.

While still recovering in wards of hospitals, patients meet volunteers from the community—recruited and trained by the Association for Mental Health—who bring warm companionship at a time when it is needed most. Upon discharge, many join the Mental Health Association sponsored Fellowship Club, an organization of ex-mental patients who help one another through those first frightening weeks "on their own."

In job hunting, perhaps, ex-patients meet the most formidable obstacle of all. In the bigger organizations, particularly, where applicants are screened first through written forms, some personnel people flinch at the words "mental illness." ("A broken leg they can see and understand," one job seeker reported; "mental illness frightens them.") Instead of a chance at a personal interview, then, the ex-mental patient may get only a polite "Sorry, no openings at this time."

San Francisco's Association for Mental Health is trying to change this attitude. Once each month its Employment Committee invites personnel directors of a dozen large companies to meet and talk with a recovered mental patient about his illness, abilities and efforts to get work. It is not a job-finding clinic (the State Employment Service and the Bureau of Vocational Rehabilitation provide actual placement service), but rather an educational program to show employers that they are not "taking a chance" by hiring a former mental patient—that he is a rational human being able to hold a job.

"Many of you have ex-mental patients on your payroll right now, only you don't know it," Larry Loban, chairman of the committee and a personnel man himself, tells the men solemnly gathered around the table in the association's conference room. "Some lie about their past experience or take lower-paying jobs where screening is less rigid." It is noon, and a secretary quietly sets a cup of coffee and a wax-paper-wrapped sandwich and slice of cake in front of each chair. The tension eases as Mr. Loban makes introductions.

"Can we ask this patient we're going to talk to anything about his illness?" a thoughtful-looking man in a brown suit wants to know.

"Yes," Mr. Loban answers. "The social workers say Bob S. is willing to tell his story because he wants to help people understand mental illness so that they will give ex-patients a chance to start over

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

Ex-patients, too, need friends and the chance for fun. At Fellowship Club a group worker leads them in singing.



Patients try their hands at arts and crafts taught by friendly volunteers.



Every step a step forward! Patients find dancing helps on the way back to health.





3 new ideas in Butter Cookies

from the 1957 edition of Ann Pillsbury's Butter Cook Book

1 DATE JEWEL DROPS*

BAKE at 375°, 10 to 12 minutes — Yield: 4½ dozen

- 1 cup dried apricots
- 2⅓ cups sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour
- ½ teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup softened butter
- 1¼ cups firmly packed brown sugar
- 2 unbeaten eggs
- 1 teaspoon French's Vanilla
- 1 cup (6½ oz. package) dates
- Spice Drops or Coconut

Cut dried apricots in small pieces. Cover with boiling water. Let stand five minutes. Drain well. Set aside.

Sift together the sifted flour, soda, salt. Next, cream the softened butter. Gradually add brown sugar, pressing out any hard lumps. Cream well. Add unbeaten eggs and vanilla. Beat well. Blend in dry ingredients gradually. Cut dates in pieces. Add with apricots to batter. Drop by rounded teaspoonfuls onto buttered baking sheets. Decorate when halfway through baking with cut Spice Drops or coconut. Bake in 375° preheated oven 10 to 12 minutes.

**See Butter Cookie Cook Book.*

2 CARAMEL SPRITZ*

BAKE at 375°, 7 to 10 minutes — Yield: 8 dozen

- 2¼ cups sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup softened butter
- ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 unbeaten egg
- 1 teaspoon French's Vanilla or Maple Flavoring

Sift together the sifted flour and salt. Cream softened butter. Gradually add brown sugar. (Press out any hard lumps before adding.) Cream thoroughly. Blend in unbeaten egg and vanilla (or maple) flavoring. Beat well.

Add gradually, dry ingredients; mix thoroughly. Press dough through cookie press onto ungreased baking sheets, using any desired patterns in cookie press. Bake in 375° preheated oven 7 to 10 minutes or until light golden brown. Remove from cookie sheet with spatula *immediately*. Cool on wire rack. Decorate as desired. See illustration. For fun . . . try dipping ends of flat spritz in melted chocolate . . . then in chopped nuts. Good!

**See Butter Cookie Cook Book.*

3 HOLIDAY NUT ACORNS*

BAKE at 350°, 15 to 18 minutes — Yield: 3½

- 2½ cups sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour
- ½ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
- 1 cup butter
- ¼ cup firmly packed brown s
- 1 teaspoon French's Vanilla
- ⅓ cup pecans, chopped fine
- 1 cup sifted confectioners' su
- Vegetable food colors

Sift together the flour and baking powder. M
melt butter in two-quart saucepan over low h
Remove from heat. Stir in brown sugar, vanilla
pecans.

Shape dough into balls using rounded teaspoo
for each. Flatten one side by pressing on ungre
baking sheet. Pinch top to a point to resemble ac
Bake in 350° preheated oven 15 to 18 minutes u
light, golden brown. Cool.

Combine confectioners' sugar with a few drop
water. Divide icing into four small dishes and c
as desired. Dip flat ends of cookies into colored i
Decorate with coconut, chopped nuts, candies

**See Caramel Nut Acorns in Butter Cookie Cook Book.*



Time for your annual

Butter Cookie Baking Bee

Real butter gives these "short-type" cookies longer lasting freshness

Here's the happiest way to butter up your folks for the holidays. Real butter cookies—like these winning ideas from Pillsbury's Grand National. Real butter gives them wonderful flavor, keeps them fresh and moist much longer. Let's have a Butter Cookie Baking Bee at your house real soon.



You never outgrow your need for foods made from milk

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION

Chicago

Representing the dairy farmers in your area

See "The Perry Como Show" on NBC-TV

SEND TODAY FOR THIS BIG 50 PAGE COOK BOOK

Ann Pillsbury says: "Real butter and our Pillsbury's Best Flour make the best butter cookies."



© 1957 AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION



Butter Cookie Cook Book
Box No. 34
Minneapolis 1, Minn.

I'm enclosing 20¢. Please send me new Butter Cookie Cook Book with 50 all-new Butter Cookie recipes.

(Please send coins—no stamps.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____



Holiday Greetings

To all our friends in the United States and Canada, we of the Metropolitan Life extend our warmest wishes for a Merry Christmas . . . and the happiest of New Years in 1958 ✣ ✣ ✣ In the true spirit of Christmas, our thoughts turn to the gifts with which Divine Providence has enriched our lives. We have much for which to be thankful . . . warm and enduring ties with families and friends, peace in our two nations and that great blessing which more and more of us are enjoying throughout life . . . good health ✣ ✣ ✣ May you and your family have health, happiness, peace of mind during this Holy Season and in all the years ahead.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY) 1 Madison Avenue New York 10, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT 1957 METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

again. Bob S. has just found a job—but here he is now."

Bob quickly takes a place at the table. His social worker from the state Mental Hygiene Clinic, an alert, gray-haired woman, is at his side. At a nod from Mr. Loban, Bob S. tells about his unsuccessful attempts to locate a job, his feeling of shame at having to tell about his hospitalization. "But last week I finally got a job—and it was the first time I didn't mention I'm an ex-mental patient."

There are many questions. How did he get this job? is one. "I saw a sign in a window, 'Stock Boy Wanted,' and went in. I guess they were pretty desperate for somebody, because they just asked me a couple of questions and hired me on the spot."

Since May, 1955, when these employment discussions began, some 200 employers—representing the fields of retailing, banking, manufacturing, public relations—have met more than 30 former patients, talked with them about hospital and psychiatric care, problems of returning to the community. "Most employers have only a hazy idea of what a former mental patient is like," Mr. Loban has discovered. "Through our discussions they find the ex-patients talk well, are nicely groomed, have job skills. Most important of all, the employers seem to go away with the conviction that a mental patient should be considered chiefly on the basis of whether he can do the job."

Just knowing that many personnel people are meeting face to face with the problems of mental illness helps bolster Fellowship Club members with confidence. Though Bob and others have been driven by desperation to conceal their illness, nearly all feel it best to tell prospective employers the truth. They want acceptance as they are and they want to be free from fear of being found out in a lie. Many of the members are not ready for jobs yet, but are looking forward to the day when they will be.

Janet, a pretty blonde who became ill while in college, has been studying typing and shorthand and doing volunteer office work at the Y.W.C.A. two days a week. Another member, a young man who has spent ten years in institutions, is working part time—without pay—at a neighborhood gasoline station until he feels confident enough to take a paying job. John's "employer" understands what has happened, makes sure that he never works under pressure and excuses him for clinic appointments.

One of the first steps in readjustment is making friends—understanding friends who will accept the former patient as a human being. This was the reason Fellowship Club was founded. Because so few people do understand mental illness, club members derive courage from one another. One man, before the club was formed, wanted companionship so badly he joined Alcoholics Anonymous, though he was not an alcoholic. A young girl, bored with being at home and dependent upon her parents, told a new acquaintance that when she comes to the club she does not feel like herself at all, but like a "person."

Members meet every Friday night at Mission Community Center for discussions, dancing, crafts and parties. A committee of volunteers stands ready to help provide refreshments, decorations or theater tickets upon request. But usually the only nonmember present is Miss Sara Boddinghouse, a psychiatric social worker at San Mateo Hospital, who quietly and unobtrusively "directs" the activities.

Even before these people are well enough to leave the hospital, the Association for Mental Health is thinking of their future. Every month some 150 volunteers trained by the association spend more than 700 hours with mental patients and thereby help scores of them to find their way back to the community and become self-supporting citizens.

At first a number of the volunteers show the same lack of knowledge about mental illness as the personnel men. "Will I be in any danger?" is a frequently asked question at the orientation sessions volunteers attend before being assigned to a hospital activity.

"Of course not," is the ready answer given by Mrs. Joan Fell Murray, the young and attractive executive director of the Association for Mental Health. "In the first place," she explains, "most of the mentally ill are quiet and unexcited people. Only a few are overactive and violent, and only a very small number dangerous. An attendant will be there at all times—but *your* presence will mean for many the first step back into normal society."

The wards at San Francisco Hospital, once glum and "morgue-quiet," as one patient described them, before volunteers were allowed in, bustle with life as the patients get ready for Tuesday- and Friday-night parties. On those evenings, nearly three dozen members of two dancing clubs and various business people come to twirl about the floor, serve refreshments or just chat. Before th

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

We need your help!

PLEASE . . . Include your city postal zone number in your address when writing us about

- ✓ your present subscription
- ✓ renewing your subscription
- ✓ ordering new subscriptions
- ✓ questions concerning any of the Curtis magazines

This will help us to handle your order or answer your question more quickly. If you have a postal zone number, use it—*always!*

We have pledged to the Post Office Department that we will co-operate with them to help achieve the most economical and efficient means possible of delivering your magazines to you.

In order that we may co-operate with the Post Office Department in this endeavor we must include the zone number for each subscriber's address in zoned cities.

So, help yourself to better service by always using your zone number!

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania



3 out of 4 men confess:

"I don't have a comfortable chair!"



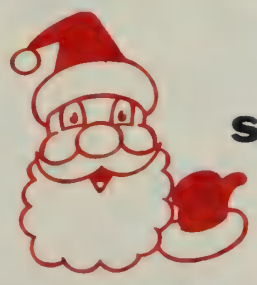






Decorator styled for the rooms you live in!

Copyright 1957 Barcalo Mfg. Co.



so give your husband a BarcaLounger PATENTED

In a survey, 3 out of 4 men say they don't have a comfortable chair to relax in. Yet today there's a greater need ever need for *natural* relaxation for the husband who comes home from a hard day at work. *And* for the wife who puts in a harried day around the house.

The BarcaLounger was especially designed by *scientists* to give restful, healthful comfort in every position from sitting to reclining. Barcalo *decorator stylists* have put this exclusive "Relax-action" into a beautiful choice of reclining chairs to match every decor.



BarcaLounger sizes to fit everyone

When Dad comes home from work, he can sit down and ease back in this wonderful chair...and in as little as 15 minutes his bunched-up muscles and nerves can be relaxed. Head...neck...spine...legs...*all* are restfully buoyed as though you are floating on a cloud. Try it soon!

And have your dealer show you the wide choice of beautiful designs, coverings and colors. Surprisingly low price. For a lifetime of rest and relaxation...make sure you get the chair with the BarcaLounger nameplate under the leg-rest! For illustrated brochure and name of nearest dealer, write Barcalo Mfg. Co., Dept. 12-J, Buffalo 4, N. Y.



Give her the New Lady Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

with the New Exclusive Micro-Twin head

Two shaving sides for Two feminine shaving problems

This side designed to shave tender underarms, close and smooth without nicks or cuts.

This side designed to shave legs clean and smooth without fuss, muss, nicks or cuts.



Enjoy new freedom from nicks and cuts this safe, gentle, quick way.

Only the Lady Sunbeam has the "compact" shape and the new precision Micro-Twin shaving head designed especially for feminine shaving needs. One side for shaving legs close, clean and smooth and the other side for shaving tender underarms. Ends muss and fuss, nicks and cuts of soap and blade. Lady Sunbeam's gentle, sure performance eliminates irritation caused by other shaving methods and gives you a new, easy, safe way to keep neat, fresh and dainty. Only the New Lady Sunbeam gives you the New precision Micro-Twin head and New Quiet Motor.



Lady Sunbeam Deluxe comes in a beautifully sculptured French Door case. Smart on your vanity—compact for travel—a lovely gift.

Lady Sunbeam

ELECTRIC

From $15.95*

*Suggested Retail or Fair Trade price

Available in Two Lovely Models

Lady Sunbeam Fleur-de-lis model sets on dainty pedestal. Comes with matching sleeve case to make a perfect gift.



Choose either design from Six lovely colors



Emerald Green · Riviera Blue · Ermine White · Imperial Yellow · Petal Pink · Velvet Black

Look for the MARK OF QUALITY Sunbeam Famous for Ironmaster, etc.

SUNBEAM CORPORATION, Dept. 50, Chicago 50, Illinois ▪ Canada: Toronto 18

We asked Ogden Nash . . .



FRED FEHL

Ogden Nash

"WHY AREN'T WOMEN MORE LIKE MEN?"



FRED FEHL

Rex Harrison

Challenged by Rex Harrison's wonderful song in My Fair Lady, we posed the questions it contained to one of the wittiest men in America.

Are women unpredictable?
No, only by men.

Are men really so noble and kind?
I am.

Why are women thought to be so enigmatic, impossible to understand?
Who understands who, anyhow?

Is the company of men really more pleasant? Are most men more at ease in the company of men?
Certainly. Hence the whaling industry.

Why can't a woman be more of a chum?
What lad in the Beaver Troop posed this poser?

Do most women really only want to talk of love?
No. Men want to talk of love, women immediately talk about moving the furniture around.

If given a chance, will a woman usually try to overhaul a man? (As well as redecorate his home?)
Yes, and he will reciprocate. We all love our own image, and especially our own convenience.

Why are women never ready to go out when you are?
No bubbles in my bath.

Have women asked your advice, then done exactly what they wanted to do?
Yes, and so has John Foster Dulles.

Do women complain more?
More than Ted Williams?

Why do people say that women are so calculating?
They have had to be, to survive.

Is it true that women are generally jealous and suspicious?
Only of men and each other.

Do women always want to do as others do? Like clothes, for instance.
They want to be the same, only different and better.

Why do women do everything their mothers did? Why don't they grow up more like their fathers instead?
My father-in-law has a mustache. I like things the way they are.

Do women spend more time straightening their hair than straightening out their souls inside?
The operations are concurrent.

Are men always friendly, good natured, better companions?
Maybe in Texas.

Did you ever know a woman who was logical?
Women would rather be right than reasonable.

If slighted, have you known women who wouldn't speak for hours?
After they have spoken for hours, yes.

What about the myth of men being more prompt?
Please learn to distinguish between myth and fact.

Why do you imagine women are always losing their gloves?
The plural is wrong. They lose them one at a time.

Why do you suppose men never cry?
Wrong again. I'm still crying over Black Beauty.

Do women vacillate so much?
*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's vacillation stopped smallpox.**

By and large, are we a marvelous sex?
Who is we? There are those who think any sex is marvelous.

Can you understand women at all?
If I did, I'd be a fool to admit it.

*Lady Montagu, after living in Turkey as the ambassador's wife for several years, brought the practice of vaccination to England in 171

"You look simply wonderful, darling! New diet?"



"New girdle!
It lifts your tummy up while holding you in"



TRU-LIFT
by
WARNER'S

supports you the way tummy muscles should but don't

You're young and slim everywhere else—but you do have a tummy. That's why you'll want Warner's® new TRU-LIFT.

Because instead of pushing you around any old way, TRU-LIFT *lifts* that tummy back where it came from while flattening it gently.

Those three darts on either side of the girdle do the trick. They change the direction of the elastic from straight-across to on-the-bias. That's why you get support in a whole new direction—up and in—for the first time!

No front panels or bones—every inch is elastic. Ah, the airy comfort of it! At your nicest stores. If not, write Warner's at Bridgeport 1, Connecticut.

#562-563. New Tru-Lift girdle, all power net. Stretch back. White . . . $10.95.

Can happiness be based on deceit?

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

ONE MORE TRIANGLE

"Can you help me with a complicated problem? Two years ago, when I was twenty and he was thirty, I met Charles and we started dating. After we'd been going steady for two months, he told me he was married and had two children. I was greatly shocked, and my parents forbade me to see him. But I was in love with him, and he persuaded me to go on seeing him secretly.

"After a few months, I couldn't stand the worry and deceit any longer, so I took a job in another city. Charles besieged me with letters and gifts, and begged me to come home. I didn't answer, but I couldn't forget him, even though I was seeing other men. Finally, a year ago I wrote him that everything was over between us, and soon after started dating Tony.

"Charles made several attempts to see me, offering to drive the six hundred miles, but I refused. My disillusionment and hurt strengthened my resolution when I learned that his wife had been pregnant when he first started dating me. Tony wanted us to become engaged, and I tried to persuade myself I loved him. But it was no go, and I broke off with him after a few months.

"Then I went home on vacation. When I saw Charles, for the first time in eight months, it was like reaching the end of a long journey. It is not all physical attraction, for there is a sharing of interests I have never known with anyone else.

"Charles says his wife's bad temper and jealousy make his life miserable and he no longer loves her. Though our religion forbids divorce we both feel there is no other way out. He hopes to start proceedings soon, so that we can be married.

"I haven't told my family that we are dating again, because I dread hurting them. Charles' parents will disapprove, and I'm afraid his children will suffer. Charles thinks everything can be worked out, and I hope so. But will I always feel guilty as I do now? I need the advice of someone who can see the situation objectively. I pray that you can help me find a sound and sensible solution."

Theresa's problem is a familiar version of the triangle. Like many other single girls who have become involved with married men, she already knows that what she is doing is wrong, and unlikely to bring happiness to anyone, including herself. But so far, she hasn't had the strength to end the situation. Perhaps a review of the facts as they appear to an outsider will help her find the courage she needs.

First, Charles must solve the problem of his existing marriage and the future of his children. If he were honest with himself and responsible in his attitude toward Theresa, he would leave her alone until he was a free man.

Second, can he ever be a free man? There are no grounds for divorce, unless his wife brings action based on his conduct with Theresa. The religion of all three people and their families makes it very unlikely that she will. (And can Theresa be sure that the man whose relationship with her was based on deceit from the beginning is being honest now about his intentions?)

In addition, economics must be considered. Charles has his hands full supporting his family at present (as a second letter from Theresa made clear); his income is not adequate to provide for two families.

There are other negative factors. An age difference of ten years is often a considerable handicap. The disapproval of family and friends gets any marriage off to a poor start. If Theresa marries Charles, she will have to share her husband's income, time and attention with his first wife and their children. Under these conditions, she, too, may become bad-tempered, jealous and possessive.

There is only one sound and sensible solution, and in her heart Theresa already knows it. Not only for the happiness of others, but for her own as well, she must give Charles up, once and for all. She is not a girl who can live happily with a guilty conscience.

If she can make this decision firmly, decisively and without lingering doubts, she will find peace of mind sooner than she thinks. Once she forgets Charles, she will find it easier to become interested in other men. Among them she will find one with whom she can build a better, happier marriage than she could hope for with Charles.

THIS WIFE SAVED HER MARRIAGE

Four years ago a troubled wife of twenty-eight, married six years, poured out her story to me. Her husband maintained that his first obligations were to his mother, with whom they lived. He refused to leave her to set up a home of their own. Her decisions were final, and his wife's wishes granted only if approved by his mother. The couple's two children were being reared as their grandmother directed. The wife felt frustrated at every turn.

She said, "Three weeks ago we moved out bag and baggage and left him with his mother. He and I are both unhappy. He loves me, and I love him except after a fight over his mother. But he won't give in and I can't. What should I do?"

We discussed the possibilities. Divorce or formal separation she ruled out because of the children and the love between her and her husband. But she was not ready to return to her husband under the same old circumstances. Though she realized that this indefinite arrangement could not continue permanently, she decided to stay away a few more weeks, to wait and see what happened.

Christmas Eve she and her husband together decorated the children's tree and arranged the presents, almost in silence. Then, after a tearful embrace, he returned to his mother. He had Christmas dinner with his wife and children, spent the rest of the day with his mother. Ten days later he moved in with his wife and children. This lasted two days. Then his mother had a mild heart attack, and he returned to her.

Another month passed. The wife said, "What am I to do? I can't have a normal life away from him, or with him and his mother." At this point, many wives would have ended the marriage. But she decided to swallow her pride and return to her husband. I neither opposed nor recommended her action, as she had to make the decision.

The wife wrote regularly, and about every three months drove down to talk matters over. (The husband refused to come in to see me.) She lost weight, became haggard and nervous, seldom smiled. Two or three times she almost gave up the struggle: "Each day seems to bring new problems. My mind gets so confused I can't think clearly about anything." Again, "The pressures are so great that I don't see how I can stand them much longer."

Months passed. Her husband continued to tolerate his wife's position as virtually a servant. As she became more and more run-down, I grew seriously concerned about her health.

Then the mother contracted pneumonia. Throughout a long illness and convalescence, the wife nursed her devotedly, in spite of their past differences.

At last came a solution. A widowed cousin wrote to the mother asking her to share her home in Florida. The doctor urged the change, and in spring she left, for good.

But the wife came to me in acute distress. "Last week, I suddenly realized that I no longer love my husband. Whatever hope I had is gone. Now when we at last have a chance to try to find each other, I am too tired to try. I'm afraid to look ahead."

Since her children were in school, I encouraged her to find work outside her home, as one way of restoring her interest in life and bolstering her self-confidence. (This was a year ago.) With many misgivings, she undertook to do so.

It was an uphill fight. Her first job was poorly paid and exhausting. But she didn't give up. She used her pay to refurbish her wardrobe, and began to pay attention to her appearance. Her health and spirits improved. Excerpts from letters written over a period of months tell the story of gradual, hard-won improvement.

"I am sure I will lose my job, I make too many mistakes." . . . "I am terribly inefficient but believe I am improving." . . . "I did get the new job, but I'm afraid I'll never live up to your recommendation." . . . "It is still difficult to feel close to my husband, but at least I don't pull away when he touches me." . . . "I haven't put away all hope of again loving my husband." . . . "Things are going better. I doubt if he will ever understand me, but he now accepts me for what I am."

Her last letter, it seems to me, has a message which every unhappy wife (or husband) might well ponder for the inspiration inherent in it:

"My life today presents no big problems. No one is ever completely free from worries and little fears. It is a miracle how much my husband has changed. He and I are living a richer, happier life than I believed possible. After our experience, I cannot help feeling almost any marriage can be saved if either the husband or wife is willing to work hard enough and long enough. I am so thankful that I never lost sight of the man I knew my husband could be. The thing that helped me most these last few months was the rich reward in *giving* love and happiness. It is like a snowball, it grows as you go along. You must give richly if you are to receive richly."

There are not many such letters in my files. But those few tell of victories over alcoholism, infidelity, dishonesty and imprisonment, and other acute misfortunes. Above all, they tell of wives like this one, whose bravery, sacrifice and loyalty preserved their homes, restored their husbands and protected their children.

During this Christmas season, if you are beset by a trying problem and feel like giving up, why not take a moment out to make sure that you have tried "long enough and hard enough"?

DO YOU AGREE?

"My husband is an awful grouch when he arises in the morning. What can I do about it?"

Talk as little as possible and feed him quickly.

ASK YOURSELF:

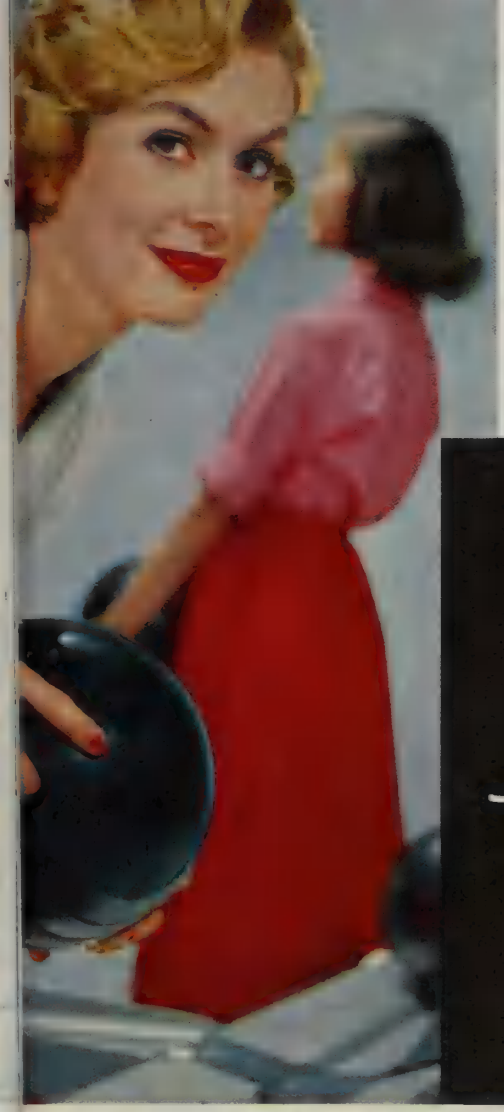
Are We a United Family?
Do We Live as a Real Family?

A very reliable measure of your family's success and stability is the way its members feel and behave toward one another. Think through each question carefully before answering "Yes" or "No" to these questions about family relationships.

As a Rule, Do We:

1. **Have pride in one another?**
2. **Act considerately and generously?**
3. **Talk over family problems freely?**
4. **Strive for a pleasant, cheerful home?**
5. **Work and play together as a family?**
6. **Share the car without squabbling?**
7. **All usually eat at the same time?**
8. **Celebrate each person's birthday?**
9. **Take an interest in religious activities?**
10. **Respect one another's personal privacy?**
11. **All do our share of household tasks?**
12. **Notice and praise each member's accomplishments?**
13. **Encourage every member's special interests?**
14. **Co-operate when the going is tough?**

These simple questions deal with the character and heart of your family. If your "Yes" answers totaled 12 or more, it is almost certain that you have a united family and a happy marriage. The average family scores 9 or 10. If your score is 7 or less, something is wrong. The first approach is to seek more understanding and better co-operation with your husband.





Doing your share in P.T.A., civic and church projects? It's important to get out and do things, easier than you think.



Shopping where buys are best? Trips to salon or supermarket needn't wait for husband's free time. It pays to be on your own with a Plymouth.

Are you this woman?



Making sure the youngsters get there safely—to school, parties, friends' homes?

Free to pursue healthy hobbies even when your husband has the family car? No need to stay home and look at four walls.

You'll get more out of life and be able to *give* more—to your husband, your youngsters, your community—when you know the blessed freedom of driving your own beautiful Plymouth.

A new Plymouth is as easy to drive as a baby buggy. You don't have to wrestle with the steering wheel. You never have to shift gears. Just push a button. Touch the brake with your toe, and you stop without that sickening forward dip.

Parking's easy, too. That new, wide, unobstructed windshield lets you see in all directions. There are safety latches on all the doors, so you never have a moment's worry about your most precious passengers. When the green light says "Go," you can go smoothly and confidently from a standing start.

Go, right away, to the Plymouth dealer who understands what it means to you to have a Plymouth all your own.

you'll be a different woman with

a Plymouth all your own



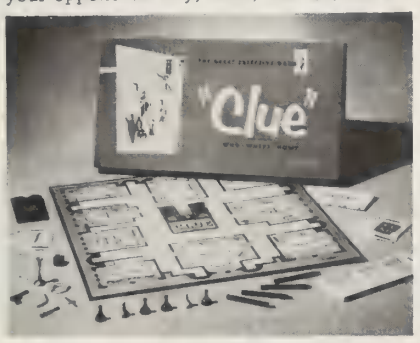


IDEAL FOR CHRISTMAS
Parker Games



MONOPOLY

Parker Brothers' trade-mark name for its real estate trading game. See if you can "make more money" than your opponents. Buy, trade, sell! $4, $5, $10



CLUE

Mysterious happenings in a mansion must be solved. "Detective" who first identifies culprit and other evidence wins the game! $3.50



CAREERS

Parker's great new game is like planning your life! *You* make up your own formula of Fame, Fortune, Happiness; choose fabulous careers such as Hollywood or Space Travel! $3.00



WINNIE-THE-POOH

Perfect game for the small fry. No reading or counting. Play is by color. Playing discs represent beloved Milne characters. $2.00

FAMOUS
Parker Games
Also Include
SORRY • GOING TO JERUSALEM • ROOK



FREE!
★ Send for illustrated 32-page Parker Games Party Booklet. Parker Brothers, Inc., Dept. 445, Salem, Mass.

Canadian Agent: Collett-Sproule Boxes, Limited, Toronto

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"Say, this is exactly the way you've been treating *me*."

All I want for Christmas: assurance that it's manly to shave sitting down. Why do we foolish men shave standing up? This rebellion comes as I watch my Dream Girl relaxed at her dressing table.

We paid a sentimental family visit to all three, and found collegians thicker at Nantucket, tourists thicker at Cape Cod, lobster stew thicker at Martha's Vineyard. Ah, these blessed isles!

Maybe we've made some progress: what we once called a whoopee room and later a playroom is now the family room. (And it's no quieter!)

"I try to let Peter have his way," pouts Betty Comfort, wrapping a package for overseas, "but he wanted to put 'There is no solution, seek it lovingly' on our Christmas cards, so I told him to put it on his valentines."

About snow shoveling, the boy next door has been neutral until he tried to dribble a basketball all the way to school. Now he's indignant at people with sloppy sidewalks.

Our little group of occasional thinkers argued at lunch whether Hemingway's unsmiling sophomore heroes are as lifelike as Cozzens' people. We agreed we'd feel more at home for a weekend with a Cozzens group, and then ordered pie à la mode.

On a slushy holiday evening we feel so blithe because at this season our dourest friends reveal rather than conceal their love for all. Nor is it brazen now to wind up a chat with a "God bless!"

For a few weeks I was proud of mailing several presents in August, marked "Do not open till Christmas." Now I wonder whether human nature is equal to leaving 'em unopened more than a hundred days.

In some parts of the country we found the "poor boy" sandwich now costs $1, up from 35 cents a few years ago. Some of the splendid types who can afford 'em no longer have an appetite for a small loaf of bread fat with fillers.

My Lady of Sheer Delight gets bored and vexed with all the prizes, awards and citations for all sorts of inflated exploits. "I'd like to give a Pulitzer prize to a flawless motel," she murmurs, "and an Oscar for a perfect roadside breakfast."

I detect a strong surface current of opposition among teen-agers in our block to the proposal for eleven months of school and a mere two weeks' summer vacation. "You grownups," one reminds me, "would have to trim your vacations!"

Except under the spell of my Dream Girl's zest for sea food, I think a good dish of bacon or ham and eggs beats lobster nine times out of ten. A rassle with a lobster's crimson carcass is often an ordeal for the smidgens of meat you get.

One of our town's architects tells me Frank Lloyd Wright plans to crown his career with a design for a $37,000 prefab house for the common man. Gosh, there'll be dancing in the slum streets tonight!

"I hear they pay bills only three or four times a year in Europe," says Peter Comfort (who worries about inflation) at our wind-blown bus stop. "Maybe we could buy Christmas presents at a forty-seven-cent dollar and pay for 'em later with forty-five-cent dollars."

In our crowd the topic to draw people together most quickly was children. But lately the discussion of our fathers and mothers in their eighties is even more poignant and unifying.

I saw so many men in Bermuda shorts this year that I suspect long pants are obsolescent. In fact, by the year 2000 even bankers may go to work in shorts in clement weather.

At the bridge table our dearest friends bickered about their ungodly quantity of luggage on their last motor trip. "Either we cut down," warned the ruddy husband, who had most of it, "or we'll take two cars."

At Christmas my father invariably attempted resolutely to stop us from buying him presents. "I have everything I need!" he'd exclaim. But vainly. The gifts he liked he'd lock in his trunk; the others he'd secretly return to the stores.

At Thanksgiving the freshman halfway down the block told me it's now O.K. to wear Ivy League clothes at State College. "We got official sanction," he said. "It's a real feather in our little caps."

Another thing I envy the Cape Codders is their lawns of pine needles. I've tried water grass and concrete paving (tennis courts, shuffleboard alleys, wide driveways), but they aren't as pretty.

"These coffee breaks!" snorts a passionate boss in our town. "How wasteful." What really irks him, he admits, is that he runs head on into the morning coffee break when he arrives at his office, stumbles over the mid-afternoon breather when he flees his desk to go home. Splendid type.

As a father myself, I'm embarrassed when the family goes all out with presents for me at Christmas. Dads I know say they'd rather give 'em than get 'em, especially when they're all charged to dad's account anyhow.

On our last jaunt to Florida we found 'em emulating the Californians with heated swimming pools a few steps from the ocean's edge. And the water's much warmer along Florida's shores, so it must be merely the American way.

This time maybe I can economize by not buying a big red potted poinsettia for our holiday living room. Mine is always the smallest of the three we've got every Christmas for the last fifteen years.

How come I revealed that a poem by Edna Millay hangs over my shaving mirror? Absent-minded of me. Yet to quizzers I'm not ashamed to admit it's called "Elaine." I cut the page (illustrated by Rockwell Kent) from a magazine and framed it before I was married.

Each time I visit Martha's Vineyard I learn something. This time at least two new things: (1) swordfish steak should be cooked mostly on one side; and (2) leftover swordfish makes a fine casserole dish. (Better jot that down, wife.)

. . . When a tiny grandson 2000 miles away prattles over the long-distance phone,

. . . Or a teen-age son calls you "sir" twice in one day,

. . . And your daughter-in-law writes from Japan that Junior after a fifteen-hour flight feeds their infant its bottle,

. . . Or your Dream Girl cooks better by recipe than her grandma cooked by instinct,

Then you confess inwardly you've got it golden, you battle-scarred cynic, and can abandon that inscrutable mask.

everybody loves a gift by

SHULTON

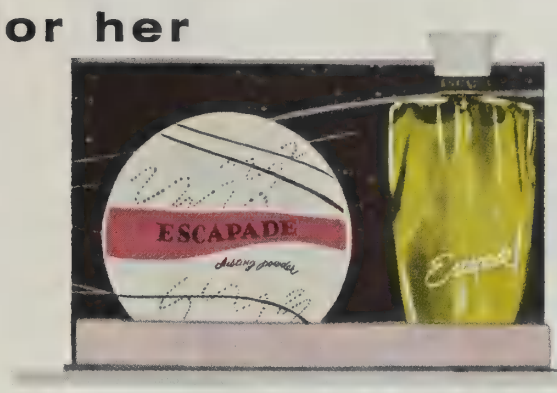
for him for her



OLD SPICE GIFT SET
After Shave Lotion, After Shave
Talcum and Men's Cologne 3.00



OLD SPICE
Pre-Electric Shave
Lotion 1.00



ESCAPADE "FRAGRANCE KEYS"
Toilet Water and Dusting Powder 3.50



ESCAPADE
Spray Cologne 2.50



OLD SPICE
After Shave Lotion
1.00 and 1.75



NEW! "THE CAPTAIN'S BOX"
Old Spice After Shave Lotion, After Shave
Talcum, Men's Cologne, Hair Groom Tonic
and Spray Deodorant 5.00



FRIENDSHIP GARDEN
Spray Cologne 2.50



FRIENDSHIP GARDEN "CHARMER"
Guest sizes of Toilet Water, Bubbling Bath
Crystals, Talcum, Body Sachet 1.25



Early American
OLD SPICE
Dusting Powder 1.40

Early American OLD SPICE GIFT SET
Bubbling Bath Crystals and Toilet Water 2.50



LD SPICE "TREASURE CHEST"
ressurized Smooth Shave, After Shave Lotion,
en's Cologne, After Shave Talcum, Men's
hower Soap, Stick Deodorant, Body Talcum 7.00





DESERT FLOWER
Spray Perfume 3.50

DESERT FLOWER GIFT SET
Hand and Body Lotion, and Toilet Water 2.75

Prices plus tax, except ■■ Pre-Electric Shave Lotion, soap, and shaving creams.

PRODUCTS ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Watch "THE EVE ARDEN SHOW" every week on CBS-TV



GOLD MEDAL—the "flower" of the wheat—makes a "Flower" of a Treat . . . Holiday Cooky House

SPECIAL OFFER

Betty Crocker's COMPLETE COOKY COOKBOOK

Your Big Holiday Offer from Gold Medal! Now, with *every* specially-marked holiday sack of Gold Medal Flour, you can get the Cooky Chapter from Betty Crocker's Revised Picture Cookbook . . . look on the sack you buy for details. It's a 40-page book with 95 exciting cooky recipes, both new and old . . . dozens of bright color pictures and easy "how-to" step pictures . . . simple instructions for making your own HOLIDAY COOKY HOUSE (for sturdy cardboard "Cooky House" frame, send 25¢ with your name and address to: Betty Crocker, Box 1700, Minneapolis 1, Minn.).



THIS YEAR BAKE YOUR GIFTS!

General Mills

Bake it Better with GOLD MEDAL

THE "Kitchen-tested" FLOUR

Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know,
editors you like,
and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

America's Navy came of age in December, 1907, when (without the knowledge of his Cabinet) Pres. Teddy Roosevelt dispatched sixteen battleships around the world. Remarked a reporter about the famous Roughrider, "You see him, hear him, talk to him, and then go home and wring the personality out of your clothes." Mr. and Mrs. Charles Glidden, on a round-the-world auto trip, boasted that their tires sometimes lasted 4000 miles.

Asks a reader in the December, 1907, JOURNAL: *"Do well-bred girls nowadays whistle about the house, cross their legs, swing their arms in walking and smoke cigarettes?" Replies Mrs. Burton Kingsland, manners expert, in horror, "These things should be forbidden by law!"*

Helpful hint: "Keep a grape basket at the top of the cellar stairs to fill with coal for the kitchen coal hod on each trip to the basement. Even the children can help."

"Most women will give up home sewing or expensive dressmakers when clothing manufacturers realize that what is wanted is not a profusion of trimmings but finer materials and well-made garments," predicts the fashion editor.

"Pretty Little Gifts for Christmas: What could be simpler to make than this dainty sewing apron? Almost everyone can do 'ladderwork' embroidery and buttonhole stitching and eyelets."

"How Children Are Made Drunkards: To give a baby a 'soothing syrup' is worse than murder," writes Dr. William Lee Howard. "The principal ingredient, with few exceptions, is some form of opium, laudanum or morphine."

"What To Do After Christmas Dinner: Why not play hunt-the-thimble? That will give you good exercise; or let someone hide a bagful of peanuts upstairs and down."

"Should not a married woman who is going to a doctor's office for treatment be accompanied by her husband or a woman friend?" asks a reader. Answer: "Yes, physicians prefer it."

The new winter furs: "Caracal, chinchilla, moleskin, astrakan, and black lynx."

"From 12 to 14 yards of material will make a pretty summer cotton frock costing in material about three dollars."



FROM "NORWAY. PAINTINGS FROM THE STAVE CHURCHES"—UNESCO WORLD ART SERIES

From a mural in one of Norway's ancient wooden churches comes this magnificent Nativity.

UNESCO has just been letting the Workshop look through the eight big breath-taking albums they have so far sponsored of some of the most wonderful and out-of-the-way art in the world. And with our breath back again we wish that as a Christmas present to its patrons every public library in the land could put these magnificent books on exhibition for your own delight and enlightenment. Not more masterpieces from museums, but instead rarely seen masterpieces incomparably reproduced in color from walls of caves in India, painted by Buddhist monks before and during the early Christian era; murals from medieval monasteries in the mountains of Yugoslavia; bark paintings by Australian aborigines; the finest of Persian miniatures, hitherto unknown to the public; paintings from Egyptian temples and tombs, from Spain of the Middle Ages, and recently discovered mural paintings from Norway's far-off ancient wooden churches—of which the Nativity above is one. And my! how ageless and glowing so many of all these paintings appear as you turn the pages.

The present eight albums are only a beginning. Keep asking about them at your library. The beauty of it is that although the albums cost $16.50 apiece, little enough for what you get, you can buy any one of the marvelous reproductions in color for only $2 each. About as fine a compliment to the recipient's taste as a Christmas present can be.

We asked ***Audrey*** to find the most enchanting toys in town and then to take the most enchanting child she could find to see them. The toys turned out to be at Schwartz's, a Fifth Avenue landmark across from Bergdorf's and just above Tiffany's, some irresistible animals from Giengen on the Brenz in Germany, with coats of mohairs and plushes, and in sizes from baby black Persian lambs to mother kangaroos complete with little kangaroos in their pouches on up to giraffes as high as 8½′ and $250. "More adorable than real ones, with none of the disadvantages," reported Audrey, who had chosen to take ***Nora O'Leary's*** three-year-old Nancy to see them. We asked what Nancy had to say. "Just like the animals—not a single word," said Audrey. "But if I hadn't had to take her home, I think the president of Schwartz's would have given her the store."

This life-size toy giraffe has Nancy O'Leary speechless.



ABBOT MILLS

The animal man reminded Audrey that it was this old family firm in Giengen on the Brenz which achieved world-wide fame overnight fifty years ago because at the White House banquet after the wedding of Alice Roosevelt and Nicholas Longworth, the caterer had used little plush bears as favors for the guests. "What breed of bears are those?" someone asked President Theodore Roosevelt's vivacious daughter. "You might call them Teddy bears," laughed Alice, looking up at her big-game-hunting father. And for five years after, Giengen on the Brenz was the busiest little town in Germany.



ABBOT MILLS

Verginia Robinson and Chase-Manhattan's $100,000.

"You have more to do with money than anyone around here," we told *Verginia Robinson*, who along with everything else keeps the editors in funds, "so why don't you go downstairs to the Chase-Manhattan and see if it's really true what the Federal Reserve people keep telling us each Christmas: that money is the most popular present of all, to give or receive?" . . . Here's her report: "They took me down to the vault and put me in a cage with $100,000 in ones and fives, fresh from the Bureau of Engraving. That was nothing. In the next cage there was $22,000,000. The teller told me *that* was nothing. New Yorkers spend up to $225,000,000 a week at Christmastime, $100,000,000 more than average. Banks hate new bills. Stick together—hard to count. Teller said let's see how much you can hold in dollar bills. Now I know: $14,000. A bigger woman might do better. Came back with the same 98 cents I went with."

THE STORY OF HOLLY AND IVY

By RUMER GODDEN

Christmas isn't Christmas without a tree, a star, a doll— and a little girl.

This is a story about wishing. It is also about a doll and a little girl. It begins with the doll. Her name, of course, was Holly.

It could not have been anything else, for she was dressed for Christmas in a red dress and red shoes, though her petticoat and socks were green. She was ten inches high and carefully jointed; she had real gold hair, brown glass eyes and teeth like tiny china pearls.

It was the morning of Christmas Eve, the last day before Christmas. The toys in Mr. Blossom's toyshop in the little country town stirred and shook themselves after the long night. "We must be sold today," they said.

"Today?" asked Holly. She had been unpacked only the day before and was the newest toy in the shop.

Outside in the street it was snowing, but the toyshop window was lit and warm—it had been lit all night. The tops showed their glinting colors, the balls their bands of red and yellow and blue; the trains were ready to run round and round. There were steamboats and electric boats; the sailing boats shook out their fresh white sails. The clockwork toys had each its private key; the tea sets gleamed in their boxes. There were airplanes, trumpets and doll perambulators; the rocking horses looked as if they were prancing and the Teddy bears held up their furry arms. There was every kind of stuffed animal: rabbits and lions and tigers, dogs and cats, even turtles with real shells. The dolls were on a long glass shelf decorated with tinsel, baby dolls, and bride dolls with bridesmaids in every color, a boy doll in a kilt and another who was a sailor. One girl doll was holding her gloves, another had an umbrella. They were all beautiful, but none of them had been sold.

"We must be sold today," said the dolls.

"Today," said Holly.

Like the Teddy bears, the dolls held out their arms. Toys, of course, think the opposite way to you. "We shall have a little boy or girl for Christmas," said the toys.

"Will I?" asked Holly.

"We shall have homes."

"Will I?" asked Holly.

The toys knew what homes were like from the broken dolls who came to the shop to be mended. "There are warm fires and lights," said the dolls. "Rooms filled with lovely things. We feel children's hands."

"Bah! Children's hands are rough," said the big toy owl who sat on a pretending branch below the dolls. "They are rough. They can squeeze."

"I want to be squeezed," said a little elephant.

"We have never felt a child's hands," said two baby hippopotamuses. They were made of gray velvet and their pink velvet mouths were open and as wide as the rest of them. Their names were Mallow and Wallow. "We have never felt a child's hands."

Neither, of course, had Holly.

The owl's name was Abracadabra. He was so big and important that he thought the toyshop belonged to him.

"I thought it belonged to Mr. Blossom," said Holly.

"Hsst! T-whoo!" said Abracadabra, which was his way of being cross. "Does a new little doll dare to speak?"

"Be careful. Be careful," the dolls warned Holly.

Abracadabra had wide-spread wings marked with yellow and brown, a big hooked beak and white felt feet like claws. Above his eyes were two fierce black tufts and the eyes themselves were so big and green that they made green shadows on his round white cheeks. His eyes saw everything, even at night. Even the biggest dolls were afraid of Abracadabra.

Holly's place on the glass shelf was quite close to Abracadabra. He gave her a look with his green eyes.

"This is the last day for shopping," said Abracadabra. "Tomorrow the shop will be shut."

A shiver went round all the dolls, but Holly knew Abracadabra was talking to her.

"But the fathers and mothers will come today," said the little elephant. He was called Crumple because his skin did not fit but hung in comfortable folds round his neck and his knees. He had a scarlet flannel saddle hung with bells, and his trunk, his mouth and his tail all turned up, which gave him a cheerful expression. It was easy for Crumple to be cheerful; on his saddle was a ticket marked "Sold." He had only to be made into a parcel.

"Will I be a parcel?" asked Holly.

"I am sure you will," said Crumple, and he waved his trunk at her and told the dolls, "You will be put into Christmas stockings."

"Oooh!" said the dolls longingly.

"But you won't all be sold," said Abracadabra, and Holly knew he was talking to her.

The sound of a key in the lock was heard. It was Mr. Blossom come to open the shop. Peter, the shopboy, was close behind him. There could be no more talking, but, "We can wish. We *must* wish," whispered the dolls and Holly whispered, "I *am* wishing."

"Hoo! Hoo!" went Abracadabra. It did not matter if Peter and Mr. Blossom heard him; it was his toy-owl sound, "Hoo! Hoo!" They did not know, but the toys all knew that it was Abracadabra's way of laughing.

The toys thought that all children have homes, but not all children have.

Far away in the city was a big house called St. Agnes' where thirty boys and girls had to live together but now, for three days, they were saying good-by to St. Agnes'. "A kind lady—or gentleman—has asked for you for Christmas," Miss Shepherd, who looked after them all, had told them and one by one the children were called for or taken to the train. Soon there would be no one left in the big house but Miss Shepherd and Ivy. CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

© 1957 by Rumer Godden
THE STORY OF HOLLY AND IVY
will be published in book form
later next year by
The Viking Press


"My
Christmas
doll!"
said
Ivy.

The Sugar House

Mark was dangerous,
said her mother . . .
but Teresa knew
that she would be safe
with him all her life.

By ELIZABETH CADELL

The man who stood before the house had the air that men wear when they wait for a woman: a look half irritable, half resigned. A chauffeur came out of the house carrying two large suitcases, and put them in the luggage compartment of the waiting car. Following him came a maid, over her arm her mistress' fur coat, in her hand a smaller case. Round the house came the daily woman with Lady Thurloe's silver-gray poodle in her arms. This momentary bustle over, there was a pause, all was in readiness.

A girl came out presently; the man greeted her with a touch of impatience. "Your mother's cutting it rather fine, Teresa. Any hitch?"

"No: no hitch," she said. "She's ready."

He looked down at her for some moments, studying her. He was a tall, powerfully built man in his early thirties, dark, good-looking, his manner serious and perhaps a little heavy. He had been engaged to Teresa for the past month; they were to marry three months from now—in September. Staring down at her now, he thought she looked tired; she had probably stayed up late doing odd jobs for her mother.

The setting had a theatricality all its own. In the background rose the Sussex downs, gray-green in the early June sun, black in the shadows. In the foreground was the long, low house, pink-washed, as pretty as a post card, its lawns satin-smooth, its flower beds immaculate. Neville Morley, staring at it, decided it was all a bit too good to be true. It was far too Home-and-Garden. But he acknowledged that it was a perfect setting for Lady Thurloe's grace and charm.

"What are you smiling at?" Teresa asked him.

"This." He waved a hand. "I always feel—when your mother's around—like a film extra getting five guineas for hanging about in the background."

"She's coming—she won't be a minute," said Teresa.

"Sure you won't change your mind and come up to town with me?" he asked. "You can stay in my sister's flat while I'm over in Brussels. The business will take me only three days—then when I get back we can see a few shows and ——"

She shook her head. "No. There's something I want to do today."

"What sort of something?"

"I'll tell you when mother's gone."

Standing beside Neville, Teresa felt his impatience and slipped her hand into his. He looked down at her, and for a moment saw only her grace and loveliness, her delicate, maddeningly remote beauty. From the first moment of meeting, four years ago, she had had this quality of elusiveness. But she was going to be his; his ring was on her finger. When they were married, she would lose her shyness. She was almost twenty-four—and utterly unawakened. Sometimes, in moods of rare depression, he wondered whether she would ever melt in warm, glowing passion.

"Here she is," said Teresa.

"And about time," said Neville, and went forward to meet the woman who stood poised at the top of the steps.

Coralie Thurloe was tall and slender, and had retained much of the beauty of her youth. Her air was quiet, reposeful and prettily dignified: beautifully dressed, her whole appearance was that of a woman of means but also a woman of impeccable taste. She came slowly, gracefully down the steps and paused to pet the poodle, to talk to the gardener, to say a word of farewell to the maid.

Neville, watching her, saw the magic working and once again marveled. He had known her for over four years, and he had never seen it fail. A shrewd, even a cynical man, he had looked at first for flaws—and had found none. As time went on, a conviction had arisen in him that nobody could hold a pose—if it was a pose—so long and so untiringly. If it had been merely a performance, there would surely, he thought, have been times when she would have needed to relax. But she had remained what he was forced to call her own charming self: sweet, sympathetic and unselfish.

The real test, in Neville's eyes, had come when he expressed his wish to marry Teresa. Lady Thurloe had been for the past twenty years a widow; Teresa was her only child. But far from opposing or delaying the marriage, Lady Thurloe had expressed her delight and had even advised an early wedding. It was Teresa who had raised difficulties; her mother had swept them away. It had been almost the last time that Neville had questioned her sincerity—and the first time that he understood fully Teresa's affection for her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE
IN ONE ISSUE
CONDENSED
NOVEL

© 1955 by Elizabeth Cadell

ILLUSTRATED BY CORY WHITMORE

"How do I know?" Mark said.
"Because when I take your hand like this,
I can see the pulse—there in the wrist.
Racing, just as mine is racing."





"Welcome, heavenly lambkin; welcome, golden rose;
Alleluia, Baby, in the swaddling clothes!" WILLIAM CANTON
Renaissance art reached full flower in Titian,
who painted "Virgin and Child with St. Dorothy,"
the original of which hangs in Philadelphia's Museum of Art.



"Now the Virgin returns: . . . Now descends from heaven a new generation.
His shall be the gift of life divine." VERGIL
Carlo Crevelli's "Madonna and Child Enthroned," in The Brera, Milan,
reflects his brilliance of color, magnificence of ornament and grace of line.

Mother



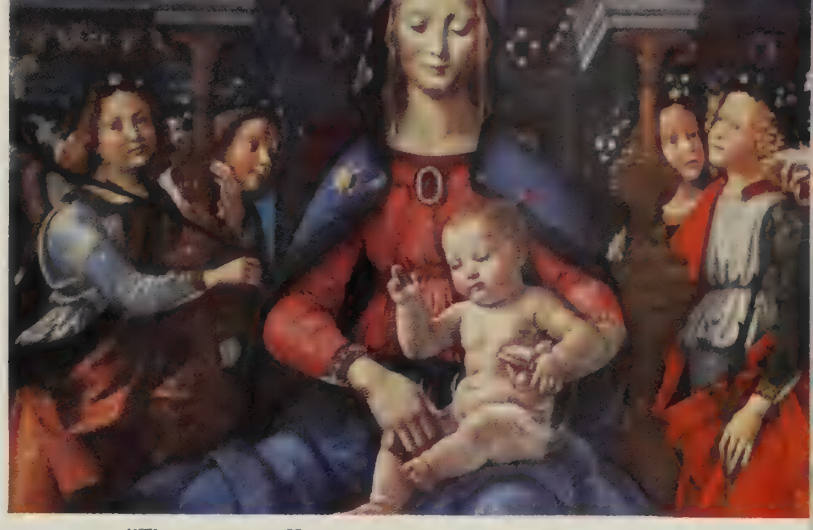
"The angels . . . singing unto one another
Can find among the burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of 'mother.'" EDGAR ALLAN POE
Best loved of Raphael's religious paintings is the
"Madonna of the Chair." (Pitti Gallery, Florence.)



"Begin, baby boy, to recognize your mother
by a smile." VERGIL
*Detail from Lorenzo Lotto's "The Nativity"
in the Samuel H. Kress Collection,
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.*

"And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord . . .
for behold, from henceforth all generations
shall call me blessed." LUKE 1:46,48
*"Madonna with St. Francis" by Correggio;
painted in 1515, now in the Royal Gallery, Dresden.*





"The manger is Heaven, yes, greater than Heaven.
Heaven is the handiwork of this child." SCHOLASTICUS
*Detail from Ghirlandajo's "Virgin Enthroned with Infant Jesus."
(Uffizi Gallery, Florence.)*

nd Child

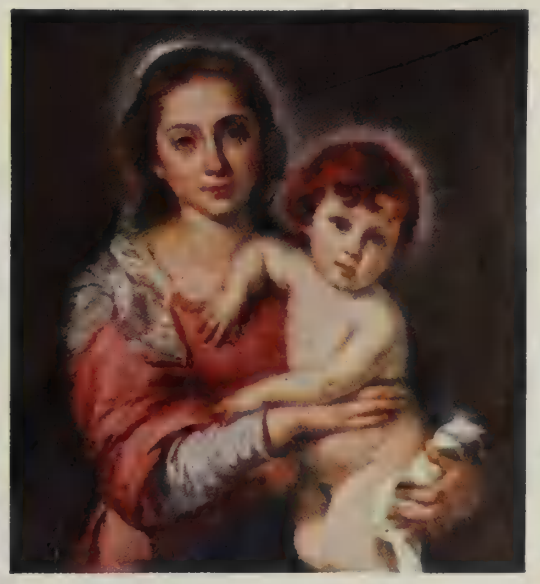
In a world of change and uncertainty, one truth is immutable.
The love of a mother for her child is as real today
as it was in the time of Mary and the infant Jesus,
and will be as sure tomorrow. This love,
this universal theme of song and story and art,
differs only in outward expression. Its source
is every woman's heart.



"Mother and maiden, was never none but she!
Well might such a lady God's mother be." UNKNOWN CAROL
*Botticelli's "Magnificat," painted about 1485, has been compared
with "the corolla of an open rose." (Uffizi Gallery, Florence.)*

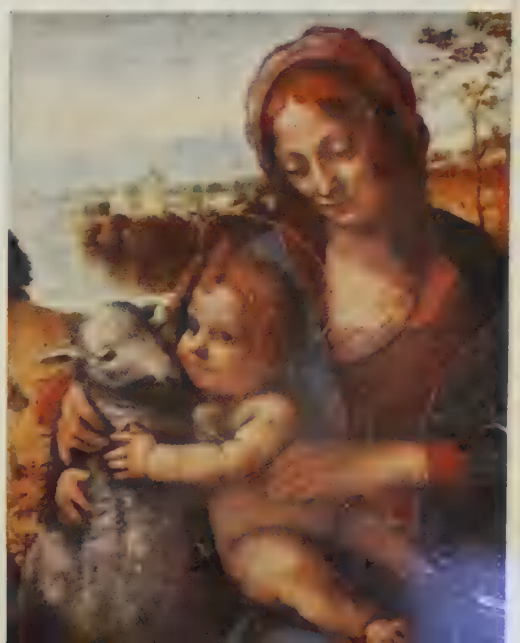


"Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head." MARTIN LUTHER
*he Adoration of the Shepherds," painted by the Dutch artist Gerard Honthorst
in 1621. (Uffizi Gallery, Florence.)*



"The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down." G. K. CHESTERTON
*Spanish Bartolomé Murillo's "Virgin and Child"
shows influence of the asceticism of the church
and the Inquisition. (Pitti Gallery, Florence.)*

"Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
. . . He is called by thy name,
For he calls Himself a Lamb." WILLIAM BLAKE
*The "Virgin and Child" of Giovanni Razzi,
called Il Sodoma, hangs in The Brera, Milan.*



There's something about them



WILHELA CUSHMAN

Mrs. Kennedy (right), whose life revolves flexibly around her husband's plans, thinks of clothes in the simplest possible terms, never lets them become a problem. She shops with a thought-out purpose ("I don't like to buy a lot and have my closets full"), selects only a few new things each season, counting on last year's to carry over.

"A suit, a good little black dress with sleeves and a short evening dress—that's all you need for travel," Mrs. Kennedy says, thinking of the many times she flies off with her husband at a moment's notice. To these, for life in Washington she adds at least one evening dress each winter, plain jerseys or wools and a casual coat for country wear.

She loves red, especially in a basic tweed suit or evening dress, wears pink, clear yellows, pale green, thinks black can't be overestimated. She does not like "doodads," but likes to keep her good accessories "forever." Mrs. Kennedy is interested in houses, furniture, likes to draw, paint and write—when and if she can find the time.

Mrs. Canfield (left), intensely feminine, has very positive ideas about clothes. "I put all into one thing rather than many—then I wear, wear, wear it." She has as many colors in her wardrobe as an English flower garden because they look so well in London and they "cheer you up." She likes bright scarlet reds, sapphire blues, purple tweeds, but also the pastels—pale mauve, Du Barry pink, bright yellow, madonna blues and flower prints (both in her wardrobe and on her walls).

The coat she likes best is black, slim and sophisticated. She wears it constantly with one or two little black dresses and everything else, and plans to go on wearing it for years. In silhouette, she prefers "terribly simple" clothes, interesting bags and shoes, and pretty jewelry. She loves to entertain, adores decoration and anything to do with her house.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor

Mrs. Canfield photographed in a distinguished white faille evening dress with a crystal-embroidered blue satin bodice, bow-knots catching the fullness of the skirt; she wears matching long blue satin gloves.

Two sisters, young and beautiful, active in the brilliant life of two of the world's great capitals . . . Mrs. John F. Kennedy, wife of the senator from Massachusetts, and Mrs. Michael T. Canfield, whose husband was Special Assistant to former Ambassador Aldrich in London. They were the Misses Jacqueline and Lee Bouvier, of Washington, D. C.



JOHN ENGSTEAD

Mrs. Kennedy loves beautiful lines and the covered-up look for evening. This red slipper satin with the graceful wing-back silhouette is a romantic portrait fashion of great elegance which she likes utterly unadorned or with a single favorite piece of jewelry. For contrast, she wears gleaming white satin slippers.

There's something about them



This slim, simple polka-dot satin is pretty and useful for small dinners and entertaining at home, worn with pearls.

JOHN ENGSTEAD

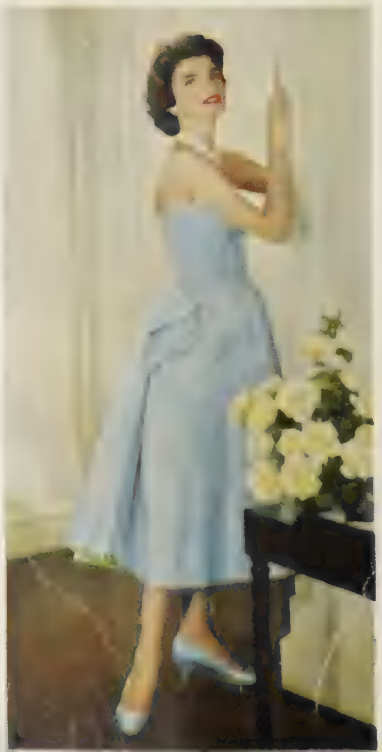


Mrs. Kennedy wears a short tweed coat worn with a dark or bright jersey dress or suit skirt for driving, and for busy days in and around Georgetown.

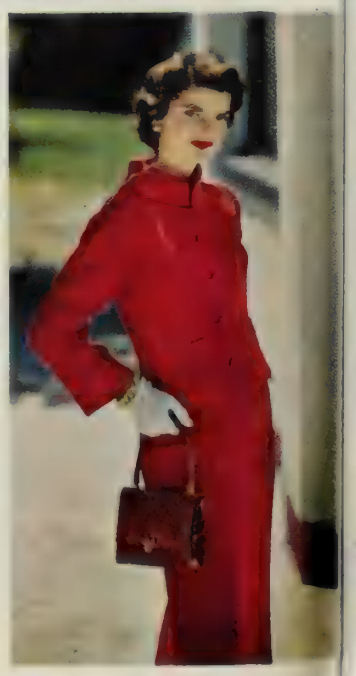
MRS. JOHN F. KENNEDY

plans her clothes to a well-liked minimum,
often with year-round fashions for Washington and Georgetown,
where she and her husband live.

This pale blue peau de soie, right for many occasions, has no season.



One of Mrs. Kennedy's most becom ing suits—a young bright red tweed



MRS. MICHAEL T. CANFIELD

has a fall and winter wardrobe for London,
aflame with color in tweeds and graceful at-home clothes,
which also includes a perfect black coat.



Princess-line silk-shantung sheath in pale blue—shoulder straps ending in bows.



This belted beige tweed suit lends itself to many casual occasions for town, country or travel.

Mrs. Canfield loves a suit that is "young and easy to wear." This is her favorite violet tweed, worn with a black pin-seal chain bag.



JOHN ENGSTEAD



Mrs. Canfield says this cheviot-tweed sheath coat is "everything I want a black coat to be."



Her glamorous short white evening dress is gold-and-white brocade, worn in almost any season in London.

Lalla Aisha was the first Moroccan woman to appear unveiled on a public platform. She wears blue jeans, drives a sports car, swims, rides, dances. But she must never, never talk to an unmarried man.

Daughters



BURT GLINN

In strict theory, a good Moslem woman goes outdoors only twice in her life: when she marries and when she dies. But political ferment has brought women into the open—often veiled, but even the veils are disappearing.

Today in the big cities of Morocco the flocks of teen-age girls, their faces shining and unhidden, have become a familiar sight as they giggle their way to and from their new schools. To those who wish to retain the thirteen-hundred-year-old tradition of the seclusion of Mohammedan women, they are a slap in the face of the Prophet. To those who long for the emancipation of Moroccan women they represent hope, for they are the first generation to "emerge" in large numbers.

Apparently unaware of their own significance, they trot happily through the streets, the sun warm on their bare arms and legs, their swinging skirts and trim blouses. But over her heart, tucked in the pocket of her blouse, each girl follows the fashion—she wears a picture of the king's daughter, Princess Lalla Aisha.

"I would die for Lalla Aisha!" exclaimed one schoolgirl. "She has led us to freedom!"

In a blue mosaic gallery of her palace up on one of the hills of Rabat, the princess herself curled on a pink-and-blue damask couch, sipped sweet mint tea from a Venetian-glass tumbler, watched a stork flap above the fountain in the garden—and talked of freedom. She seemed weary, a little discouraged.

"Centuries and centuries of old families, old thinking. Of course there is much to be proud of in such a heritage. But if we are to become a modern nation we must break out of the old molds. Through evolution, not revolution—for revolution destroys, and we want to build. But it must be the young people who start the evolution. We have so many old ideas here in Morocco. So old. You can't imagine."

So old and so strong that the princess herself—a Joan of Arc to millions of Moroccan women—is still, in America's eyes, only halfway to freedom. With the encouragement of her father, the progressive King Mohammed V, she appears in public unveiled, wears Western clothes, drives a car. But she cannot attend a party in Morocco at which single young men are present, and at twenty-seven she is still unmarried. She can go dancing in France or America, but never in her own country. She can open bazaars, preside at charity events—but her eyes should be downcast and she should never look a strange man directly in the face.

Her friends sometimes describe her as "a bird in a gilded cage." Then they sigh. "Poor thing," they say; "she would only like to be a free and normal woman—and she cannot."



Malika, Hassan and Aisha usually were too busy riding tricycles through marble halls to pose for photographs. But they heeded sultan's orders.



The sultan is said to own sixty palaces and villas. This one, in Casablanca, is typical of all of them.

The Arabic name for Morocco is Moghreb-el-Aksa, "The Farthest West." Lying on the northwest shoulder of Africa, Morocco is the western remnant of the great Shereefian Empire founded twelve centuries ago by the Arabs. It is also the westernmost of the Islamic countries where, in a great arc stretching across North Africa, the Middle East and down into Pakistan, Allah is worshiped and Mohammed is his Prophet, women are said to have no souls and heaven is reserved for men and beautiful virgins.

In all these countries women have for centuries been regarded as the chattels of



Lalla Aisha and Moulay Hassan made first trip to America last year. Aisha hated formal parties, but dressed up for them.

›f the Sultan

By NANCY DUGHI and MARGARET PARTON

n, and kept in varying degrees of seclu-
n. Some of these nations are now more
'olved" than others: the veil was abol-
ed in Turkey in the '20's and in Pakistan
men have "come out" in great numbers
he last ten years. In most of the other
ntries only the aristocratic or upper-
s women have dared to emerge from
harems and the zenanas; in a few na-
s like Yemen and Afghanistan a woman
s death if she appears on a city street
eiled. A rough estimate, based on a
l Moslem world population of 416,-
,000, would put 156,000,000 women
behind veils.

What is the justification for this virtual
risonment? "Custom, nothing but cus-
dating from the times when a woman
a man's personal possession," say the
ncipated women of Islam. "The words
he Prophet!" thunder the men.

he words of the Prophet, which have
n a subject of serious debate since they
e recorded shortly after his death in
632, are these:

And say to the believing women that
cast down their looks and guard their
ate parts, and display not their orna-
nts, except those which are outside; and
them pull their kerchiefs over their
oms and not display their ornaments
to their husbands and fathers. . . .

Oh ye women of the prophet! Stay still
our houses and show not yourselves. . . .

Oh thou prophet! Tell thy wives and
daughters, and the women of the
evers, to let down over them their outer
ppers. . . .

Men stand superior to women in that
l hath preferred some of them over
rs. . . ."

s if this were not enough, Moslem
osophers have been saying the same
gs ever since. "As regards propriety,"
ared one famous writer, "one cannot be too careful not to let one's wife look at or be looked at by a stranger, for the beginning of all mischief is in the eye. As far as possible she should not be allowed out of the house, nor to go on the roof, nor to stand at the door. . . .

"If a man's wife be rebellious and disobedient, he should at first admonish her gently; if this is not sufficient he should sleep in a separate chamber for three nights. Should this also fail he may strike her, but not on the mouth, nor with such force as to wound her. . . .

"The Prophet said, 'If it were right to worship anyone except God, it would be right for wives to worship their husbands.'"

Down through the centuries these ideas prevailed—perhaps even more deeply in Morocco, where the religious feeling is strong. France, which took over the strategic Atlantic-Mediterranean country in 1912, made no attempt to change the basic culture, the old traditions. The crowded bazaars, the inward-turned homes of the Moroccans, the narrow alleys filled with African life and mystery were left as they had always been. Outside the ancient yellow walls of the native towns the French built shimmering white cities and self-absorbed societies of their own.

Today in Rabat, the capital of Morocco, this dual culture is evident. The ancient part of the city—once a nest for the dreaded Barbary pirates—clusters around its towering mosques out near the sea ramparts. The French part of the city stretches over the hills, neat with white stucco houses and trim parks glowing with pink oleanders and scarlet bougainvillaea. Modern traffic roars along wide, palm-bordered boulevards, dance bands play on the terraces of towering hotels. In the ancient city, women go heavily wrapped and veiled in the streets, and outdoors a child can

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142



At two and three Aisha and Hassan loved to dress up in their Moroccan clothes and visit with the grownups gathered in the big drawing room downstairs. "Aisha must be silent, Hassan must talk," said their father, the sultan.

Let us Rejoice



WILLIAM BLAKE, COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

When the poet and painter, William Blake, was old, poor and sick, he said to a little girl, "May God give you, my child, as wonderful a life as He has given me."

Few would call the facts of Blake's life wonderful. He was neglected as an artist, reviled by critics, betrayed by those he thought were friends; he experienced long periods of acute depression; he died, at the age of seventy, in poverty and almost unknown. Still, his was not an unhappy life. He produced much; he did have true friends; his beloved wife survived him a few years—biographers say she was the "almost perfect wife" for him. And no one now denies he was one of the greatest English poets. He had the power

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of his hand,
And eternity in an hour.

For a touch of this power we pray this Christmas season, for a new awareness of the wonder and beauty of life. May we be truly grateful for its splendors! When we celebrate the divine gift of life to the Son of God, let us be thankful for our share in that gift, for those who give, and for the strength to give of ourselves. For we see by His example that those who give the most have yet the most to give. Death cannot defeat love that ranks the effort above the prize.

We are grateful, of course, for the dear and human life closest to us: children with faces as bright as the tinseled tree; a husband, a wife; and friends whose every gesture reveals the affection they pretend to have concealed in beribboned packages. We are grateful for the love they show us daily in open and secret ways.

We rejoice to say we believe the circle of human love—man for woman, child for parent, neighbor for neighbor—is widening. Man is not suddenly perfect in an imperfect world. But surely our generation, more than any other, has witnessed the realization in many hearts that love is not limited to one's family, one's race, one creed or one country. The famished untouchable of India is as much a part of us as the orphan in the next block. We are beginning to understand Jesus' words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

If we were to have but one gift this Christmas Day, we would want it to be the gift of being humbly grateful for those who by selfless trying break through to new human achievements. If, as William Blake believed, this is God's world, they help to make it so,

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

Every life is shaped by *persons*, most of them unknown to the world. Others many know, but seldom do we express our appreciation, even to those closest to us. This year let us resolve to do so. Let us make a list of those we cherish, near and far, and tell them so. People we count among our blessings: ALBERT SCHWEITZER, for his reminding us again that one of the noblest of human capacities is unselfish service; PABLO CASALS and LEONARD BERNSTEIN; FREDERICK LOEWE and ALAN JAY LERNER, who transformed George Bernard Shaw's scintillating drama into the polished exuberance of My Fair Lady; ISAK DINESEN, weaver of fantastic and ponderable tales; RACHEL CARSON, who loves and reveals the wonders of the sea; GEORGE KENNAN, humanizing history with scholarship and perception in Russia Leaves the War; OSCAR WILLIAMS, whose gifted collection, Silver Treasury of Light Verse, can be read aloud with delight; EUGENE and AGNES MEYER, representing all those whose high publishing standards have served truth well; WHITNEY GRISWOLD, president of Yale and man of verve, who believes education should bring light to the spirit as well as tools to hand and brain; the antic and serious JAMES THURBER; EDWARD HOPPER and ANDREW WYETH, whose painting makes art perceptible.

This is a personal list, small but of large enthusiasms. Write your own and rejoice in it. Join us in gratitude for those in public life who remember their duty to all and not just to their political party; for those ministers who serve faithfully; for teachers who with generous unselfishness pass on the torch of knowledge; for mothers whose devoted efforts make children grow strong and healthy in body and spirit; for all workers who build and cherish well. To these we speak our thanks.

We speak, and we pray, and we are happy that we can speak out and pray aloud. Joyously we stretch wide our arms, lift up our eyes, thankful for "the starry heavens at night and the sentiment of duty in the human soul." And we are thankful that we are here, that we are alive, that we are a part of humanity's strange, varied, aspiring, stumbling, loving, magnificent procession.

BRUCE AND BEATRICE GOULD

Can this Marriage be Saved?



Looking back over some 30,000 unhappy marriages with which we have dealt in the American Institute of Family Relations, it is interesting to remember how many of them had been worsened by a "Christmas party at the office." Mother and the children were waiting on Christmas Eve for daddy to come home and help decorate the tree. They expected him early, they delayed the evening meal until it was ruined, they sat around tearfully until the children finally gave up and went off to bed. Sometime after midnight, perhaps, daddy came home drunk, with lipstick smeared over his collar, and tumbled into bed himself with a few mumbled apologies. Sometimes he did not show up until the next day. Such an episode might have been the final blow that killed the marriage. Fortunately, these "office parties" are less common each year, as one organization after another abandons them and proclaims its acceptance of the fact that holidays are particularly the time for families to be together. . . . The counselor in this case was E. Groobin.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.,
General Director



DON ORNITZ

SHE: "Josh declared it was his duty as a bank official to appear at the office party. I lowered my pride, a hard thing for me, and asked him to stay away to demonstrate his loyalty. He refused."

HE: "It shouldn't be hard for Elsa to understand I was obliged to attend the party. I'll admit I didn't distinguish myself, but she has been paying me off for weeks in dozens of oblique, left-handed ways."

ELSA TELLS HER SIDE: "My husband's office party ruined our Christmas," said Elsa, a pale, appealing young woman of twenty-seven. It was the sixth of January and she was clad in a well-worn coat. "Everybody knows the Christmas season is supposed to be devoted to the family and building up family traditions. My mother died when I was nine years old and my sweetest memories are of the two of us going out together in the Nebraska snow to find and cut our tree.

"Josh's office party—he works for a world-famous bank—was staged on the twenty-third of December. On that particular day I was frantically busy and needed his assistance with our own holiday preparations. In the morning I made cookies and candies for our three youngsters. I let the two girls help, which doubled the work. I trimmed our foyer and refurbished last year's wreath and nailed it to our front door. That afternoon I went to the market and picked out our tree. I lugged it home on the bus by myself.

"When Josh arrived that evening he barely glanced at the tree. The girls tried to show off the cookies they had baked and he snapped at them. He was in such wild haste to bathe and dress he hardly spoke to any of us. While the children and I ate a supper of frankfurters and beans he put on his best suit, changed his necktie three times before he was satisfied with the effect, stuck a flower in his buttonhole and then went off in a cloud of dust to attend his fancy office party. He banged the door as he went.

"Josh and I haven't an extra penny to spend on recreation and entertainment for ourselves. No expense was spared to make the office party a bang-up success. It was held at a country club that I have yet to enter. Only wealthy people belong. An orchestra was hired. There were favors for the girls. A wonderful dinner, including cocktails and imported champagne, was served. I haven't tasted champagne since Josh and I were married eight years ago. At our wedding we had one bottle of domestic champagne for six people.

"Back in November when I first heard the bank was throwing a party I was thrilled and excited. Until quite recently we lived in a small town and perhaps I have small-town ideas. Anyhow, I assumed since I was Josh's wife I would be welcome at the party. I knew we couldn't afford a new dress for me. I scrimped on our food and bought a new fake-fur stole and made over my old dress. It wasn't until I modeled the dress for Josh that I learned how I had wasted my time. He hemmed and hawed, but finally blurted out that the party was limited to bank employees. Wives and husbands weren't invited. It seems the employees had got together and decided they would have a jollier time by themselves. Josh insisted he and most of the other men had voted in favor of inviting their wives, which may be possible. The married women at the bank, he said, had voted against inviting their husbands. That should give you some idea of the nature of the party.

"Josh declared it was his duty as a bank official to appear. Three months ago he became an assistant cashier, but I don't consider him a real official since he got the title instead of getting a richly deserved raise. At any rate, I thought a truly loving husband wouldn't choose to mingle socially with a lot of man-crazy young subordinates. Josh supervises a group of twenty teen-agers who specialize in tight sweaters and plunging necklines. The bleached-blond siren whose desk is beside his desk—her name is Marilyn and she is fluttering around Josh every time I stop in at the bank—spends her entire salary on clothes and in beauty shops. I can't compete with her. Frankly, I didn't care to share Josh's company with Marilyn in the evening as well as in the daytime. I lowered my pride,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

It was half past twelve before Josh came weaving in. His face was plastered with lipstick; there was lipstick on his collar; there was lipstick on his hair.

Holiday Glamour...



One of the most captivating dresses of the season (and it's not difficult to make) is this black silk barathea with a modified harem drape accented with bows. Vogue Design No. S-4846, 10–18.

Paper-thin taffeta takes on a Victorian flavor with a border of self-ruching (1″ strips of fabric cut with scalloping shears). It's lined in a nonwoven fabric. Vogue Design No. S-4844, 10–16.



This enchanting combination of black point d'esprit over polka-dot satin is an adaptation of a Jacques Heim design. Note the pink satin belt detail in back. Vogue P.O.M. Design No. 1391, 10–18.



ARTIFICIAL-FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS BY HELEN COLE

Holiday time is party time, and what woman doesn't long for a new dress? It might be a dance at the country club, a theater date in town, or you may be entertaining at home. Whatever the occasion, we have worked out six pretty ways to look . . . from a beguiling black silk barathea with a harem-drape skirt to a slim white moire floor-length dress topped by the loveliest jade-green satin coat. By NORA O'LEARY, *Pattern Editor*

LEOMBRUNO-BODI





Rodrigues of Spain designed this delightful watermelon-pink short dance dress. The skirt has a shallow drape on one side, a deep flare on the other. Vogue Couturier Design No. 994, 10–18.



Giant red roses on silk surah will brighten any evening. The skirt is quilted, the bodice dips to a deep V in back. Wonderful for entertaining at home. Vogue Design No. 9378, 10–16.

The *most* glamorous look for evening is undoubtedly a slim dress topped with a full coat. This sheath is white rayon moire. Vogue Design No. S-4848. The coat is jade-green silk satin with side pleats and self bows. Design No. S-4847, 10–20.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 151.
Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

© VOGUE

What makes the Stars Shine?



These six young Hollywood beauties cope with appearance problems which are familiar to all of us. Here, each one tells how she has to work in order to shine. By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor



"Being gracious, sincere, friendly—that's beauty to me." MARIA SCHELL



Fine, wispy hair? "I've discovered how to deal with mine." CLAIRE BLOOM

*"Every girl has a beauty problem—
mine is weight."* FELICIA FARR

*"A girl has to feel well before she
can look her best."* SUZY PARKER



JOHN ENGSTEAD



*"A monotone blonde has to know how
to use make-up."* BARBARA LANG

*"Guide your grooming according
to your size."* PIER ANGELI



"MY HAIR IS FINE AND WISPY," says CLAIRE BLOOM, talented English actress. "By making a point of knowing what it *won't* do, I have a better chance of making the most of what it *will* do. For instance, no matter how carefully permanented, my hair just frizzes at the ends and looks impossible. So instead of wishfully thinking about the luxury of a softly turned permanent, I count on having to put up the ends in pin curls about an hour before I want it to look its best. For the hairdo I'm wearing in my photograph, I start two rows of curls from the center part, wind them forward around my finger toward my face, and fasten them with hairdresser's clips—one clip for each curl. For the lift at the forehead and near the temples, I stand the curls on the sides when I pin them, rather than flatten them against my head. Because my hair is so fine, I put the ends up without wetting them, otherwise I'd have that frizz.

"Since I'm not blessed with naturally well-behaved hair, I count on cleanliness—a shiny, glistening look—as its major asset. I wash it twice a week, rinse with clear water, follow with a creamy rinse, towel it dry and then put it up. In emergencies, when I haven't the hour to spare for curling, I comb and brush my hair straight back, twist and pin the ends in a flat little bun, and attach a separate chignon to that. The effect is smooth and sophisticated, and I doubt that anyone recognizes it as an emergency

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

When is Love Wrong?

One day, not so long ago, the JOURNAL editors received an unusual letter in the mail. "In approximately two weeks," we read, "I will become an unmarried mother having to give up for adoption a child I want very much to keep. . . .

"If the truth about such a situation could be published, provided names and places were changed, perhaps at least one girl, who is not fast or cynical, yet, who might someday find herself in the same mess because she loved and believed in someone, could see before it was too late what could really happen, and what nightmares she would have to live with the rest of her life."

The story, when it came in, aroused a storm of controversy among those who read it. We publish it here together with some of our editors' comments.

In a little apartment on a quiet residential street, a young woman curled on a couch and talked. Her blue eyes sometimes dimmed with tears, but her pink cheeks and her auburn hair shone with health and the love of outdoors. Everything about her suggested wholesomeness, normality and a gentle background. Yet the day before she had given up forever the newborn baby she felt she could not keep. She wears a wedding ring, but she is unmarried.

"I held my baby for five minutes. That's all I could stand—I knew if I held her for one minute more, I'd never be able to give her away. My, she was pretty! Even the social worker at the hospital said mine was one of the prettiest babies she ever saw. And she was smart too! Do you know, on the very second day of her life, she could follow things with her eyes? And she was laughing, really she was.

"Right up to the very end, I would have walked out of the hospital with her, if only Jim had agreed to marry me. I could go back home with a baby born before I was married, but I couldn't go back unless I was married, I just couldn't. It would be too awful for my folks. They'd die, they'd just die if they knew about all this. Of course they'd forgive me and take me in, but it would be terrible for them. We just don't *do* this sort of thing in our family!

"I guess we're what you might call lower middle class. My dad's a railroad superintendent in a city about a hundred miles from here. They have a nice enough house, and they live just about like other people, I guess. I have a sister three years older than I am, and I always thought my parents wanted me to be a boy, or that my mother didn't want a second child.

"I didn't get along very well with my mother—I was always a little afraid of her. She was strict, she was the disciplinarian in the family. Somehow pop didn't seem to have much to do with my childhood. Mother's bright, too, and she always seemed to expect more of me than I was capable of giving. She used to make me dance and sing in front of company, and when I was around five or six she used to say to me, 'Your sister learned to read when she was four. So what's the matter with you?' My mother always said I was a lot like pop's mother. She hated pop's mother.

"She never talked to me about sex or love or morals or anything. I found out about sex when I was twelve, and found a book about it under my sister's bed one day when I was cleaning house. I read all I could and put the book back—but could never find that book again. When I was fifteen and going off to camp my mother asked me whether I knew about periods and all that stuff, and I said yes, I'd learned from other girls, and that's all there was to it.

"We had sex instruction in school, but it was only about the physical part, not about morality or standards or anything like that. I went to Sunday school until I was fourteen, but it seems all they ever taught us was to collect money for missionaries. My parents hardly ever go to church—just Christmas and Easter, I guess.

"After we'd grown up, when my sister and I were sort of on our own, mother said she expected us to behave well—we were brought up well and ought to know what we were doing. But she never really explained what behaving well meant. I guess I should have known, anyway.

"There wasn't any problem about love or sex when I was in high school, because I didn't have any dates. I don't know why, exactly, but I wasn't at all popular. Well, for one thing, I wore braces on my teeth; and for another, I liked to read a lot—a real bookworm I was. I still am, just like Jim. The first night I was ever kissed was graduation night.

"When I got to college, it all changed. Maybe I was prettier or something, but I started going out a lot—even in a college where there were more girls than boys. It was just a small college you've never heard of, but it was all my parents could afford. I had a wonderful time, but if boys ever tried anything funny I just told them to stop, and that was usually enough. Once I got out of a car and walked home, because the boy was too fresh and I couldn't handle him.

"In college we used to talk about boys and sex, but never in any detail. We had something called the 'Turtle Club.' You were a black turtle if you had ever had intercourse, a white turtle if you hardly ever kissed boys, and a gray turtle if you petted sometimes. Nobody wanted to be black or white, so we all said we were gray turtles. I guess I was really a white turtle then—I always believed I'd stay pure until I fell in love with a good man and he with me. Then we'd get married and live in the suburbs and have lots of children and be just like everyone else. That's all I ever really wanted.

"After college I got a little job in a library in my home town, just helping out because I didn't have library training. And I started going around with a very nice fellow, just beginning as an architect. We had a lot of fun, but it never really got very serious. Finally we broke up.

"I felt sad, even though I wasn't in love with him. But you know how it is—it's lonely when you break up with someone and before you've found someone else. I guess I like boys better than girls, and I like to have them around. Well, anyway, I decided to go off for a weekend by myself at the seashore, and think things over. That was the weekend I met Jim. We were both staying at the same little hotel, and the lady who ran the place introduced us. On Friday night after I got back from a movie I went to with her, Jim and I sat up till two A.M., talking.

"Jim is a wonderful talker—he's read a lot, and he's interested in everything in the world. Except marriage, I guess. His father has a hardware store in a small town south of here, and it's been a struggle financially. Jim's mother died when he was twelve, and he had a stepmother after that. They get along all right, but sometimes I wonder if all that didn't affect him. Anyway, that night we seemed to have a lot in common. I was twenty-two then, and he was twenty-three.

"The next day we went sailing all day in a boat he'd rented. We sailed on Sunday, too, and then we walked along the beach for miles. That was the first day he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150



MARGERY LEWIS

Editors who saw this story before publication have strong—and widely different—feelings about it. Here are some of their comments. What do *you* think? Should she have given up her child?

"This breaks my heart, it's so sad. Poor, poor girl." J.L.M.

"This is a very pathetic story. But actually this girl could have kept her baby if she had really wanted to. Without hurting the baby either. She could have gone to another town, taken another name, lived as a young widow and kept her child. Even the strictest religion would agree, I believe, that a small deception of this sort is justified for the sake of the child. Probably in a few years she would have married. In most such cases, this is what happens. I think the real reason she gave up this child is that she would have had to face up to her family and tell them what she had done." M.G.

"I agree with the above. This girl cries out for sympathy—but the fact is she wasn't willing to accept the consequences of her own action." R.L.K.

"Don't agree. This girl loved and trusted. It was the man who was the real heel. He promised to marry her and didn't keep his word." G.M.

"All her faults were faults of love. She thought if she loved this man enough, and showed him that she did, he would want to marry her." N.M.

"It's a funny thing about love. You must give it and give it generously, and somehow yet not give yourself away." B.J.R.

"I think in love you must give a great deal—up to the point of doing wrong. Even in marriage you should never do wrong for the sake of the other person. You weaken him as well as yourself. This girl's action was wrong just for the reason premarital sex is wrong—in spite of many changed attitudes today: because it carries the possibility of damaging an unborn child." T.C.

"It seems to me this girl's actions also damaged the young man she loved. She encouraged his selfishness and weakness. He'll be a worse man all his life for this experience." E.M.C.

"Did she really give way to him because of love? Or was she trying to use her sex to bind to her a man she sensed didn't really want to marry her?" K.L.B.

"I'm told most social workers today advise girls in such a situation to give up their babies. It surely is the easiest way." L.M.J.

"I can imagine no greater torture than knowing you have a child somewhere you will never see." H.H.


MENU
SPICED BEEF IN HOT BISCUITS
BAKED HAM GLAZED WITH MAPLE SYRUP
SCALLOPED OYSTERS AND MUSHROOMS
APPLEYARD CENTER VEGETABLE SALAD
WITH SOUR-CREAM DRESSING
TOMATO MARMALADE
CANDIED APPLESAUCE
FRUITCAKE
FLORENTINES
COFFEE TEA
(Recipes for 8)



STUART-FOWLER

Appleyard Open House

ARTHUR GRIFFIN—FPG



The party takes place all over the house. Storytelling in one room by the fire, taffy pulling and corn popping in the kitchen, fiddling and dancing in the hall. The skies are shining with their chill winter glitter, and snow sparkles reflect in all the rooms of the house.

An endless procession comes out of the pantry with loaded platters—
a big ham glazed with maple syrup, a glowing hot casserole of scalloped oysters,
crisp vegetables, a luscious bowl of spiced tomato marmalade!

By ELIZABETH KENT GAY

My mother, Mrs. Appleyard, is not only a fine cook herself; she has done her best with gentle pressure and delicate hints to turn her daughters into good cooks too. "I think you will find," she suggests one day around the middle of December, coming into the kitchen where I am assembling Florentine cookies for our annual holiday open house, "that it is easier to cut candied fruit with scissors than a knife." That's the kind of delicate hint I mean. I try the scissors and it *is* easier. In no time at all the kitchen has begun to fill with the heady holiday smell of baking fruits and spices.

It is traditional to ask all the guests to bring contributions of food to the open house—that way, no one person has all the work, and each one feels as if someone else is giving the party! You might think that having each person contribute something would result in all fruitcake and no salad, but some obscure physical principle—plus a few discreet telephone calls—operates to insure a delicious and balanced variety.

"I'm making spiced beef," mother confides; "it's already out of the pickle." Mother's spiced beef—rosy, sliced thin as a poinsettia petal, and tucked into tiny hot buttered baking-powder biscuits—is standard holiday equipment in our family; as appetizers for a holiday party, these are bound to disappear rapidly.

SPICED BEEF—*Virginia Style:*

Mother starts her spiced beef 5 days ahead of the party. She gets out a crock or large bowl that is not metal and will easily hold a 5-pound piece of round of beef. If the butcher rolls and ties the meat, it will slice beautifully after it is cooked. Mix together 1½ ounces saltpeter (Mrs. Appleyard buys hers from the drugstore) and 1½ cups salt. Rub a little of this all over the beef. Put the CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

All the guests bring something from their store of Christmas baking.
The ham reigns supreme on the long maple dining table,
covered with an old-fashioned red-and-white cloth;
under the brown crust of the casserole there are succulent oysters;
slices of fruitcake and crisp Florentines join the candied applesauce, for dessert.



She heard the key turn on the other side of the door.

SCENT OF CLOVES

By NORAH LOFTS

CONCLUSION There followed some peaceful, ordinary days, during which Julia saw little of either Mynheer or Doctor Hootman. The latter's holiday was, Julia was given to understand, to combine a business errand, and in preparation for this the two men spent many hours in the library with books and papers spread before them.

Echo and Julia took over the duties which Doctor Hootman had relinquished. It was the first time that Julia had been in close contact with the huge, dumb Ethiopian, and her original feeling of pity for him gradually gave way to one of exasperation. He performed with clockwork regularity and precision all his actual duties, but he took no interest and never pretended to.

Doctor Hootman was to leave on a Thursday, in the morning. The Queen of the East sailed from Banda in the afternoon. The library that morning was deserted, the books and papers put away. In Pieter's room Echo sat with arms folded as usual, but Pieter was busily and happily employed applying some ready-mixed red paint in blobs and strokes to his collection of clay pots.

He rose, overturning the paintpot, and seized her hand. "Julie. Good morning. Look. Pretty."

"Very pretty."

Doctor Hootman came to the door that led into Pieter's bedroom, a shirt in his hand.

"Good morning, Mevrouw," he said. "I wanted to see you. I'm packing. Would you mind coming into Pieter's bedroom?"

"I'll come and paint with you in a moment," Julia said to Pieter. "Do one for me now. A pot for Julie. A pretty one."

Doctor Hootman's room lay beyond Pieter's and through the open doorway she could see his bed, with a little open valise on it. Doctor Hootman stood by the door that led into the garden.

"Mevrouw, I have a favor to ask of you. You and you alone can enable me to go away with any peace of mind."

"I'd do anything to contribute to that, Doctor Hootman. What do you want me to do?"

"Look after Pieter," he said with a peculiar urgency. "Echo is useless, worse than useless; he has a most undermining effect. Pieter holds out something and says 'Look' and he won't even move his eyes; to anyone like Pieter that is discouraging. It's as though he hit him."

"Oh, I will. I meant to anyway. I shall spend almost all my time with him."

"Thank you," he said. "It matters to me. Very much." His gaze slid away to the garden. "You see, I've devoted myself for eight long years to keeping a spark of something ——"

He broke off as Pieter came blundering into the bedroom, carrying a pot to which the paint had been so hastily applied that it was running off and dropping to the floor.

"Pretty. For Julie," he said, holding it out.

"You see? No control. No interest. Pieter, dirty! Dirty! Let it dry. Dirty Julie's dress. Dirty Julie's hands. Back on the table. To dry."

Slowly Pieter turned and ambled away.

"That is another thing, Mevrouw. I don't think this will happen—I hope not—but if he should on any account fall into a tantrum, don't let him throw himself about; and don't let Echo handle him roughly. Send for Mynheer." He brushed his hand over his forehead. "Really, I don't think I should have agreed to this. I should have refused."

"I think all this anxiety is really a sign that you need a holiday."

"I need a holiday. But there are many things I need more. I hope you can manage."

"I'm sure I can," she said.

That evening she and Mynheer dined alone for the first time. He remarked upon it, saying flatteringly that he preferred her company to all others', and having said that proceeded to talk as entertainingly as he had ever done at any party. Listening to him, fascinated, and now and again provoked to laughter, she took another step toward adulthood in the realization that it was possible to derive pleasure from the company of someone of whom one disapproved.

He ended a story concerning a native Bandanese, named Shal Ahmi, who had fooled everyone in the islands a few years earlier, and organized the only really successful slave revolt that had ever taken place; and then said, "Now tell me what you have been doing all day."

She had devoted her time to Pieter and somehow he had sensed—she thought—that he had been the center of extra attention. When she had left him he had clung to her and had lifted her hand and kissed it again and again, wet, slobbering kisses like a dog's, just saved from being distasteful by virtue of the otherwise inexpressible feeling which lay behind them.

"I do see," she said, when she had given a brief account of their activities that day, "that for purposes of concealment, Echo is perfect; but I don't suppose Pieter can understand that he *can't* talk to him, and Echo doesn't try. There's something flat and dead in the room when they're together. You can feel it when you go in."

"Yes; it is a pity. But anyone who could talk to Pieter could talk about him. Menials, I mean. And he must have an attendant."

After a moment's silence, he went on:

"You have become genuinely fond of my poor boy, have you not?"

"Oh, yes. He has some endearing ways, like a child, or a ——"

"Or what?"

Her face reddened. "I was about to say a dog. But not in any derogatory sense. I'm very fond of dogs. I always wanted one."

"My *dear* Julia! How many times have I told you to ask for anything, anything at all that you wanted? Why did you never ask?"

"I don't know. Well, for one thing I didn't know whether people did have dogs in the islands."

"Of course they do. What kind of dog would you like?"

"One of those small, long-eared spaniels," she said promptly. "Mevrouw Helmers, at the home, had one, so tiny she could carry it in her sleeve."

"You shall have one, as soon as possible. What a pity you didn't mention it sooner. Daan could have added it to his list of commissions. What shall you call it?"

"Charles."

"Oh. Yes, yes, of course. You know, Julia, your choice is very revealing."

Did he mean her choice of dog, or her choice of name?

Coloring again and avoiding his eyes, she asked, "In what way, Mynheer?"

"Women," said Mynheer in his smooth, conversational way, "can be divided into many different categories: plain or pretty; witty or dull; but the deepest division is between the maternal and the courtesan types; and what they *like* is the surest sign. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

Copyright © 1957 by Norah Lofts

The complete novel has recently been published by Doubleday & Co.

Christmas Collector's Items

FROM THE JOURNAL KITCHEN

STUART



Christmas-red fruit punch decked with holly for holiday toasting.

"Christmas for children—Christmas for us"—the most openhearted season of the year. Part of its magic is the hours the family shares in wrapping packages and trimming the tree. But Christmas is odors, too—fragrant, spicy ones of cakes and cookies baking, blended with the cool, tangy smell of pine, hemlock and fir.

For our collection this year, we've chosen a festive and gala group of good recipes for holiday toasting and feasting.

First, for toasting—a vibrant hot apple toddy, a sparkling cranberry punch that says "cheers" by the very look of it, and a smooth and gentle orange eggnog. Add something spirited if you like.

HOT APPLE TODDY: In a saucepan, mix together 1 quart apple juice, ⅓ cup dark brown sugar and ½ lemon, sliced. Bring to a boil. Simmer for 5 minutes. Add several dashes aromatic bitters. Serve warm in teacups. Makes 6–8 servings.

CRANBERRY PUNCH: Peel the rind thinly from 6 oranges and 6 lemons. Steep in 1 quart boiling water 10 minutes. Strain. Boil 2 pounds sugar in 1 quart water for 10 minutes. Squeeze the juice from the 6 oranges and 6 lemons you have peeled and add the juice of 6 more lemons. Add 1 cup cranberry-juice cocktail and 1 can crushed pineapple. Combine the liquids and pineapple, remembering that 3 quarts soda water are to be added just before serving. Serve ice-cold. Makes 6 quarts.

ORANGE EGGNOG: Beat 6 egg yolks until foamy and add slowly 1 can frozen orange-juice concentrate, thawed, the juice of 1 lemon and ½ teaspoon nutmeg, then 5 cups milk. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff and add slowly ½ cup sugar. Fold the whites into the other mixture and serve with a ladle from a really generous punch bowl.

Do you remember the cooky bake we had for some of our JOURNAL *children last year? This season we are going to have an old-fashioned taffy pull. We may not have a snowbank outside the door in which to cool the plates of taffy to just the right stage for pulling, but we'll have a sweet, buttery feast of:*

OLD-FASHIONED MOLASSES TAFFY: Melt ½ cup butter. Mix 2 cups sugar, 1¼ cups molasses, 1½ cups water in a large kettle. Pour in melted butter. Cook over low heat and stir till sugar is dissolved. Then cook rapidly at first, lowering heat as the mixture thickens, to prevent burning. Cook to hard ball in cold-water stage, 258° F., and pour into 3 greased pie plates. As edges cool, turn toward center with spatula, or edges will be hard before center is ready to pull. When cool enough to handle, grease hands slightly and pull candy until light in color and too hard to pull further. Stretch out in twisted rope about ½" or so in diameter. Cut with scissors before the candy gets too hard.

No holiday season would be complete without making at least one steamed pudding. We've given you dozens through the years. This one is fragrant with pineapple and studded with dates.

STEAMED PINEAPPLE-DATE PUDDING: Sift together 1½ cups flour, ¾ teaspoon baking soda, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon each allspice, cloves and cinnamon. Combine 1 cup finely chopped pitted dates and 2 tablespoons shortening with ½ cup boiling water and ½ cup pineapple syrup. Beat 1 egg well. Add ½ cup sugar and ½ cup well-drained crushed pineapple, mixing until well blended. Add date mixture, then sifted dry ingredients. Mix until flour is well moistened. Pour into a well-greased 5-cup pudding mold. Cover with foil or double thickness of waxed paper. Steam 1 hour and 45 minutes. Remove from pan and allow pudding to cool a few minutes before unmolding. Serve warm with hard sauce. Serves 8.

Christmas cookies or a homemade confection gaily wrapped and beribboned always bears the warmest of greetings; we'd like to add to your collection of gifts to make these wonderful crisp filbert cookies, glazed fruit and orange-sugared walnuts.

FILBERT COOKIES: Beat 4 egg whites and a pinch of salt until very soft peaks form. Then add 1½ cups sugar gradually, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition. Add 4 egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in ½ pound toasted and finely ground filberts, 2 tablespoons cinnamon and the grated rind of 1 lemon. Spoon out onto greased baking sheets several inches apart. Let stand, uncovered, overnight to dry. Bake in a slow oven, 325° F., for 6–8 minutes or until browned. They should be a light tan to gold color. Makes about 75 small cookies.

GLAZED FRUIT: Wash 1 pound dried apricots, cover with boiling water and let stand for 5 minutes. Drain and repeat. Then turn into a colander. Boil without stirring 2 cups sugar with 1 cup water and 1 tablespoon corn syrup to 275° F. by your candy thermometer. Put in about a dozen apricots at a time and simmer until the fruit seems rather transparent. Remove without disturbing the syrup unnecessarily. Drain on a wire cake rack. Repeat with the rest of the fruit. If the syrup becomes sugary, add a bit of boiling water. Roll fruit in confectioners' sugar and let dry on a tray. The same can be done with dried figs, peaches and prunes.

ORANGE-SUGARED WALNUTS: Boil 2 cups walnut halves 3 minutes. Toast lightly in a slow oven, 300° F. Mix 2 cups sugar, 10 tablespoons orange juice, the grated rind of 1 orange and ¼ teaspoon salt. Cook as a syrup to the soft-ball stage—or 238° F. if you use a thermometer. Stir around well and add the nuts. Stir slowly. Try not to break the nuts. At a certain point the syrup will begin to whiten and sugar off, as we say. Lift out the walnuts in their sugar coating with a fork, a piece at a time. Dry on waxed paper. Store in a tightly covered metal box.

Most of us cling to serving a traditional dessert for Christmas dinner itself, but like to come up with something different with a holiday touch when we entertain. Hot almond-flavored poached peaches decked with toasted almonds and served with an icy-cold raspberry-strawberry sauce are Christmasy looking and make a divine finale to almost any party menu you might plan. Equally good, if not so adaptable to all menus, is this hot mincemeat sauce for ice cream.

HOT PEACHES WITH FRUIT SAUCE: First, make the sauce: Partially thaw 1 package frozen raspberries and 1 package frozen strawberries. Break them up and buzz in the blender or purée until smooth. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 1 cup Melba sauce (you buy this in a jar). If you like, you may add 2 tablespoons Cointreau. Makes about 1 pint. Chill. When ready to serve, heat large canned cling-peach halves in their own syrup with a little almond flavoring. Sprinkle with toasted, slivered almonds and serve hot with the cold sauce. If you have a chafing dish, you might heat the peaches at the table.

MINCEMEAT SAUCE FOR ICE CREAM: Mix together 1½ cups canned mincemeat and 6 tablespoons frozen pineapple-grapefruit-juice concentrate, thawed, straight from the can, ¼ cup water and 3 tablespoons brown sugar. Bring to a boil. Add ½ cup chopped walnuts. Serve hot over ice cream. Makes about 2½ cups.

Christmas Eve is filled with enchantment from the first moment when the candles are lit till the church bells ring in the towers. But it's a busy time for all the family. A light supper is called for—we like a hot baked soup, hot French bread, a bountiful fruit salad with an exciting sweet-sour dressing, Christmas cookies and cups and cups of hot, fragrant tea or coffee.

BAKED SOUP: Mix 1 quart can of a good brand of turtle soup with 2 cans cream-of-pea soup and set the mixture to warm. Peel 1 cucumber and slice it lengthwise. Discard the seeds and leave only the fleshy part. Cut into chunks and sauté in butter until transparent. Add to the soup. This much could be done earlier in the day. Add 2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese and, if you wish, 2 tablespoons sherry. Whip ½ pint heavy cream until stiff. Spoon the cream on top of the hot soup and set in the oven till the cream browns. Serve with crisp French bread.

FRUIT SALAD WITH SWEET-SOUR DRESSING: Use whatever fruits are available—grapefruit, oranges, apples, grapes. Cut these up in the afternoon, sprinkle with lemon juice, add a little finely chopped celery and a can of pitted white cherries.

For the dressing: Mix in a saucepan ¾ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon celery seed and ⅓ cup vinegar. Boil gently until sugar is dissolved. Remove from heat. Cool. Add 1 cup salad oil and 1 tablespoon onion juice or finely grated onion. Put in a covered jar and keep in refrigerator. It will keep for a month. Whip up with a fork before serving.

And now, may your kitchen be as busy as ours with the happy doings of making Christmas merry!

NEW! HOT 'N HEARTY SOUPER SANDWICHES!

Delicious and easy...nutritious and inexpensive
...with 4-minute sauces made from *Campbell's Soups*





Chicken Sandwich with short-cut Chicken Sauce. Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup with ⅓ cup milk; heat. Serve over cooked chicken slices on buttered toast. Short-cut sauce for 4. P.S. Extra special good with spoonful of cranberry sauce or chopped toasted almonds.





Cheese Sandwich with tangy Tomato Sauce. Butter slices of toast; put slice of process cheese on each, broil or bake till cheese melts. Heat 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup. Pour on 4-5 sandwiches. P.S. Good with 1 tbsp. chopped pickle; or for pizza lovers, ¼ tsp. ground oregano.





Ham Sandwich with creamy Celery Sauce. Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup with ½ cup milk; heat. Serve over sliced cooked ham on slices of buttered toast. This short-cut sauce serves 4-6. P.S. Season sauce with 2 tbsp. chopped dill pickle or 1 tbsp. chopped parsley.





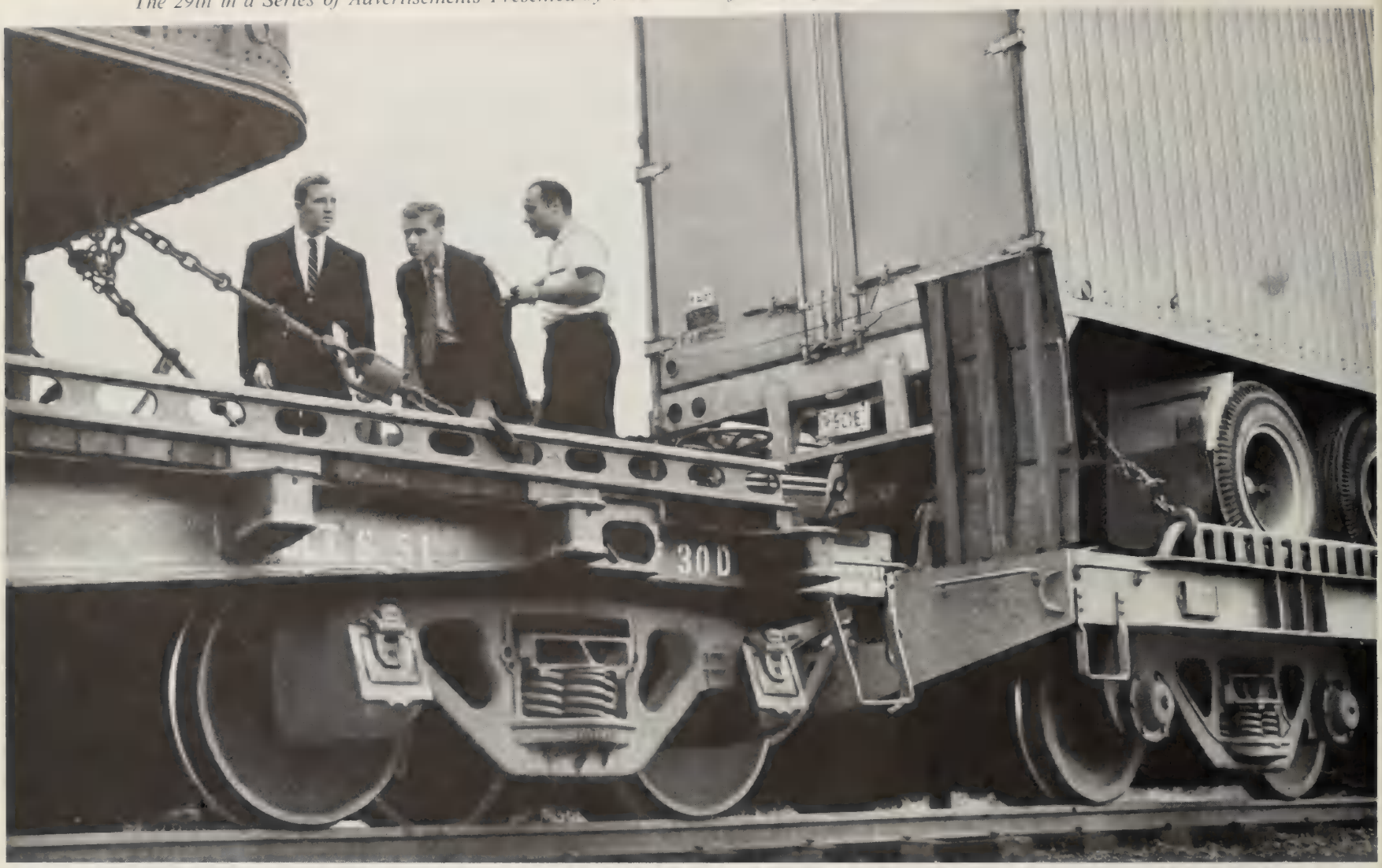
Beef Sandwich with minute Mushroom Sauce. Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup with ½ cup milk; heat. Serve over slices of cooked beef on buttered toast. Serves 4-6. P.S. Season with 1 tsp. prepared horseradish, or 2 tbsp. chopped onion browned in 1 tbsp. butter.

Good cooks cook with *Campbell's Soups*



Thrifty, quick—
Adds flavor too!
Soup makes a
SOUPER cook of you!

The 29th in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide America's Children to a Better Future



Keeping alert to innovations that can facilitate shipping is an important part of a traffic manager's job. Here, two industrial traffic managers get first-hand information about a recently developed system for shipping cargo-laden trucking company trailers by rail. Trailers return to the highway for delivery of their cargoes to final destinations.

Should your child be a Traffic Manager?

by GEORGE P. BAKER

Professor of Transportation, Harvard Business School, President, Transportation Association of America

(As told to DONALD ROBINSON)

WIDE-WINGED PLANES racing through the skies. Mighty trains roaring down the tracks. Powerful trucks dashing along the nation's highways. Hefty ships cutting through ocean waves and inland waters. Every moment of every day they are on the go, carrying goods from place to place.

Transportation is a huge, $100-billion-dollar-a-year industry in the United States today. And it is still growing. In 1939, American transportation men handled 543.5 billion ton-miles of freight. In 1956, the total was over 1,350 billion ton-miles. By 1960, the figure is expected to be 1,750 billions.

There is a key man in this dynamic field—the industrial traffic manager. He helps keep freight moving speedily, safely, punctually. He sees to it that raw materials reach the factories, that finished products arrive at the markets, that you and I get the things we need when we need them.

His is among the most interesting, constructive assignments in all industry. It is no accident that industrial traffic managers rarely switch careers.

Just look at the absorbing duties a traffic manager for an industrial concern has. The movement of all goods to and from his company's plants is under his personal direction. Should a shipment be sent by road, rail, water, air, or pipeline? It is his decision. Which route should be traveled? It is up to him. What carrier should be awarded the multi-thousand-dollar business? He says.

No simple task this. Not when you consider that, to do it well, a man must know every type of transportation service thoroughly, and be able to make his way through countless freight classifications, rates and routes, plus thousands of intricate local, state and federal transportation regulations.

The industrial traffic manager has lots of other stimulating functions, too. Real detective work like tracing lost shipments, for example. Processing damage claims. Auditing bills which can run into millions of dollars. Leasing port and terminal facilities for cargo. Handling insurance questions.

There's more: Many companies operate their own fleets of trucks, tanks and freight cars, barges, and even planes. Whether or not to do so is the traffic man's problem.

If he is qualified, the traffic manager may be called upon to appear at formal hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission, or other regulatory bodies, and argue his company's case in rate matters.

In addition, some traffic men are responsible for packaging, loading and warehousing. They have much to do with the selection of new plant sites, too.

As you can see, a traffic manager is a pivotal person in his company. He works closely with the production department to set shipping schedules that jibe with manufacturing programs. He sits in with the purchasing department to determine quantities that can be transported most economically. He cooperates with the sales department in the development of new marketing areas.

A good man can save his company a vast amount of money. Not long ago, a man I know of took over as traffic manager for a manufacturer of "assemble-it-yourself" furniture. He did some careful research into freight classifications and came up with a bright new idea.

"For years," he said to the owner of the company, "you have been shipping your nuts and bolts and your wooden parts in the same crates. Let's ship them separately from now on."

"Sounds crazy to me," his boss said. "Why?"

"Because they have different freight classifications. If we ship them separately, we can get the benefit of the lower rates on the nuts and bolts."

His plan was adopted. It is saving his firm $280,000.

Inasmuch as some industries spend almost forty percent of their sales income on outbound freight, you can

e the significance of reduced transportation costs. And ıe importance of the traffic managers who achieve them.

I must admit that traffic managers have not always ood high in industry.

They did when they first came into existence. That was the early days of railroads, last century. There was no gulation of freight rates, and each concern had to ake its own bargains with the various railroads. It red a specialist to do the negotiating and a good one as worth his weight in gold.

However, after the passage of federal legislation in 87, regulating freight rates, it was widely felt that othing much was left for traffic managers to do. Their ature often dwindled to that of minor shipping clerks.

Now times have changed again. With the evolution of odern, competitive means of transportation—trucks, rplanes, barge lines—industry has come to realize ore and more that traffic management is a science hich it cannot afford to neglect.

Today, traffic managers enjoy considerable esteem d influence. More and more of them rank as vice esidents of their companies. They have sizable staffs der them and they are paid accordingly.

Lately, a survey was made of the salary scales among dustrial traffic managers. It was learned that many ding traffic managers receive salaries of around 0,000 a year. In the chemical and petroleum indus- es salaries of $25,000 to $30,000 are common.

Traffic managers count heavily outside of their own mpanies. In moments of crisis, the government in- riably turns to them for help. During World War II d the Korean War, many did yeoman service in ashington, transferring raw materials to war plants d getting munitions and troops to the battlefields.

know of one traffic manager who was awarded the partment of Defense Citation for Exceptional Civilian rvice in the Korean War.

Nor is that all. The views of traffic men are sought in te capitols and in Washington and they play a crucial e in setting government transportation policy. Their ws are often worked out in the National Industrial ffic League, a shipper association with high prin- les and fine traditions, and in the Transportation sociation of America which gets men from all forms transport and shippers and investors to sit down und a table and work out common problems of ional significance.

Traffic management has other advantages to the ng person seeking a career. The hours are regular. rking conditions are pleasant. You often travel far l wide. You usually have job security. Chances for motion are excellent.

Best of all, I can truthfully report that traffic manage- nt has graduated from the level of an occupation to prestige heights of a profession. Traffic men have a ndid code of ethics—adopted through the endeavors he American Society of Traffic and Transportation the transportation fraternity, Delta Nu Alpha—and have immeasurably upgraded the academic, char- r and other qualifications important for employment he field.

Traffic men like to get together. There are a tremen- s number of active traffic clubs which give young a chance to meet others in their profession and uss their common problems. This kind of activity g with the valuable educational activities of Delta Alpha and the American Society of Traffic and nsportation offers remarkable opportunity for a ng man's development.

pportunities for jobs are almost limitless. Industry ying for competent, trained traffic managers. A real tage exists.

is worth noting that half of the 267,000 factory rprises in the United States still do not employ a ic manager. This means that a really ambitious ng man, with a few years' experience, has an open l in front.

bviously, traffic management has a darker side to picture. A newcomer must recognize that he is not g to become a millionaire. Although wages can be e than comfortable, they are not astronomical. Furthermore, the first years may be pretty much of a grind. While you are learning the business, a great deal of routine work has to be done.

You'll also be irked to find that the name "traffic manager" is often used much too lightly in industry. Too frequently it is given to shipping clerks and others whose jobs don't warrant it.

This cannot be denied either. Once you get to be a traffic manager, you may well not go farther, though of course many do.

Where do girls fit into the industrial traffic management picture?

Opportunities are ample for them. Certainly the climb will be steeper for them than it is for boys. That is the case in most lines. Nevertheless, many girls are now in the field. A number have attained the top and are highly respected for their accomplishments.

Already there are more than fifty women's traffic clubs in the country. The Women's Traffic Club of New York alone has 500 members.

You ask what manner of youngster would do well in industrial traffic management? Unquestionably, he (or she) must have an ingrained love for transportation. He could well be the kind of boy who couldn't stop playing with model trains—or planes.

In my opinion, the boy thinking of industrial traffic management as a career should like geography; he will need to know the nation's maps inside out; have an excellent memory—he'll want it for memorizing rates and routes. Be adept at figures. Be a good logical talker. Be an affable, tactful type who gets along well with other people; personal contacts carry immense weight in this business.

Since he may be purchasing millions of dollars worth of transportation, he should be the type of boy who knows how to spend money wisely and who likes to shop around before he buys things.



In addition to their own company affiliations, most traffic managers belong to various clubs and associations where mutual problems are discussed. Above, at an executive meeting of the New York Commerce and Industry Association's Transportation Council, are traffic managers of some of America's leading corporations.

There is no set preparation for a post as an industrial traffic manager. A man with only a high school education can qualify, provided he's had enough practical experience. The careers of many distinguished traffic men attest to that. However, most companies now prefer college graduates.

It is best for a man to have had four years of college or its equivalent when he takes the Interstate Commerce Commission examination to be licensed to argue cases before that agency.

College should not be too much of a financial strain. Boys and girls can work their way through, and scholarships are available for the smarter ones. A drive is on right now to get industrial concerns to underwrite scholarships for young people interested in a transportation career.

I would suggest a general college education, rather than a purely business course. I have found that the man with a broad background and wide interests is generally best fitted for all aspects of life including business. If it is financially practicable, I feel that a young man would be wise to take a four-year general course and go on to a graduate school of business where he could specialize in transportation. Or he can go to one of the many colleges which offer a general educational course for two years and a business administration course for the last two.

A boy who can't get the money for full-time college can go to school after work. Most of the larger universities give night courses in traffic management. In many big cities he can also attend traffic institutes, sponsored by the transportation organizations, and study under traffic management "pros." Through such means, he can obtain the technical knowledge necessary to pass the I.C.C. examination and the examination for membership in the American Society of Traffic and Transportation, which will allow him to use the coveted designation following his name, "Member, A.S.T. & T."

One more point has to be made before I finish. Industry is not the only field for a traffic manager. He might be employed by a chamber of commerce or a board of trade. He might even have his own firm. In these capacities he would act as a consultant to both industry and carriers on transportation problems. If he prefers, he may move over from the buying side of transportation to the selling side in the "sales" or traffic department of a carrier organization, although the transfer usually works the other way.

All of these fields are admirable professions. No matter which a young man enters, he can be sure of an interesting, stimulating career—and the reward of knowing that he is helping to give his country the finest transportation system in the world.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Traffic Managing is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science, Librarianship, the Armed Forces, Engineering, Food Retailing *and* Medical Technology. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

NEW YORK LIFE
Insurance Company
51 Madison Ave., Dept. 29-J, New York 10, N. Y.

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know
Copyright 1957, New York Life Insurance Company

SCENT OF CLOVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

maternal type likes things small, the courtesan type had a preference for large things. You, my dear Julia, are an outstanding example of the maternal type. The afflicted boy, the little dog, they make an appeal to you." He smiled. "But to poor Nicolas, handsome, healthy and head over ears in love with you, you could be, and were, quite cruel."

"I tried not to be, Mynheer. I didn't want him to fall in love with me. When he said he had, I discouraged him as gently as possible."

"Why?"

"Because, although I liked him, I didn't love him. And I bore in mind that I am married."

"Yes," said Mynheer, his voice grown heavy. "You are married. I will say this, Julia, sincerely and from my heart: your acceptance of an intolerable situation has, from the beginning, filled me with admiration. I told you once that you would find me not ungrateful. Were you blind to what I offered you?"

It was one of those dangerous questions to which either "yes" or "no" was an answer which gave recognition to what lay behind the question. She parried it feebly.

"I don't think I understand you. Everything you have given me I have accepted gratefully."

"I didn't say given; I said offered. I'm not heartless, Julia. I was obliged to find Pieter a wife. All these years I have presented a picture of him to the world, disfigured, misanthropic, but *normal;* and normal men, especially when they are heirs to great estates, have wives. I deliberately chose a Company's Daughter because I felt that a girl who had known some privation in her youth would more easily find some compensation in the comforts and small luxuries which I could offer; but I *knew*, very well, that in the end they would be inadequate. I brought Nicolas here deliberately, knowing that he would fall in love with you. I hoped that you would fall in love with him and accept from him all that Pieter could not give you—the pleasure of love, the joy of motherhood. Don't be embarrassed by this plain speaking; I am old enough in years to be your father. Dear Julia, why did you refuse?"

"Mynheer, one cannot be in love to order."

"Tell me this, then. On the day when you arrived in Banda, if Nicolas had met you, if he had been your husband—what then?"

"I often thought of that. It would have been my duty to love him, or to behave as though I did."

He gave her a long, hard look. "So you did at least consider it?"

"Yes. Nicolas was always very charming to me. He said he loved me. I thought about it. Any woman would have done."

Mynheer put out one of his slender, well-kept hands and laid it over hers.

"My dear," he said earnestly, "think again. You have behaved impeccably. In Pieter you have no husband; from him you will have no child. You are young now; you do not realize the measure of your loss, but it *is* a loss. Nicolas is deeply, genuinely in love with you. He has given proof of that; he has dared to write to his father saying that he will not honor his betrothal. That surprises you?"

"No. He spoke of it and I tried to dissuade him. I was appalled by the thought of his angering his family and spoiling his whole future on account of a passing fancy."

"It is not," said Mynheer, "a passing fancy. I can assure you of that. And Nicolas' future can be safely left to me. His father has other sons. Nicolas could remain here. In everything but name you could be husband and wife. Of what account, Julia, is a bit of ceremony, when set beside a real, overwhelming passion?"

None, she thought; knowing that if things had worked out as Doctor Hootman had foretold, she would have gone to Charles without hesitation.

She could see Mynheer waiting for an answer. She said slowly, "Mynheer, I hope that what you call an overwhelming passion will prove to be mere boyish infatuation. But in any case, the sincerity of Nicolas' feelings does not affect mine."

He withdrew his hand. *Now he is angry*, she thought, and braced herself.

"Well," he said, folding his hands together, "you're honest and sincere. Will you, just for a moment, look at it from another point of view? Mine."

She saw him change color; his yellow-gray complexion turned grayer and all the lines in his face seemed to deepen and darken.

"This family," he said, "is old, honorable. A long, unbroken line. Today you have been painting pots with Pieter Vosmar, the last of that line. I am to blame. I invited the curse and it fell." He unfolded his hands and took hold of the edge of the table, leaning forward. "Julia, you are my only hope. Give me a bud to graft onto this barren stock. Let me once hold your child in my arms ——"

He broke off; a frightening change took place in his face. Little blobs of foam formed at the corners of his mouth. Apparently conscious of them, he snatched up his table napkin and pressed it to his lips, saying through the muffle of the linen, "Nothing . . . trifling indisposition . . . leave me . . . go!"

She had jumped up and stood indecisive. She could remember Mevrouw Helmers saying in her bright airy way, "And then you *may* have fits to deal with. The symptoms are ——"

The symptoms she had listed so blithely bore a horrid similarity to what was happening to Mynheer. His whole body arched and strained as though it were in the grip of two maniac hands twisting against each other. His teeth clamped down in a rigor which held the table napkin firm after his hands had fallen away to clench on empty air.

And then, just as suddenly as it had set in, it was over. His teeth loosened and the table napkin fell to his knee. He gave a great sigh, his whole body relaxed and the perspiration broke out over his face.

But he was indomitable. With a shaking hand he lifted the napkin and mopped at his face and neck.

"This is nothing. Don't be frightened." He breathed as though he had been running.

"Can I do . . . or get you anything?"

"Glass of water, please."

She poured it and would have held it for him, but he insisted upon taking the glass himself. When he had drained it he said, more steadily:

"I'm sorry, Julia. It happens if I let my . . . emotions get the upper hand." He managed a ghastly smile. "You see how much it means to me. Think about it."

Terrified of provoking a further attack, she said, "Yes, I will. I'll think about it."

They did not meet again until dinnertime of the next evening. Mynheer appeared to be fully recovered. Julia, after another night spent in agonized indecision, had the worst headache of her life. Amusing Pieter during the afternoon had taxed her fortitude to its limit and she longed to creep away to her room and lie down in the dark; but to do so would look like evasion and merely postpone the evil moment.

Mynheer, just as on the previous evening, chatted, courteously, entertainingly. At last Pluto, moving noiselessly as a shadow, placed the fruit bowls and the decanters on the table and withdrew. *This is the moment*, she thought. It was like being on the gallows, with the noose round her neck and the cart under her feet about to pull away.

"You slept badly?" Mynheer's voice was kind and solicitous.

"I didn't sleep at all."

"Poor Julia. Try a little brandy. Believe me, it is the best restorative."

He poured some into a glass and handed to her. She lifted it. The scent of it had start its evocative business before the liquid tilted her lips. She set the glass down. She was conscious that it was brandy which Char had given her that day on the path, or tha was this brandy, poured by Mynheer, whi had, by its mere scent, called him so vividly mind. She only knew that now, all at once, s was certain.

"I have thought," she said, so firmly th she was surprised by the sound of her voi "I tried to look at it from your point of vie Mynheer. But I know that even if I sai would, in the end I shouldn't, so it's best say so."

There was a long silence. Out of the f from a great distance away, Mynheer sa kindly, sincerely, "Don't distress yours Julia. I'm very much disappointed. But decision was yours to make, after all."

Such calm acceptance, the last thing she expected, broke down all her defenses. S put her head in her hands and began to c Mynheer rose and came round the table, an arm around her shoulders and with other hand stroked her hair.

"I've been inconsiderate," he said. "I ask too much of you. Poor Julia, poor little gi

His kindness filled her with a sense of gu

"I would have done it, if I could. I trie she gulped out.

"I know. Don't think any more about it.

He helped her to the door of her ro snapped out an order to Juno, bade her g night and went away.

She lay in the bed, soothed by the m ments of Juno's firm brown hands, feelin though she were recovering from a long serious illness. She had made the right deci and Mynheer was not even angry. Her pe ful thoughts merged into sleep.

She began to dream again. This time it a happy dream. She was wearing a new d white sprigged with green, and she was p ing with Pieter, not in his private garden near the rose pergola at the back of the ho Doctor Hootman came walking under clusters of flowers and said, "Pieter, fetch J one of your pots."

She woke with his words ringing in her e It was dark in the room. Juno had put the candles and stolen away. A feeling of sharp terror laid hold of her. She lay and membered everything that Doctor Hoot had said—that Mynheer would not let one stand in his way, with the world full of g

Somehow, in some uncanny way, Myn had known that Doctor Hootman was friend, so he had been sent away. She alone here, and helpless. Even at this mon Mynheer might be coming near, intent u smothering her as she slept.

I can't, she thought, *just lie here, wai* She forced her clammy quivering finger make a light, and then, carrying the ca went into the sitting room whose door le the cloister. It was closed, as usual, but locked, though there was a key. She turne and then, after several minutes' stru dragged up a small heavy chest. As she tu at it she thought, *And I won't be pois either; I shall eat and drink only at the where he is, and only of what he is sharing*

Almost at once, with this resolution n and the chest looking oddly out of plac the door, she had another change of fee *All this is mad*, she thought. *Between Myn and Doctor Hootman I've been driven ou my mind.*

The night's thoughts and actions see crazier than ever in the morning, with the spilling great golden patches on the floor Juno bringing in the silver tray with clouded beaker of cold fruit juice, the p painted teapot, the flowered cup. Neve less, she made an excuse to send the wo away, and when she had gone emptied beaker and most of the tea down the s which took the water when she bathed.

When she was dressed she went alon Pieter's room where Echo was keeping w but doing nothing more.

"What would you like to do this mor Pieter?" she asked.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



FOR A HEALTHY, HAPPY BABY...
Hankscraft®
APPROVED BABY HELPS

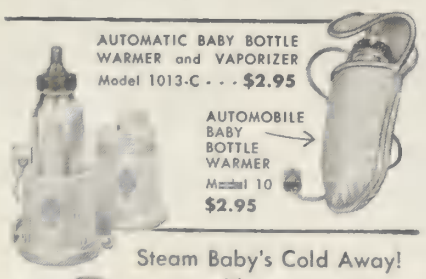
Modern mothers everywhere use the safe, dependable Hankscraft way to care for their babies. No fuss — no bother — it's all automatic. Insist on Hankscraft—best for your new baby. At baby shops, drug, department and appliance stores everywhere.



Automatic 8-Bottle
STERILIZER and FORMULA SET

For regular sterilization or the terminal method — sterilizes bottles, nipples, caps and formula in one easy operation. Shuts off automatically. Bottles not included.

Model 201 (Complete Set) **$12.95** Other models $6.75 to $15.95



AUTOMATIC BABY BOTTLE WARMER and VAPORIZER
Model 1013-C - - - **$2.95**

AUTOMOBILE BABY BOTTLE WARMER
Model 10
$2.95

Steam Baby's Cold Away!
with an automatic
HANKSCRAFT VAPORIZER



. . . Doctors recommend steam for colds. Operates all night on one filling; shuts off automatically when water is gone.

Model 202-A - - - - **$6.95**
Other models $3.95 to $12.95

Hankscraft
America's Favorite Baby Line
THE HANKSCRAFT CO. • REEDSBURG, WIS.

NEXT MONTH

"The sound of those loud kisses seemed to go on and on in my ears; but that was nothing to the way I watched how Mlle. Zizi would catch at Eliot as he went by, and he would kiss her hand or her arm, sometimes her mouth."

● Rumer Godden's new novel is the story of five English children and the cocoon of excitement into which they spun themselves in a few weeks at a little French hotel.

THE GREENGAGE SUMMER

a new serial beginning in the January JOURNAL

When you're suffering from the fever and pain of

Colds or Asiatic Flu...



BAYER® Aspirin Makes You Feel Better – Fast!

Fever, sore throat, headache, backache, muscular aches and pains—all are characteristics, not only of the common cold, but of highly contagious Asiatic Flu. And at the first indication of any of these symptoms, you should:

1. **Get in touch with your doctor**
2. **Get as much bed rest as possible**
3. **Drink lots of fruit juice**
4. **Take Bayer Aspirin to reduce the fever and relieve the pain**

The importance of taking Bayer Aspirin at the first sign of a cold or Asiatic Flu cannot be over-emphasized. Both diseases, if neglected, can cause you serious trouble ... Asiatic Flu especially ... for it not only spreads with insidious speed, but can lead to pneumonia.

Bayer Aspirin makes you feel better fast because it relieves aches and pains with astonishing speed and quickly reduces fever as well.

We believe your doctor or public health official will tell you that Bayer Aspirin brings the relief you need from painful discomforts of colds or Asiatic Flu.

Remember—three years of painstaking research confirms that Bayer brings the *fastest* relief ... the *fastest*, most *gentle-to-the-stomach* relief you can get.

NEW

BAYER® NASAL SPRAY

WITH NEO-SYNEPHRINE®



As personal as your toothbrush!

Comes in containers of different colors, so everyone in your family can have his own. Thus it

Offers greater protection against spread of infection than any other nasal spray!

Coats swollen nasal membranes with a soothing spray that shrinks swelling, relieves nasal congestion.

Sweeps away stuffiness ... dries up runny nose ... relieves head cold miseries ...

Has you breathing freely again—fast!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

"Beads," he said positively. He had a large number of them, big solid beads of many colors, bored with holes large enough to be threaded, without a needle, on lengths of lightly waxed string. He never strung them haphazardly, but with great care, naming each color as he threaded the bead: "White one . . . now red . . . green one."

As usual, all he made was for her. "Pretty for Julie." When, toward the middle of the morning, Mynheer came in, she was wearing a necklace of red, white and green, one of red and green and one of red and white. Pieter was breathing hard over a fourth, a green-and-white one.

Looking at Mynheer cautiously, she saw that he did not look well. But he spoke with cheerful kindness:

"Good morning, my dear. I trust you slept well. Hullo, Pieter; you're busy."

"Pretty for Julie," said Pieter.

"Very pretty." Mynheer turned to Echo. "You can go and get your dinner while I'm here. I'll send for you when I want you."

He came near the table and just touched Julia's beads with the tip of his finger.

"He does choose colors well," he said.

There was something rather pitiable in the way in which Mynheer was trying to find something in Pieter's favor.

Mynheer sat down, and after watching Pieter's fumbling yet persistent efforts for a moment said, "Oh, Julia, do something for me, will you? On the top shelf in the library there are some black books, numbered. I want number three. The steps are in position, you won't have to search. I don't feel like climbing this morning."

She went into the library and climbed the steps. The books were there. She found number three, and was balancing with it, and prepared to descend when she heard Pieter scream. The noise was nothing like that which he had made on the evening of Charles' visit. It was a shrill cry of sheer animal pain and terror. Then, in the same piercing voice, he called, "Julie! Julie!"

She threw down the book, scrambled from the steps and ran across the library. She pushed the heavy door and stood on its threshold for a second, immobilized by horror and disbelief. Pieter cowered in his chair, trying to protect his head. Mynheer stood over him, raining down blows with the cane.

She was across the floor, and had Mynheer's arm in both her hands, bearing down on it with all her force and weight, in the time it took her to think that he had gone mad. Nothing else could account for the insensate fury of the unprovoked attack.

Pieter, who had screamed each time the cane struck him, broke into a dismal whimper.

"That's just a start," said Mynheer a trifle breathlessly. "If I must, I'll beat him to death. Stand over there and watch."

"Mynheer," she said, "you're not well. You don't know what you're doing."

"Don't talk to me as though I were an idiot too! Stand back before I hit him again."

She took a pace backward. As she did so, Pieter, still holding his hands over his head, crouched low, scuttled across to her and pushed his face into her skirt. Red weals were coming up where the cane had hit him, and one of his ears was bleeding.

She put both hands on his shoulders and said, "It's all right, Pieter."

"Now you can listen to me," said Mynheer. "So far I've given him a flick or two with this light cane, but as God is in heaven, I swear I'll beat him until he is dead unless you give me your word to do what I want you to. I hate him. I always have. I've never looked at his ugly face without wanting to smash it in. And now I will—and you will watch it I have to tie you in a chair!"

Against her knees Pieter burrowed, whimpering. She looked down at him, and then into Mynheer's bulging eyes.

"You know I'd bear [illegible] grandchildren rather than see Pieter hurt," she said.

But Pieter had been hurt, and she had been tricked. Anger as well as acknowledgment of defeat moved in her; and a desire to hurt him.

"I only hope," she said, "that the Vosmar madness won't come out in Nicolas' child."

"You dare say that to me!" said Mynheer. He stepped forward, raised his hand and slapped her face, twice. He had to reach over Pieter to do it, but the blows were heavy enough to bring stinging tears to her eyes.

Between them Pieter lumbered to his feet. "Bad!" he said. "Bad. Hit Julie." He began to shamble forward, his head lowered, his heavy hands swinging.

"Keep away from me," cried Mynheer, raising his cane. But Pieter kept on.

Just too late Julie called, "Pieter. No!" Mynheer had lashed out, hitting Pieter across the face, and Pieter gave a great bellow of rage which drowned her voice. Bellowing, he put his hands around Mynheer's throat and began to shake him. Mynheer's feet chattered on the floor and then slipped. His fall brought Pieter down, too, but the puffy, limp-looking hands did not loose their hold.

Julia ran forward and took Pieter by the collar, crying, "Pieter. No. No. Pieter, stop."

It was like trying to restrain, trying to talk to a gorilla.

"Bad! Bad! Hurt Julie! Bad!" said Pieter, at each word lifting Mynheer a little way from the floor and smashing him down again.

She let go the collar, ran to the bell pull and tore at it, and then ran shouting to the door. She threw it open and found herself face to face with Doctor Hootman. Except that he wore a hat, had a two-day growth of beard and carried his little valise, he might have been returning from one of his casual strolls.

It Takes Two - - -



YOU

and

The Salvation Army

to make a

Happy Christmas for All

"They're killing each other " she screamed and jumped aside so that he could rush past her. By the time she had followed him back into the room he had his arms hooked into Pieter's elbows and had dragged him clear.

Pieter gave himself meekly into the hands of accustomed authority.

"Bad. Hurt Julie," he said once more. And then, with bright recognition, "Good morning, Doctor Daan." He put his hand to his bleeding ear, looked at his fingers and said in a tone of rebuke, "Dirty. Dirty."

Doctor Hootman was on his knees by the broken thing that lay on the floor. He opened Mynheer's frilled shirt, laid a hand on his breast, held it there for a minute and withdrew it.

"Nothing can be done about *that*," he said, getting to his feet. "Mevrouw, sit down"—he caught her as she swayed—"put your head on your knees." She felt his hand on the nape of her neck, bearing down. She heard him say, "Pieter, go in the garden. Garden. Get some flowers. Go and get some flowers for Julia."

Doctor Hootman's voice never lost its patient insistence, but she heard him give a sigh of relief as Pieter went lunging away.

"Mevrouw, are you feeling better? Stay as you are. I think I have some brandy here." She heard him moving about. Then he said, "Here, drink this."

She lifted her head and said helplessly, "I can't," and began to cry.

"That's right. Have a good cry. You'll feel better afterward."

He set the brandy within reach of her and went over to what lay on the floor. He stooped, and took from Mynheer's pocket the chain of keys, and then took out his own, a mere two or three held together by a leather strap.

Mopping at her streaming eyes, Julia watched him weighing the two lots of keys against each other. With a sudden movement he opened one of the drawers in the table, the drawer in which he kept a few of his personal belongings, and tossed the leather-held keys into it. The others he slipped into his pocket. Then he came over to her and asked kindly:

"Better now?"

She nodded. As soon as she thought her voice was to be trusted she said, "I thought you had gone to Macassar."

"So did I," said Doctor Hootman dryly. "So did he! But Nicolas was supposed to board the ship at Lonthoir. When there was no sign of him I disembarked. I realized that I—that we had been outwitted. Well, he'll never trick anyone again."

"Oh, don't!"

"It must have been very distressing for you. Oh, dear! How quick it can be about some things," he said, as Pieter, clutching a few crushed flowers, came blundering in. He laid them in Julia's lap.

"Thank you very much indeed, Pieter."

"I must bestir myself," Doctor Hootman said. "There's a great deal to do. Do you feel able to get to your room, Mevrouw? Then go and lie down. Just leave everything to me."

She stood up. She had to pass the place where the dead man lay, and though she meant not to look that way some kind of fascination made her, at the last moment, turn her head.

Doctor Hootman was spreading his handkerchief over the dead face.

At the head of the table Mynheer's chair was empty. Otherwise everything was as usual. Pluto, with his expressionless, trained-house-slave face, brought in the dishes. It was difficult to realize that Mynheer was not merely dining in Banda.

There was, however, one slight difference. Tonight Julia wore the dress in which she had arrived: the plain, dull, serviceable garment with which every Company's Daughter was supplied. And tonight she wore no jewels.

"Good evening, Mevrouw," said Doctor Hootman, taking his accustomed place. "I trust that you feel rested and restored."

"Yes, I do, thank you," she said.

He had been, she thought, wonderfully considerate. She had gone to her room and had sat there, sick and shivering, for half an hour. Then Doctor Hootman had come along, with a glass in his hand, saying that he imagined she would welcome a sedative. She had taken it and slept all through the afternoon.

"If you are agreeable," said Doctor Hootman, "we will wait upon ourselves. There are several things to be settled, and not much time. Very well, Pluto, you may go." As the door closed he said, "It is remarkable, though not, perhaps, surprising, that the tragedy has been accepted with such calm. Rua has always run as though by machinery."

"It would be hypocrisy for me to pretend to any grief," she said.

"Exactly. No doubt everybody feels the same—to some degree. Of course if Pieter were capable of occupying that chair, some show of mourning would be expedient."

"How *is* Pieter? I should have gone along to see him, but I slept so long."

"He is somewhat shaken. Not by the thought of what he did—he seems to have forgotten that. But he cried when I dressed the wound on his ear and showed signs of very considerable disturbance. Of course nobody has ever struck him before in his life. What happened, Mevrouw?"

She told him. At the end she said, "I don't know why, but it all seems to have happened much longer ago than this morning."

"You have slept. And your mind is putting up its own defense. If I could I would spare you all exertion and say leave everything to me, but there are things which I am forced to discuss with you because I need your help. With the funeral."

"You know best about such things."

"Ah, but this is no ordinary funeral!" He looked from his now-empty plate to her untouched one. "Mevrouw, you have eaten nothing!"

"I'm not hungry. I don't think I shall ever be hungry again."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

They got what they wanted...

a real ROY ROGERS Christmas!



Where to buy real ROY ROGERS togs and toys

(Featured at boys' and toy depts.)

AKRON, OHIO	A. Polsky Co.
ATLANTA, GA.	Davison's Augusta, Athens, Macon, Columbus
	Rich's, Inc.
BALTIMORE, MD.	Hutzler's
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.	Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
BOSTON, MASS.	Jordan Marsh Co.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.	Abraham & Straus Garden City, Hempstead, Babylon, L. I.
CHARLOTTE, N.C.	J. B. Ivey & Co.
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.	Loveman's, Inc.
CHICAGO, ILL.	The Fair (All Stores)
CINCINNATI, OHIO	The H & S Pogue Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO	The Higbee Co.
COLUMBIA, S.C.	Davison's
COLUMBUS, OHIO	F & R Lazarus Co.
CONNELSVILLE, PA.	The Troutman Co. Du Bois, Pa.
DALLAS, TEXAS	Sanger Bros. Titche-Goettinger Co.
DAVENPORT, IOWA	M. L. Parker Co.
DAYTON, OHIO	The Elder & Johnston Co. Rike-Kumler Co.
DENVER, COLO.	May Co.
FT. WORTH, TEXAS	Stripling's
FT. WAYNE, IND.	Wolf & Dessauer
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.	Wurzburg Co.
HARRISBURG, PA.	Pomeroy's, Inc.
HOUSTON, TEXAS	Foley's
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.	Wm. H. Block Co.
JAMAICA, N.Y.	Gertz, Inc. Flushing, Hicksville, L. I.
KANSAS CITY, MO.	Baird-Whitmer Macy's
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.	Pfeifers of Arkansas
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.	May Co. (All Stores) J. W. Robinson Co. Downtown & Beverly Hills
LOUISVILLE, KY.	Kaufman-Straus
MEMPHIS, TENN.	J. Goldsmith & Sons B. Lowenstein
MIAMI, FLA.	Jordan Marsh Richard's
MILWAUKEE, WIS.	Gimbel Bros. Schuster's (All Stores)
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.	L.S. Donaldson
MT. CLEMENS, MICH.	Priehs Dept. Store
NASHVILLE, TENN.	Harvey's
NEWARK, N.J.	L. Bamberger & Co.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	Maison Blanche
NEW YORK CITY	Gimbel Bros. Macy's New York
OMAHA, NEB.	J. L. Brandeis & Sons
PEORIA, ILL.	Block & Kuhl Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	Gimbel Bros.
PITTSBURGH, PA.	Gimbel Bros. Kaufmann's
PORTLAND, ORE.	Meier & Frank Co.
PROVIDENCE, R.I.	The Outlet Co.
RICHMOND, VA.	Thalhimer's Bros.
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.	Weinstock-Lubin & Co.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH	ZCMI
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS	Joske's of Texas Gulfgate
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.	The Marston Co.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.	Macy's, California Hillsdale, San Rafael, Richmond, Valley Fair, Bay Fair
	The White House (Raphael Weill Co.)
SEATTLE, WASH.	The Bon Marche Northgate
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.	Myers Brothers
ST. LOUIS, MO.	Stix, Baer & Fuller Vandervoort's
ST. PAUL, MINN.	Emporium
SYRACUSE, N.Y.	E. W. Edwards & Son
TOLEDO, OHIO	Hobby Center Toy Stores
UTICA, N.Y.	Playworld Toy Shop
WASHINGTON, D.C.	Lansburgh's
WICHITA, KANSAS	Innes

Also at Sears, Roebuck & Co. nationwide retail stores—catalog order offices—and in mail order catalog.

ROY ROGERS—FRONTIERS INC.
Beverly Hills, Calif.
Empire State Bldg., N.Y.

They got what they wanted...

a real ROY ROGERS Christmas!



ONLY REAL ROY ROGERS western clothes, toys and school supplies are branded with the Double R Bar label. So look for it when you're Christmas shopping. You pay no premium for this assurance of top quality.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

"Try, at least," he said. "Try some fruit."

He rose and carried his plate to the side table, then removed hers and set a clean plate and two bowls of fruit before her.

"We face," he said, "a problem quite unique, or so I should imagine. You are aware, Mevrouw, of the picture of Pieter which Mynheer always presented to the world. We must, at all costs, conceal the fact that Pieter is not, in the legal sense, competent. If we do not, I can foresee danger from two quarters. First, the family. Once let the secret of Pieter's condition leak out and down they will swoop, like vultures."

"They would want Rua," she suggested.

"They would take Rua. So much for the family. The other threat comes from the Company. Land tenure in the islands is largely dependent upon the Company's good will. Rua is undeniably Vosmar property, but how long would they allow it to remain in the possession of an idiot? On the slightest excuse, or no excuse at all, someone would whisper 'maladministration.' You and Pieter would then become wards of the Company. I trust I am making myself clear, Mevrouw."

"Very clear, Doctor Hootman."

"Good. So here we are, back at the problem of the funeral. Mynheer was a prominent man; many people will come to see him laid with his fathers in the family burial place. I cannot help but feel that any man, however retiring, would feel it incumbent upon him to attend the funeral of his own father. All our efforts have not prevented suspicions of a mental rather than a physical affliction, and unless Pieter Vosmar puts in an appearance at eleven o'clock on Monday morning, those suspicions are going to be confirmed. You see our quandary?"

"Yes," she said. But it was his quandary; she could understand but not share it.

Doctor Hootman pushed his chair back. "We must provide a substitute. Someone who knows what Pieter is and whom we can trust. Now—does the name occur to you?"

"Not —— You don't mean Charles?"

"I do indeed! Who else?"

"He wouldn't do it," she said.

"Show him a guilder and he would do anything," said Doctor Hootman. "He lost everything in the Civil War, and though the actual land has been restored, the house is a ruin. His mother and brother live like peasants. Charles lives in daily danger for the sake of money, and in the hope of one day returning home. For *him*, at least, that day is much nearer than he dreams, if *we* play our cards with skill—and courage."

Now, she knew, she must think for herself.

"Tell me exactly what you propose to do."

"Well, first, as regards the funeral. I suggest that when the mourners have assembled, you and Charles come at the last moment and stand inside the burial ground, near enough to be associated with the ceremony, but far enough away to avoid close inspection. I can disfigure him, with a scar, convincing enough at a distance. And, of course, it is a funeral; a handkerchief held to the face would be allowable."

The last words enabled her to recognize the nature of her objection. It all sounded sly and shady, out of keeping with everything that she remembered about the man she loved.

"All other considerations apart," said Doctor Hootman, "I am sure that Charles no more than I would wish to see you at the mercy of the family or of the Company. Once the funeral is safely over it is all smooth sailing. From the privacy of his room he will conduct his business, through *me*. I have amused myself by perfecting a style of handwriting and a signature quite unlike my own. I assure you I can run Rua, even to the Company's satisfaction."

Smooth, feasible, cunning. Why object? Somebody must run Rua; Pieter could not, so why shouldn't Doctor Hootman?

"I'm sure you could," she said. "But it does mean keeping up all that burden of pretense. I am Pieter's legal wife and I am in my right mind. You understand the business. Couldn't we admit what Pieter is and act for him?"

Doctor Hootman did not answer immediately. His hand went to his chin. His jowls had darkened. "The drawback to that is that it leaves us just where we are. You the wife of an idiot, and me the hired man. Frankly, I visualized a rather more attractive future."

"Whether we pretend or not, that is what we are; I'm Pieter's wife, you're his agent."

"Ah—but let us look a little farther into the future. I will now allow myself the use of a sentimental expression. Poor Pieter. Poor Pieter's kind seldom live long. Eight years ago, when I took charge of him, he was moribund, dying very slowly. *I set myself to keep him alive*. And I succeeded. Every one of those trivial little activities has been a peg, holding Pieter Vosmar and life together. You understand me? *Deprived of his activities, he will die within three months.*"

Her mouth had gone dry. "And you will so deprive him?"

"Immediately after the funeral."

Once, long ago, she had told Mynheer that she thought he was cruel; she was wiser now.

"And then what happens?"

SLOW ART

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Did Paderewski play Chopin
The day his hands first
touched the keys?
With his first chisel did Rodin
Turn stone into a masterpiece?

Then why should neophytes in
love
Suppose that from the very
start
They must be polished masters of
That complex instrument, the
heart?

The native talent must be
trained
By time and practice, part or
wholly.
All virtuosity's attained.
And love's an art that's
mastered slowly.

"Then, Mevrouw, we come into our own. That sane, nonexistent Pieter Vosmar will have made his will. To you he will have left the bulk of his fortune; to me he will have left his estate, Rua."

"I see," she said.

There was so much to see. Not only the future. The past was all at once brilliantly illuminated. Now she saw why Doctor Hootman had been on guard that evening, why he had encouraged her not to fall in with Mynheer's plan. An heir to Rua had no place in his schemes. And his schemes were as farfetched and as cold-blooded as Mynheer's.

Doctor Hootman seemed to mistake the reason for her long silence. He said, defensively, almost placatingly:

"You must not grudge me my share, Mevrouw. Remember what my life has been these eight years. If ever a man earned anything, I have earned Rua."

She said hastily, "Oh, I agree. I don't grudge it. I don't want it myself. After all that has happened here, I should like to go away and never see the place again."

"And that is exactly what you can do, Mevrouw. Very soon. You will be rich and free, and still young. I have imagined, in my sentimental way, that there is a mutual attraction between you and Charles. If that develops you can go back to England with him. If it does not—well, you are a very attractive woman, and you will be rich; you will also enjoy what you have earned."

The one essential was that he should continue to believe her to be co-operative.

"Oh, we've earned it," she said with a pretended heartiness. But ——" She hesitated. "Pieter saved me from a dreadful situation, and that makes me feel that I don't want anything that depends on his being dead. There must be some other way."

Quite amiably Doctor Hootman said, "I am open to suggestion, Mevrouw."

"Suppose," she began tentatively, "that I took him away. You could just as easily pretend that a sane Pieter Vosmar existed without the real one locked in that room, couldn't you?"

"Rather more easily; but I think you underestimate the difficulty of the removal. It involves—to say the least—a passage on a ship. If one day Mevrouw Vosmar boards a ship, dragging behind her thirteen stone of plain idiocy, wouldn't that give rise to comment? Inquiry?"

"I suppose it would. I'm not a very good planner, am I? Then couldn't we just wait?" Without being aware of it, she lifted her head and spoke in a firmer manner.

"I've done my waiting. Eight years of it." His voice changed, became soothing. "He won't suffer, you know; he'll just die, gently and gradually, as very old people do. You may comfort yourself with the thought that neither you nor anyone else can stop me now."

Once again she was in conflict with a ruthless and determined man, with nothing but her wits for weapon. "If you can assure me that he won't suffer ——"

"I can do that. All these years he has been kept alive by what you might call artificial means. I have supplied the stimulus, now I shall remove it. That is all."

Like saying that a person kept alive by breathing; put a pillow over his face, remove the stimulus and that is all.

"When do you expect Charles?" she asked.

"Tomorrow. He will be expecting to see Mynheer on business. I think he will be pleasantly surprised."

"I've so often wondered about that business."

"There's no harm in your knowing," Doctor Hootman said pleasantly. "In defiance of all rules, Mynheer continued to grow cloves, and of course the ordinary channels of disposal were closed to him. Charles was his outlet. Dear me, that reminds me! Those trees must come down. Tomorrow. I am deeply obliged to you, Mevrouw, for bringing them to my mind. I thought that Charles would act for me on Monday partly from desire for money, partly for your sake, partly even to oblige me; I had overlooked, until this moment, the most powerful motive of all, the need to save his own skin. On Monday morning Rua wouldn't be a very healthy spot for an English clove smuggler unless he *was* in disguise, would it?" The facial change which was not quite a smile became visible again.

So that was it. And she did not for a moment believe that the thought had just occurred to him.

"I've thought of another thing too," she said. "Wouldn't it look better, more natural, more in order, if Nicolas were at the funeral?"

"Admirable! Actually, I sent for him this morning. His presence is necessary. I regret it, though. I think his curiosity concerning Pieter constitutes our one real danger. Pieter will just have to refuse to see him, promise to do so and then postpone the meeting. We must deal with that as it comes."

"Of course," she said. She knew now what she must manage. Tomorrow she must meet Charles as soon as he set foot on Rua, warn him and send him straight away again. Then she must see Nicolas and tell him everything; that would save Pieter.

Another bad night; and this time, in the heart of it something new; this time side by side with the old confusion and fear and feeling of weakness and despair there came a real and very urgent temptation. Why not give in? To have given in to Mynheer would have meant going against her own feelings and against her deepest instincts; to give in to Doctor Hootman would be in exact accordance with them. Why not do what she wanted? Why should she bother whether a hopeless idiot lived another year or so of useless life?

Then the other arguments began. hadn't survived in Cloonmagh by virtu hardihood or heartlessness, but becaus kindness and pity. Johannes had saved from starvation; Charles had saved her Mynheer's wrath; Pieter, pitiably acquie when he was attacked, had risen up in defense ——

Tomorrow, somehow, she must outwit tor Hootman.

Fifty years later, when she was an woman, one of the trees in the long av from which Elmhurst took its name was f to be unsafe and had to be taken down that clear cold day in the English winte walked, leaning on the arm of one o grandsons, to see the end of the vene tree. The sound of the axes striking home her straight back, across half a century, a half a world, to that Sunday in Rua.

"It might have been yesterday," she suddenly.

"What might?"

"The day when your grandfather aske to marry him," she said. And the boy had never been farther afield than Canter saw in his mind's eye a piece of English shaded—since this was in foreign parts palm trees, and in the shade a pair of figures bearing no resemblance to his g parents, placidly plighting their troth sealing it with a chaste kiss.

That Sunday in Rua had not been lik at all.

In the morning she had gone to see H His face and neck were marked with bruises and his ear was swollen to tw normal size. He was pleased to see her. her hand and rubbed his head against shoulder, but something had gone out of

"I'm so glad you felt able to come," Doctor Hootman briskly. "I have so mu do and I didn't want to leave him with Try to amuse him, Mevrouw."

"Of course," she said.

"I've decided that when those tree down, the flowers and the foliage mu buried, not burned. The scent would ably hang about till tomorrow; so I mu trenches dug. But I'll relieve you as soo can." He hurried away.

She asked the routine question, " Pieter, what shall we do today?" and f first time he was unresponsive.

"Cut some paper for me," she sugg That was a favorite occupation, but this ing he showed no interest. "We'll go garden. Garden. Ball. Shall we play bal

He rose and took her hand, but inste tugging her toward the door, he went t the clavichord.

"But I can't ——" Then she though *what does it matter? I can make some sound.*

She sat down and Pieter crouched her on the floor. She touched the notes making no attempt to link one with the

"Yes," he said in a satisfied voice and with content.

From far off she could hear the r rhythmical blows of the axes on the trees and soon she found herself striki notes to the same rhythm. Presently Pie up his hand and took her wrist and lift arm and draped it about his neck as th were a scarf. With her left hand she con to touch the keys until, looking down a she saw that he had fallen asleep. Instin she tensed the arm which lay about his red neck. So far as was in her power, she protect him.

Charles must be warned. Nicolas m taken into confidence. Her heart began as she thought about opportunity, and

To escape from the house in the aft had been relatively easy when one was Mynheer, whose habits were regular; Hootman must be watched. He returne house at midday, but the axes work through the heat. She dared not go ou he had gone again.

She had taken a chair into the now-cloister from which she had a clear view

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76



You'll find the largest Roy Rogers gift selection at SEARS!

Make just one stop—at Sears Roy Rogers Corral—for the gifts your young cowpokes want the most! Sears has the largest selection—more styles, more sizes, more colors. See them all at your Sears Store or Sears Catalog Sales Office now or order from Sears Christmas Catalog.

COMPLETE ROY ROGERS OUTFIT, as illustrated:
RODEO HAT is pre-shaped, 100% Wool Felt, **1.98.** SUEDE LEATHER JACKET in authentic western design, **13.98.** WASHFAST SHIRT in Sanforized cotton broadcloth, also in flannel, **2.98.** SUEDE LEATHER GLOVES, in tan cowhide, fleece lined, **1.98.** BEADED BELT, made of top grain steerhide, **1.00.** DOUBLE GUN AND HOLSTER SET has metalicized designing over tooled cowhide, **6.98.** WESTERN-STYLE PANTS, with authentic tapered legs are washable, durable Sanforized Cavalry Twill, **4.98.** AUTHENTIC WESTERN-STYLE BOOTS have square toe, modified western heel, fit like a shoe, **6.98.**

Four easy ways to buy at Sears

Use Sears Easy Payment Plan on purchases totalling $20 or more . . . use Sears Lay-Away Plan at Sears retail stores . . . use Sears Credit Purchase Coupon books just like cash in Sears stores, anywhere, anytime. Many Sears retail stores now offer Sears Revolving Charge Accounts, too!

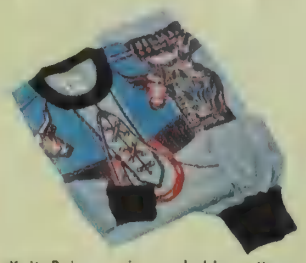
Visit Sears Roy Rogers Corral in Boys' Department...Gifts for Girls, too!



Rodeo Ranch is a complete play set in miniature. Figures of Roy, Dale, Trigger—even Nelly Belle Jeep! In metal and plastic. Just **3.98**



Fully guaranteed Wrist Watch. Boys' model has picture of Roy, girls' model has picture of Dale, on dial. Leather strap. **4.95** plus tax



Knit Pajamas in washable cotton. New pair free if crotch rips or tears! Pants have covered elastic waist all around. Sizes 4-12. Just **2.49**



For growing feet, Western Toddlers Boots have low heel, comfortable round toe, fit like shoe. Choice of 3 colors. Sizes 5½-8. **4.49**



Long-wearing Orlon* Coat Sweater is washable, quick-drying, moth and mildew resistant. Choice of Gray, Red, Blue. Sizes 4-12. Just **2.98**



Slipper boots are lightweight, have noiseless Searofoam sole, supple glove-tanned leather upper. Brown and cream. Sizes 6-2. **2.98**



10-piece Western Outfit—2-pc. washable corduroy suit, shirt, pants, scarf, chaps, lasso, gun, holster, belt. Sizes 4-12. Just **6.98**



Double Holster Set in genuine leather, with embossing on colorful background. 2¾-in. diamond design belt. Two nickel-plated guns. **3.98**



Roy's own guitar, in replica—ideal for early musical training. Real keyboard. Hardwood neck, metal fret. With instructions. **4.98**

SEARS ROEBUCK AND CO.

©1957, SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK **DuPont acrylic fiber*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

path he would take on his way back to the plantation. At last she saw what she had been waiting for, the heavy somber figure making its way across the garden and through the rose pergola. She forced herself to wait a little and then set off in a state of nervousness.

This afternoon she must take the path which ran past Psyche's cage. It was the way Charles had come on that fateful afternoon and she hoped to meet him there again today.

There was still something sinister about the path. She hurried past the cage, not looking that way. The path narrowed and began to slope upward; when at last she came to the edge of the grove and could see the sea it lay between twenty and thirty feet below, at the foot of a sheer cliff thickly clothed with ferns, with pink azaleas and the far-flung, twining wreaths of the island honeysuckle.

At this point the sea had taken a bite out of the island, making a little cove, a perfect place for surreptitious landing, shielded on either side from observation.

All this Julia noticed, but she failed to see that today the little cove was awash with the incoming tide. The narrow strip of beach at the cliff's foot was already under water; presently the sea would reach the level where the lowest ferns grew. It would be hours before any boat could beach there. Ignorant of this, she went to the cliff's edge and stared out into the shimmering blue distance. She willed Charles to come, and to come quickly, with an urgency which left her as exhausted as a fierce physical effort would have done. Nothing stirred on the silken skin of the sea.

Soon it would be dark. Before dark she must be back in the house. Up to the moment when she told Nicolas everything she must retain Doctor Hootman's confidence. Though she had failed to meet and warn Charles, she might, even yet, save Pieter.

She had run a long way before the comforting thought struck her that perhaps Charles did not intend to come to Rua. Perhaps Doctor Hootman's message had miscarried. In that case everything would be simple and easy; just take Nicolas to Pieter's room and it would be done.

When she reached the pergola she adopted the sauntering gait of one who had, in the lessening heat, merely taken a stroll. It was as well that she did so, for Doctor Hootman was standing on the steps, scanning the garden even as he placed a hand on the arm of Nicolas, who had evidently just arrived. Both men came toward her, but Nicolas, by breaking into a run, reached her first. He began to say "Poor Julia, it must have been awful for you ——" By interrupting him she had just time to say, "I must see you alone. There's so much to tell," before Doctor Hootman joined them.

"Mevrouw," he said, "I have looked for you everywhere. Pieter is being most difficult about tomorrow. You must talk to him."

His voice was heavy with hidden meaning and she understood that Charles had come.

Nicolas, taking the words at their face value, said, tightening his arm, "You can leave that to me, Julia. Ever since I heard the awful news I've been thinking about Pieter. He'll have to drop all his nonsense now, and I think I should be the one to tell him so."

"It may come to that," said Doctor Hootman, "but I feel that Mevrouw should try her persuasions first. Perhaps it would be as well to leave him for a little while and refresh ourselves. Mevrouw has eaten nothing all day; you, Mynheer, have been traveling; and even I ——" He spread his hands.

"You must have been very busy," Nicolas said.

They went into the room with the Chinese cabinets. A cloth had been spread on one of the tables, and set out upon it were the dishes always served in the islands on casual occasions: small cakes; fruit, fresh and preserved; highly spiced and pickled vegetables; meat and fish. There was also a bottle of wine, which Doctor Hootman, with a nice show of courtesy, left for Nicolas to handle.

There began, and lasted for about ten minutes, what, in retrospect, Julia thought was perhaps the most fantastic little scene of all. Nicolas was young enough to find any death disconcerting. He had been genuinely fond of his Uncle Simon. He took it for granted that they shared his grief.

"It was so appallingly sudden," he said. "He was in good health when I left."

"Not quite so good as it seemed, Mynheer. He was very sensitive on the subject, but he had had one or two minor attacks in the last few months. That was one reason why he was beginning to delegate more and more responsibility to me."

"Was it a stroke?" Nicolas asked.

"Of a kind. A seizure. There's this to be thankful for: he didn't suffer at all."

"I still can't believe that I shall never see him again. He was quite unlike anybody else, wasn't he? So amusing, and understanding, and kind."

As he said these words he looked at Julia as though asking her to agree and confirm.

She forced herself to say, "Yes, he could be very kind."

Their eyes met, and in his she saw, behind the distress, something else move, sharp and active. He was remembering her words upon meeting.

"You do look poorly, Julia," he said. "Let me take you to your room."

"Mevrouw must see Pieter first," said Doctor Hootman.

"Why can't I do that for her?" Nicolas asked.

"For the simple reason that being confronted by a stranger—which is, with all respect, what you are to him—would merely upset and anger him and leave him less open to reason. Mevrouw has far more chance of success. In fact, if Mevrouw cannot persuade him to make an appearance tomorrow, I don't know who can!"

"Now I'll tell you something," said Nicolas. "The Barnveltes, with whom I have been staying, asked me a lot of questions about Pieter. They could hardly believe that I had stayed here for weeks and never set eyes on him. And if Pieter shirks his own father's funeral ——"

"I know, I know," said Doctor Hootman worriedly. "He must be persuaded."

"I still think I should talk to him," Nicolas said. "I'd contrive to act in such a way as to convince him that he hasn't all that much wrong with him."

"That," said Doctor Hootman, "would be extremely easy. When you see him, you'll be surprised to find how little is wrong with him. Don't you agree, Mevrouw?"

"I always said so," she said dully.

Suddenly she could bear it no longer. "Let's go and get it over with." She stood up.

"I shall take a little walk," Nicolas said. "Then I'll come back here and hear how you succeeded. And if he's still stubborn I shall have a talk with him. I think you all pay too much attention to his fancies and foibles."

"Perhaps," Doctor Hootman said easily. "But you see—to those who *know* him, Pieter is very lovable."

And that, also, was for her ear alone.

"When did Charles arrive?" she asked, as they went along the cloister.

"A few minutes before you came back from your walk. His immediate response was uncooperative. But I had done no more than outline the situation when that boy arrived."

They halted by the library door and Doctor Hootman took out Mynheer's bunch of keys.

"Now I have to lock *this* door," he said, with an almost humorous look.

The door opened and Charles, who had been lolling in a chair, jumped up. He held out his hand and she put hers in it; he put his other over hers so that her cold, unsteady hand was sandwiched between his two firm ones. He said, in a voice warm with sympathy:

"Poor little girl, you have been through it. But it's all over now. Come and sit down."

"Yes," said Doctor Hootman, turning from his relocking of the door. "Sit down, Mevrouw, and let us get this thing settled. Well, Charles; have you thought it over?"

"I have," Charles said. He sat down in a chair beside her. "I'm sorry to be disobliging, Daan. There isn't much I wouldn't do for a guilder, but I must draw the line at hiring out as a mummer."

"Now look here ——" Doctor Hootman said, his jowls beginning to darken.

Charles cut in: "What's more, you should thank God that this wasn't something you could rush into on your own. The old chap's death gave you a jolt, Daan, and you've gone a bit off course. You've thought up a scheme that nobody with a grain of sense in his head would entertain for a moment."

"I refute that," said Doctor Hootman, who had recovered his composure. "My plan is above all, eminently practical."

"How much do you know about this?" Charles asked, turning to Julia.

"A good deal more than you do, my friend," Doctor Hootman answered for her.

"Then you can see that it's crazy, can't you?"

She weighted her words with every hint of warning that an innocent-seeming speech could carry. "Doctor Hootman has thought about this plan for years, Charles. He thinks it feasible, and he's very—very set on it."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

In the eyes of its mother, every beetle is a gazelle.

MOROCCAN PROVERB

Mrs. P. G. B. of Ohio writes us:

"My cat 'Kitty Baby' is 20 years old and very active. For the past 14 years we have been feeding her Puss 'n Boots. She loves it, and will not eat anything else."



"20 years old—still very active"

—fed Puss 'n Boots regularly for 14 years!

When a lovely cat reaches 20—still in perfect health—that's news! And when that same pet is found to have been thriving exclusively on Puss 'n Boots for 14 years—that's *big news* for owners interested in good nutrition!



For an 8" by 10" print in full color of this original photo by Walter Chandoha, send 25¢ and one Puss 'n Boots label to Cat Pictures, Dept. J-67, Box 6856, Chicago 77, Illinois.

Maybe your cat won't have quite the long life of Mrs. P. G. B.'s pet, but certainly that experience indicates the wisdom of regularly feeding Puss 'n Boots—both to kittens *and* mature cats.

You see, Puss 'n Boots is made from fresh-caught *whole* fish. Your cat gets high-quality proteins from the fish fillets ...life-giving vitamins and minerals from the liver and glands...as well as abundant calcium from the fish bones, made crumbly and digestible.

And Puss 'n Boots gives an added bonus of essential Vitamin B_1 for appetite and energy...plus tasty cereals for balanced nutrition.

If you want *your* cat to have a lovely coat, bright eyes and buoyant spirits—be sure to feed her Puss 'n Boots—regularly ...and see the difference!

The natural life balance of WHOLE FISH is Retained in Puss 'n Boots

Costly Fillets, rich in high quality proteins. Usually reserved for human consumption, but *retained in Puss 'n Boots.*

Liver and Glands, for minerals and vitamins. Vital for health. Often extracted for medicinal use, but *retained in Puss 'n Boots.*



Bone Structure, for valuable calcium and phosphorus. Made soft, crumbly and digestible, and *retained in Puss 'n Boots.*

PUSS 'n BOOTS

America's largest selling cat food ...adds the plus in health, beauty, vigor.



Send for your all new "KITTENS AND CATS" BOOK!



Coast Fisheries, Division of Quaker Oats Company, Chicago 77, Illinois

...e of the ...

...r came and said,
...Unlike the others,
...ppy. There were
...able behind him
...knew that she
...To him sh...

Here's a gift that rings the bell the whole year through



you order early we'll do our best to install your gift telephones before Christmas. If that isn't possible, then we'll come around after Christmas and put them in.

Give Telephones this Christmas

Every once in a while there's a new idea that's so practical and worth-while that it catches on fast. That's the way it's been with the idea of giving additional telephones as Christmas gifts.

There's nothing more appreciated than comfort, convenience and security and you give all three when you give a telephone.

In kitchen, bedroom, playroom or workshop—for Mother, Dad, Son, Daughter, Grandpa or Grandma—an additional telephone is a gift that rings the bell the whole year through.

Especially distinctive in those nice decorator colors to harmonize with your home furnishings. Just call the Business Office of your Bell Telephone Company.

Working together to bring people together... **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

CONTINUE

path he would take
plantation. At last
waiting for, the h
its way across th
ta. She













Christmas is like magic

with View-Master "Come to Life" pictures

Looking into the View-Master Stereoscopic Viewer, there's a world of wonders to behold!

Peter Pan and Tinkerbell "come to life" in full-color. Explorers, cowboy stars and TV heroes share exciting adventures. Fascinating, far-away places appear in three dimension realism.

What magic Christmas gifts for your child! For grown-ups, too (especially View-Master scenics). For just everyone. And each View-Master Packet, with 21 three dimension full-color pictures, is only **$1.25**



View-Master Viewer
Shows View-Master pictures in three dimension. **$2.50**



Gift-Pak
Holds the Viewer and two Picture Packets. **$4.95**



Junior Projector
For View-Master "shows" in two dimension. **$9.95**

Ask to see Sawyer's

VIEW-MASTER®

COMMENDED BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE

three dimension color pictures

at selected photo, gift, drug, department stores

Prices slightly higher in Canada ©Sawyer's Inc., Portland 7, Oregon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

"A slight understatement," said Doctor Hootman, "but good enough. And you call it crazy. Why?"

"It's crazy because you couldn't carry it through. Say what you like about Simon Vosmar, he had a sort of power. People were scared of him. Nobody came here except by direct invitation. You wouldn't have that authority. Before you knew where you were somebody would up and say, 'Who is this Doctor Hootman to stand between me and the man I want to do business with?' Or, 'I'm going to see Pieter Vosmar.' The thing wouldn't hold together for more than three months," Charles said.

"It has no need to. Grief, the press of business inseparable from sudden demise would surely protect Pieter Vosmar from intrusion for three months. And after that there would be nothing to hide."

"He'd still be here, plain idiot."

Perhaps when he knew what Doctor Hootman planned for Pieter he would realize what kind of man he was and be on guard. That thought made her say, quickly:

"But Pieter wouldn't be here, Charles. Doctor Hootman thinks that if Pieter is deprived of all his little occupations and interests he won't live very long."

The silence seemed to stretch itself out to give everyone in the room a chance to contemplate the future in terms of Pieter dead. Doctor Hootman spoke first.

"Mere chivalry compels me to point out, Charles, that over this detail Mevrouw did register a protest. But I managed to convince her that his—I assure you, painless—death would benefit us both. You see, the mythical, sane Pieter Vosmar is going to make his will. Mevrouw will get his money and I shall have Rua."

This time the silence was longer. Charles got up, very slowly and deliberately.

"Julia," he said, "this isn't the time or the place to say such things"—and he did look embarrassed. "I do love you, very dearly. I wouldn't have said so except that I don't want you to think —— God knows I wish you were free, but not this way! If I say no to this, Julia, don't go thinking ——"

His voice trailed away because, screened for a moment from Doctor Hootman's view she was screwing her face into grimaces of warning and conspiracy.

"It is so many years since I saw a play," said Doctor Hootman, "that if time permitted I should enjoy this touching scene. As it is—Charles, will you oblige me by leaving the irrelevancies and saying whether or not you are prepared to help me tomorrow?"

With one last puzzled look at Julia, Charles turned about, and threw himself into his chair.

"With the mummery, no. I thought I had made that clear. Pick something easier, and I'll help you. Collar the cashbox or a sackful of silver plate, or a whole load of unlimed nuts."

"That's the English all over," said Doctor Hootman. "Noble sentiments and mercenary motives. You're looking ahead to the time when Mevrouw may inherit everything."

Offensive as the speech was, Julia welcomed it; surely *now* Charles would see that Doctor Hootman was not his friend.

He said, quite unruffled, "You're wrong there, and I can prove it. Call the nephew or whatever he is in, and hand over to him, and Julia can come away with me tonight." He swung round to Julia. "I'm taking a lot for granted, but I'd look after you. Married or not makes no difference, I'm yours for life."

"Will you stop talking sentimental rubbish!" said Doctor Hootman. "I've told you what I propose to do. I need Mevrouw. Will you get into your thick English skull that nobody, nothing is going to turn me from my purpose? Now, are you going to help me?"

"No. Get that into your thick Dutch skull." He said it without rancor.

"Then I must think of an alternative," said the doctor quite calmly.

"This time think of something that won't take you straight to a rope's end at Banda Fort."

Doctor Hootman's hand had gone to his chin. He leaned forward as though they were two children to whom he—an adult—was ing a fairy story which had just reached exciting climax. "I have, I think, the pe solution. I've known all along that it woul difficult to convert your rugged good l into something that would account for P Vosmar's behavior. I could have done it, it would not have been easy. This is. P Vosmar shunned the sight of men beca poor fellow, he had colored blood! It w be beneath Mercury's dignity to stand by grave tomorrow; and the beauty of it is the closer he is inspected, the more obv will be his reason for hiding. Charles, I you a deep debt of gratitude."

"Who's this Mercury?"

"A slave. Quite three quarters white."

"And you seriously consider a scheme depends on him? What about the o slaves?"

"No other slave will be at the graves Mynheer would as soon have had his cow his funeral."

"All right. Think for a moment of you're putting yourself into this Mercu hands."

"I put myself in nobody's hands," Doctor Hootman. "Not in yours which, Pilate, you have so carefully washed; no Mevrouw's, so dainty and gentle. I know she'd ruin everything for the sake of an i who can't tell Sunday from Monday!" T was venom in his voice. "Luckily she is sentimental about *you*. So tomorrow she lean, very lovingly and convincingly, on M cury's arm; because you, my English cl smuggling friend, will be here, pledge of good behavior! Even the tide served me, see. If you had landed in the usual place s have met you with words of warning on lips."

So now it was all out. "That is quite tru she said quickly. "I am against your pla because of Pieter. But I promise, I give you word, if you let Charles go I'll do anyth you tell me to, tomorrow and afterward."

Charles reached out and took her ha "Thank you," he said. "But you can't barg with a crazy man. All right, Daan, what not

Doctor Hootman stood up, took the k from his right-hand pocket and transfe them into his left hand. His right hand he into his pocket again, and kept it there.

"What now? Why, now you can conti your love scene while I find Mercury and him dressed and ready to meet his kinsma Still facing them, he edged sideways and ba ward toward the door.

There was now in the room, in the wh situation, an air of unreality and of fals She, at least, knew where it originated- Charles' behavior. Why didn't he *do* so thing? Just to sit there, holding her hand looking at it as if it were the most wonde thing in the world ——

She decided to try something on her o More than once during the last few min she had been aware of a sound of moven in Pieter's room. If she mentioned it now, Doctor Hootman went to investigate, as most surely would, he would cross the ro Charles could shoot out his legs and trip h make a grab for the keys, do something. twisted her hand and dug her nails into Cha palm, hintfully, and said:

"Doctor Hootman, I can hear Pieter m ing about."

He laughed outright. "Dear Mevrouw! wonder you love her, Charles! She's wond ful. I could almost love her myself."

"But it is true. I can hear him."

"His movements have ceased to conc me," said Doctor Hootman. He gave attention to putting the key into the door w his left hand and without turning.

Then Charles jumped.

It was like the leap of a panther, swift a sudden and silent. The older man was much taken by surprise—Julia thought—t he did not even remove his right hand from pocket as Charles' hand fell on his neck. he did was to put the keys behind him, a c ously childish, futile gesture. When Cha reached for them and began to twist his wr maintaining at the same time his grip on neckband, Doctor Hootman said in a chok voice, "You're throttling me. All rig

ıave them!" And he flung the keys to the loor. It was all over in half a minute.

Without letting go of the linen, Charles half tooped and reached for the keys. Then Doc- or Hootman's right hand came out of the ocket, its fingers clenched round the barrel of short pistol. As Julia screamed he brought it lown, with deliberately measured force, on the ack of Charles' skull, just behind the ear. Charles' body gave a convulsive jerk and went imp. As his hand loosened and his arm lowered Doctor Hootman caught it, breaking his fall nd letting him down quite gently to the floor.

She ran forward crying, "You've killed im."

"Nonsense," said Doctor Hootman cheer- ully. "One does not kill a hostage. A mere abbit punch which will keep him quiet for alf an hour. You'll find brandy in that cup- oard, but don't give it to him while he is nconscious; many people have been choked hat way."

He unlocked the door and as she knelt by Charles she heard the key turn on the other ide and the sound of his footsteps going along he cloister.

Despite the reassuring words and the logic ehind them, she was frightened when she ooked at Charles' face. But he was breathing, hallowly and a little noisily, and his heart was eating.

The wound was nothing; a thin sluggish rickle of blood ran from it and beaded slowly t the edge of his hair, and even that stopped s, under her eyes, the swelling began. The ump grew visibly and with incredible rapidity. he took comfort, remembering Mevrouw Ielmers' theory that the more an accident or lness manifested itself, the less dangerous it as. Sitting down on the floor, she took harles' head in her lap.

Except for the sound of Charles' breathing, he room was very quiet. Now and again a ight bird cried raucously. She could hear the ea slapping gently at the jetty and whispering n the beach.

And then she could hear something else: ieter was still moving about. Ordinarily he ept from his early bedtime until dawn, but he ad been unlike himself all day.

She had seen Doctor Hootman toss his own eys into the table drawer.

Pieter knew one object from another; if he anted his scissors, it was useless to offer him is knitting.

It was so frail a chance that she was almost eluctant to recognize it; but it was a chance. he laid Charles' head on the floor, rose to er feet and went to the door of Pieter's room, pped on it lightly and called his name.

Absolute silence answered her.

She tried again. "Pieter, it's Julie."

No sound. Was it her imagination which tributed a strained, listening quality to the lence?

"Pieter, I want to come in. Want to see ieter. The door is locked."

No reply. No movement. Only that feeling at she was not speaking to emptiness, the eling of someone there, listening.

"Doctor Daan's drawer, Pieter. The key. Look for the key in Doctor Daan's drawer. Get the key, Pieter. Let Julie in."

It was like trying to thread a fine needle with coarse thread while wearing three pairs of gloves. The effort to impose her will, to make him understand and act, was so great that she seemed to be in the dark, all the light of her consciousness poured out, streaming away toward him. His mind was so limited, a key might be outside his range of recognition; the key might not even be there. *Oh, God! Our only chance; this door once open and I could run through, into Pieter's little garden and over the wall, I could find Nicolas* ——

Doctor Hootman's drawer always screeched a little when it was opened and that sound now, harsh in the silence, turned her faint. Her hands tingled and pricked as though touched by nettles. He *was* there. He did understand.

"It's the long key, Pieter," she told him. "Long key."

All was quiet again. She could imagine him standing there, perhaps even with the keys in his hand, blankly wondering what next to do.

It was almost impossible to speak calmly.

"The long key, Pieter," she repeated. "In this door. Push it in."

He could thread a bead on a string, he could unlock a door. But he had to be told things over and over. She went on telling him. The sound of the key, pushed, with the minimum of fumbling, into the lock sent the tingling prickle all over her.

The lock clicked. She put her hand on the latch and for half a second it resisted her. Then it moved and the door opened.

But it wasn't Pieter who stood there with bits of leaf and twig in his hair, his face and shirt front smeared with green.

It was Nicolas.

Now she knew full, perfect happiness. People said that the times when you were happy went by unrecognized, that only afterward, when you looked back, when the joy had gone over, you said nostalgically, "I was happy then." That wasn't true; she was happy, and she knew she was happy and reveled in it.

One shining happy day slid into another, there were no nights. There were no anxieties, no responsibilities. Even the effort to speak was not demanded of her.

It was a blue-and-white April day on Cloonmagh; the clouds raced across the sky and their shadows raced over the shining sands. All the air was full of the fresh clean scent of the sea. She ran on the beach and Maire was there; not the sad, emaciated Maire of the later days, but the earlier, just-remembered Maire, full of hope and strange old tales.

Then it was summer. She wore a pretty cool dress and her loosened hair brushed against her neck. She walked along the sun-filled streets with Uncle Johannes. They paused by a tavern on the corner and he said, "Are you thirsty, sweetheart? I am." Inside it was cool and she drank something deliciously flavored with lemons.

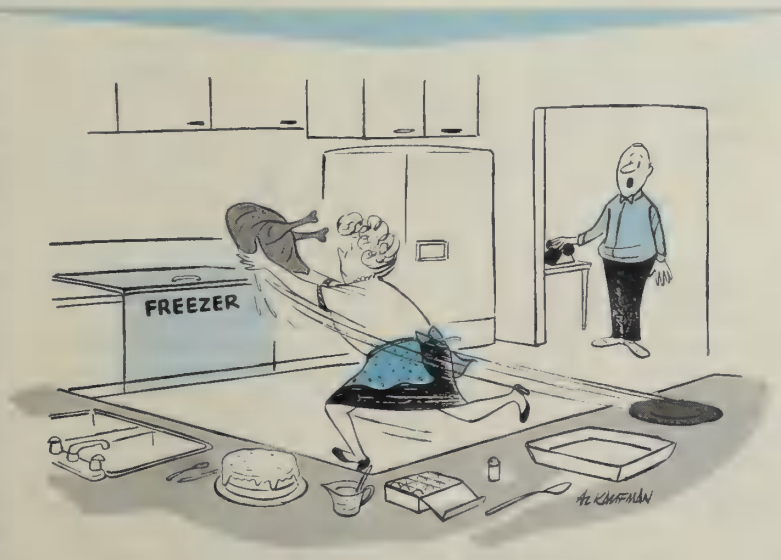
It was no season, one of the warmth-laden, spice-filled island days. She sat on her favorite seat, overlooking the bank of flowers, all pink and purple against the sapphire sea. Charles sat on the ground beside her. He said, "I love you very dearly." There was still no need for her to speak. She tightened her arm around his neck and bent down and laid her face against his hair.

She was in her own room, playing the clavichord better than she had ever heard anyone play. Wonderful music. Because of it she did not hear the door open, and Psyche and Katje were there beside her before she was aware of them. But she was not startled; they looked so well, and so happy. Pieter came and said, "Pretty. Pretty for Julie." Unlike the others, he did not look well, or happy. There were all his things laid out on the table behind him and he was doing nothing. She knew that she must make an effort to rouse him. To him she must speak.

"Pieter, cut some paper. Cut some paper for Julia." She held out the blunt-nosed scissors.

From somewhere immeasurably far away someone said, "Pieter is quite all right. There's no need to worry about him."

And she knew that that was true. Nicolas would look after everything.



"The Johnsons can't make it for dinner tonight."



This *plus* in his diet proves you care

➔ Only French's, the clean, dependable Parakeet Seed, has the big *plus* in every package—an exclusive *pep-up* biscuit that actually promotes vigor, sharpens appetites, aids digestion! French's Parakeet Seed, with Biscuit, is one of the "Basic Five" foods of the Natural Feeding Diet, shown below, the only *scientifically prepared* diet that provides *all* the benefits of the foods that wild birds enjoy.





French's

NATURAL FEEDING DIET
KEEPS YOUR PARAKEET
HAPPY AND HEALTHY

It was evening and the candles were lighted. Two faces were looking down at her. One was a woman's, pale and fat and plain under the edge of a little linen cap.

I don't know you! Julia thought. The other was a man's, thin, sharp-featured. *I don't know you either.*

The man said, "There. I told you there was no reason for alarm. Merely a matter of time and good nursing."

The voices pursued her for a little while: one said something about a natural, healing sleep and being much better tomorrow; the other, female, rather lugubrious, said something about a daughter. A sleep, a daughter . . . *but they are not my people, this is not my place, I shall go away again.*

She heard Nicolas' voice and the woman's. Now she must wake properly; she must speak to Nicolas. There was so much she didn't know, and must know.

She opened her eyes; there was Nicolas, looking anxious, and the woman. She was familiar, after all: Mevrouw van de Lijn, the governor's wife. What was she doing here?

Nicolas was now on his knees by the bed. "Julia. Do you know me?"

"Nicolas ——" There he had stood, in the doorway, and she had known that he had climbed the wall of the little private garden and must have come through Pieter's room, and knew everything. That was where reality had broken off; she had thought, *He knows, it will be all right now*, and then she had gone down into the dark.

"Everything's all right, Julia," he said.

"Charles?"

"Perfectly well and all right. I promise you. Nothing in all the world to worry about. You just lie still and get better."

"Pieter?"

"He's all right. I'm taking care of him. I'm taking care of everything."

"You know about it all?"

"Everything."

Mevrouw van de Lijn came to the other side of the bed, lifted her a little and held a glass to her lips. Milk, creamy and very cold. Lovely.

She wanted to know more about Charles, but her mind was active now; mustn't talk about Charles in front of the governor's wife.

"Everything is all right? Everybody safe?"

"Safe as houses. You go back to sleep again, Julia."

Next time she woke everything was quite different. It was morning, she knew by the way the sun came in from the window on the cloister side. She was alone in the room and as soon as she woke misery assailed her. Her mind was perfectly clear, she remembered everything; she remembered Nicolas saying that everything was all right—but how could she believe that? All the dread possibilities of the situation she had abandoned when she fell down by the door now came thronging back; how could Nicolas have dealt with everything, with two senseless people flat on the floor and Doctor Hootman coming back, pistol in hand? How could she have allowed herself to be so easily lulled by a few soothing words?

She began to cry and instantly the door of her bathroom opened and out rushed Mevrouw van de Lijn, clad in her petticoat.

"My dear, my dear," she cried, hurrying to the bed. "What is the matter? You mustn't upset yourself—the very worst thing. You're better, everything is all right."

"I don't *know* anything. I don't even know what day it is. Why are you here? And my hair—who cut my hair?"

"I did. You have been ill, you know. The doctor advised it."

"Doctor Hootman?"

"Oh, no, no. Doctor van Nagel, from Banda. You see, we had to put wet cloths on your head to cool your brain, and the hair was in the way. You mustn't fret about that. It'll grow again. I can say that for certain. My own little girl had to have hers cut, and do you know, it grew again in the loveliest curls you ever saw, though it had been straight as a poker."

"Why are you here, Mevrouw?"

"I've been looking after you, my dear. I came for the funeral and I heard you were ill, so I stayed and took care of you."

"That was very kind. You came for the funeral, Mevrouw. Was it yesterday?"

"No, my dear. On Monday. Today is Friday. You have been ill, you know. Four whole days. We were very worried; but Doctor van Nagel assured us there was no need. He said you must have been living under a great strain and that this was Nature's way of giving you a rest. You do feel better?"

"I feel quite well. Mevrouw, what happened at the funeral?"

Mevrouw van de Lijn had turned to the chair where her print dress, freshly laundered lay. She began to put it on.

"What happened, dear? Well, Mynheer Vosmar was buried, and then young Mynheer Vanderplasse brought my husband and the agent into the house and disclosed to them what Mynheer Vosmar had hidden all those years. It was a great shock, of course."

Nothing about an Englishman, a clove smuggler, being brought to justice.

Mevrouw, busy with the buttons of her bodice, turned around.

"Some people are inclined to be critical Mynheer Vosmar's behavior, but do yc know, I understand. If such a thing had ha pened to my little girl I might have acted th same way, if I had been able to. All the sam it was very wrong and heartless of him bring you here and involve you. You mu have had a horrible time. Thank God, I *kno* the man my daughter married. If I didn't should have gone mad, to think that suc things were possible."

"I want to see Nicolas," Julia said.

"He always looks in at about this time, whe he comes back from the plantation for brea fast. How fortunate it was that he was her all ready to take charge of everything." Sl had finished her dressing, and came to the be expertly she lifted Julia and pulled the pillov around to support her. "I'm a handy nurse she said. "I've had lots of practice."

She rustled away. Julia heard from the si ting room a few whispered words: "much be ter . . . almost herself . . . talk too much ! nothing to upset." What did that mean?

Nicolas came tiptoeing into the room.

In some way for which there was no a counting in physical terms, he had aged. Tl thick shining fair hair, the fresh complexio the clear gray eyes were just as they had bee but the stamp of authority and responsibility yes, and of a calf love outgrown—was on hi now, aging him by ten years.

He said, "Hullo, Julia. You really are fe ing better? You look almost like yoursel

"I look hideous," she said; "but never mi that. I have so many things to ask you." S dropped her voice. "Is Mevrouw van de L out there, Nicolas?" she asked.

"No, she tactfully cided to drink her tea the veranda."

"Nicolas, what ha pened? First of all, wh happened to Charles?"

"He went back to Ay had to hustle him off. couldn't keep him he with half Banda coming the funeral, could I? But he was fit to go a I know got back safely."

"How do you know that?"

"We arranged to use the old signals. There a tall tree on Ay and another on the tip Rua; through glasses they're visible, and wi flags of different colors—that's how it's done

"And he got back safely, and nobody kno about him?"

"That is so."

She rested back against the pillows. "Nc tell me the rest. Where is Doctor Hootman

"You don't need to worry about hi Julia."

"I'm not worrying. I just want to kno There's a great gap in my mind. That do opened and there you stood, and I thoug 'He knows, now I can give up!' That's the l thing I can remember. Nicolas, please, go from there."

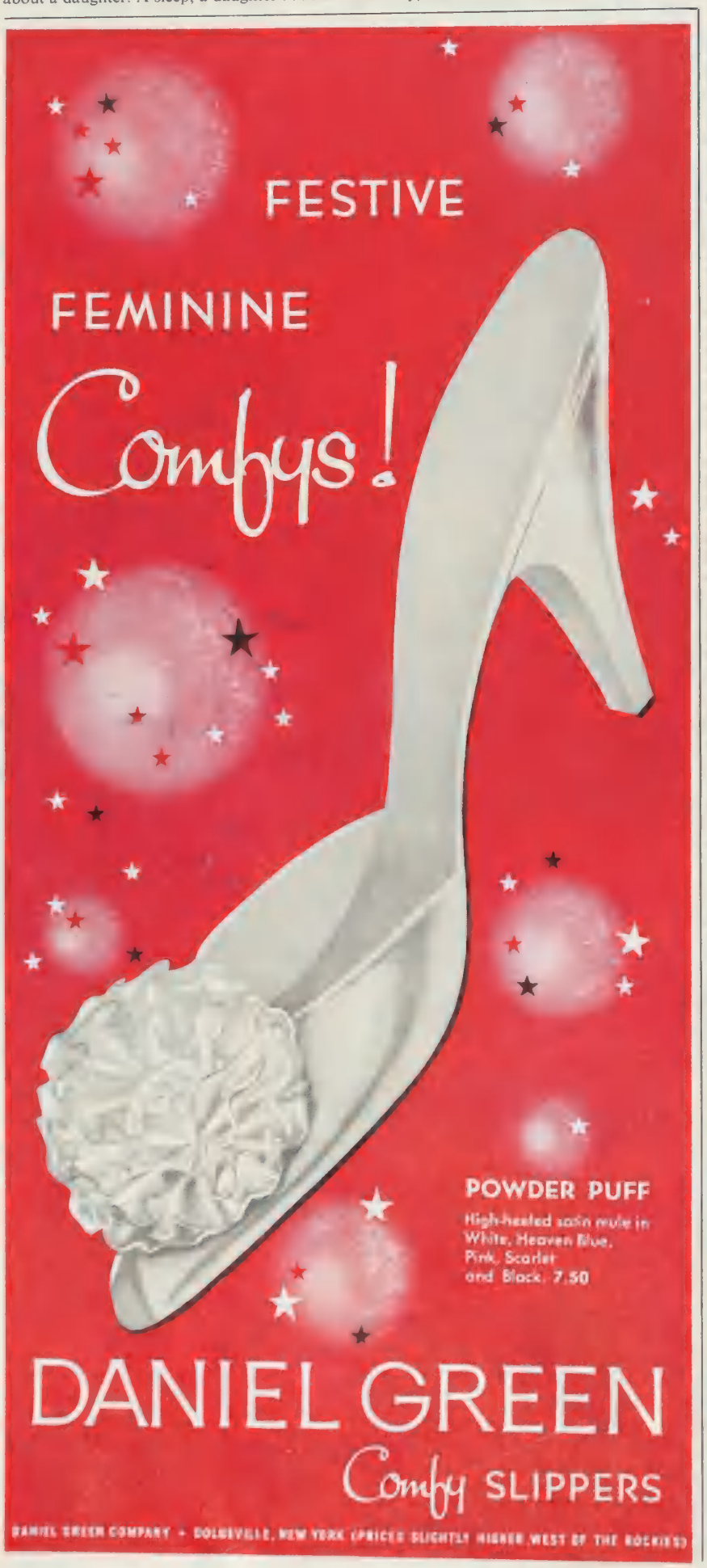
The look, half smile, half grimace, w which people acknowledge a comic element a situation not fundamentally amusing ca into Nicolas' face.

"Well, there I was, with the two of you f on the floor. I knew nothing; and I'd just se Pieter—I wasn't feeling too steady myse You remember, the moment we met, you s you had something to tell me, and I gathere from the way you stopped talking, that y didn't want Hootman to hear. Then you we off and I got to thinking . . . all that myste you know, and I thought I'd see for myself, I climbed the wall. . . . Julia, I am profound sorry for the way I used to talk to you abo Pieter. I'm sorry for the rest of my behavi too. As soon as I understood ——"

"Go on, finish the story."

"I stood there, not knowing why you h been locked in, or who the man was, or a thing. I knew where Uncle Simon kept brandy, so I got it, and went from one to t other of you in a dotty sort of way. It made difference to you, but it brought him rou He's—he's a good fellow, Julia. He got hi self up and pulled himself together and sa 'You're the cousin or something, aren't yo and in no time he'd explained everything, wh Hootman was up to, and why, and why y

Talk to a man about himself and he will listen for hours. DISRAELI



ere scared." He broke off and looked at the ale, sunken face on the pillow, with its violet-dded eyes. "Mevrouw van de Lijn said I houldn't talk too much, Julia. I'll tell you the st another time."

"Go on, go on," Julia said. "I want to hear all now. If you don't want to upset me you'll ll me everything, just as it happened."

"Charles said that Hootman was slightly azy and had a pistol and would be danger-us. So we made a plan to disarm him. When e heard him coming, Charles, whom he ex-ected to see, sat in a chair and held his head nd I got behind the door. He came in and s he turned to lock the door I pounced out nd took his pistol away. And that was the nd of that."

"But not the end of the story. Go on."

Nicolas' lips curled with distaste. "He went pieces. He dropped into a chair, put his ead in his hands and he . . . cried. I tried to e sorry for him, but I couldn't. Charles was. will say for the English they do love their nemies once they're disarmed! He got him me brandy. I tried to be generous, too, and id he could stay on and look after Pieter; hereupon he cried the harder."

"So then?"

"Then Charles lost his patience and got up nd gave him a shake, and said, 'You're a octor, do something for her!' *Her* being you. e said you'd come round in time. So Charles nd I carried you here and Juno put you to ed. Then we had a sound good supper; we lked about the signals and he went off."

"Do you know a signal asking him to come ere?"

"Of course. I'll run it up whenever you like."

"That's very kind."

"*Just*," he corrected her. "I remember that would have been much to his advantage to lay Hootman's game. And to yours."

She raised herself a little higher on the pil-ows. "Now tell me about Pieter."

"There's nothing to tell. He's there. That's l."

"Is he *doing* anything?"

"What is there for the poor thing to do?"

"Who is with him?"

"That great dumb Negro."

"Where is Doctor Hootman?"

"You don't have to worry about him, ulia."

"Is he dead?"

"Yes."

"Did he kill himself? I can see by your face. hat doesn't upset me. He's better dead. He'd ved all those years on hope. When that was ne, what had he to live for?"

"I offered to keep him on here," Nicolas id, not understanding. "And Charles offered take him to Ay. He said they were all gues and vagabonds there, and that a doc-r would be very welcome. Hootman said e'd accept, and went to get his things. He ad a pair to the pistol we'd taken from him, nd he shot himself. There, now you know verything."

And it had done her no harm; she looked etter, restored and lively.

"Thank you very much, Nicolas. Now you o and have your breakfast. I want mine. ould you come back in about an hour?"

"Of course. As soon as you feel well enough e must have a serious talk. But for the pres-nt I just want you to understand, Julia, that don't wish, in any way, to usurp your author-ty."

She said, "I'm very grateful to you for look-ng after things." And now it seemed quite afe and quite ordinary to say, "Dear Nicolas."

When he returned she was in the sitting oom, wearing a wrap and propped up in one f the long chairs from the veranda. On one de of her stood the clavichord, open, and on he other a table cleared of all its ornaments.

Julia cut short his protests at finding her out f bed. "I want you to fetch Pieter here to me. m too wobbly to walk, but he can come here nd I can amuse him. There's no reason now o keep him locked away. Bring all his stuff; cho knows where to find everything."

"Honestly, Julia, I think you're making an nnecessary exertion. He doesn't know one oom from another. And if he has stuff to do, hy doesn't he do it? I've never seen him do nything except sit."

"That's just it. Unless he's roused he'll sit there till he dies. His toys are his link with life—but there has to be somebody taking an interest. I understand all about it. Doctor Hootman has kept him alive for eight years."

"And now you're going to keep him alive?"

"To the last moment. Charles said it. When we come together we don't want to be haunted by thoughts of Pieter."

After what seemed a long time she heard their footsteps, Pieter's clumsy and shuffling. Then they were in the doorway, Nicolas holding Pieter by the arm.

Julia was appalled by the change. He looked twenty years older, there were even some white hairs among the dull dusty-brown ones; he had shrunk, and all his clothes were too big for him.

His dull, uncomprehending stare wandered about the strange room. Nicolas' face took on a what-did-I-tell-you-it-is-hopeless look, and he withdrew his arm. Behind them Echo loomed up, his arms piled with the bead boxes, the clay, the cane, the string.

Julia said, "Pieter. Good morning, Pieter. Come to Julie."

His dull stare swung round, focused and brightened.

"Julie," he cried, "Julie!" It was the voice of the lost one who has been found.

He lumbered over toward her and then, just short of her outstretched hand, stopped short, lowering his head and looking at her suspiciously out of the corners of his eyes. Something wrong. Something different.

"It's Julie," she said, in a steady, reassuring voice.

"Julie! Yes! Yes! Julie."

He gave his pathetic, wide-open smile and came forward. When he was near enough he lifted one of his limp red hands, slowly, awkwardly, as though it weighed very heavy. Tentatively, experimentally he laid it on her head. Then he said, with delight:

"Pretty! Pretty for Julie!" END



WHAT MAKES THE STARS SHINE?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

measure. For evenings, I cover my hair on my way to parties—especially when I'm driving in an open car—by wearing a little organdy or chiffon hood which snaps or ties in a ribbon bow under my chin. I have the hoods in white and a variety of colors. They're really quite glamorous, as well as useful in keeping my hair in place for a pretty entrance."

Claire Bloom will appear in "The Brothers Karamazov"

"GETTING STARTED ON A DIET is what's difficult," says FELICIA FARR, brown-eyed beauty who prefers to keep her weight at 108 pounds, "because at that weight I look, feel and photograph my best. Between making movies, though, I relax, and the pounds creep on. Suddenly I discover I've added five or ten pounds, my face looks pudgy, my clothes are too tight and I feel f-a-t." Felicia has tried most of the conventional diet plans, "but they don't work for me for the simple reason that I cheat when I'm allowed three meals a day."

It wasn't until Felicia hit on her nothing-to-eat-after-three-P.M. idea that she has been able successfully to start a diet. "I limit this dieting to three or four days at a time during which I eat only breakfast and a late lunch each day. Both of these meals consist of what I normally eat. For instance, breakfast might be fresh fruit, Swiss cheese on toast, coffee with a little cream and one sugar. For luncheon, scrambled eggs and crisp bacon, salad, milk and a light dessert—custard or fruit gelatin. Or I might have a small steak or lamb chops at luncheon, along with salad, milk and dessert. Then nothing more to eat until the next day. (Well, maybe a glass of milk in the evening if I'm famished!) By not eating any solid food after three o'clock, I have the rest of the afternoon and evening to burn up calories and reduce weight. I've lost as much as five pounds in three days this way," Felicia says, "and by then I'm conditioned to the idea of eating less—so that I can start a regular diet without undue hardship. On this I go back to three meals a day, cutting down on amounts of bread, butter and sweets—but I don't feel that I'm really depriving myself. People ask what my doctor thinks about my unconventional reducing plan. He approves for a very good reason—my health continues to be excellent."

Felicia Farr is appearing in "3:10 to Yuma"

"WARM FRIENDLINESS AND A GRACIOUS MANNER—to me, those are the most appealing and rewarding qualities of beauty," says MARIA SCHELL, popular European actress who is in this country making her first American movie. "I can tell more about a woman by the clasp of her hand at an introduction and the sound of her voice when she greets you than by her appearance or the clothes she wears. I get great pleasure out of receiving people in good will, believing sincerely that I will like them and want to get to know them—therefore I am always particularly charmed when someone extends that same sincerity to me. The ability to give and receive friendship is a real badge of beauty. I would much rather spend thirty minutes at a party getting to know one or two people than spend the whole evening drifting aimlessly from one group to the next. *Listening* to people, truly listening and caring about what others have to say is a simple, lovely courtesy. (Have you ever been asked, 'How are you?'—and before you have a chance to answer, the person is launching into a discussion of how she feels? When this happens to me, I say to myself, 'Maria, don't talk—they don't care.')

"I know it isn't easy in our high-speed way of life to always remember or to take the time to be gracious and thoughtful. Sometimes, I set aside ten minutes of the day for the sheer purpose of *not thinking*. I close my mind to every concern or worry or rush thing I have to do and I r-e-l-a-x. How peaceful and quiet everything becomes. When I awaken from this soothing little interlude, I feel refreshed and able to face the rest of my day with serenity and renewed spirit."

Maria Schell will appear in "The Brothers Karamazov"

"A TINY FIGURE HAS ITS DRAWBACKS," says PIER ANGELI, who is 5'2" tall, weighs 105 pounds, has a 20" waist and wears a size 5 or 7 dress. The only thing "big" about Pier is her engaging smile which adds sparkling warmth to her spritelike beauty. "I adore pretty clothes," she says, "but I believe girls my size have to be especially careful not to choose things that are too overpowering. Big hats, wide belts, long-torso dresses and boxy suits may look divine on tall figures, but they shrink short girls—cut us in two." Pier believes another all-wrong choice for a tiny figure is the combination of full, full skirts worn with flat, flat shoes. "They make a small girl look as though she's waddling instead of walking. I save my ballet-type shoes to wear at home with tapered slacks. When I wear full skirts I don't overdo the petticoats, and wear them with simple, high-heeled pumps." In choosing a suit, Pier keeps an eye out for jackets fitting neatly through the shoulders and body line combined with straight skirts. "In Italy, we call it the '*imbuto*' look—slim, tapered, delicate." Pier's concentration on selecting the right clothes for her size extends to her choice of purses—small and oblong in shape, rather than the big, pouchy handbags. She scales necklines to her size, too, avoiding fluffy, frilly collars ("I get lost in them") and wearing, instead, Peter Pan collars, sweaters with little flat fur collars, or, for afternoon or evening, simple sheath-cut lines or scoop shapes. A single strand of lovely pearls and tiny pearl-and-diamond earrings are gifts to Pier from her husband, Vic Damone, and her favorite choice in jewelry. One final and wonderful aspect about Pier's appearance has nothing to do with her size. From the top of her shining head to the tip of her polished shoes, she has a pristinely immaculate look which is a beauty joy to behold!

Pier Angeli will appear in "Merry Andrew"

"AT LAST I CAN RELAX, FEEL WELL AND BE MYSELF!" says red-haired, blue-eyed SUZY PARKER, fashion model turned movie star. As a model, Suzy had to keep her weight down to 110 pounds ("I'm 5'8" tall but designers and photographers didn't think I looked 'fashiony' unless my bones showed"), she had to load her face with make-up ("*Nobody* wanted my freckles to show") and live on her nerves ("A busy model doesn't have time for meals—she's lucky to get a bite of apple or sip of coffee between fittings and photographs").

Now Suzy's changed all that and, as you can see by her picture, no glamour has been lost in the process. "In the three months I've been out here, I've gained almost fifteen pounds, and I want to add five more. I haven't had to stuff myself with food either—I just make a point of eating each meal slowly, and in a relaxed and pleasant atmosphere. While I'm gaining, I keep my figure firm by exercising. I *love* to walk miles every day—and I swim and ski whenever I get a chance. The year-round exercise combined with healthier eating is getting my figure in the shape I want it to be!"

As for the freckles—"I don't purposely point my face to the sun to *get* them," says Suzy, "but on the other hand I was born with the kind of fair skin that freckles and I see no reason to hide the fact. Really, I think they're rather pretty." The use of less make-up (even when she's making a picture) gives Suzy's skin a better chance to remain fresh and youthful looking, and "at night it's much easier to give it a scrupulous cleaning and keep it free from clogging pores and blackheads." Once a week Suzy gives herself a creamy-mask treatment to clear and brighten her skin. She smooths the creamy preparation over her face and neck, relaxes while it firms (about ten minutes) and then rinses it off with cool water. "A good way to wake up your appearance before an important appointment—or a special date."

Suzy Parker is appearing in "Kiss Them for Me"

"IT TAKES THE CLEVER USE OF MAKE-UP to bring warmth and definite personality to a monotone blonde's appearance," says pretty Barbara Lang. "It seems to me blondes have the double task of trying successfully to enhance their pale coloring without risking the possibility of looking *too* made up." Here is Barbara's favorite routine: Each morning she freshens up by lightly "spanking" a chilled liquid skin tonic into her face and neck. After patting this dry, she smooths on some colorless moisturizing lotion to serve as an all-day skin softener. Into this she blends the sheerest film of make-up foundation tinted a pink beige. "It has to seem to disappear into my skin before I'm satisfied that I'm not wearing too much," says Barbara. Next she uses a brown eyebrow pencil ("A soft-point pencil is easiest to use") to sketch color and shape for her eyebrows. Using little outward strokes she follows the natural line of her eyebrow, adding emphasis to the center arch. To bring depth of color and apparent thickness to pale eyelashes, Barbara uses black mascara, stroking it on the underneath side of the *upper* lashes ("Color on the lower lashes looks too artificial"). Her geranium-pink lipstick is applied with a lip brush, and Barbara adds needed fullness to her upper lip by following the natural line, but going beyond it ever so slightly. ("I avoid drawing a curve where Nature hasn't put one.") A light dusting of powder completes Barbara's daytime make-up. For evening she uses a soft violet eye shadow and a touch of cream rouge to give a pretty glow to her face. "I take more time *subduing* the effect of my make-up than I do in applying it," says Barbara, "but it pays off by creating a fresh, natural look."

Barbara Lang is appearing in "House of Number"

NEXT MONTH

■ Too many things were wrong: Linda Parks knew that. But they were such small, tenuous things. Alone in a strange city, how could she find help? How could she make the one man who did listen to her believe that what those small wrong things added up to was a great, tightening web of terror and murder? Read

CATCH AS CATCH CAN

By FRANCES and RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

complete in the January JOURNAL, condensed from the novel soon to be published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE SUGAR HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

mother. Teresa spoiled her mother, as everybody did; sometimes she laughed at her—but the laughter was gentle. It was proof enough; proof of what, Neville would have found it hard to say—but in his eyes now, as he watched Lady Thurloe making her farewells, there was not the touch of cynicism that had once shown in them when he looked at her.

She was in the car; all but the last good-bys had been said. There came out of the front door a woman brandishing a hatbox.

"Wait—wait!" she shouted.

She came awkwardly down the steps—short, gray-haired, plain to ugliness. Lolly Hyde was a distant cousin of Teresa's father. She had come some twenty years ago, at his request, to join the household. She was then nearing forty, but between her and Teresa there had sprung into being a mutual trust and affection which nothing had ever shaken. Between her and Coralie Thurloe was a link stronger than affection: Coralie needed her. Coralie needed a house that ran without her aid; Coralie needed freedom to pursue her own interests and amusements; above all, she needed someone who knew what she wanted and who would see that she got it if possible—and all this Lolly Hyde provided.

Lolly handed over the case."Found it on the landing. Boat trains don't wait. Enjoy yourself and keep warm and enjoy the scenery. Good-by. See you in two weeks."

Lady Thurloe raised a hand in a last farewell, leaned back and was borne from sight.

Lolly tucked a few whispy trails of hair into the bun at the back of her head. "Well, she's off now and I hope she'll enjoy herself. You out to lunch, Teresa, or in?"

"Out. I'm having lunch with Lawrence."

"You sure he's going to give you lunch?" Lolly asked. "What about that sour housekeeper of his? Won't she give notice?"

"I'll let you know when I come back," promised Teresa, and watched Lolly go with her awkward, rolling gait into the house.

"You didn't tell me you were lunching with your godfather," said Neville.

"I rang him up this morning and asked if I could," said Teresa. "I've got things to talk over with him."

"Such as?"

"Such as what we're going to do about mother when we get married," she said slowly.

His expression was bewildered. "Is there a problem?"

"Yes. Lolly's leaving."

"Why would she leave? Where would she go?"

"I can't imagine her anywhere but here—but that isn't the point. You see, Neville, this means that mother will be alone."

"Except for a gardener and a chauffeur and a maid, to say nothing of the daily woman or women," he said dryly. "Don't get things out of proportion. Your mother's a very lucky woman."

"I know. But when you and I arranged to marry in September, we both thought that Lolly'd be here to—to ——"

"Close the gap? When did she tell your mother that she was going?"

"She hasn't told mother yet. She told me—last night."

"Was this what you were going in to see Lawrence about?"

"Yes. What I want to talk to him about is"—she brought out the name a little unwillingly—"my Uncle Hubert."

"Why drag Hubert out now? Twenty-two years is a long quarrel. You think he and your mother would make it up?"

"Quarrels have been made up after longer intervals than that."

"What was the row about?"

"I've never been able to find out. Mother did hint once—before changing the subject—that the quarrel was in some way concerned with his wife, or his marriage. But if his wife is dead ——"

"So you're going into Brighton to get some facts out of your godfather?"

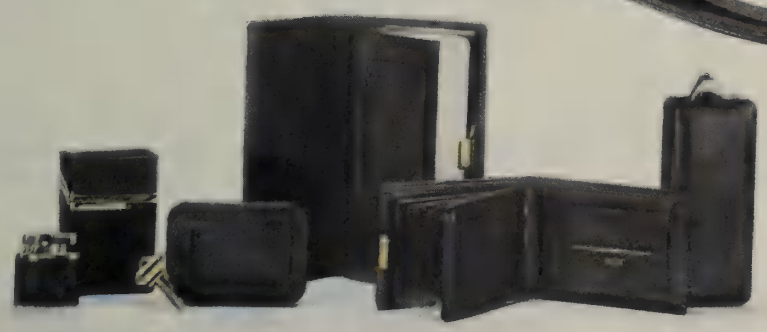
"If I can. He and my father were friends long before my father married. Lawrence will know about the row, and what caused it."

"All right. So you lunch with old Lawrence and fix up this reconciliation between your mother and the brother she hasn't seen for twenty-two years. Then you bring your Uncle Hubert down here to live with your mother, to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

© 1957, BUXTON, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

holds everything you see here,
and *still looks slim*
and neat!



the Contour® Billfold by

BUXTON

MATCHED SETS AVAILABLE IN ENGLISH MOROCCO LEATHER. CONTOUR® BILLFOLD, $10. CIGARETTE LIGHTER, $2.95. SNAP-TOP CIGARETTE CASE, $3.95. CONTOUR® KEY-TAINER,® $3.75. POCKET SECRETARY, $7.50. SPEC-TAINER,® $2.95. ALL PRICES PLUS TAX.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

fill the gap made by your marriage and Lolly's departure. Correct?"

"It might sound a silly plan," said Teresa, "but there's no harm in trying, is there?"

"Well, go and see Lawrence. He's a sensible fellow; he'll tell you that what's past is past, and is, as a rule, better left alone. And now I've got to go."

Lolly glanced up as Teresa came in. "Neville gone?"

"Yes. Can I talk to you, Lolly, for a minute?"

"H'm?"

Teresa studied her—and suddenly, for the first time, tried to imagine the house without her. From the beginning there had been Lolly. Lolly in the nursery, on walks, at meals; Lolly in times of trouble or perplexity, Lolly in times of sickness. And now Lolly was going—where? And she, Teresa, was also going—where? One had to marry; one wanted, in a way, to marry, but at this moment—Teresa faced the truth and acknowledged it with a sinking feeling—at this moment, marriage and a new home were merely names, merely prospects, not alluring ones.

"Don't go, Lolly," she begged impulsively.

Lolly turned herself round in her chair to face Teresa squarely. "'Don't go,'" she repeated. "Well, why? Why, don't go?"

"Because of mother."

"Yes, yes, yes, I know," said Lolly; "she couldn't live without me, life when I leave her will be insupportable and so on and so on. Your father wrote to me exactly twenty-three years and four months ago and said, 'Lily, you've no money and no home but you're fond of children and I'd rather trust you with this new Teresa of ours than half a dozen of these so-called nannies. Come and try it,' he said. So I came to keep an eye on you and I've stayed to keep an eye on you. But now you're going out into the world, and Neville will take on where I'm leaving off. So I'm free."

"But mother ——"

"Your mother, at this moment, relies on you for company. If I stay, she'll begin to rely on me—and once that happens, I shall never get away, because once your mother wants anything, she ——"

Lolly checked herself abruptly; her next words were spoken without looking up:

"Hadn't you better get off if you're lunching with Lawrence?"

"There's something I want to tell you first. When you told me you were going, I got frightened about leaving mother alone, and I suddenly thought of someone who might . . . well, come and live with her."

"Which someone?" asked Lolly in surprise. "Lawrence won't give up his house, if that's what you're after. It's big and cold and uncomfortable—but he won't leave it."

"Not Lawrence. I was thinking of mother's brother, Uncle Hubert."

Lolly raised her eyes to Teresa's. "You won't get Hubert either," she said slowly. "So you can put that out of your head."

Teresa leaned forward. "Lolly, what *did* they quarrel about?"

Lolly rose and began to clear the table. "Money, mostly," she said. "But it was a grand quarrel; it wasn't one of those holes that you can put a patch over. It was a split like the Grand Canyon—that wide, and that deep."

"Does anybody know where Uncle Hubert is living?"

"They know where he was living in the house in London."

"Which house in London?"

"The house he and your mother lived in all their lives. Your mother's the person to go to for information."

"On the few occasions on which I've mentioned Uncle Hubert's name, mother's gone quite pale and —— "

"—— and said, 'Never let that name be spoken in my presence.' Or something. Well, yes; it was quite a quarrel," said Lolly. "And you'd do much better to put it right out of your mind."

"It's absurd to have mother living alone here and her only brother—her only relation—living alone somewhere else. If someone tells me that Uncle Hubert isn't a widower, that he doesn't want to see mother and that he wouldn't dream of making up the quarrel, then I'll drop the whole thing."

"Go and ask Lawrence—and if you're going, you'd better go soon. If you keep that housekeeper of his waiting for lunch—even a cold lunch—she'll take it out of him."

Teresa went slowly to the door. "Why doesn't he get rid of her?"

"Because he's like all men, terrified that he won't get anybody else to look after him. Tell him from me he's a fool."

Teresa felt under no necessity to deliver this message. She kissed the old man when he let her in, and followed him to the study. It was a man's room, thought Teresa; a room with an accumulation of books and papers and letters, the desk littered, the two large hide-covered chairs shabby and worn.

"Looks untidy," said old Sir Lawrence, turning and following her glance. He poured out two glasses of sherry, gave Teresa hers and then lowered himself carefully into a chair. "Everybody's always told me that I was a fool to go on living in a big place like this after m'wife died, but I'm glad I didn't move out. Mrs. Crofts is a sour old witch, but I suppose I'm lucky to have her. Drink up that sherry and I'll get you another."

"Not yet, thank you. Lawrence ——"

"Ah. Now it's coming," he said.

"What's coming?"

"Whatever it was you came to see me about."

"It's about Uncle Hubert."

"About ——" Sheer surprise stopped Sir Lawrence. "Hubert? What in the world put him into your head?"

"Lolly's leaving the cottage when I marry."

"Well, I suppose that's no surprise, in a way. She's always considered herself there chiefly on your behalf. With you out of the house, I don't think it's surprising that she should want to make a change. If she doesn't make it now, she'll never make it."

"That's what she says."

"And what has all that got to do with your Uncle Hubert?"

"Just —— What was the quarrel about, Lawrence?" Teresa broke off to ask.

Her godfather sat looking at her unhappily. "No point in digging up all that old history, is there?"

"I don't know. But if mother's to be alone, why can't Uncle Hubert come and live with her?"

"He's got a wife—or he had."

"Hasn't anybody heard of them all this time—twenty-two years?"

"Well, I haven't, and I don't suppose your mother has either. If you want news of him you'd have to go and see Walter Creed or his brother Hilary."

"Are they his lawyers as well as mother's and mine?"

"Of course. They administer the trust. They pay him his income. They'd know where your uncle was and whether his wife was still alive or not. But why this worry about your mother's future? She's got the most comfortable home in all Sussex, she's got servants and she's got plenty of money. When you've gone and Lolly's gone, she'll look round, find herself a congenial companion and charm her into going to live with her. What your mother wants—your mother will —— Look, drink up that sherry and we'll have lunch."

"Lolly said they quarreled about money. Why? There couldn't have been a shortage."

Sir Lawrence leaned back. "Well . . . it was this way. Your mother and her brother inherited a fairly large house in London, and a comfortable income. Your grandfather left all his money in trust; your mother and Hubert couldn't touch the capital. When it comes to you, there won't be any strings and you'll be able to do as you like with it—but your mother and Hubert could only use the income and the income wasn't left to them equally. Your grandfather considered that a man can always make a living for himself, but not a woman. So your mother got eight hundred a year—and Hubert got four hundred a year and what he'd earn, presumably, in a job. But he preferred to live without a job; in those days twelve hundred a year—their pooled income—wasn't a princely sum, but it was a comfortable one."

"Then mother married?"

"Yes. Your mother married; she married a rich man, and Hubert seemed to feel that she'd let him go on using her share of the money and save him from having to find a job. But your mother had other ideas."

"That doesn't sound like mother. She's very generous."

"I'm glad to hear you say so—but then, neither you nor I have ever tried to persuade her to part with several hundred pounds a year. Hubert began by asking and then he began demanding. But he was wasting his time."

"She refused? And then they quarreled?"

"Well"—Sir Lawrence hesitated—"it wasn't only that. You see, Hubert did something—in pique, or perhaps merely with a view to his own future comfort—which ruled him out for ever as far as your mother was concerned."

"He stole?" prompted Teresa. "He embezzled? He forged?"

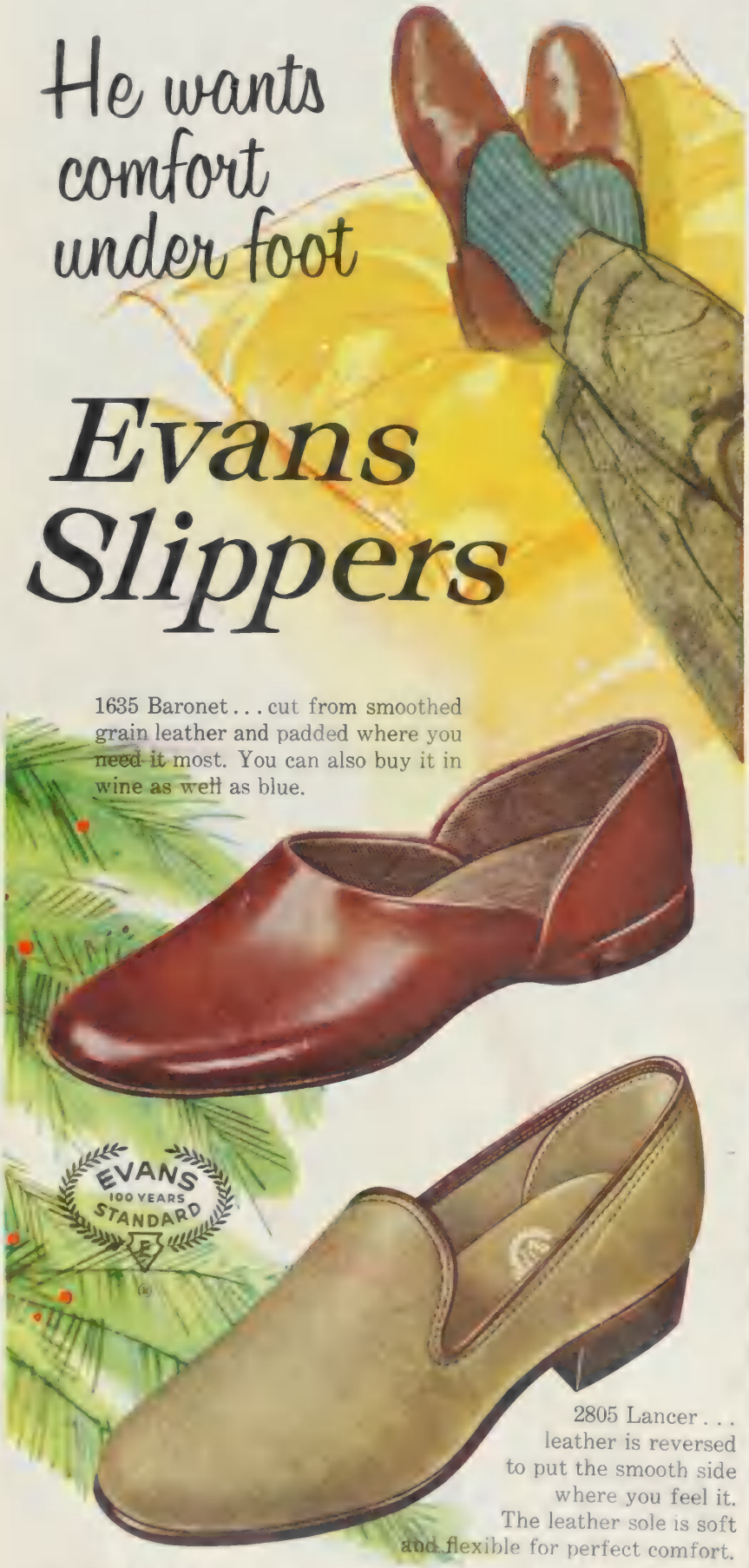
"No, no, no." Sir Lawrence turned. "He married a—a woman he'd been living with."

"A mistress?"

"Yes. I dare say if she'd been merely his mistress, it might have been all right. But she happened to be his cook too. Your mother'd probably have been able to swallow one or the other, but the two together stuck in her throat. And . . . there was a row. An almighty row.

He wants comfort under foot

Evans Slippers



1635 Baronet . . . cut from smoothed grain leather and padded where you need it most. You can also buy it in wine as well as blue.

2805 Lancer . . . leather is reversed to put the smooth side where you feel it. The leather sole is soft and flexible for perfect comfort.

Hand turned for handsome giving

©L. B. Evans' Son Company, Wakefield, Massachusetts

"It doesn't seem much," said Teresa slowly, "to have an almighty row about."

"No. But don't get out of period," Sir Lawrence reminded her. "Today we look back at a fellow who married his cook and feel he was a man of vision. But twenty years ago, people had somewhat different ideas about cooks and about mistresses."

"But if she's dead ——"

"Cooks never die. But if you want news of them, you'll have to ask Walter Creed; he pays Hubert's income and he'll know all about him and his affairs. If you take my advice, you'll forget all about Hubert. And now come and have some lunch." He held out a hand to Teresa. "It's all on the table here: cold chicken, cold ham and the bare bones of a salad. Will you mix the dressing?"

"Yes." Teresa took the bowl, but her gaze remained on the old man's leathery cheeks. "This morning . . . it's odd," she said, "but this morning I know for certain something that I've suspected for a long time. You and mother—you've never been quite ——"

"Your mother and I are the best of friends."

"Good friends, yes. But . . . were you involved in this quarrel long ago?"

"I happened to be at the cottage when the top blew off everything—but that was all. Mere spectator. What you've felt, probably, since you grew up, is that there's a sort of minor conflict between your mother and myself. Well, the conflict is . . . yourself. You see, it wasn't your mother who made me your godfather; it was your father. I always felt that you were—what's that silly phrase?—a sacred charge, and so everything your mother has arranged for you has been screened by me through my desire to see that it's something your father would have approved of. Mostly it was; when it wasn't, I've gone to your mother and said so, frankly and with a lamentable lack of tact. And she hasn't liked it. The situation doesn't make for one of warm friendliness. Does that satisfy you?"

She smiled. "Yes, thank you," she said.

They sat down to eat. Teresa said nothing more about her uncle until the coffee was bubbling and they were back in their deep chairs. Then she raised the subject again.

"Where's the house?" she asked.

"It's in Grosvenor Drive. Number Fifty-four. It used to be a good address, but I don't know what the district is like now. If I were you, Teresa, my dear, I'd let the whole thing alone."

Teresa spent a restless night. She tried to picture Uncle Hubert with her mother as they had been when they were young, living together in the house in London. It was impossible, however, to imagine her mother anywhere but at Folly Cottage. Most difficult of all was to imagine her mother quarreling violently.

Sir Lawrence had advised her against going to Grosvenor Drive; Lolly thought the scheme ill advised. But curiosity, Teresa found in the morning, was stronger than reason, and she rose resolved to go. She timed her journey carefully; if she got to the house just after tea, there would be a good chance of finding somebody at home. She got to London, after all, later than she had intended; it was almost half past five when the train got in. She took a bus part of the way to Grosvenor Drive and walked the rest of the way.

The district was in process of being turned into a business sector. New office buildings stood between old Victorian houses; there were large gaps here and there with builders' signs displayed upon them. Crossing the street, Teresa saw that Nos. 46 to 50 had been swallowed up by the offices of an insurance company. No. 52 was hidden behind scaffolding.

She came to No. 54 and, stopping, let her eyes roam as casually as possible over the house. It was solidly built, square, ugly; five steps led up to the front door, and a few yards away were more steps, leading to the basement. At every window hung straight curtains screening the interior of the rooms. The curtains, she noted, were fresh, the steps newly washed, the little yard below clean and uncluttered; having taken in these details, she found that they added nothing whatsoever to her hazy ideas about her uncle.

Doubts as to the wisdom of what she was doing came to her for the first time. Dreams dissolved fast in this atmosphere of solid reality, of grimy buildings and scaffolding and the hammering of workmen. Her normal good sense told her that if she had gone instead to the offices of Creed and Creed, either of the brothers—Walter or Hilary—would have been able to supply her with more information than the blank façade of the house at which she was gazing.

She turned to go, but it was too late. A man had come down the street and had begun to mount the steps leading to the front door—and then he paused and came down again. Teresa saw that he was tall and rather thin, with a face whose plainness was redeemed by a pair of well-set, intelligent gray eyes. He looked about thirty.

He addressed her somewhat hesitatingly. "You're . . . looking for somebody?"

"No." Teresa spoke hurriedly. "No, thank you. I'm not."

Half turning, he let his gaze roam over the house, as she had been doing when he first saw her. His meaning was clear: there was nothing about it to cause a passer-by to stop and gaze at it for so long. Teresa felt herself coloring.

"I knew somebody who lived here—a very long time ago," she said. "Ages ago."

A smile twitched his mouth and lit the gray eyes. "Ages?" His tone was quizzical. "Not more, shall we say, than twenty-two . . . twenty-four years?" She made no answer, and his tone became more formal. "The house belongs to a Mr. Hubert Towers."

"Yes, I know," said Teresa.

"You know him?"

"I . . . no." She turned to go. "I was just . . . looking at the house. Good-by."

He gave a slight bow. "There's a taxi rank at the corner—may I call a taxi for you?" he asked.

Teresa, about to refuse, found herself, instead, walking beside him; he adjusted his long strides to her shorter steps, and for some moments they proceeded in silence. Then he halted.

"It's just struck me," he said. "Mr. Towers isn't in England at the moment, but his wife is here, and if you wanted to see her ——"

"No," she said. "It's very kind of you to tell me, but I—I'll come back at some other time."

"Mrs. Towers," said her companion, "will be sorry to have missed you. May I tell her that you'll be calling again?"

Teresa glanced at him swiftly; his eyes, frankly curious, speculative, held hers.

"My name is Tudor; Mark Tudor," he said. "I can tell you anything you want to know about the house. I happen to live there."

Surprise brought Teresa to a halt once more; for a wild moment she had an idea that her uncle might have had a son and that she might be confronting an unknown cousin. Her momentary interest, frank and open, brought a smile to his lips.

"Sometimes," he said slowly, "impulses are odd things. You had an impulse—am I right?—to visit the house."

"I . . . yes, I did."

"You came looking for something, or somebody," he said, "and you're going away without finding out anything at all."

"I thought better of it," she said. "And now will you call me a taxi?"

"Surely." He signaled. "Before you go, why don't you try to find out from me, if I can help you, anything you came to learn?"

"There's nothing you can tell me, thank you, Mr. Tudor."

"There's a good deal. I live in the top flat, and there are other tenants—but you didn't come to see them."

"How do you know?"

"In Mr. Towers' room there's a photograph of a woman—a girl; it was taken about twenty years ago. His wife told me that it was a photograph of Mr. Towers' sister. His sister—she also told me—had a daughter."

He stopped, but his smile was wide and so infectious that Teresa smiled in sympathy.

"All right," she said. "Mr. Towers is my uncle. And now may I go away?"

"Most certainly." He opened the door of the taxi. "But it's a pity, don't you think?" He handed her in and paused. "I want to beg you, next time you stand before a door, to push it open and glance inside. You see if you don't look, you don't . . . find out, do you? Good-by."

His last words were soft, almost gentle. The taxi was moving, the driver sliding the partition open to hear her directions.

"Victoria Station," ordered Teresa with a curious feeling of flatness. Over. It was over. In the house she had left behind her, her uncle lived with his wife and a number of tenants—and she knew nothing of any of them. Her uncle would return from his journeying and rejoin his wife and she would never meet them or learn what they were like.

This course, which had seemed wise and sensible when she had decided upon it, looked now, after her meeting with the man called Mark Tudor, slightly shabby. She was running away, and he had guessed it—and thought her a coward.

She drew a deep breath and, leaning forward, tapped the glass partition. The driver opened it and inclined his head.

"Yes, miss?"

What is beautiful is good, and who is good will soon also be beautiful. SAPPHO

NEW CUSTOM TOP

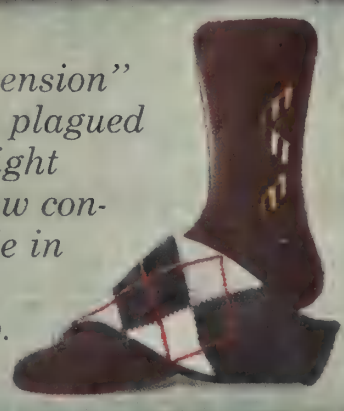
NO RUBBER

NO BINDING

SNUG FIT

SHORT SOCKS

No more "sock top tension" which for years has plagued men who object to tight elastic tops. This new construction is available in ribs and fancies at $1.25 a pair and up.



Interwoven®

THE FINEST FITTING AND BEST WEARING SOCKS OF ALL TIME

"Will you turn back, please?"

The partition shut with a bang. Teresa sat back and felt a curious sense of relief. They came to the corner at which she had got into the taxi. "Number Fifty-four, please."

The taxi drew up and she stepped out and paid the driver. Then she turned to mount the steps—and came to an abrupt halt. On the bottom step, leaning negligently against the stone balustrade, his attitude one of calm expectation, was Mark Tudor.

"If I'd been a man of tact," he remarked conversationally, "I would have gone into the house and peered out from behind a curtain, waiting for you to come back."

"You were so certain that I would?"

He smiled down at her in warm friendship. "You looked so intelligent. And you were, after all, a woman, and curiosity had brought you here. You began to have doubts—a word from a stranger can sometimes resolve doubts. And you came back, and I'm glad."

He ushered her into a small outer hall and through it into a large inner one. Teresa saw that it was rather dark, and bare of furniture. There was a strong smell of cooking and from below came the sound of singing—a woman's voice. From above came the sound of hammering, of a violin, of a sewing machine whirring steadily—and of castanets playing a swift, expert, rhythmic rattle of sound. She had barely time to take in these impressions—and then Mark Tudor had followed her in and closed the door sharply behind him.

And at its closing, all sounds ceased so suddenly that Teresa was left wondering whether she had imagined them. Then footsteps sounded on the stairs. A door off the hall opened and a woman stood for a moment in the doorway.

Teresa saw before her a woman of about fifty, tall, with gray hair worn in plaits over her head. Her skin was smooth and dark, her eyes almost black; she was dressed in shabby clothes and wore an apron over her dress. Her hands were rough and work-stained. Teresa, staring at her in amazement that she could not conceal, understood for the first time how little she had been told of the past. Nobody had told her that her uncle's wife was a foreigner; nobody had prepared her for this look of calm strength, this quiet air of dignity.

"But my goodness in heaven!" came softly from the woman. "You are so like—yes, so like your mother. You are Lady Thurloe's daughter—isn't it so? It is Teresa, not?"

She held out both her hands and took Teresa's in a brief clasp. "Why have you come? Why have you come so suddenly like this? Your father is dead, I know that—but where is your mother? Is she well? It is so unexpected, so extraordinary that you should be here. Your uncle will be pleased that you have come—but he is not here, you know. He travels here, there, everywhere—all the time. But how is it that you know Mark?"

"We met outside," said Mark. "She was looking for you, and I brought her inside."

"You were looking for me? I am glad; often I have wished to see you, to know how you looked. Your mother is well, and Miss Hyde?"

"Yes, thank you, madame."

"Ah—not madame! You must call me Zoe, which is my name. Yes, that will be better. Come"—she took Teresa's arm and led her across the hall—"we shall go to my room and we shall talk there. Come, Mark. But wait! First I shall have to arrange that the dinner does not spoil." She went to the foot of the stairs and shouted, "Maxie! Maxie, come down; here is a lady you should see."

Over the railing of the landing there appeared cautiously the head of an old man with snow-white hair and whiskers. From behind his shoulder peered an old woman. They glanced down—and vanished. From the floor above there showed for an instant the face of a young girl, startlingly beautiful—and then it, too, was withdrawn. Then a man came down the stairs; he was short and sturdy, middle-aged. Teresa saw that one of his arms was amputated above the elbow.

"This is Maxie," said Zoe, as he reached the hall. "He stays here and he works for us. Maxie, have you guessed who this lady is?"

Maxie gave a stiff little bow. "I have guessed. She is the niece of Mr. Towers."

His English, like Zoe's, was fluent, but his accent was thick. Before he could say more, Zoe had waved him to the door leading to the kitchen. "The food, Maxie—please look after it while I am talking to Miss Thurloe." She took Teresa's arm. "Come; come, Mark. We shall go into my room."

They seated themselves and Zoe broke into rapid speech. "It is so strange that you come so suddenly like this—and I know so little about you! Why did you come? Of course, to see your uncle—but it is long, no? Did your mother send you?"

"No. I—I just came," said Teresa.

"Because you had curiosity about your uncle?" Zoe's questions were friendly, but frank. "So your mother does not know that you have come?"

"No. She—as a matter of fact, she's away."

"Ah." Zoe's voice was expressionless. "She would not like you to come, I think?"

"I don't know."

Teresa felt that her replies were scarcely satisfactory, but it was impossible to explain that she had come hoping to find that her uncle was a widower. She wondered at her stupidity; she had never seen anyone quite so alive as the woman seated in the chair opposite to hers.

"I am sorry that you should miss your uncle. But he travels, as I told you," said Zoe. "He will come, he will be here for one month, two months, three—and then I will see that he is getting restless. He packs, he is off. France, Spain, Portugal; now it is Portugal, and he writes from Lisbon—but he does not say when he will come home. When he comes, will you like me to write to you?"

"That would be very kind," said Teresa.

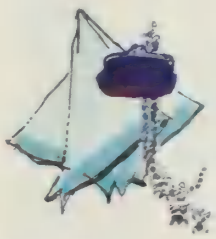
She waited for more questions—but her aunt obviously considered the interview at an end. She had come to see her uncle. Her uncle was away. Her aunt would advise her when he returned.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

At home for Christmas

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

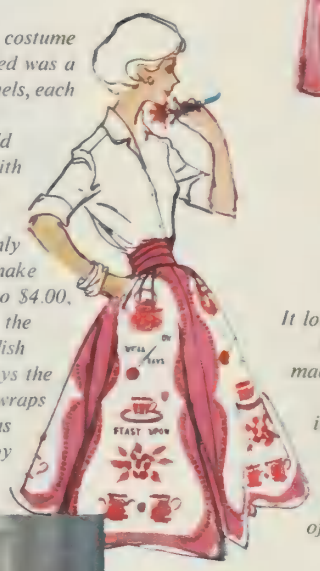
Happy holidays and the excitement of Christmas are uppermost in Barbara J.'s mind. With a winter wardrobe complete, she decides now is the season for "at home" casuals—those comfortable and irresistible separates she loves to make as well as buy ready-made. This month, Barbara splurges on fashion—but *not* on fashion $'s. She makes her separates, a bright blouse and wool slacks, the two for less than $12.00. With her minimum of expenditure now as well as last month ($12.95 for her lace party dress), she has plenty of her wardrobe $'s left over for gifts. These are mostly accessories—some of the prettiest gifts of all. By BET HART



A clutch bag of blue velveteen, large enough for evening, small enough for an elegant change purse for daytime, $1.00. A square of turquoise silk chiffon, banded in a slightly deeper shade, $2.00. Beads in tones of blues, $2.95. And tiny jeweled butterfly earrings in mauve, $2.00.



Wrapping is most of the fun. Caning makes an especially pretty package, a very mysterious one too . . . Barbara adds the ribbon and holly. The contents? The brightest slippers imaginable, like the ones Barbara is wearing with her slacks, $3.95.



One "at home" costume Barbara considered was a skirt of four panels, each panel a dish towel. It would be pretty with a white shirt with roll-up sleeves, and only $2.95. She does make the skirt ($2.00 to $4.00, depending upon the elegance of the dish towels) and buys the blouse. But—she wraps them for Christmas giving. Blouse by John Netzky.



SKETCHES BY MARIBETH

Barbara contemplates a bright corduroy robe. It looks glamorous, but takes heartily to machine washings. For an evening at home, it could be worn with a pretty ribbon sash. The price, $7.95. Barbara decides in favor of the slacks. (Secretly hopes to find this under the tree.)

PRIGENT



At home, Barbara wears her slacks, Vogue Design No. 8908, and overblouse, Vogue "Very Easy-to-Make" No. 9380. The blouse, of three main pieces, goes together fast enough for an amateur to make in an evening and pretty enough for Christmas giving, especially in a bright velveteen. The gold chain is Barbara's accessory investment, and another gift idea: $1.00 for a strand long enough to wind around several times.*

* For back view, sizes and prices, see page 138.

© VOGUE



Her separates are practical as they are pretty. Barbara can wear the slacks with her white jersey blouse from September. Her other special plan is to wear them with her blue Orlon sweater. Her scarf folded under the collar and tied to the front gives it an especially elegant air.

A present with a future . . . if it's a **SINGER**



New **SINGER** Slant-O-Matic ...

greatest sewing machine ever built

The brilliant new Slant-O-Matic outsews all other sewing machines for both straight and fancy stitching . . . yet it's amazingly *easy* to operate.

It has 24 fabulous features, including the exclusive Slant-Needle for easier seeing, smoother sewing; an exclusive "drop-in" bobbin . . . in *front* of the needle where it's easy to reach; a built-in stitch chart that shows how to "tune in" the fancy stitch you select at the turn of a knob; gear motor drive for *stall-free* sewing.

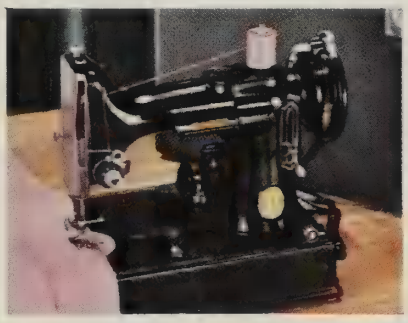
The only automatic zigzag machine for home use made in America, the SINGER* Slant-O-Matic is built for a *lifetime* of sewing. Comes in cabinets or portable case.



Popular Slant-Needle SINGER. Only straight-stitching machine with a needle that slants forward for better vision, easier sewing. Available with Automatic Zigzagger attachment for decorative stitching.



Streamlined Straight-Needle SINGER. Completely modern in every way—does perfect straight stitching. Like every SINGER, it's backed by over 100 years' experience in making the most dependable machines.



Famous FEATHERWEIGHT* Portable. An 11-lb. wonder that travels easily, stores easily, and does the work of a full-sized SINGER even on heavy fabrics! Sturdily built, with all the modern conveniences.



Extra-Value SINGER* Portable. Buy of a lifetime . . . to last a lifetime! Like every new SINGER, comes with a *free* sewing course. SINGER machines available on easy budget terms, with generous trade-in allowance.

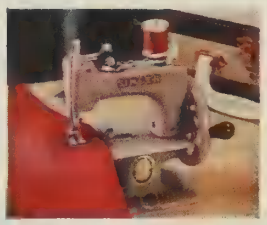
A gift for every purse . . . from **SINGER**



SINGER* Sewing Boxes These come in a variety of fabrics, forms and colors to delight young and old alike. From $1.98.



SINGER* Sewing Book 237 pages and pictures of how-to-sew fun for the homemaker. Richly bound. Only $3.95.



SINGER SEWHANDY* For the little lady on your list—a miniature SINGER that really sews! Safe for tiny fingers. Only $9.95.



SINGER* SINGER SEWING CENTERS

Listed in your phone book under SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

*A trademark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY



Handsome setting for any **SINGER** . . . one of these new "Designer" Cabinets!



Early American Console. Honey-tone or Salem maple finishes. Note matching stool.



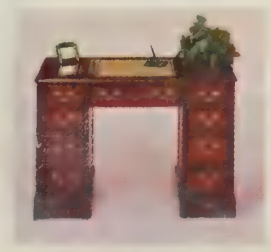
French Provincial Console. Warm, glowing fruitwood finish, flowing lines.



Modern Console. Blond or walnut finish. Both console and stool are brass-tipped.



American Modern Desk. Blond, walnut or mahogany finishes—roomy drawers.



Traditional Desk. Rich mahogany finish, with graceful tiered drawers.



Bow Front Console. Deep or casual mahogany finish — gleaming brass pulls.



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

BRECK SHAMPOO CHRISTMAS GIFT PACKAGE

A gift package of Breck Shampoo can be your way to express Christmas Greetings to friends and family. A pint bottle of one of the Three Breck Shampoos – for dry, oily or normal hair – is available in an attractive gift package at no extra cost.

The star scattered package, tied with a golden ribbon will add gay glitter to someone's Christmas. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, yet is not drying to the hair. A Breck Shampoo leaves the hair soft, lustrous and beautiful.

The Three Breck Shampoos, now marked with color, are available in the Christmas Gift Package wherever cosmetics are sold.

Red for dry hair *Blue for normal hair* *Yellow for oily hair*

JOHN H. BRECK INC. · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 3, MASSACHUSETTS
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES · OTTAWA · CANADA

Copyright 1957 by John H. Breck Inc.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

Mark Tudor spoke quickly. "Oh—but u're not going?" he exclaimed. "Zoe, don't her go. She hasn't seen Paloma, or the ron, or the *baronne*."

"How shall she be interested in those?" Zoe owned. "She does not know them."

"All the same, Paloma's worth looking ," said Mark.

Zoe's expression softened. "That is true," e said. "It is true, Teresa. Would you be- ve, she is even more beautiful than you. She Maxie's daughter. Wait, I will call her." e went out of the room and once more outed up the stairs. "Paloma! Come down- airs! Here is somebody for you to meet!"

From above, the castanets sounded briefly t angrily. As clearly as if they had spoken, ose downstairs understood that Paloma did t wish to come and meet the visitor.

"*Mais oui!*" begged Zoe. "Come, Paloma." *Clatter, clack. No, I won't.*

"She is my niece. Her name is Teresa," outed Zoe. "Come!"

Ripple, clatter, clack. Tell her to go to blazes.

"Paloma, you are very wicked. Come, come d talk to us."

The answer was a cascade of sound, bril- ntly executed, but so sustained that further change was impossible.

Mark looked at Teresa, a slow grin over- reading his face. "No Paloma," he said. ity." And then, as Teresa said nothing, he ded, "I hope you'll come back. But I don't ink you're going to—am I right?"

Teresa hesitated. Zoe was coming back— t she was not coming alone. Teresa took the nd of the small, frail, white-haired old lady o accompanied her aunt, and listened to a very voice speaking in French.

"I have known your uncle for many, many ars. He stayed in our home in France. You ve been to France?"

"Yes, madame."

"I should like to see France again. But w," said the old lady, "this is our home, and ur aunt looks after us very well."

"But it is not like old times, eh?" put in Zoe.

"No." The *baronne* smiled. "But you are od to us. Very, very good to us."

"That is nonsense. And now I shall take u up the stairs. Come."

She led her out, and Teresa heard Mark's ice close beside her. "She takes in sewing. d her husband plays the violin every night a French restaurant. He doesn't play ll—but the proprietor knew him in the old ys, and so he gives him a job. They're oke, poor old things."

"The baron and his wife?" asked Teresa.

"Yes. I thought when I came here that the le was bogus, but it's genuine. They wouldn't e it unless they had to. If the old man could lly play the violin, for example—but he n't, and so he gets by playing half on his olin and half on his title."

Zoe, returning, looked at Teresa and emed to speak with an effort. "You will stay dine with us?"

"No, thank you," said Teresa. "It's very d of you, but ——"

oe did not press her. "Well, you must come ain when your uncle is here," she said. "And would send my compliments to your mother, t I do not think that she would be pleased to ve them. I am glad that you came." Zoe was ding the way to the hall. "I am glad, t"—she turned and took Teresa's hand and oke firmly—"I do not think that you were se to come again, my dear Teresa." She ned forward and kissed Teresa, who for a oment was engulfed in a wave of garlic, gar- nia and peppermints. "Good-by. I am glad at I have seen you—just once."

The front door was opened. Teresa and ark were outside, walking down the steps to e pavement. She stopped at the bottom and ve her hand to Mark. "You've been very d," she said, "but you mustn't bother to me with me. I can get a taxi at the corner." e smiled at Mark and walked away—and en turned to give one last salute to Zoe.

She saw Zoe looking down and smiling, and en she saw the smile vanish. She even saw e mouth open—but she did not hear the cry warning that issued from it. Mark's shout unded dimly in her ears, and it was the last sound she heard, for, half turning to see what had caused Zoe's change of expression, she was too late to save herself from stumbling against the poles that supported the scaffolding round the building next door. The impact threw her off balance; she made an attempt at recovery, then she knew that she was falling. A stabbing flash, and she knew no more.

Teresa opened her eyes to find herself lying on a strange bed in a semidarkened room. "It's all right," came Mark's voice, low, steady, infinitely reassuring. "You hit your head, but not badly. We brought you into the house again, and you're on your uncle's bed in your uncle's room."

Teresa lay still. "What time is it?"

"Just after seven."

"I—I've got to get home," she said.

"Yes. But if you're sensible, you'll stay where you are tonight and leave in the morning. We rang up your house."

"Oh . . . thank you. Who ——"

"I did the telephoning. I spoke to Miss Hyde. I merely said that you were staying to dinner."

"Didn't she sound surprised?"

"She wanted to know why you hadn't telephoned yourself, and I said I'd offered to do it for you. I think you'd be wise to keep fairly quiet for a bit."

Teresa lay thinking as well as she could; her head was throbbing, and she had a faint feeling of nausea. "If you'll tell her—Miss Hyde—that I've decided to stay the night—that I've got one of my school headaches ——"

"School headaches?"

"Yes. I get bad headaches sometimes—and she calls them my school headaches because that's when they began."

"I'll tell her. She'll know I couldn't have made that up."

"Thank you." She closed her eyes, and was grateful to him for staying in the chair by her bedside, unmoving and silent.

She fell after a time into a light doze; when she awoke, she saw that the door of the room was ajar, letting in a shaft of light from the passage; she could hear whispering. She stirred, and Mark moved from the doorway to admit Zoe.

"I'm so sorry"—Teresa managed a smile—"to have given you all this trouble."

"Trouble? What is the trouble?" asked Zoe, her voice, for sickroom purposes, pitched an octave lower. "There is no trouble. You must lie still and rest—and you must eat a little something. Nobody in the whole world can cook like me, and I have something special for you. I think you should try to take it—isn't it so? Mark will look after you and I will go down and fetch something."

She went out and Mark stood for some moments looking down at Teresa. "You look better," he said. "Feel better?"

"Much better, thank you." Her eyes were on a photograph in a silver frame standing on the dressing table, and Mark nodded.

"Your mother," he said. "That's how it was I recognized you when I first saw you." He paused. "Why did you come here?"

"It was a stupid idea," said Teresa, "and I'm ashamed of it. I was making up a little fantasy about finding my uncle and uniting him with my mother and patching up their quarrel so that he could be a companion for her."

"Where was Zoe to fit in?"

"I'd pictured him as a lonely widower," said Teresa, and heard Mark's delighted laughter.

"Well, well, well," he said, sobering. "It was a nice thought. Do you want me to ring up your fiancé?"

"How did you —— Oh, my ring."

"Yes. I observe, you observe," said Mark. "Did you tell him you were coming here?"

"Not exactly; I just told him about the plan. My mother had gone off on a fortnight's cruise, and it seemed a good chance to ——"

"Spy out the land. What do you think of Zoe?"

"I like her. Is this a boardinghouse?"

"No. That is, I'm the only one here that's outside the circle. Zoe lives in two rooms on the ground floor, does the cooking and some of the housework. Maxie does what's known as the rough. The baron, as I told you, goes out every evening to play his violin in a restaurant, and his wife makes a little money by sewing. Maxie's daughter Paloma has a room opposite theirs; she's one of the most alluring exponents of Spanish dancing I've ever had the pleasure of watching. And there you have, so to speak, the family. I'm the only outsider, and I only got in after great difficulty. And here"—he turned—"here's Zoe with something that smells very good."

"Come; eat," ordered Zoe briskly. "Mark, your dinner is ready and you must go downstairs and eat it."

"I'll be back," said Mark, and went out.

Zoe took the chair by the bed. "Do you feel well to talk?" she asked.

"Yes."

"How much," went on Zoe, "do you know about that quarrel long ago? Does your mother ever speak of her brother?"

"No."

"Ah." The sound was noncommittal. "And now I am going to ask you to do something: when you go away from here, please do not speak of us all to your mother. Let it all be as it was. Do not tell her of Maxie, or Paloma, or the baron and his wife. Forget us all, my dear, and do not try to mix people who cannot be mixed. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Your uncle will be sorry to have missed you, but ——" She paused and sat for some time without speaking, her eyes fixed unseeingly on Coralie's photograph. "Yes," she said, rousing herself at last, "I am glad, yes, very glad that we met. Because when your mother speaks of me—if she ever speaks of me—you will know that I am not as bad as she thought. I was working for your uncle; I was his housekeeper, his laundress, his cook, his housemaid—everything. And I was his mistress. I would not have married him, but it seemed a sensible thing to do—he was alone, he was not any more very rich, he wanted to stay in this house. There was no romance, but I am French and we are in these matters very sensible. I had been married before; I was a widow, without children, without money; I was glad to marry your uncle. But when he married me, he cut away the last strings between your mother and himself."

She paused, and seemed once more lost in thought.

"Did you," asked Teresa after a time, "ever meet my father after the quarrel?"

"Yes. Once, he came here with his cousin, Miss Hyde. They told me that if I wanted them to help me at any time, they would do so. Your father was a very good man, Teresa. I wish you could have known him. And now"—her voice was suddenly brisk—"now no more of the past. It is finished. I am glad that you will rest here tonight; tomorrow Mark will drive you home, and we shall remember each other—but I think it will be wise that you do not come here again."

Teresa, left alone, looked round the room, taking in its details for the first time. She saw that it was a bed-sitting room, plainly and somewhat barely furnished, neat and—save for the photograph of her mother—bare of ornament. She wondered if her uncle used the room as a refuge. She wished she knew more about him. Not a single person—Lolly, Sir Lawrence, Zoe—had said anything reassuring about his appearance or his character; very little emerged of the facts and nothing at all of the man. He quarreled, he borrowed money—and he traveled. He had traveled far from his beginnings, Teresa thought, if he could make his home in this bare house with Maxie and Paloma and the frail old couple in the rooms opposite.

She heard a knock on the door, and at her call Mark entered. He looked lazy and relaxed, but she noted also that when the observer met his eyes, the impression of lethargy vanished. In the gray depths Teresa had seen lazy amusement, but she knew now that below this was watchfulness and even wariness.

"I rang up your house again," he said. "I spoke to Miss Hyde."

"Lolly? Oh, what did she say?" asked Teresa eagerly.

"She said she was sorry you had a headache and she sent you her love." He nodded toward the door, through which a medley of sounds was penetrating. "Does the noise disturb you?"

"No. I suppose one would get used to it. How long have you lived here?"

"Two months."

"And my uncle hasn't been home all that time?"

"No. Zoe says that he keeps writing to assure her that he'll be back this week, next week, sometime—but he stays where he is."

"Why do you ——" She hesitated. "Why do you live here? I can see that you like it now; but when you first were shown the place, didn't you—didn't you find them all a little odd?"

He smiled. "Perhaps that's why I was so anxious to stay." He leaned on the rail at the foot of the bed. "I stay here because I find them all interesting—and mysterious."

"Mysterious?"

"If people don't tell you about their lives, you find yourself weaving life stories round them. Then you probe a little—very gently—and you find that sometimes your stories weren't much off the beam. I made Maxie a hero of the Resistance—and found that he was."

"Is that where he ——"

"—— lost his arm? No. He lost his arm in an accident at the beginning of the war. It's all very interesting. Why, I ask myself, does every sound in the house stop instantly when



"Keep in mind that I'm still wearing my shorts and glasses."

the front doorbell rings—or when strange voices are heard in the hall? Why does the baron lock his door if a strange step sounds on the staircase? Paloma is so beautiful; why doesn't her father allow men—young men, decent men—into the house?"

She looked at him for the first time with frank and undisguised interest; he waited until her scrutiny was at an end.

"What's the verdict?" he asked.

"Perhaps I'm expecting too much when I try to form an opinion of a man I've known for only a couple of hours."

"Much too much," he agreed. "Besides, before you can make up your mind about a person, you've got to place them against some sort of background—and for some reason, you refuse to accept me as part of the family at Number Fifty-four."

"No, I don't. It just seemed ——" She stopped. "What do you do?"

"I'm what's known as something-in-the-City. On most mornings I go out punctually to work and don't get back until six—but there are days when I get out earlier. This, most fortunately, was one of those days."

He had turned to go. She saw his long, lean back and one of his hands—thin, rather bony—on the handle of the door; he looked back. "There's some arrangement about fixing you up for the night in Paloma's things; you're more or less of ■ size. I'll be back."

Teresa settled back against the pillows and tried to assess how much had happened since she had stopped outside the house earlier in the evening. In spite of herself, her interest had been quickened; when she went away, she would take with her unsatisfied curiosity, certain regrets and—oddest of all—a feeling of having missed something important. Mark Tudor sensed something below the surface in this house and had tried to make her sense it too—and had succeeded.

The lovely face that had appeared for a moment over the banister looked warily round the door. At Teresa's smile, Paloma entered. She lifted a short, white cotton nightdress, gaily embroidered. With a gesture that was grace itself, she pointed to her own figure and then to Teresa.

"We're the same size," she said in French.

"It's very kind of you to lend it to me."

There was a knock, and Zoe put her head round the door. "Paloma, go and tell everybody not to use the bathroom now; Teresa must get ready for bed. Go." She laid down sheets and pillowcases. "While you are in the bathroom, I shall make the bed." She went on in English: "You find it comfortable to lie on?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Your uncle likes a comfortable bed. That is his dressing gown hanging behind the door—please use it if you wish."

Teresa got to her feet experimentally. She found herself less shaky than she had anticipated; her head still ached a little, but she had lost the feelings of giddiness and nausea. She undressed and put on Paloma's nightdress; then, taking her uncle's dressing gown from the peg on the door, she enveloped herself in it and went out onto the landing.

Out there, the noises from all parts of the house, muffled behind the closed door, now sounded clearly. From the kitchen came voices: Zoe's and Maxie's. From a room opposite the one Teresa had occupied came more voices, one thin, one gruff: the baron and the *baronne* were talking. From upstairs, a new sound—Teresa would have said it was a child's, but nobody had said anything about a child.

She went into the bathroom and applied herself to washing. When she had done, she walked out onto the landing, and the sound of voices came once more to her ears. Upstairs, a guitar began to twang softly. Then she heard the sound of the front doorbell.

Instantly, all sounds ceased. Over all the house was utter, absolute silence. Teresa found that she, too, had become motionless and tense. Like the house, she was waiting. In spite of all her efforts, she found a sense of fear creeping over her.

Then footsteps were heard on the stairs leading from kitchen to hall. Leaning over the banister, Teresa saw Zoe walking to the front door. A key turned—and Zoe's voice, loud and protesting, broke the silence.

"Mark! But how is this that you ring the bell? You have lost your key?"

And then Mark's voice, slow, laconic. "Left it behind. Sorry to bother you, Zoe."

"Come in. You are very naughty. It is only Mark," Zoe shouted up the stairs. "He left his key behind."

The house relaxed. The baron and the *baronne* resumed their talk; Zoe went down once more to the kitchen and was heard speaking to Maxie; the notes of the guitar sounded again, sad, lingering. Up the stairs came Mark's footsteps, light and swift. He reached the landing and came face to face with Teresa. For a moment she could have sworn that there was triumph in his look—and then the curtain had dropped, as she had already learned that it could drop, screening everything he wished to conceal.

Teresa stared at him, and suddenly a wave of discomfort, of unrest engulfed her. There was something below the surface—and he knew what it was, and would keep his own counsel for as long as it suited him.

"I'll drive you home tomorrow," he said, "if I may?"

A sound from the stairs above made them both turn. Teresa saw scrambling downstairs a small boy of about four—pajama-clad, tousle-headed, dragging behind him a somewhat bald Teddy bear. He was almost the plainest child she had ever seen, and the most appealing. His hair was short and straight and stuck up like a bottle brush. His face was freckled, his mouth too large, his nose scarcely there. His teeth, large, square and widely spaced, looked not unlike milestones.

He reached the landing and then, to Teresa's amazement, Mark Tudor swung him up into his arms. "Got you," he said. "On your way to the kitchen for snacks, eh?"

"No. Came downstairs to find you."

"And now you'll go upstairs to find your bed. Say good night to the lovely lady."

"'Night."

"What's his name?" inquired Teresa.

"David."

"David and what else?" she asked.

"David Tudor, of course." Mark sounded surprised. "Didn't Paloma introduce you?"

A variety of sensations, all strange and most of them unsettling, rose in Teresa. Keeping tight control over herself, she walked to the door of her uncle's room. "Good night, David," she said—and then to Mark, "Is he yours?"

Mark bent his head and dug it affectionately into the small boy's stomach. Then he looked up and spoke with manifest pride. "Naturally, he's mine," he said. "And when I say naturally, I don't want you to misunderstand me."

Teresa said good night and closed the door gently. Then she turned and stood staring thoughtfully across the room. The impressions of the past twenty-four hours had been confusing enough, but nothing had been so bewildering as the past few moments. Mark Tudor—with or without a small boy called David. What did it matter to her? Nothing. Nothing whatsoever. But with dismay creeping over her and bringing her close to panic, Teresa acknowledged to herself that it did matter. It mattered a great deal.

Fortune smiles upon the person who can laugh at himself. BRENDAN FRANCIS

When Teresa awoke, her watch told her that it was eight o'clock. She felt well and strong and ready to rise and begin her preparations for going home. She thought of Mark Tudor and decided that she would not allow him to drive her down to the cottage; she would go home by train. He was pleasant, she told herself, he was intelligent and he was amusing and—she hesitated—yes, he had undeniable charm, but there was also something about him that she found baffling.

She remembered the speculative look in his eyes as they had sometimes rested on her; he had, she thought, a watchful air. If he was looking to her to help him solve the mystery, real or imaginary, that lay over the house, he would look in vain; she was going home to resume her normal way of life with her mother, with Lolly and with Neville.

Neville. Getting out of bed, she found herself saying his name aloud; the sound gave her a pleasant sense of security. Neville, she reflected with satisfaction, was a man who, when he spoke, spoke clearly and to the point; his lips never uttered something that his eyes contradicted. One knew exactly where one was with him.

She had, suddenly, a strange but strong feeling that she was not alone in the room. Then she saw a small hand come up and grasp the bedrail; from under the bed rose David Tudor, his mouth full of food, crumbs covering the coat of his pajamas.

"How long have you been under there?" asked Teresa in astonishment.

After making one or two attempts to speak he removed a large piece of toast from his mouth. "I was eating my breakfast."

Conversation would clearly be impossible until he had eaten it; Teresa waited. His likeness to Mark at this moment was very strong—it showed in the rather long face, the long hands—and the calm, almost bland look.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

Important news for Mothers...

"Lysol" is Asian Flu Tested

KILLS ASIAN FLU VIRUS RAPIDLY ON CONTACT WHEN USED AS DIRECTED ON LABEL

At the first appearance of Asian Flu in this country, "Lysol" brand disinfectant was laboratory-tested and proved to *kill Asian Flu virus rapidly on contact.*

Since Asian Flu virus can be spread from contaminated surfaces, regular disinfection with "Lysol" will help protect you and your family against viral infection.

"Lysol" also kills other disease bacteria on contact; therefore, regular disinfection with "Lysol" will reduce the risk of secondary infections, like pneumonia—the *real* danger of Asian Flu.

Precautions you can take against catching Asian Flu:

- Try to avoid crowds, also exposure to anyone who might be coming down with Asian Flu. Sore throat, coughing, fever are danger signs to watch out for.
- See that you and your family get plenty of rest, drink enough water, eat nourishing food, keep regular.
- Remind your family to wash hands frequently; to cover their own coughs and sneezes; to cover mouth and nose if near a sneezer or cougher.
- Disinfect regularly while you clean. Add "Lysol" to your suds.

If someone in your home already has Asian Flu:

- Isolate the sufferer wherever possible.
- Disinfect the sickroom floor, night stand, anything the sufferer touches—Use "Lysol."
- Give special attention to the bathroom—Wash down surfaces with "Lysol" solution.

Unless otherwise told by your doctor or health authorities, Asian Flu can be treated at home. Follow your doctor's orders. Help prevent spread of infection. *Disinfect!*



"A public service announcement by the makers of 'Lysol'"

How does your cold develop?



1 SORE THROAT

2. Coughing
3. Sniffles, Sneezing, Stuffy Nose
4. Tight Chest
5. Ache All Over



1 SNEEZING, SNIFFLES, STUFFY NOSE

2. Sore Throat
3. Coughing
4. Tight Chest
5. Ache All Over



1 ACHE ALL OVER

2. Sneezing, Sniffles, Stuffy Nose
3. Sore Throat
4. Coughing
5. Tight Chest

Coldene attacks all these symptoms in any stage of the common cold

Gives feelable relief in minutes . . .
Most powerful cold medicine you can buy without a prescription

The common cold is not a simple ailment. It is a disorder which attacks various parts of your system, bringing a variety of miseries to different parts of your body as it spreads. Some sufferers seem to feel one misery more quickly, others another.

Hence, Coldene is unlike any cold-and-cough medicine ever offered over druggists' counters. For it doesn't rely on the limited powers of one or two drugs, but unites the powers of several potent ingredients . . . all in proper balance.

When you take Coldene, here are the things that happen almost at once—within minutes. **First:** The instant Coldene touches your raw, inflamed throat, relief begins. **Second:** If you've been coughing, Coldene relieves that cough spasm. Right then and there! **Third:** Coldene goes to work to dry up and open your nose. You get feelable relief within minutes! **Fourth:** If your chest is tight and breathing is difficult—you breathe again! **Fifth:** If you ache and feel just plain miserable—Coldene relieves the pain, even reduces fever, gives the fullest possible help.

The reason? There's a powerful, specific, correct ingredient in Coldene for each of the miseries of the common cold. That's why Coldene can catch your cold at any of its 5 stages. Now available in its original Liquid form or in the new Coldene Tablets . . . Coldene, most powerful cold medicine you can buy without a prescription.

Copyright 1957 Pharma-Craft Company, Batavia, Illinois



NEW!



Quickly relieves chest colds without grease, strong odor or tears—COLDENE STICK CHEST RUB



For fast, localized treatment of head cold distress—COLDENE ANTIBIOTIC NASAL SPRAY

$1.00 EACH

If you're taking aspirin for colds, try COLDENE TABLETS for broader relief.



Pepto-Bismol works where soda, seltzers and "tummy-aids" fail!

For upset stomach, indigestion, nausea, or diarrhea—Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes with a gentle coating action. It works both in the stomach *and* the intestinal tract—where soda and alkalizers never help. For children or adults, this wonderful *pink* liquid helps control simple diarrhea without constipating.

TAKE HOSPITAL TESTED PEPTO-BISMOL®...AND FEEL GOOD AGAIN!



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

"Where's your breakfast?" he inquired, at the end of the last mouthful.

"I'll go down and get it when I'm dressed. Hadn't you better go and dress?"

"It isn't time yet."

"Don't you go to school?"

"No. I'm too small for a proper school. I go to a nursery school," he said.

"Well, they'll be looking for you, won't they? Your—your mummie."

"I haven't got one. She went up to heaven," explained David. "Long, long, *long* ago. Munfs and munfs and munfs ago. What's your name?"

"Teresa."

"Have you come to live in this room?"

"No. I'm going home soon."

"Did Paloma give you that nightdress?"

Teresa laughed and stood up. "What you need," she said, "is a notebook and pencil." She put on the patched dressing gown and picked up her towel.

"Are you going to have a barf?"

"Yes." Teresa smiled down at the small, upturned face. "Hadn't you better run upstairs now?"

"Does your hair curl all by itself?"

"Yes. It ——" She paused as a knock sounded on the door. "Come in."

Mark stood outside. He was fully dressed; his smile was warm and friendly. "You haven't," he asked, "by any chance seen anything of—ah! There he is! Has he been bothering you?"

"No." Teresa, to her own surprise and displeasure, heard the coolness in her voice.

"She wants a barf, and it's my time for a barf," said David.

"Well, you'll have to hang on and have second bath, old fellow. Now say good-by to the lady," said Mark, "and tell her you're sorry you invaded her sanctuary. Now move. Left, right. Bath's yours, Miss Thurloe," he said as they went up the stairs.

Before Teresa could shut the door, a call came from downstairs. "Is that you, Teresa?"

Teresa leaned over the banisters; at the foot of the stairs, dressed, aproned, looking neat and businesslike, stood Zoe.

"When you are ready, come downstairs. You will not mind to eat—you will not mind eating in the kitchen?"

"Not at all, but I don't have much breakfast, thank you. Just coffee and ——"

"Ah, always the same from you girls! Just like Paloma. Toast, toast, toast, coffee and nothing else. But come down when you are ready."

She vanished, and Teresa was alone on the landing. In the morning light, the house looked bare and poor. Where, she wondered, had all the furniture gone? There were things at the cottage which she knew her mother had brought from this house on her marriage: a beautiful spinet, now a sideboard; a set of Chippendale chairs, an inlaid desk and other valuable pieces. Since it was reasonable to suppose that her brother had possessed similarly good pieces, what had happened to them? Teresa finished dressing and then walked down the stairs and across the hall. Going to the head of the stairs leading to the basement, she stood still for a few moments, looking down at the colorful scene below.

A huge trestle table was covered with a vivid cloth; Zoe, at the old-fashioned stove, was working among shining copper pans. Maxie was seated beside Paloma at one end of the long table; at the other end sat the old baron and his wife, he in a patched and faded dressing gown, she in a long white robe. Swift chatter sounded in French. And then Maxie looked up and saw Teresa, and there fell the now-familiar silence—sudden, inexplicable, complete.

Zoe turned from the stove. "Ah, Teresa! Come down, please. A cup for Miss Thurloe, Maxie—and a napkin. Sit down, Teresa."

Teresa sat down—but there was no resumption of the careless ease she had witnessed from the top of the stairway. Paloma gulped the last drops of her coffee and, with a smile toward Teresa, slipped away. The baron bowed as he helped his wife to her feet and led her up the stairs. Soon nobody remained in the great kitchen but Teresa and her aunt.

"They are shy," explained Zoe, placing fresh toast and coffee before Teresa. "They are good people, but they do not like to mix with strangers."

Teresa said nothing; she was wondering whether her uncle came down and took his meals here, or whether they were carried up to him. She would have liked to ask—this and other questions—but there seemed little to be gained by adding to her knowledge of a man she would probably never meet. There was one thing, however, that she felt she must know. "When my uncle comes back, will you tell him that I came?"

There was a pause. Zoe sat down on the chair that the *baron* had occupied, rested her elbows on the table and cupped her cheeks in her hands. "I shall not tell him," she said. "It would—it would accomplish nothing."

"But if he wanted to see me ——"

"So much I am sure of," Zoe said. "He will never go to see you. Never." There was finality in the words.

"If you're ready," came Mark's voice, "I'm ready to take you."

Zoe's farewell was affectionate, but brief. Of the others there was no sign. Drawn up outside the house was an aristocratic but shabby sports car which, Mark explained as he handed her into it, had been bought with more regard for performance than for appearance.

Teresa turned as they drove away, and gave a last look at the house. "Please," she said, "if you'll drive me to the station, I can get a train and be home in just over an hour."

"But suppose you collapsed in the train. I wouldn't have a moment's peace unless I delivered you personally to your home."

"It's a weekday, and you said you had a job in the City."

"A job, fortunately, which doesn't necessitate my clocking in and out. Are there any other obstacles you can think of? Your fiancé, of course, probably wouldn't care to see you roaming the countryside with a strange man. When I say strange, I mean merely a man you haven't known for very long. But your fiancé is away and for the moment I can take his place. When I say take his place ——"

"Why," asked Teresa, turning to study him curiously, "do you take such delight in creating situations which don't exist?"

"I never create situations which don't exist."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

LETTER

By HANNAH KAHN

And now we too must go our separate ways,
We who were bound by school, by town, by all
Inconsequential and remembered days,
The world of childhood being tight and small,
Yet rimmed for us by many things that we
Could not then comprehend and never shall.
So it had once been with us . . . so it must be
When you have gone, when I must learn to go
By my own light. That which you shared with me
Is not forgotten. Always I shall know
Because of you a more intense delight
In what I see. Whatever winds shall blow
Through time, through space, beyond and past my sight
I will remember you against the night.

Quality at your feet...

BROWN
SHOE COMPANY



tapertoe

walking pump

New edition: the classic tailored pump, now tapered to fashion, yet with wiggle-toe freedom. The concealed elasticized collar holds it snug on your foot. Black, red, briarwood.

Shoe Illustrated, 11.95
Denver West, 12.95

Other styles, 8.95 to 12.95
Denver West, 9.95 to 13.95

Air Step®

AIR STEP DIVISION, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS. ALSO MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY SCOTT SHOE COMPANY, LTD., GALT, ONTARIO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

"Yes, you do. You want me to think that there's some secret—some sort of mystery at my uncle's house."

"There is some sort of secret at your uncle's house," he said calmly.

"The fact that they all listen every time someone comes to the house doesn't mean anything sinister. They might be merely curious."

"They might. Did you think that they were merely curious?"

He stopped for petrol, and they strolled into the garden of an adjacent inn; Teresa sat on a deck chair in the sun and Mark brought out drinks; he propped himself against an insecure bench and looked down at her and raised his glass.

"To your future," he said. "May it be as sheltered as your past."

She looked up at him, the color rising in her cheeks. "Sheltered? What's wrong with being sheltered?"

"It's a highly desirable state—for women, that is."

"But nowadays women aren't and so I've been a sort of parasite—is that what you meant?"

"We ought to get on well," he commented. "When I say something provocative, you stare at the scenery. When I propose an entirely harmless toast, you show your claws—which is interesting, because I wouldn't have suspected that you knew how to use them."

"What made you say that I was . . . sheltered?" she asked.

"That's easy. The world's a hard place, and most people have to push their way through it. Even gently nurtured women. There are certain people, of course, who lack the ability to push: the weak ones; the meek ones. But I don't think you're meek and I'm certain you're not weak; therefore the reason you don't exhibit any sign of pushfulness is either (a) you don't need to push or (b) someone's doing it for you. Your mother in the past and your fiancé in the future."

"But I don't ——"

"Don't interrupt. And don't be annoyed at my calling you sheltered. I like your gentle expectation that life's doors will all open before you as you approach them. They will. I like your—your air. Did you know you had an air? Half shyness, half a very, very charming dignity. I recognized it as I came toward you yesterday—while you were standing looking at the house. I recognized it because I've been waiting all my life to see it at some time—in some woman." He broke off. "I wonder if your fiancé would mind my laying myself at your feet in this way?"

His voice was utterly casual. Teresa stared at him and felt the color burning in her cheeks.

After a moment, he smiled. "You're angry?"

"No." She was not angry, but she felt that she ought to have been. "You can't say that to me, because I'm—because I ——"

"Because you belong to somebody else?" Mark leaned forward and raised her left hand and looked at the ring on its third finger. "Until that," he said slowly, "is a wedding ring, you belong only to yourself."

He released her hand gently, and stood up. Teresa walked beside him to the car, her mind spinning. He opened the door for her and then put out a hand and stopped her as she was about to get in.

"Look back," he said. Teresa glanced over her shoulder, and he went on speaking quietly. "A chair, a bench, green grass, a shady tree. Nothing out of the way about any of them—but somehow, I have a feeling that it's a place we'll both remember forever."

She was in the car; he was beside her and now there was silence. The miles slipped by, and Teresa did not notice their passing; her eyes were on the two lean, strong hands holding the wheel.

The sun went behind clouds as they neared the cottage and emerged again in time to light it and show it at its best. As Mark turned in at the gate, Teresa shook herself out of her abstraction and stared at it—and for the first time saw that its picturesqueness had a faintly unreal quality. After the drab, workaday look that characterized the house in Grosvenor Drive, this pink-and-white building looked not unlike a doll's house.

Mark stopped the car, but made no move to get out. Instead he leaned back and sat for some moments looking about him. "Pretty much as I'd pictured it," he said. "House of the sugar-plum fairy. No wonder you keep running back here for shelter."

"If you say that again, I shall be very angry," said Teresa.

"Angry? Could you be?" He was not teasing; he sounded as though he really wanted to know.

She sat considering her reply—and as she did so, the front door opened and Lolly stood looking out at them. Neither Teresa nor Mark saw her, and slowly she took in their rapt interest, their complete absorption in each other. She could not see Mark's face, but she could see his head, bent over Teresa's—and she could see clearly enough Teresa's expression.

She had hoped, once, to see Teresa look at Neville with that still, intent, utterly charmed gaze—but had seen only friendliness and, at times, affection. Four years—and in less than a day this stranger had lit within her a lamp that nobody, up to now, had ever kindled. Teresa, with that soft gleam behind her eyes, her feelings written beautifully, movingly on her face; Teresa—and an unknown man.

Anger rose in Lolly and steadied her. She advanced firmly down the steps and, walking up to the car, stood staring down upon its occupants. "Aren't you coming in?" she asked Teresa. "You live here, remember?"

They got out and Lolly stood stolidly, unsmilingly by, as Mark was presented to her. She gave him a stiff bow.

"Kind of you to bring Miss Thurloe home," she said. "Teresa, is your headache better?"

"It wasn't a headache, Lolly. I fell on the pavement as I left the house, and got a bit shaken up."

"You mean you fainted or something?" demanded Lolly. "Did they call a doctor?"

"I didn't need a doctor," said Teresa. "Zoe looked after me. Hadn't we better go inside and talk about it there?"

Lolly was staring at Mark, frowning thoughtfully. "Seen you before somewhere—I'm sure of it," she said slowly. "Can't think where. Tudor . . . Tudor." She shook her head. "Let's go inside; we're keeping Mr Tudor waiting and I dare say he's anxious to get back to London."

She led the way to the drawing room.

"Now," she said, "I'd like to hear exactly what happened last night. And then we won't detain Mr. Tudor."

Light broke on Lolly's face as she stared at him, but when she spoke again there was an odd sound of disappointment in her voice. "Knew it," she said gloomily. "Knew I'd seen you before. But it wasn't you—it was your mother. Knew her as a girl. Where's your mother now?" she asked.

"She died very soon after I was born."

"Then I'm sorry," said Lolly. "She was a lovely girl—and she was a healthy girl, too, and she ought to have lived longer than that."

"Did Lawrence know her too?" asked Teresa.

"He knew her very well. In fact ——" Lolly broke off. "Tell me what happened yesterday," she said. "Your uncle wasn't there, Mr Tudor told me."

"He was abroad," said Teresa. "And"—she smiled at Mark—"I'll agree that it was a silly plan to go at all, but if it hadn't been for Mark, I would have given up the idea."

"And why," inquired Lolly of Mark, "should you have been interested in whether ——"

"I'm deeply interested," said Mark. "I've been living there for the past two months and I've come to know them all very well."

"Who's all?" asked Lolly.

Mark began to count on his fingers. "There's Mrs. Towers; there's the baron and his wife; there's Maxie and his beautiful daughter Paloma."

"All living there?"

"Yes," said Teresa. "And Mark and his son live there too."

"My *what?*" came from Mark in the utmost astonishment.

Teresa looked at him, the color coming into her cheeks. "Isn't David ——" she began.

"—— my son? No. I rather wish he were. He's exactly what I'd want as a son. He's my half brother. My father," explained Mark, "was a widower for well over twenty years. He married again, nearing sixty, and he was nearly thirty years older than his wife and I was rather a mistake—but David was the result." He looked at Lolly, who was following the account with avid interest. "She found my father rather boring and left him—to his enormous relief—just before he died. She ran away with another man—and left David behind. And that"—his voice deepened—"that is the part I shall never understand."

"And where is she now?" Lolly demanded.

"At the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean." There was satisfaction in Mark's voice. "She was on her way to America with yet another gentleman friend, and she vanished. They said she'd been drinking, but I feel that some

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

It is necessary to be almost a genius to make a good husband. BALZAC



the gift of fashion . . . their favorite blouses!
Luxury pure and simple, in no-iron Taslan® crepe or Irish linen, 4.98
The cardigan-conscious cotton knit, as she likes it, 4.98
Fun for the young set: ribbon-scallops, hide-and-peeking, 2.50
So much news for everyone, at such easy-giving prices.

Ship'n Shore®
blouses









You show these accessories so many times each day...

WE MAKE THEM MANY TIMES LOVELIER

get your
money's worth
for your money . . . get

Every time a Persian Princess accessory comes out of your bag . . . you show a work of art! Each piece is beautiful, soft and shining Gahna leather, gleam-studded. There's a wide choice of wonderful Princess colors. Shown at left, the Continental French Purse with roomy coin purse, the famous pick-a-bill slot and removable photo card case. $5.00* And for a *great* present give all the matching accessories.

PRINCESS GARDNER® Persian Princess accessories

PRINCE GARDNER COMPANY, 2025 S. VANDEVENTER, ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI — AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE — *PLUS TAX

Quench between-meal hunger with

non-fattening Libby's



It helps you stay with your slimming program

RICH IN VITAMINS, TOO!

Lower in calories than any other type of juice

Have you promised yourself a beautifully-slim-for-slacks figure? Don't give up because you get hungry between meals. Have Libby's 3 times a day.

Never thin and watery, this is the *satisfying* tomato juice that stops hunger pangs. Libby's is twice-rich: rich in flavor, rich in vitamins. And just 25 calories to the 4-ounce glass! *Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 9, Illinois*



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

benevolent member of society took her up to the boat deck one dark night and pushed her overboard."

"Well, don't sound so pleased. The poor soul ——" Lolly paused. "How old is this boy?"

"Rising five," said Mark. "Healthy, with a splendid constitution, my own easygoing nature and my own high principles. Mrs. Towers is very fond of him."

"Have you met Mr. Towers?"

"Not yet. He's expected home soon. But his wife has decided not to tell him anything about his niece's visit."

"I'm thankful for that, anyway. Teresa, Neville knows that you spent the night at your uncle's house," said Lolly. "He rang up last night from Brussels."

"And you told him?"

"Naturally I told him. He's coming home this morning. He'll probably be here soon."

The last sentence was addressed directly to Mark, who heard it unmoved. "He must have been worried," he said calmly.

Lolly looked nonplused; she was so obviously waiting for him to rise and take his leave that this bland persistence took her unawares. Her irritation was so manifest that Teresa found herself laughing. She rose and went toward the cocktail cabinet.

"What'll you drink?" she asked Mark.

"Sherry, if you've got it, please."

"When I've had my drink, I'll go upstairs and lie down till lunchtime," Teresa said, and saw relief in Lolly's eyes. "It was so kind of you," she went on, addressing Mark, "to bring me home—and I'm more than grateful for everything you've done."

This was dismissal indeed, and Mark bowed. But he drank slowly and talked with an ease and fluency that made Lolly forget how time was passing. When at last he began to take his leave, it was too late. A crunching on the gravel, a peal on the doorbell announced the arrival of a visitor; as Teresa reached the door of the drawing room, it opened to admit Neville.

They came face to face; over her head he gave a brief look at Lolly, and a more lingering one at Mark. Teresa presented her cheek, and found his hand turning her head so that he could bend and rest his lips on hers.

"Are you all right?" he asked, putting his arm round her shoulders as once more she faced the others. "How's the head?"

"Well, it wasn't really a headache," said Teresa. "Neville, this is Mr. Tudor. Mark, this is my fiancé, Neville Morley."

Neither man looked enchanted.

"It was a fall," Mark explained. "Teresa fell over some scaffolding as she was leaving the house. I carried her in again and we persuaded her that it would be wiser for her to wait until morning before going home." He smiled at Teresa—a brief, warm, intimate smile. "Never," he said, "would I have imagined that so slim a girl would make so strong a man so bereft of breath up so short a flight of stairs."

Nobody seemed to have any comment to make. Teresa freed herself from Neville's encircling arm. Neville gazed across the room at the other man and a frown of displeasure gathered on his brow. Lolly looked as though a bat had flown into the room and she was wondering how to get it out again and at the same time prevent it from flying into her face.

Mark turned to Teresa. "I'm afraid I must go," he said. "I shall come again, if I may, to see how you are."

"I think," said Neville, "that she'll be all right now. Thanks for being on the spot."

"There's always the chance," pointed out Mark, "of delayed shock. I'll look in tomorrow to see that everything's going on well."

He was gone. Lolly went out onto the drive and walked beside him to his car. "Mr. Tudor," she began firmly, "I'm going to say something to you. Please don't come back."

Mark's eyebrows went up.

"You've been very kind and we're all grateful," said Lolly, "but a man who's engaged to a girl doesn't like to come back from somewhere and find another man in the drawing room looking possessive."

"Possessive?"

"That's what I said. You were doing your best to be annoying just now, and I hope I don't sound inhospitable, but there's no point in beating about the bush, and I think you saw quite clearly that Mr. Morley would rather you stayed away."

Mark spoke quietly. "The moment Teresa tells me to stay away, I'll stay away."

"She's—she's engaged," said Lolly abruptly. "Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"Yes," said Mark. "It means everything—if a woman is in love with the man. But"—his voice was gentle—"she isn't in love with him."

"Look," began Lolly desperately, "you're a complete stranger and ——"

"Extraordinary, isn't it?" he said. "One moment I was walking along the street, thinking of nothing. And then—I saw her. She was standing in front of the house, looking up at it. I waited for her to move on—my heart felt . . . pinched, as I waited. She would go—and I would remember that glimpse all my life and wonder who she was and where she had come from and why she had been snatched away from me after one brief look. But . . . she didn't go away. She stood there, and I came nearer, and nearer—and then I spoke to her, and I understood that if I couldn't do something, say something to prevent her, she would go away . . . forever."

He paused, and Lolly waited.

"And you—you stopped her," she said flatly at last. "How did you do it?"

"How? I don't know. When she drove away, I realized that perhaps I was imagining that I had felt something pass between us. The world had changed for me—but for her? She had gone—but if she felt anything, any slight part of what I had felt; if I had succeeded in communicating one small part of my feelings . . . she would come back."

"And she came back."

"Yes. She came back. I wanted to shout and to take her in my arms—but I didn't, of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

FROM OUR COVER . . .

Blanket-Plaid Parka to Make

This hooded parka is a delightful and practical surprise, in as much as it zips down the back to keep out the cold. Orlon fleece lines the hood, and pockets go across the front of the parka. The snow pants are lined and zip down the front, making them easy to get into and out of. For both boys and girls.



© VOGUE

Hooded parka and snow pants. Vogue Design No. 2808, sizes 2–8. Price, 50¢.

WEATHER and WORK



DRY OUT YOUR HANDS . . . leave them so sore-looking, red and rough you want to hide them . . .

Sofskin helps heal, soothe even the driest, roughest hands



No matter how "weather and work" dry your hands are—no matter how detergent red or sore-looking—Sofskin will bring back to life the pretty, smooth, soft hands you once had!

You see, Sofskin has a hand secret all its own—an exclusive moisturizing element that penetrates to the subsurface tissues, checks dryness at its source . . . restores moisture, helps "weather and work" skin heal naturally . . . feel soft and smooth.

You'll find Sofskin non-sticky, non-greasy, and so easy to use. With soothing Sofskin available, the way your hands look from now on—is in *your* hands!

Sofskin
HAND CREAM

Here's why 2 Sofskin Formulas

Sofskin Moisture Magic, with increased moisturizing qualities, is especially made for *very dry, rough skin.*

Sofskin plus Lanolin has the correct moisturizing qualities for *normal to dry skin.*



33¢, 59¢, 98¢
plus tax

New idea! VINYL in a floor wax

and the beauty of it is – *it's childproof**



***Never before such a high gloss!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax with *vinyl* in it, gives you higher gloss than you've ever known. On *any* kind of floor—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile or finished wood! Throughout the house!

***No wax easier to apply!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax polishes itself. No buffing. No rubbing. It spreads evenly —without streaks—quickly sets to a tough, beautiful, *vinyl* gloss!

***Wet spills won't harm gloss!**

Splashes and spills—so common with children—won't hurt the tough vinyl surface —or shine. Simply wipe them up. *New* Simoniz Floor Wax is water-repellent.

***Never before such protection!**

The miracle of vinyl—and only Simoniz has it—gives you the toughest floor surface. The kids won't scuff it, or harm the gloss with their roughhousing. No doubt about it—it's *childproof!*

***No finish so easy to maintain!**

Simoniz Floor Wax with vinyl has a gloss that lasts and lasts. You can even damp mop your floors freely without dulling the shine. Without spoiling the wax finish.

***Good news about re-waxing!**

Here's the *one* floor wax you can remove *evenly* before re-waxing. Simply use your regular household detergent and warm water. The beauty increases with re-waxing. You'll be amazed, once you try it.



Simoniz® Floor Wax

For all floors—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile and finished wood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

course. I had to behave as though my heart was beating normally, as though a wild hope hadn't been born in me."

"Please—please go away," begged Lolly.

"Yes, I'll go away—but I shall come back. She's wearing another man's ring—but she doesn't love him. Haven't I got eyes? He came into the room—and I watched her, and what did I see? Affection. The kindest, the most gentle of welcomes—and no more. If I can see that, then you must see it too. And so must her mother."

"He's a good man," said Lolly. "He's decent, he's got a good background and she'll never want for anything. And her mother is set on the marriage."

He looked at Lolly. "Nothing I do," he said slowly, "will ever hurt Teresa."

"Look"—Lolly spoke urgently—"you don't understand. There are things you don't know—can't know. If you don't go away, you'll cause a lot of trouble. Her mother ——"

"If Teresa is happy, her mother will be happy."

"No—yes." Lolly wrung her hands. "You must leave things as they are."

Mark got into his car and settled himself at the wheel and switched on the engine. "If Teresa doesn't love me," he said slowly, "nothing I can do will make any difference—to anybody."

"You're going on with this?"

"To the end," said Mark. The car moved into the roadway. Lolly stood staring after it, her eyes dark with foreboding.

Lolly's religion was of an unorthodox kind. If asked, she would have said that she was a plain Christian; if pressed, she would have explained that this meant keeping in close touch with Christ and having as little as possible to do with the church. Keeping in close touch meant flopping down on her knees at odd moments of the day, in her bedroom or in her sitting room or in the linen cupboard, to remind God of His duty toward her.

"O God," she prayed in the bathroom on Mark's departure, "keep that man away. As soon as I looked at him, I thought, 'Now that should have been her man.' But You sent him too late, Lord, so don't send him any more, or there'll be trouble. There's nothing the matter with Neville, and we thank Thee for him; he'll make a good husband. But if she begins to ask herself questions, if she decides that it won't be Neville after all, then her mother will —— O God, something tells me there's trouble coming."

Getting to her feet, she found that she felt a good deal better. She had told God; now it was up to Him. If He knew what He was about, He would keep Mark Tudor away.

She was all the more dismayed, therefore, when two evenings later the maid came and told her that a Mr. Tudor was waiting.

Lolly marched with determination to the drawing room, greeted Mark soberly and waved him to a chair. "Sit down," she ordered. "We may as well have this out."

Mark smiled at her. "I quite agree. You begin."

"Very well. First, I have nothing against you, as far as anybody can judge by appearances. But I do think that you enjoy stirring up trouble. You want to get Neville thoroughly stirred up."

"Stirred up." Mark repeated the words musingly. "If I'm any judge, nobody's ever really thrown him out of stride. I'd be interested to see how he'd react to some competition."

"It's too late for competition of any sort." She leaned forward, thrusting her plain, anxious face toward him and speaking with deep earnestness. "Mr. Tudor, will you please go away and leave things as they are? Teresa'll be happy, I promise you that. There isn't anybody in this world—except her godfather—who knows more about her and who wants to see her happy than I do. I've been with her since she was a baby, and I've protected her from—from a lot that you couldn't possibly know anything about. Leave it at that. There's more here than you can see."

"You mean that if anything turns up to upset this eminently suitable match, Teresa's mother won't like it?"

"That's what I mean."

"Mothers are very necessary," said Mark, "but their influence doesn't extend beyond their daughters' years of discretion."

Lolly's face slowly whitened. "If you won't take advice," she said slowly, "then take a warning: don't go on with this. If you go away now, and forever, Teresa won't miss you. If you stay, you'll be very wicked, and you'll pull her world down on top of her."

"What is Lady Thurloe like?" Mark asked.

"She's a very good-looking and a very charming woman. She's liked by her servants, admired by the village people, and copied by all her friends. She sits on committees and subscribes to a great many charities. She has spent a great deal of care and thought—and money—on her daughter's upbringing. She met Neville Morley and asked him to the house and this match is mostly of her own making."

Mark did not appear to be listening; he was standing with his back to her, gazing out at the sunlit garden.

"Funny thing," he said musingly. "I get the feeling here that I get in Teresa's aunt's house: something"—he spun round slowly—"something below the surface."

"There's always something below the surface," said Lolly. "Every family has secrets of one kind or another, and they don't reveal them to strangers. And now will you go away, please? Teresa is dining out."

"That's not what the maid said when she let me in, but"—Mark gave her one of his wide, attractive smiles—"I'll take your word for it."

She let him out and watched him as he got into his car. She was still standing there, brooding, when Teresa drove in with Neville ten minutes later.

Neville walked with Teresa to the door, said a word to Lolly, bent to kiss Teresa and then drove away.

"Why didn't Neville come in?" Lolly asked. "You told me he was coming to dinner."

"I asked him not to. We had a sort of argument—about Mark."

Lolly looked at her with a sinking heart. Mark. Teresa had not known him long—but he had a low, lazy, pleasant voice and gray eyes fringed by lashes that ought to have belonged to a woman. He wanted her—and she was aware of him. The house, thought Lolly, was swaying. The house, so carefully erected, so carefully built, so anxiously safeguarded—the house was in danger.

It was too much, she thought, for her to bear alone. If God didn't choose to do anything about it, she would go into Brighton and see Sir Lawrence and tell him what was happening. He would listen and he would act.

She was so busy with her own thoughts that it was some time before she noticed Teresa's abstraction. "You're very quiet," she told her at last.

"I was wondering why you hadn't told me that Mark had called. We passed him on the road. He wouldn't have come down here unless he'd come to the house."

"He did."

"And you sent him away again?"

"I did."

"Why?" Teresa's tone was one of simple inquiry. "Don't you like him?"

"A decent man," said Lolly, "doesn't hang round girls who are engaged."

"Isn't that putting it a little strongly?"

Lolly hesitated. To explain that she recognized in Mark Tudor an attraction that—if he cared to use it—few girls could resist would not improve the position. To confess that she had seen in Teresa too much interest in him—interest, and more than interest—would make matters infinitely worse. It was better to say nothing until tomorrow, when she would say it all to Sir Lawrence.

Teresa looked at her speculatively. "Lolly, are you getting secretive?"

"How so?"

"You didn't tell me you'd been to see Zoe."

"Do I have to remember every visit I made twenty-odd years ago?"

"Did you want to patch up the quarrel?"

"I did. But I found it was no good—so you see, I knew what I was talking about when I advised you to keep away." She paused. "Zoe reminded me of one of those pictures in the school storybooks—Romanian peasant. I liked her."

"So did I. Lolly, the house is . . . well, the furniture's terrible and there aren't any decent pictures or ornaments—or anything. It couldn't have been like that when mother lived there?"

"I dare say your uncle has been wearing a rut in the pavement between the house and the pawnshop. He can't go abroad as often as you say he does on four hundred a year." Lolly rose and went to the door. "See you at dinner," she said.

Teresa watched the door close, and sighed. She tried to bring her own feelings into the light and examine them—and found herself shrinking from the necessity of breaking the soft web of indecision in which she was caught. Mark—what had he said? A few

It is always wise to look ahead, but difficult to look farther than you can see.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

for DEPENDABLE PACKING



safe and secure

Have Allied "Kleen-Pack" your china, glassware and other fragile objects. "Kleen-Pack" is Allied's registered trademark for the newest, *safest* method used in packing today.

CALL YOUR ALLIED MOVER

...he's the No.1 Specialist

Ask him for your copy of "Before You Move"—see your classified directory, or write Allied Van Lines, Inc., Broadview, Ill.



ALLIED VAN LINES • WORLD'S LARGEST LONG-DISTANCE MOVERS

words of regret that they had not met each other before. No more. That there would be more, she knew—and shrank from the knowledge. She was aware that she must search her heart, but she could not. Not yet. To search would be to find an answer that would change her life—and at this moment she was afraid.

After the meal, Teresa went up to her bedroom and, undressing, got into bed and began to read. But the book did not hold her attention, and she put out her hand to switch off the light—at that moment the telephone by the bed rang. As she picked up the receiver and heard Mark's voice, she knew that she had been waiting for his call. A little shiver of delight went through her.

"Are you up—or in bed?"

"I'm in bed."

"I was thinking of you—and some poetry came into my mind, and I wanted to say it to you. Do you know your Byron?"

"No."

"He wrote some lines which describe how I feel. May I read them to you?"

"Please."

She heard his low voice:

"'*In the desert a fountain is springing*
In the wide waste there still is a tree
And a bird in the solitude singing
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.'

Did I read that well?"

"Yes. Very well."

Mark went on softly:

"'*Thou art my life, my love, my heart,*
The very eyes of me
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.'"

There was silence.

"Did you listen?" he asked at last.

"Yes."

"Know who said that last bit?"

"Yes. Herrick."

"Good girl. Teresa ——"

"Yes?"

"David's in bed with a chill, and it isn't serious, but he'd like to see you. He's a very little boy, and he can't read to himself. And you have a lovely, lovely voice. Will you come?"

"I think so."

"Teresa ——"

"Yes?"

"I want you to know something. I love you. I shall love you always. And I want you to know something else. I regard a husband as an absolutely insuperable barrier between myself and any woman. I respect his claims utterly. But . . . until he's a husband, I consider that he has to keep his weapons at hand to defend whatever title he lays claim to. Darling Teresa, you don't belong to anybody—yet. Sweet Teresa, good night."

Teresa laid the telephone softly on its stand, switched off the light and lay back and stared up into the darkness.

Lolly left the house soon after breakfast on the following morning. The day was fine, and she decided that she would walk down to the village and go into Brighton by bus.

Sir Lawrence let her in and led her upstairs to the study. "You're earlier than you said you'd be," he told her, "but it's good to see you. How are you, Lolly?"

She sank into a chair and began to pull off her gloves. "I'd give a lot for a good, hot cup of coffee," she said, "but that grudging old woman of yours might give notice if you asked for it."

"We can try." Sir Lawrence summoned his resolution, rang the bell, and to the tight-lipped woman who answered it made his wishes known.

"It's early for coffee," was the surly response. "'Tisn't more than half past ten. Black, or caffy o-lay?"

"With milk, please."

The door banged, and Lolly gave a wide grin. "Lawrence, when I leave the cottage, why don't you let me come here and do for you?"

"Not a bit of it," he said. "When you leave Coralie, you'll buy yourself a little house somewhere and do for yourself. You've earned a rest." He clasped his hands behind his back and frowned down at her. "You've quite made up your mind, I suppose."

"You didn't think I'd stay after Teresa married, did you?"

"No. To be frank, I didn't. But once or twice I wondered whether perhaps the years haven't made a difference. You think she's just the same?"

"Just the same. That's why I'm worried."

"But I thought it was Teresa you were worried about. What's been going on since she came to see me?"

"She went to see Hubert. She didn't see him because he was away. She met his wife. As far as I can make out, the visit didn't come to much; the place is run as a sort of boarding-house and it's full of foreigners; but on the way out, Teresa fell—didn't hurt herself, but she stayed there the night."

"Well, go on. You said you were worried. If the visit wasn't a success, I suppose you mean that Teresa won't repeat it—and that's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes. But it's this man," said Lolly slowly.

"Man?"

"You remember the Grants, who used to have that big house up on the downs?"

"Of course I remember them. Three of the prettiest girls I ever knew—why should I forget them?"

"One of them married a man called Tudor. Well, this man is their son and if he hasn't got his mother's beauty he's got her eyes and he's got her charm."

"What's all this got to do with Hubert?" asked Sir Lawrence in bewilderment.

"He lives in Hubert's house. He met Teresa outside and persuaded her to go in. He was with her when she fell. He carried her in. He took charge: telephoned to me, watched by her bedside, brought her home. When they arrived, she looked . . . Lawrence, she looked different: dreamy, quiet, sort of ——" She looked up, her eyes full of misery. "I'm worried. What's more, I'm frightened."

Sir Lawrence said nothing. Mrs. Crofts, her face set in grim displeasure, was bringing in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

What does the Gardener do in Winter?

You can't beat the catalogues for facts and fun

By THE GARDENER'S ASSISTANT



The literature of gardening flows in an ever-gushing stream and is avidly absorbed as fast as it appears by a mighty majority of the population. If gardeners could get together, they could put into power any government they had a mind to. That's how many of us there are. And if we think that most of our reading matter, and the most instructive and entertaining, is contained in books and periodicals, we couldn't be more mistaken. Books and periodicals don't hold a candle to the catalogues, either in the volume of paper and printing employed or in the concise accumulation of factual data set forth. Catalogues are dictionaries of description, peppered with pictures, pinned down with prices, and flavored with fancy. It is depressing to think of a gardener who doesn't gather a winter crop of catalogues. They're such a harvest of information and delight.

I've never looked in a garden catalogue yet without learning something I was glad to know. But you can't look at them all. There are hundreds of them a year. Maybe thousands. And there's a limit to learning. I'll let you know later about my list. But here are a few catalogues that I consider outstanding. Some are cyclopedic; some are monographs of specialties. Though they are all put out by responsible firms with reputations to uphold, I am not endorsing here the quality of the things they sell; I'm simply describing the catalogues themselves. These I do endorse.

There is virtually nothing you will need for your garden that you won't find in the annual Garden Book put out by Montgomery Ward. Not only a wide and good variety of the whole great gamut of growing things, from seeds to trees, in all the ornamental and edible categories, described, pictured and priced, but practically all the gardening paraphernalia you're likely to require. If I were asked to suggest one single complete catalogue, good for all gardeners, this might very well be it. And the prices may come to you as a pleasant surprise.

Quite a few garden firms put a price on their catalogues, which in some cases is refunded on your first order. One of these is Wayside Gardens, of Mentor, Ohio, whose catalogues are simply gorgeous, 200 pages of superlative printing, and written with intelligence and authority. Fifty cents each is the price asked for both spring and fall editions; but they are the kind you keep—permanent and colorful reference works for flowers of all kinds, including flowering shrubs and trees.

One fascinating thing about garden catalogues is the fact that in them every plant has a price; a feature that is missing from most mere garden books and garden articles. If the prices in some catalogues are surprisingly low, in others they can be excitingly high. That is why a varied assortment of catalogues adds to your winter gardening pleasure. For then you not only face the satisfaction of bargains you can well afford, but you can contemplate the temptation to spend more than perhaps you should for something particularly choice, rare and desirable.

The big seed companies' catalogues are the classics, expert and explicit, exemplified conspicuously by Ferry's Home Garden Guide which you get free of charge from Ferry-Morse Seed Company, Detroit. Nearly one half of this 50-page paper-back is devoted to the ABC of gardening, a model of clarity and simplicity, and not an unneeded word to weed away. The rest is catalogue, likewise admirably ABC.

Another garden guide published in the guise of a catalogue is the Garden Book put out without charge by the California Spray-Chemical Corp., of Richmond, California, and Washington, D. C. This is a little booklet that goes a long way in support of the theory that the best things in life are free. Not only does it take the perplexity out of spraying, but every page is packed with a variety of other practical garden projects, having to do with plants, planting, care, construction, clothes. A little gem, as they say in the seed catalogues.

If you think you might like to grow little shrubs and trees into large ones, in the best evergreen and deciduous varieties, a catalogue that makes a specialty of telling you how, and how much, is A Short Guide (64 pages) put out free by the Kelsey Nursery Service, Highlands, New Jersey. In no time you'll be obtaining your own dogwoods, hollies and azaleas from your own back-yard nursery, free of charge.

If tropical house plants are your delight, and you can spare $1.50, I think you will thank me for letting you know about the extraordinary illustrated and descriptive listing of nearly 1400 tender plants from all over the world, called Exotics, and put out by the growers and suppliers, Julius Roehrs Company, Rutherford, New Jersey. This is a de luxe dependable catalogue in the finest sense of the word.

There are many more. So many more that I have made a list, which I may alter from time to time. To it I have appended a list of all the flower societies—the Rose, the Peony, the Iris, et cetera, et cetera. Just send a stamped addressed envelope to The Gardener's Assistant, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

In March:
WHAT DOES THE GARDENER DO IN SPRING?

Lift the Lid—see why this new FRIGIDAIRE Washer

WASHES CLOTHES * UP TO 50% CLEANER!

With Patented 3-Ring Agitator, gets clothes cleanest—with least lint—of all leading washers tested

ou'll see why we call this the *Ultra-Clean* Vasher the instant you lift the lid. For ere, from Frigidaire, is an entirely dif- rent kind of agitator washing *that gets lothes up to 50% cleaner* – cleanest of all her automatic washers tested!

ere you'll see 3 dancing rings energize ater—deep-flex clothes, whisking out the eep-in dirt that blade agitators miss. Add that—all-fabric washability—the driest lothes that ever left a laundry tub—and he greatest combined savings ever in hot ater, detergent, time, electricity—plus a ew built-in SudsWater-Saver for even reater savings!

And all this is yours for only **$229.95**

(Model WS-58). Manufacturer's suggested price



Model WCI-58

***RATED NO. 1**

- *for cleanest clothes*
- *for lint removal* ▪ *for driest spin*

Tested and verified by **U. S. TESTING COMPANY, INC.**
Largest, most diversified independent test organization of its kind in the world. Founded 1880. In tests of six leading automatic washers under controlled laboratory conditions. Reports #29123 and #29123-A, dated May 2 and 10, 1957.

Now—Automatic Dyeing!

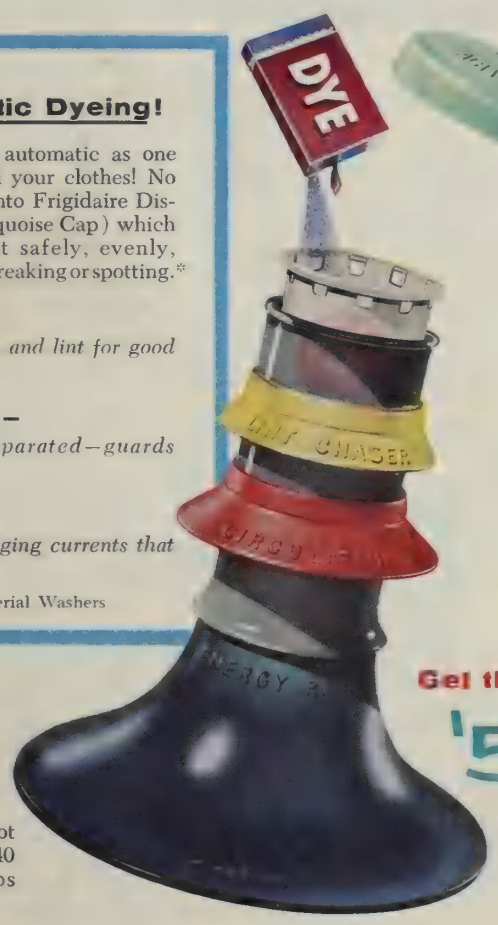
Exclusive! Simple and automatic as one setting of dials to wash your clothes! No boiling. Just pour dye into Frigidaire Dispenser Cup (under Turquoise Cap) which dilutes and releases it safely, evenly, under water to prevent streaking or spotting.*

Lint Chaser Ring—
"sweeps" out dirt, scum and lint for good —through 90 lint exits.

The Circulator Ring—
helps keep clothes separated—guards against tangling.

The Energy Ring—
energizes water into surging currents that get clothes ultra clean.

*Custom Imperial and Imperial Washers



New! Matching Frigidaire Fabric-Master Dryers with Amazing "Wrinkles-Away"!



Models WI-58 and DI-58

It's like magic—just turn a dial to erase wrinkles from wash 'n' wear fabrics, so smooth that most ironing is a thing of the past. Ends hanger drying.

It's yours in all '58 Frigidaire Fabric-Master Dryers, even the lowest-priced!

Sheer Look styled. Choice of four lovely colors—sold by Frigidaire at no extra cost.

Built-in SudsWater-Saver in Every Model! Cut Washday Costs Almost Half!

ve up to 3500 gallons of hot ter a year, as many as 40 xes of detergent. Keeps ter hotter, *inside* cabinet.

Get the one that's No. 1

'58 FRIGIDAIRE

ULTRA-CLEAN WASHERS with matching Electric Dryers

GM GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY Frigidaire—Built and Backed by General Motors

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

the coffee; setting it down on the table, she walked out of the room and shut the door sharply. In silence, Sir Lawrence poured out two cups and brought one to Lolly.

"You're tired; you must be, or you wouldn't take this so seriously," he said.

"You haven't seen him—and you haven't heard it all. He says he's in love with Teresa."

Sir Lawrence said, "I presume he was told that Teresa's engaged?"

"That doesn't worry him in the least."

"Then he's a bounder."

"I tell you, he isn't. An engagement," said Lolly, "is simply, in his opinion, an engagement to meet on a certain day at a certain church in order to take certain vows. Until those vows are taken—he says—the arrangement remains merely an engagement. You and I might consider it binding, but then we're the old-fashioned sort—and we're not in love, as Mark Tudor is. He considers the field's wide open, and he's going in." Lolly paused. "You've got your wish, that's one thing," she told Sir Lawrence; "you've told me over and over again that you thought Teresa should have had chances of falling in and out of love with other men before she settled down. Well, here's another man; now tell me how we deal with him."

"There's no need to make too heavy weather of it," commented Sir Lawrence after some thought. "It's up to Neville, after all."

"He's suffering from overconfidence. Neville will take a stand on his rights—and Mark Tudor will prove that he hasn't any rights. Neville will bank on Teresa's loyalty—but if she feels only affection for him, and something much stronger for the other man, then where will her loyalty lie?"

"She's given Neville a promise. She's promised to marry him."

"And if she can't follow that up by promising to love, honor and all the rest of it, do you think she won't hand him back his ring in all honesty? Of course she will. Then there's another angle which might penetrate your thick skull. Coralie will be back in just over a week. Mark Tudor will still be around. Where Coralie will ask, has this man come from? We shall have to tell her: from Hubert's house. And so she learns that Teresa went there. Do you dismiss that too?"

"No." Sir Lawrence frowned. "I don't; I can see that things might be awkward if ——"

"Awkward!" Lolly gave an exasperated snort. "Awkward! Do you think I've stayed for over twenty years in Coralie Thurloe's house in order to avoid an awkward situation?"

"But Lolly" — his voice was gentle — "twenty years is a long time. Are you sure ——"

"Quite." Lolly was at her most abrupt. "Take a tigress: is she always dangerous? No. Only when she's threatened. How long did Teresa's father know Coralie? Six years—and it wasn't until nearly two years after their marriage that he really saw what she was. And it finished him. That, at least, you believe."

"Yes. But he was a man in love, and he'd built her up into something half doll, half angel. What she destroyed wasn't a true picture of herself; it was the false one he'd had in his mind."

"It destroyed something in him—and could destroy something in Teresa. She's like her father: she's vulnerable. And she has the same blind spot: Coralie. She knows her mother, of course, better than her father ever did. But she has never seen the spectacle of Coralie deprived of something on which she has really set her heart. She has never seen the kind of scene that her father saw—and it was to prevent her from ever seeing it that her father sent for me. It was to shield Teresa from the worst of Coralie that I promised to go and live there. I told him I'd stay until a sound man turned up to marry her and take over the job—and I've kept my promise. I've acted as a buffer and a shield—and a veil."

"You've done well, Lolly."

"I've done better than well. When Teresa was a child, it was easy; later, it wasn't so easy, because her ways often ran counter to her mother's. But I've managed to prevent a showdown. And now Mark Tudor has come into the picture, and I know that trouble is coming. Coralie is going to learn that Teresa has been to Hubert's house. Coralie is going to meet Mark Tudor, who lives there. Coralie, being quicker-witted than you, is going to realize that Mark Tudor won't make the docile son-in-law that Neville would. Neville would play along with her all his life—but Mark Tudor? No and no and no. And she'll come up—once more—against an insurmountable obstacle. And she'll make another terrible, incredibly ugly scene. And this time Teresa will be there to see it—and to see her mother as she really is."

Her voice trailed off, and she sat hunched in her chair. In the silence that followed, Sir Lawrence walked to and fro, his face drawn and unhappy.

"Are you sure," he asked slowly, "that it hasn't been a mistake? Was it right to let Teresa grow up thinking her mother was one thing, when her mother was in fact another? If Teresa had learned early that her mother was, or could be, an utterly selfish and violent woman, then ——"

"I've thought it all over," said Lolly. "'Let her know the truth,' I've said to myself. 'Why shield her?' But have you ever thought what Teresa's life would have been if I hadn't been there to stand between her and her mother? I don't think Teresa would have developed into the fine young woman she is if she'd been reared in a cat-and-dog atmosphere. Sometimes the truth can be too ugly. And Coralie has many ugly sides. In the war, when she turned craven—I was there to hide the truth from Teresa. When she had intrigues with men—I was there to keep them from the house. Could I say, 'Your mother is a cheat and a liar and worse, but you must grow up fine and upright and good'—could I? No, I could only be careful that she wasn't with her mother for long periods. Boarding school, finishing school, travel abroad and then the job at Brighton—and in between, Coralie at her best, acting the pretty mother of a pre



"Get milk nourishment the modern, thrifty way with Starlac, the heart-of-milk" *says Elsie, the Borden Cow*

Borden's Starlac is the finest pasteurized milk with water and fat removed. And it tastes like just what it is—the delicious heart of milk. This thrifty milk without fat mixes instantly, dissolves completely—even in ice water. Modern homemakers drink Starlac and use it in all their made-with-milk recipes.



Heart-of-Milk Nesselrode Pie

¼ cup Borden's Starlac Powder
1 envelope unflavored gelatin • ¼ cup sugar • dash of salt
1 cup water • 2 egg yolks • 1 teaspoon rum extract
2 egg whites • ¼ cup sugar • ¼ cup diced, candied fruits
1 baked 8-inch pie shell

Mix together Starlac, gelatin, ¼ cup sugar and salt in top of double boiler. Mix water and egg yolks. Add slowly to Starlac mixture. Cook, stirring constantly, over hot, not boiling water until custard coats a metal spoon. Add extract. Chill until mixture mounds when dropped from a spoon. Beat egg whites until foamy. Beat in remaining sugar till stiff peaks are formed. Fold in custard and fruits. Pour into pie shell. Chill till set. Garnish with whipped Starlac and shaved chocolate. Makes 6 to 8 servings.



about 8¢ a quart
in the 12 qt. family-size package

©1957, The Borden Company

ghter, and doing it, you'll admit, to per-ion."
"But she's a grown woman now; we can't on holding up this shield forever."
"Only till she's safely married. If Teresa is learn, at last, what her mother is, let her rn it when she's safely away from Coralie, home of her own and with a man to lean But don't blame me for not letting her w the truth earlier. She was a little child I promised to see that she had a happy ringing—and I did."
"We needn't talk about it, Lolly; it upsets and it does no good. What do you want to do about this fellow Tudor?"
"I want you to come to the house while there, and talk to him. Next time Mark dor calls at the cottage, I'll telephone to and you've got to come at once. Pretend just dropped in casually, and I'll see that get some time alone with him."
"And then what?" asked Sir Lawrence, his ntenance full of foreboding.
"Then tell him he has no business to be ging round Teresa. Tell him her mother's ning back, and wouldn't like it. Tell him—him what in heaven you please," she burst impatiently, "but get rid of him."

"—— and so Smoochy ran and ran and ,' read Teresa, 'and soon he reached the se of his friend Nobber and ——' "
Nobbler," corrected David, from his lis-ng post against the heaped pillows of bed.
Teresa's mind was elsewhere, and she wanted put down the book and sort out her ughts. She had come up to London early, had visited a bookshop and chosen some-

You may often make excuses for another, never for yourself.
PUBLILIUS SYRUS

ks for David; she had bought fruit and e long, curly sticks of barley sugar; then her packages she had walked in the mild shine through busy streets until she reached svenor Drive.
he was picking her way through some rub-on the pavement when she glanced up and , at the other end of the street, a sight that le her pause.
aloma was coming toward her with hur- footsteps. At her side was a policeman. put out a hand and grasped her arm, and oma jerked it away and fled down et. The man made no attempt to follow —but he kept his eyes on her until she had past Teresa and into the house.
omeone, Teresa saw, had been waiting to the girl in. Someone else had seen the dent; someone had been poised, ready to n the door as Paloma reached it. It opened dmit her—and closed immediately.
he scene had been enacted so swiftly that the sight of the policeman convinced esa that she had not imagined it. She d hesitating for a moment; then she went he steps and rang the bell. There was no wer. After ringing three times more, Teresa erstood that there was not going to be answer.
mixture of feelings swept over her, the ngest of which was humiliation. There e people in there: Paloma; the person who admitted her. She turned and ran down steps—and as she did so, came face to face Zoe, who was on her way up.
Oh!" Her aunt's exclamation held many tions, but welcome was not among them. 's eyes went from Teresa to the policeman was still standing farther down the street, her face became so white that Teresa put a hand to steady her.
Are you—are you all right?" she asked.
What?" Zoe's gaze came back to her, and seemed to shake herself. "Yes, of course all right. Come; let us go in."
he inserted a key; a moment later they e standing in the hall.
I rang several times," said Teresa, "but body seemed to hear."

"They are busy," said Zoe. "They do not hear. I am the one who always hears and who answers." She glanced at Teresa's packages. "You have come to see David?"

"Yes. I felt that I'd like to come up and—and see if I could read to him, or something," said Teresa, and wondered why the words sounded so lame.

"I will take you up. Come." Zoe led the way. She opened the door of a large room, and Teresa, entering, saw two beds and several pieces of cheap furniture. The room was spotlessly clean and tidy. In the smaller bed, propped against pillows, sat David. The bed was piled with books and toys.

"See who has come to see you," said Zoe.

David grinned happily; he was obviously enjoying being treated as an invalid. Teresa advanced with her gifts; turning as David was busy inspecting them, she saw Zoe leaning against the door, her eyes closed, her expression swept clean of every disguise, and showing a weariness so great that Teresa left the bedside and went toward her.

"Zoe, please don't think I'm impertinent or—or interfering. I don't understand anything, but I feel you're worried and if I could do anything ——"

"There is nothing. You are kind, but there is nothing that anybody can do, I think."

"But I saw Paloma just now, and there was a policeman with her and ——" She stopped; Zoe's eyes had closed once more and she looked tired and crushed and past pretense. Tears came slowly from her closed eyes and began to trickle down her cheeks.

"It has been a long time," she said. "You are kind to wish to help, but you are the child of Hubert's sister—and so you, of all people, cannot help me."

"Is it money?" said Teresa impulsively, and saw Zoe smile—a smile totally without mirth.

"Yes, it is money. It is money that has brought the trouble—but money cannot take the trouble away."

Mom's Wonderful!

She works menu magic with Comet Rice's extra flavor!

Easy as boiling water

Quick as the most expensive rice



COMET LONGRAIN RICE
Comet's complete line of rices includes:
Comet Pre-Fluffed Rice
Comet Regular Rice
Comet Brown Rice
A Comet Rice for every purpose.

and Twice as Tasty!



SAY HOUSEWIVES FROM COAST TO COAST

There is a difference—in ease, speed and taste!

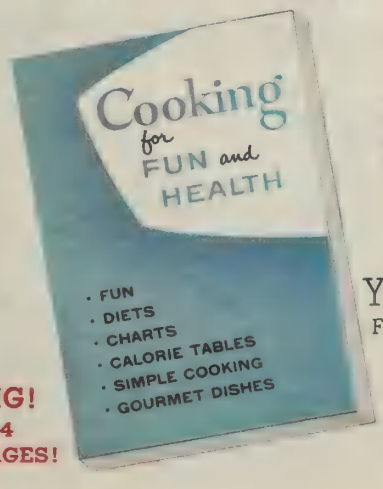
Turkey stuffed with Comet Rice Dressing . . . most delicious, easiest way to make a holiday dinner memorable! Get Comet Rice in the big, blue-and-yellow box above, then try this—

Comet Rice Dressing and Roast Turkey

3 Cups cooked Comet Rice (1 cup uncooked) —see easy directions on box . . . 1 small onion diced fine . . . ⅓ cup melted butter or margarine . . . 1 cup coarsely chopped celery . . . 1 teaspoon salt . . . ¼ teaspoon pepper . . . ½ teaspoon marjoram, sage or poultry seasoning.

Cook onion in butter until soft. Add remaining ingredients. Toss until well mixed. For turkey over 10 pounds, double recipe. Chopped cooked giblets or a can of mushrooms may be added if desired.

SPECIAL OFFER . . . *New kind of Cook Book!*



BIG! 144 PAGES!

Cooking can be nearly as much fun as eating. This new *kind* of cook book brings *FUN* and HEALTH to your COOKING. Easy, simple recipes are illustrated in four colors. There are wonderful dishes from foreign lands, plus simple directions for basic food cooking. Also, complete calorie charts, healthful reducing diets (how to lose 10 pounds in 10 days), and many additional food facts. A treasure chest of needed information that you will use daily, and prize always. Send for several and use them for delightful CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

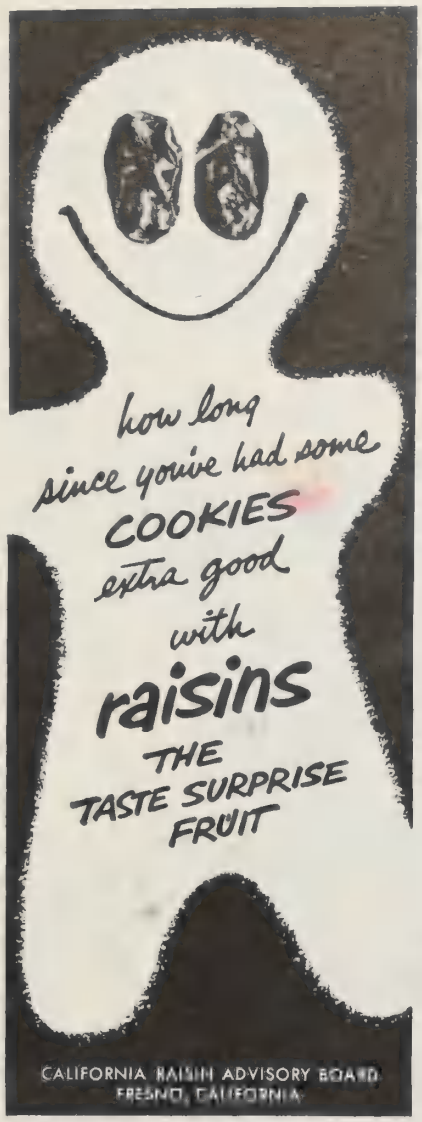
$2.95 value
YOURS FOR ONLY $1.00
with 2 Comet Boxtops
Clip and mail coupon now for delivery before Christmas!

COMET RICE MILLS
Dept. J2, P. O. Box 1681, Houston, Texas

YES! SEND ME_____EXCITING, NEW COOK BOOKS. Under the terms of your special offer, I enclose $1 and 2 Comet Rice Boxtops for each book ordered.

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ZONE____STATE_____

Please send check ☐ M. O., not cash.
Offer limited to supply, and void where restricted, forbidden or taxed.



Now make real
FUDGE
in just 4 minutes!



1. World's fastest fudge! No cooking! No beating! No testing! It's new "Junket" Quick Fudge Mix . . . the only pre-cooked, pre-creamed fudge mix.

2. Real old-fashioned flavor! You've never tasted fudge so smooth . . . so creamy . . . so heavenly. A luscious treat for the whole family.

FREE! To introduce you to New "Junket" Fudge Mix. Handy fudge setter, shown below. Form perfect fudge squares on wax paper—no pan needed! Send top from package of New "Junket" Fudge Mix to: JUNKET, Little Falls, N. Y.

New!
"JUNKET" Quick
FUDGE MIX
Chocolate · Penuche · Coconut

"But my uncle—can't he ——"

"He can do nothing," said Zoe dully. She opened the door. "Stay with David; he will be glad to have you. Mark will not be home until lunchtime."

And then Teresa was alone with the small boy, and the adventures of Smoochy were proceeding, but with far less zest, as David recognized, than the text deserved.

"Perhaps," he observed at last, weary of correcting the reader, "you're tired."

Teresa looked up. "Well, yes—I am a little bit, David. And I'm not really a very good reader. I can play games, though; if you'd like Snakes and Ladders ——"

They were still playing when Teresa looked up to see Mark standing in the doorway. He was taking in the picture he would remember all his life: the sun slanting across the bed, the small boy, flushed with glee, the girl's fair head bent over the brightly colored board. David, who had held first place in his heart—and Teresa, who had come out of nowhere, unlooked for, and who was now as dear in an entirely different way.

He sat on the bed and rumpled David's hair. "How's everything?" he asked.

"I'm winning her," said David. "She won one and I won one and I'm nearly home and if I get a three, then I'll win her again."

They finished the game just as the door opened to admit Zoe with a tray on which was a light lunch with a glass of milk. "This is all for David," she announced, and Teresa saw that she had recovered her self-possession. "For you others, there is food if you wish."

"No; I'm taking Teresa out to lunch," said Mark. "To that French place you recommended, Zoe."

They said good-by, and Mark led Teresa out to his car. He drove silently; once he put out a hand and touched hers briefly, as though to assure himself that she was really beside him.

On a table spread with a gay cloth they ate especially recommended food and drank delicious wine. M. Laroule, an expert in these matters, noted that though both the man and the girl showed a certain intelligent interest in the food and the wine at the beginning of the meal, they grew more self-absorbed as it progressed. He made his report to his wife, who was in charge of the cash desk.

"He is in love," he told her.

"And she?"

"I can't tell. Now if he were a Frenchman —— But in his way," he conceded, "he has something. And he knows wine; that at least is a good sign."

"Do they talk of love?"

"No. But they are English, remember. It is all inside."

They were talking, not of love but of an entirely different subject.

"You said just now that you were worried about Zoe. Why?" asked Mark.

Teresa told him what had taken place when she reached the house that morning. "If I'm concerned in the money part of it," she asked, "why can't she explain exactly how? And why are policemen watching the house?"

"One policeman," corrected Mark.

"The police. What's the difference?" asked Teresa. "I saw what happened and you didn't. He tried to stop Paloma, and she pulled away from him and ran into the house." She put her arms on the table and leaned on them and spoke urgently. "Mark, Zoe's in some kind of trouble. Do you know what it is?"

"I don't know all of it—yet."

"Well, can't you tell me what you know?"

"I know—I think I know—why there's that dead silence whenever the front doorbell rings. They're frightened."

"Frightened of what? Do you know something about them that you won't tell me?" she asked.

"No. I don't know anything. There's no point in telling you my guesses. All I know for certain is that they like to check up on everybody who comes into the house. There's a ringing on the front doorbell—and they all listen; they become tense, and they don't relax until Zoe has opened the door and told them that there's nothing to worry about."

"Could they be frightened —— I mean, if the police wanted to stop Paloma and ——"

"Paloma, I think, is the core of all the trouble. Men feel they'd like to see something of her—and how do you get to know a girl? You call on her. So they call on Paloma—and they don't get in. Maxie sees to that. For years they've kept out strangers. For years Paloma was no problem because she was too young. They want to go on that way—but they're beginning to understand that they can't. Or at any rate, not for much longer."

"But"—Teresa stared at him—"things can't be left like that! If Zoe's in trouble, something can be done. My godfather's one of those people who've got a lot of influence. I could go to him and explain that she's in trouble. But"—her eagerness faded—"there's nothing I can tell him—nothing definite. It's all guesswork. It's all mystery."

"Aren't you," Mark asked her, "going back on your first sensible resolution?"

"What was that?"

"To have nothing to do with any of it."

She studied him soberly. "Our positions seem to have changed," she remarked. "You began by wanting to draw me in; I was anxious to stay outside. Now I want to help, and you're beginning to sound discouraging. Why?"

He frowned. "Teresa, I think there's trouble ahead."

"For Zoe?"

"Perhaps for you too. I didn't want to bring you trouble."

Their eyes met in a long, deep, searching look. At the end of it, Teresa smiled gently.

"You didn't," she told him.

"I shouldn't have asked you to come and see David this morning. Lolly has made certain plans for your happiness, and if I don't constitute a threat, I serve as a warning: there's many a slip, she will decide, between the cup of betrothal and the lip of matrimony." He gave her a slow smile. "Will you bear in mind that I told you from the first what my intentions were?"

To have a respect for ourselves guides our morals; and to have a deference for others governs our manners. LAURENCE STERNE

"You said a lot of rather wild things."

"I said no more than the simple truth. What does my compatriot, Robert Burns, have to say on the subject?

'To see her is to love her
And love but her for ever.'

I saw you—and the rest will keep. For here"—his eyes were on the door—"here is your fiancé, standing in the doorway and looking dark in the brow. If he takes my advice, he'll come up to me, seize me by the collar, jerk me to my feet—it ought to be easy, he's stronger than I am—and throw me through the window. And I would make no resistance, because ——"

"Because?"

"Because you have given me no sign, no token. And until you do, how do I know whether you've heard what I've said to you so clearly?"

"Mark ——" she said suddenly.

"Hush!" He put out a hand and touched hers for an instant. "You can tell me on Sunday."

"Sunday?"

"Sunday is your birthday," he reminded her.

Then he had risen, and was nodding to Neville, who stood by the table and, giving no sign of having seen the other man, was speaking to Teresa.

"I see you're almost through lunch," he said.

"Sit down and have a drink," invited Mark.

"No. No, thanks," said Neville with an effort. "I haven't much time, Teresa; could you come with me and finish your lunch with me?"

"I could—but why don't you stay and have a drink?" asked Teresa.

It was odd, thought Mark, his heart filli anew with love, that a girl could be so inte ligent—and such a fool. "Please don't hesita to go," he said. "Your fiancé's right; lunc time can be short. I'll finish my coffee and g back to David." He gave her no time to repl he had walked round and was holding o her coat, and she had no option but to p it on. "Thank you for going to see him," said, "and thank you for the books and t fruit. It was very kind of you."

Nothing could have sounded more form more correct, but for one second Nevill eyes rested on the speaker with open hatre Then he was walking out with Teresa's ha under his arm.

They drove without speaking: he was thin ing of what he was going to say; Teresa w absorbed in all that had happened that mor ing. A great deal had occurred, but she w still unwilling to look too closely at her o reactions.

"That fellow," came savagely from Nevil "wants dealing with. Why do you allow him take up your time? Don't you see what h after? He's after you. The fact that you're e gaged to somebody else wouldn't mean thing to a man of his sort. But if he does understand the decencies, surely you do. W do you think I feel like when I think of you the bedroom—yes, it was the bedroom—o man, and in that house? You should ne have entered the place. Anybody but y would have seen at once what a shady they are."

"How do you know?" Teresa's voice cool.

"Because I went in and saw them, th how. I rang the bell and a woman came to door—a dark, foreign woman who ——"

"My uncle's wife," came coldly from Tere

"Well, I suppose so. I didn't inquire. I t her who I was, and I found out where y were. And while she was telling me, someb came rushing downstairs—a girl, a w looking sort of girl—and threw herself i the arms of a stocky fellow with one arm. I lover, I shouldn't be surprised."

"Her father," said Teresa. "Please go o

The iciness of her tone pulled him up. gave a swift glance at her, and his next wo were quieter.

"I'm sorry. I was angry. But I didn't the setup in the house. This Tudor—a r who doesn't mind living in a place like t can't be called exactly fastidious. And doing his best to get under my skin." He s another rapid glance at Teresa. "And wh can't get over is the astounding fact that actually went to that house again and —

Teresa had no time to answer; they reached Neville's club. Neville went awa make arrangements for lunch, and Teresa left alone on an enormous sofa in the lou to await his return. This was a good oppo nity, she realized, to examine her position

Teresa examined it. She was engaged marry Neville. She thought him a good and she thought herself capable of ma him a good wife. They had her mother's proval; looking back with eyes whose f seemed suddenly to have changed, Teresa for the first time how much her engage owed to her mother's skillful handling of preliminaries. Her mother had believed would be happy with Neville, and as she self felt affectionate toward him, she agreed to marry him—and had never had slightest doubt that she was doing the r the wise thing.

Until she met Mark Tudor.

And what, Teresa asked herself, figh for honesty, what had happened then?

Her feelings about Neville had not, all, changed; she still thought him g sound, reliable and the kind of man e sensible girl would be glad to marry. Bu no longer wanted to marry him.

And now?

Neville had asked a question and he h right to a reassuring answer. She had p ised to marry him; she was waiting nov him to ask her—as he would without d ask her—to see no more of Mark Tudor

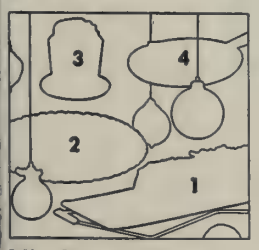
A fog of depression settled on her. tried to think of Neville, but nothing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106



Four Christmas ways to

Brighten the plate with Ocean Spray



1. Yule Log. Festive centerpiece! Mix 8-oz. package cream cheese with ¼ cup cream, grated rind of 1 orange and ¼ tsp. grated nutmeg. Tint green. Spread generously over 2 "logs" of tangy Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce laid end to end. Deck with holly made of gum drops. Make ½ hour ahead, keep well chilled till serving time.

2. Turkey Turnovers. For Christmas night or the turkey days after, try leftover turkey cooked in pastry cases—made elegant with a topping of hot, sassy Ocean Spray Whole Cranberry Sauce. (It's full of plump, juicy berries!)

3. Cranberry Sherbet. Old Southern custom with meat—new in double Old-Fashioned glasses. For 6 servings, crush 1 can velvety Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce. Add 2 tsp. grated lemon rind and 3 tbsp. sugar dissolved in 6 tbsp. orange juice. Freeze in refrigerator till partially set; fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Freeze till firm. Refreshing change!

4. Skillet Sandwich. For children's supper, make sandwiches of sliced turkey and holiday-red Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce. Brown in butter. (Ocean Spray won't ooze out—its natural pectins keep it smooth and firm! Yet it's always tender.)



Festive! Cranberry Juice Cocktail

Holiday-red, and tasting of fresh berries, Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail cheers any hour. Serve as is with cookies. Or use as a mixer! At all supermarkets.



JELLIED OR WHOLE BERRY

Now in Canada, too.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

but a memory of Mark's gently smiling face. His eyes were, as always, faintly amused—he seemed to be waiting for her to make her decision.

Neville entered the lounge and touched her shoulder, and she started and stared at him in bewilderment. They walked into the dining room. Neville ordered coffee for Teresa and lunch for himself. Teresa waited and braced herself for what was coming.

But when he spoke at last, there was a note in his voice which she had never heard before, and which cleared her mind, suddenly, of all sensations except anger. She had expected reproaches, appeals, arguments—but she had not expected him to adopt a hectoring, almost bullying attitude.

"About this fellow," he said without preliminary. "This Tudor. I think we'd better put our cards on the table. When a man puts a ring on a girl's finger he expects to get some peace of mind about the relationship between them. He doesn't—and God knows I didn't—expect any stray clown to put a spell on her." He stared across at her. "And what I want to say is this: a man who butts in between an engaged couple is an outsider and ought to be told so without delay. I can tell him—or you can. Which is it to be?"

"You, obviously," said Teresa coldly, "because you think so, and I don't."

"You mean you—you actually *like* him?"

"Yes. I like him." Teresa's voice was quiet. "I think he's intelligent and I also think he's honest. But I'm willing to agree that I shouldn't have allowed him to make you uneasy."

"Well, that's something. Thank you for the crumbs. And are you willing to agree that as my fiancée, you owe it to me to keep other men at a distance?"

"Yes; I agree that ——"

"Then I'll say no more." Neville sat back with a look of relief. "Now we know where we are. You tell him to leave you alone, and if he shows any disposition to go on bothering you, let me deal with him. But I think you'll find that before your mother gets back, he'll get out of the way—and fast."

She gave him a long, searching look, and saw his color darken. She knew that he feared Mark, and he feared his own ability to deal with him—and he was going to delay the crisis until he could be certain that Coralie was present to bolster him up.

She said no more. They rose at the conclusion of the meal, and he drove her to the station and she took the first train home.

Teresa's birthday began uneventfully. The sun shone, the servants came with their modest gifts, the gardener brought in a fragrant bunch of flowers, and Lolly produced a bulky parcel.

"It's beautiful," said Teresa, holding up the pea-green sweater. "I shall wear it next week to welcome mother."

"Next week? This week. She'll be home in six days."

"Oh." A startled look came into Teresa's eyes. "Has the time really gone so fast?"

"Well, it's gone; fast or slow, I wouldn't know," said Lolly. "What are you going to do today?"

"I thought I'd go into Brighton and give Lawrence a surprise, and thank him for his check."

"Neville will be coming, I suppose?"

"Yes; he's coming to dinner. He rang up last night."

"Will you be home for lunch?"

"No. If Lawrence's housekeeper won't cook something extra for me, I'll persuade him to take me out."

Teresa got off the bus at Brighton, crossed over to a taxi and directed the driver to Lawrence's house. The taxi drew up in front of the building. She got out—and saw immediately in front of the taxi a sports car, long and low and shabby. In it were two figures, one tall, one small.

Mark got out of his car and came toward her, his face almost lost behind the tall sheaf of roses he carried. "Happy birthday." He took her hand, held it to his cheek and stood smiling down at her. "Shall I sing it on this lovely day?" he asked, and raised his voice in a pleasing tenor. "Happy birthday to yoo-oo happy —— David," he called, "come and sa happy birthday to Teresa."

David, scrambling eagerly out of the ca ran up to Teresa and held out a small an sticky package. "Happy birfday," he saic "That's from me. It's a surprise."

Teresa took the parcel and smiled at th child. "Can I open it now?"

"'Course; it's yours. It'll break if you dro it," warned David.

She unwrapped the paper; inside was small, very small china goose. She held i gently in her hand. "It's simply lovely," sh said. "Thank you, David. Has it got a name?"

"Not yet. You give it one," invited David "Let's call it Smoocher."

"All right; Smoocher it is." Teresa looke up at Mark. "How did you know it was m birthday?"

"Intuition. And the rest was intuition too What, I asked David here, was a girl likely t do on a lovely birthday morning? She'd lik to see the sparkling sea, and see her godfathe at the same time, wouldn't she? The fact tha we're here is of course pure coincidence David and I thought it would be wonderful t drive down and get a breath of sea air."

"You shouldn't have come," said Teresa

"You mean I mustn't bring David dow here for sea air?" He took her hand and drev her gently toward the car. "Come on," h said. "We'll find a warm spot on the beac and then David can build castles while I— well, perhaps I'll build castles, too, but nc sand ones."

"I want to see my godfather."

"And so you shall. But you've got some thing serious to say to me, and you can't sa it here. Perhaps you're going to dismiss me and when I weep, I want to weep in some quiet spot and not on this busy street. Come."

He led her to the car; they got in and drove away from Brighton, following the coast road David sat between them, pointing eagerly a the sea came now and then into view.

They found a quiet stretch of beach, empty save for one or two strollers exercising thei dogs. Mark spread a rug, and he and Teresa sat down. David, spade and bucket in hand found a rock, and a small warm pool not fa away, and began to dig energetically.

Teresa lay back and gave herself up to the stillness and the warmth of the day. She was here and so was Mark; it would be perhaps the last time they would meet before the storm clouds broke. For the moment they were alone on a stretch of golden sand, with blue-gray sea before them and a pale blue sky above. They were here, and it was quiet and infinitely peaceful, infinitely removed from hard words and difficult decisions. They would say what they had to say—in a little while.

Mark, however, was sitting upright beside her, alert and expectant. "Well, go on," he urged at last. "Say it. You've spent the last days thinking—and now you want to tell me what you've thought about."

"Presently." Teresa's voice was dreamy.

"No; now." He slipped a hand under her shoulders and lifted her gently to a sitting position. "We can't enjoy the nice sunshine if we've got any feeling of guilt about being here. For myself, I feel nothing but pleasure. You, far from feeling happy, are rehearsing your big speech. Well, off you go."

"You know it already."

"Of course. It isn't a very original speech. It's been made before and it'll be made again: 'Sir, leave me, I beg; my betrothed e'en now cometh o'er the mountain, and he will slay thee.' How did he say he'd do it?" he asked with interest. "Was he going to throw me to the lions, or was he going to seize my shirt front and shake me until my teeth rattle, and then throw me to the ground? He could too; strong chap, is Neville. And in many ways, a decent chap; I don't for a moment blame you for allowing yourself to be talked into becoming engaged to him ——"

"Please stop," broke in Teresa. She stared at the calm, still sea. "I like you very much, Mark. But I should never have let you say some of the things you did say, and ——"

"Half a moment." Mark held up a hand. "How could you have prevented me from saying anything?"

"I needn't have listened. Don't let's pretend about this; if a girl wants to get rid of a man, there are lots of ways in which she can do it."

"Not really," said Mark, and his voice was quiet. "Not really, Teresa, my darling. A man in love—and I'm in love—has a lot he wants to get off his chest, and if he's in earnest, it would take more than a gentle girl like yourself to stop him."

"And in other circumstances, a girl would have to listen to him. But I'm engaged, Mark, and ——" She paused.

"Look." Mark turned to face her. "You and a man become engaged, and you say you'll marry—in due course. Between the putting on of the ring and the ceremony at the altar, there's usually a waiting period. And if, during that period, a third party makes his appearance, he has to be taken seriously. If he's merely a nuisance, as a rule he knows it—and he gives up trying. But if he thinks that the girl he loves is unawakened, that she gave her word before she knew what she was doing, that she drifted into an engagement because everybody round her seemed to expect it—then the man constitutes a real threat. Why? Not because the girl is disloyal; not because she's a weak character—but simply because deep down, she knows that her own feelings aren't secure . . . aren't sure." He put out a hand and gently took one of Teresa's. "There's only one thing wrong with Neville, and that's his insensitiveness. He's so busy watching me that he hasn't bothered to shift his glance and take a look at you—and that's where I have an advantage, because I've looked at you all the time. I've seen Neville enter a room after three days' absence from you. You offer your cheek—because strangers are present and a display of affection is not good form. He sees another man, and he thinks it a good time to declare his position; he turns your lips to his and puts his own on them. It's a declaration: This woman is mine. And the woman? She remains as cool, as unmoved as though he had merely touched her cheek. Affection? Yes. Love? My word, no! After three days away from you, a man in love would have drawn you out of the room and given himself—and you—a few shaking seconds in his arms. Neville didn't move you—because he couldn't. Because you don't love him. I can move you. How do I know? I know the signs because I feel them in myself. When I take your hand like this, I can see the pulse—there, in the wrist. Racing, just as mine is racing. I hear your voice, and know it isn't steady, just as mine isn't. And because I know these things, I know that you feel—a little, just a little—of what I feel."

Teresa's voice trembled. "You—you sound so—so sure."

"I am sure. I love you, Teresa."

"But—but you can't. You saw me for the first time about a week ago."

"And I haven't got eyes? Ears? Senses?"

"They could mislead you."

"Never. Shall I tell you why? Because love isn't blind; love is entirely clear-eyed and clearheaded. Every blade of grass looks greener, every flower looks more beautiful. If that line's not very original, it's true. This beach—the sands are pure gold. The sky is blue—bluer than any sky has ever been. Is that seeing less—or seeing more?"

"Is it seeing too much?"

"No. It's the way life should look all the time—and doesn't. We accept beauty without ever really seeing it, and then something like this happens and the mist of everyday dissolves—and I see . . . you. I see truth in your eyes, I see gentleness in your bearing. What else do I see? I see hands, here in my own, that are white and delicate. I see hair of spun gold—do you know that it's almost the same color as this lovely sand? I see your skin, pale and clear—but healthy withal. I see your lips, soft and —— Perhaps I'd better not think about your lips. Teresa, Teresa, oh Teresa, I love you so much." He turned in a swift movement and lay on the sand, his head resting in her lap, her hand held to his cheek. "I'm so glad," he said dreamily, "I'm so very, very glad I didn't meet you before. I used to wonder what was the matter with me—so many lovely girls, and no reaction from me. I was waiting for you. And I'm not sorry that I didn't meet you when I was twenty or twenty-five or even thirty. At twenty I was going to reform the world, and I think I would have bored you. At twenty-five I was certain that I knew everything there was to know about everything that was really important: food, wine, dealing with headwaiters, getting the best tables and escorting the most photogenic blondes. That was a bad stage, Teresa, and I'm glad you didn't come in just then. And at thirty? I was rather lonely at thirty; I would have welcomed you—but you knew exactly when to appear. You waited until my inner vision had fashioned a replica of you—you, exactly as you are. Teresa, marry me, please, my darling—and soon. I'm not fit to touch you, but I'll love you—humbly—until I die. And I'll try to become anything you wish."

"I like you," said Teresa gently, "exactly as you are."

He rolled over and stared up at her. "You mean that?"

"You said you saw truth in my eyes. I see truth in yours," she told him. "And I feel a kind of strength in you that I never felt before in anybody. With you, beside you, I feel completely safe."

"Bless you," said Mark. "Oh, bless you, Teresa."

"I feel safe—and happy. And in some curious way, awake. I don't see, as you seem to see, bluer skies or more beautiful flowers, but I seem to be looking back over my life and wondering whether I could have been mad—or asleep—or just stupid. It doesn't seem possible that I ever imagined I could marry anybody without feeling . . . this." She smiled at him. "Perhaps it's because I've—I've never met anybody like you before."

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

Wife, from the next room, about to show new hat to husband: "Honey, do you love me?"

Husband: "Yes, why?"

Wife: "I just wondered if you're in a good mood?"

Small daughter, listening in: "She wants to know if you're in a good mood to get ready for a bad mood."

Then there's the woman who requested her husband to help her remember to ask a friend what it was she had forgotten.

She was the kind of woman who met and came through all emergencies with the stamina of an apple that manages to cling to an unsprayed tree.

It often seems that the greatest disgrace in modern America is to be known as a parent who doesn't give his child security.

In the average household, the mere putting on of eggs to boil for three minutes will scatter a family faster than a tornado does a hamlet.



try "double-M"

minute-magic

...the brisk, modern way to saving-cooking!

MIRRO-MATIC

America's most wanted pressure pan

MIRRO-MATIC's minute-magic makes modern minutes do the work of old-fashioned hours! Asparagus, for example, cooks in a minute and a half! Carrots, in two and a half! Corn-on-the-cob in just five minutes! You can cook country-style chicken in 18 minutes, or fix a ham in only an hour!

Speed-Cooking Is SAVING-Cooking, Too . . . Shorter cooking time naturally means less fuel used. A high, moist heat cuts shrinkage, lets more of what you buy come to the table. And mineral and vitamin values are saved in the rich, natural juices of the foods you cook, not boiled away or poured down the drain with excess water.

Get MIRRO-MATIC, in the size to suit your family best, at department, hardware and home furnishing stores, wherever dealers sell the finest aluminum.



The secret of minute-magic is MIRRO-MATIC's exclusive selective pressure control, the control you can *hear*, as it *automatically* prevents pressure from going higher than recipe requires—5, 10, or 15 lbs. Unbreakable and never needs adjustment.

your best buy...

MIRRO THE FINEST ALUMINUM

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE

MIRRO-MATIC Electric Pressure Pan with Controlled Heat! Exclusive Thermo-Dial Heat Control permits perfected pressure cooking and canning, plus frying, boiling, steaming, braising, keeping foods serving-hot. Simply match heat to pressure and both are controlled, automatically! 4-qt., **$29.95,** with cord, rack, and recipe book. Fed. tax incl.

4-qt. **$14.95**

2½-qt., $12.95
6-qt., $19.95
8-qt., $24.95
16-qt., $29.95

Each with rack and recipe book.

ALUMINUM GOODS MANUFACTURING CO., MANITOWOC, WIS. • World's Largest Manufacturers of Aluminum Cooking Utensils



SCALLOPED CHICKEN AND MUSHROOMS—Arrange in alternate layers in greased baking dish: ½ c. sauteed mushrooms, several slices cooked chicken or 1 jar Westchester Boned Chicken, 1 c. cooked macaroni, salt, pepper; any left-over peas, beans, carrots, etc. Blend 4 tbs. flour, 4 tbs. fat; add 2 c. Herb-Ox Chicken Bouillon; stir over low heat till thickened; pour over chicken mixture. Top with 1 c. buttered crumbs; brown in 400° oven. Serves 4.

FREE! Money-Saving Recipe Booklet! Write: The Pure Food Company, Inc., Dept. LHJ, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Herb-Ox

BOUILLON CUBES

New **INSTANT BOUILLON AND SEASONING**

FOR MY OWN PARTIES, I COUNT ON **fluff**

Lynne White **fluff's** Home Economist

Delightful little sandwiches — festive, snowy toppings — frothy meringues and so many other easy uses! Recipes on label.

Lynne White, Dept. L12
Box 470, Lynn, Mass.

MARSHMALLOW **fluff**

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

COMMENDED PARENTS

"WHERE'LL I GET THE CASH?"

HOW many times have you asked yourself that question when you are faced with household expenses that have to be met? We would like to suggest an answer that can mean increased income for you.

By selling magazine subscriptions, you can earn generous commissions. Many of our representatives earn more than $1.50 an hour in their spare time—and you can do the same! Just send us your name and address on a postal, and you will receive our offer and easy-to-follow instructions.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
265 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

GRAVY MASTER
MERRY CHRISTMAS

"Do you understand"—his voice was slow and of deadly seriousness—"do you understand that I will love you until I die?"

She bent and put her lips briefly to his. "I think I understand," she said gently, "because I know that nothing can ever make me forget you. Nothing, ever again. I don't know"—her voice trembled—"I don't know what will happen, or even whether we can marry—but I know that nothing like this moment has ever happened to me before, and never will again. Mark ——"

Mark put a hand on her lips. "Leave it at that—for the moment," he begged. "Just for this one day—please, my darling. I love you with all my heart—and you love me."

His lips were on hers. The place, the time were alike forgotten. When his arms came around her, Teresa surrendered to them without thought, without reservation.

When he released her, she saw that things had not changed outwardly: the beach, the sea, the sunshine were there; David was still digging. Nothing was changed outwardly—and yet Teresa knew that for her nothing would ever be the same again. This man beside her had awakened in her a tumult of feeling greater than she had ever experienced. Shaken, giddy, she could yet feel a surge of pure happiness sweeping through her.

"You're twenty-four today," said Mark, out of a long silence, "and this is your first love—and your last. Are you happy?"

"Yes."

She was happy. The day went on and she did not think of time; she thought only of the man who had come into her life and changed it forever. They spoke little, but their silences were easy, relaxed. They played with David; they ran races and built castles. They bought lunch and ate it on the beach. As the afternoon drew to a close, they drove slowly back to London, David's head drooping drowsily now on Teresa's, now on Mark's arm.

"This is the last time," said Mark, looking down at the boy, "that he'll be going to bed at your uncle's house."

Teresa turned to him in surprise. "Why?"

"Because we're leaving."

"But where are you going?"

"To a flat in Abbott Square, which I shall take you to see—but not this evening. This evening I shall take you home—and then I'm going to talk to Lolly."

"Talk to Lolly?" There was apprehension in her voice.

"Yes. In the absence of your mother."

"My mother ——" The apprehension was more evident now, and Mark gave her a brief but searching glance.

"You're very fond of her, aren't you?"

"Of course. She's my mother. She—she won't like this," said Teresa slowly.

"Because Neville was her candidate? He wasn't the man for you—and I am." He threw her another glance, this time a smiling one. "There's so much about me that you don't know. I always imagined women were curious—and yet you ask so few questions. I might be keeping all kinds of sinister knowledge from you."

"Are you?"

"No. Not sinister. There's one fact I've kept from you. It's nothing that can affect what you feel or what I feel."

"Then it isn't important. Do you want to tell me?"

"Not yet. You'll have to know soon—but today is for . . . other things. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

They put David to bed and left him in Maxie's care. With Mark's voice soothing her fears, nothing seemed very difficult. He was strong in a way that Neville, she knew now, had never been strong; she could lean on him, she could have utter confidence in his ability to smooth matters out; she could leave everything safely in his hands.

Even the sight of her godfather's car standing in the drive of the cottage did not greatly disturb her newly found confidence. Lawrence would understand.

In the drawing room they came face to face with Lolly and Sir Lawrence—and there was a heavy silence in the room.

"I don't need to ask," said Lolly at last, "what's happened. One has only to look. I've had," she added bitterly, "hell's own day. I honestly don't understand, Teresa, how you could ——"

"Won't you," put in Mark quietly, "say it all to me?"

"What is there to say? It's too late," said Lolly.

"It really is too late," said Teresa. "I'm sorry it's happened this way, but . . . I love him very much."

"My dear"—Sir Lawrence's voice was heavy—"if you will allow me to speak to him ——"

Mark walked to the door and opened it and smiled at Teresa. "Please," he begged. "I'll explain to Sir Lawrence, and you can talk to Lolly. Only a few minutes."

He closed the door behind them and faced the old man. Sir Lawrence, hands clasped behind his back, head bent, was walking up and down the room restlessly. Presently he stopped and looked at the younger man, with wonder growing slowly on his face.

DADDY'S TURN

By L. V. FRANCIS

Rockaby, Cheryl. (Rocking's taboo!
It may create some complex in you.)
But if this practice puts you to sleep,
Daddy may then his sanity keep!

Here, my dear Cheryl, suck on your thumb.
This habit, too, is frowned on by some.
But, while you suck, you surely can't howl!
Daddy is ready to throw in the towel!

Daddy's delinquent. He has no choice.
His nerves can*not* compete with your voice.
Daddy's remiss. The die is now cast.
In our big bed, you slumber at last!

"My word," he said slowly at last, "but you're like your mother."

"You knew her?"

"I knew them all—all three girls. They were the prettiest trio in Sussex. And your mother was the loveliest of the three. She died, Lolly told me."

"Yes."

"Well, I'm sorry." Sir Lawrence stared unseeingly at a point beyond Mark. "I'm sorry. I was only thirty at the time, and she was seventeen—and it was winter. We used to go skating. We used to glide over the ice ——"

"Go on," said Mark softly.

"It was a close thing." Sir Lawrence spoke dreamily. "It was a very close thing. She was looking up at me, and her hands were in mine, and she looked like an angel, and I opened my mouth and I was going to tell her so—tell her that and who knows how much more? And then ——"

"And then?"

"Then we both went down with an almighty crash," Sir Lawrence told him. "I was all right, but her wrist was broken. They took her away—and the next time we met, she had a husband and I had a wife. But it was a close thing; a very close thing."

Mark smiled. "And so instead of being my father, you turned out to be my future godfather," he said. "That being so, sir, you ought to be on my side in this little matter of Teresa's engagement."

Sir Lawrence stared at him, his expressio slowly hardening. "Little matter?" he r peated.

"Little matter." Mark spoke firmly. "Sl made a mistake. She loves me; I love her ve dearly. I can look after her, and I think I ca make her happy."

"I've no doubt you can. But you don know what you're doing," said Sir Lawren moodily. "There's going to be trouble- Teresa's mother."

"I hope we shall be able to make her see th this is for Teresa's happiness."

Sir Lawrence had turned and was gazin out the window. When he faced Mark agai his face looked older and rather haggard.

"Lolly asked me to talk to you. She wante to stop this before it went too far. She came t me and I agreed to explain one or two thing agreed to ——" He broke off. "Look," he sa more abruptly. "It's no good my moralizing catechizing. I'll give you a few facts and th you'll see how matters stand. Sit down."

"Do you mind if I stand?"

"As you like. Well, this begins a long wa back. Teresa's father was my greatest frien and I knew him, I think, as well as anybody the world. He was a thoroughly good ma but—like Teresa—he was a bit too gentle, a b too defenseless, a bit too soft when it came dealing with harsh realities. Well, he marrie Teresa's mother had always lived with h brother Hubert, and their combined i comes ——"

"I know," put in Mark quietly. "Four hu dred to him, eight hundred to her."

"Hubert couldn't get on on four hundre and he came down to the cottage and put in strong bid for all or part of his sister's share the money. She refused. Her first refusal w abrupt enough to make her husband a bit u happy; a little piece of the veil lifted—but n much. Then finally Hubert saw it was no u and—to spite his sister, or to find someboc who'd look after him—he married the woma who cooked for him and who'd also been h mistress. Then he came down to the cotta and told his sister what he'd done. There was scene in which she was transformed, befo her husband's eyes, from a pretty little, clin ing, devoted wife into an ugly, spiteful, incred ibly vindictive creature, hardly recognizable happened to be there at the time—otherwise wouldn't expect to be able to make you unde stand what an appalling shock the sight wa It was no surprise to her brother—it was cle that they'd got used to scenes of that kind- but to her husband ——" Sir Lawrence pause and looked unhappily at the younger man, ar shook his head. "It's no use," he went on. was going to tell you that to her husband was a blow from which he never really reco ered. It's true, but why should you believe it

"Was he so . . . unrealistic?"

"No, that's not the word. He was vulne able—too vulnerable by half. I'm not going argue about whether a man—a strong, intel gent man—should have been as vulnerable that. But he loved her, and he believed she w one thing—and under stress she showed th she was another. He couldn't get the pictu out of his mind. And Teresa's like hi Teresa ——"

"Do you mean to tell me that Teresa h lived in this house with her mother all the years without ——"

"—— without knowing that her moth has a bad temper? No, certainly not. But I c tell you that in all that time her mother h never exhibited the incredibly ugly side sh showed her husband. You needn't try to tell m that it's impossible; it's true. Lolly has made her life's work to stand between Teresa ar her mother; to see that Coralie got enough her own way to prevent her from—from goi over the edge again." He took out a handke chief and drew it across his brow. "Ov twenty years," he said slowly, "but I swear you that I still remember it." He saw Mark frown, and gave a grim smile. "You think I exaggerating, don't you?" he said. "You thi I'm a fussy old fool making a lot out nothing. You don't believe a word of this

"Exhibitions of bad temper are never plea ant to watch. Why should Lady Thurlo be ——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

new Fruit Cocktail recipe that leads 4 lives

fruit-nog mix

made with Fruit Cocktail-Knox Gelatin-Eggnog



1. fruit-nog parfait

New! Exciting as a rainbow! Layer fruit-nog mix and drained fruit cocktail into parfait or sherbet glass. Top with extra fruit cocktail for colorful garnish.

2. fruit-nog star

Roll out pie crust or sugar cookie dough on square of Kaiser "Quilted" Foil. Cut out circle with pastry attached. Turn up edges and pinch into points. Bake. Fill with fruit-nog mix.

3. fruit-nog pie

Fast becoming the new holiday dessert tradition! Heap fruit-nog mix into nine inch pie shell. Decorate with remaining fruit. Chill 2 to 4 hours before serving.

4. fruit-nog tart

Roll out pastry on Kaiser "Quilted" Foil. Cut out 6 inch round, mold inside custard cup and press pastry and foil together into flutes. Remove cup and bake. Fill with fruit-nog mix.

***EASY BASIC RECIPE—with fruit cocktail, Knox Gelatine, and prepared eggnog**

1 No. 2½ can fruit cocktail
1 envelope Knox gelatine
1½ cups commercially prepared eggnog
1½ teaspoons vanilla
¼ teaspoon almond flavoring
1 cup whipping cream
⅛ teaspoon salt

Drain fruit cocktail well, measure ½ cup of the syrup. Stir gelatine into syrup, set over boiling water, stir until dissolved. Remove from heat, stir into eggnog. Add salt, flavorings. Chill until mixture mounds when dropped from spoon. Whip cream. Fold into gelatine mixture with 1½ cups *well drained* fruit cocktail. Chill again 5 to 10 minutes until mixture mounds.

Cling Peach Advisory Board • California Canning Pear Growers

fruit cocktail

Canned FRUIT COCKTAIL from California





IF YOU LIKE TO GIVE PLEASURE

Give

FLINT

FLINT "2000" KITCHEN TOOLS
Tall, tapered and terrific stainless steel tools—so good they're guaranteed for 15 years. Sleek new modern design. Set shown $16.95 gift-boxed.

FLINT EGG BEATER
A real beauty. Powerful stainless steel blades beat 40 times with one turn. $4.95 gift-boxed.

FLINT CAN OPENER
New precision wall-type can opener. Zips cans open . . . practically "hands" you the lid. $6.95 gift-boxed.

EKCO®
. . . the greatest name in housewares

© 1957 Ekco Products Co., Chicago 39, Ill.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

"You've never seen Teresa's mother, have you?"

"No."

"Well, when she was young, she looked just as Teresa looks now—only she was even more fragile-looking; even more delicate-looking; even more gentle and graceful. With Teresa, all this comes from within. But her mother's appearance was purely an exterior. There was nothing pretty below it. You were right when you said that a display of wicked temper is never pretty to watch—but there are degrees of ugliness. The shocking part of Coralie's display was its swing from all that's loveliest in a woman to all that's ugliest. I saw it, and it didn't do me any good—and I wasn't her husband and I wasn't deeply, trustingly in love with her. To Teresa's father it was a—a shocking revelation, and it was to save his daughter from a similar experience that he asked Lolly to come and live here and—and keep the peace as far as possible. And that's what Lolly's done—and whether you agree with the arrangement or whether you don't, it's worked. And if at this stage you turn up and upset the work of over twenty years ——" He stopped and then ended abruptly, "Well, there it is; I've told you, and you don't agree with a blasted word of it, I suppose."

"I'm going to marry Teresa," said Mark slowly.

"And you fully understand what will happen when her mother learns that her plans have come to nothing? Four years of planning, choosing a man, working patiently, secretly—and successfully—to get Teresa to agree to marrying him."

"She'll make another scene," Mark told him. "She'll go over the edge again; and we'll be treated to the sight of a lovely woman transfigured with rage. And so," ended Mark with raised eyebrows, "what?"

Sir Lawrence stared at him. "You take it very lightly." Anger sounded for the first time in the old man's voice. "Do you want Teresa to go through what her father went through?"

"She won't," said Mark. "Her father took it alone. Teresa'll have me with her. What possible good can come, at this stage, of keeping from her the knowledge that her mother can look and behave like a hellcat? When she was younger, it was necessary to stave off unpleasant revelations. It preserved the peace and happiness of the household, and it enabled her to grow up without shadows—and so a certain measure of protection was right and proper. But now? She's a grown woman, and not a weak one."

"And so you see no need to protect her?"

"I shall spend the rest of my life trying to make her happy—but I don't feel for a moment that she'll need to be walled off from real life. She's got to look—and see. Seeing, she's got to judge. Although I hope Lady Thurloe will like me, I shan't be unduly depressed if she shows any disapproval. In fact, I won't really mind if she screams the place down. If you were going to ask me to withdraw merely in order to let the tigress go on sleeping—I'm sorry."

"You won't see it from Teresa's point of view?"

"If you think she loves her mother only because she's seen her sugar side up all these years, I respectfully submit that you're wrong. In any case, the need for protection is past."

"You're talking sense, but good sense doesn't cover every situation. Coralie won't stand aside and see her candidate defeated."

"Please don't worry, sir; I'm certain we can work it out."

"If you'd seen Neville's face an hour ago, you wouldn't have thought so. He rang up before leaving town, to speak to Teresa. She wasn't here. He came down. She wasn't here. He drove out to my house, passing me on the way. She wasn't there. He came back. She wasn't here."

"I must give him my address," said Mark.

"He knows it."

"I'm not at Grosvenor Drive any longer."

"You're not? Well, I'm glad to hear that." The door opened, and he went forward to meet Teresa and Lolly. "D'you hear that, Lolly? He's not living at Hubert's any more; that's one good thing, anyhow."

Lolly did not appear to be listening. "There's a car," she said. "Neville's back. We came in here ——"

"Quite right," said Sir Lawrence. "We've got to have this out, I suppose."

The four in the room waited and listened; a car door banged, and footsteps sounded on the steps, in the hall. Teresa made a restless movement and Mark, putting out a hand, took one of hers and held it in a firm grasp. She smiled at him—a rather tremulous smile—and then faced the door, ready to meet Neville.

The door opened—but it was not Neville who stood on the threshold. Coralie, in a neat suit, a fur across her shoulders, came with her graceful walk into the room. She had a smile for Lolly and Sir Lawrence, a faint puzzled uplifting of the brows for Mark; then she had caught Teresa in a soft embrace.

"Darling," she said, "I came home—as a surprise. Happy birthday."

Coralie Thurloe had in the past made a great many effective entrances; none of them, however, had had as shattering an effect as her appearance before the unprepared quartet in the drawing room.

Teresa, muffled in her mother's furs, had the advantage of being able to conceal her first feelings of dismay; Lolly and Sir Lawrence were less fortunate, and Coralie had time to draw some interesting conclusions from their confusion.

Mark alone remained unmoved. He had heard much of Coralie, and now she was before him. He let his gaze rest frankly upon her, and took in her beauty, her poise, her all-but-natural charm. Certain things about her surprised him: he had not expected the look of youth and freshness.

Coralie, in her turn, noted Mark's height and ease of manner and quiet air of authority. She did not know who he was or why he was in her drawing room—but she saw that he had an air of being perfectly at home there.

In a few moments Sir Lawrence had recovered his poise. "Nice to see you back, Coralie," he said. "Will you allow me to present a young friend of mine? Mark Tudor. Son of one of m'old flames—Mary Grant. You must have heard of the three Grant sisters; they were local beauties."

"Indeed I have." Coralie extended a hand to Mark. "They lived near some friends of mine who used to mention them frequently. How d'you do?"

Mark bowed over her hand and awarded her full marks for deportment; he was, he knew, going to come in for some scratching—but not until she was ready.

"Lily"—she was bending to kiss Lolly's cheek—"it's lovely to be back. I kept thinking of Teresa's birthday, and wishing I could be here for it—and so I decided suddenly that I'd come home. And I did. Where's Neville? Isn't he dining here?"

"Yes. He went to fetch Lawrence, and passed him on the way," lied Lolly stolidly. "He'll be back presently. Lawrence and Mr. Tudor," she added, "are leaving."

"Oh—no! Won't you both stay and dine?" said Coralie.

"No; very good of you, very good indeed," said Sir Lawrence hastily, "but got to get back. Come 'long, young feller; we've got to be going. 'By, Coralie; 'by, Lolly, my dear. Teresa, come and see us out."

He ushered Mark and Teresa swiftly out of the house, and then he took out a large handkerchief and wiped his brow. "Close thing," he remarked. "Now, then, you two, I'll give you three minutes to make your farewells; no more." He strode away to his car, and they looked after him with a smile.

"Saved the day," said Mark. "But we've only got three minutes." He enfolded Teresa in his arms. "Darling Teresa," he murmured, "shall we go back now and have it out?"

"No. Not now," said Teresa. "Tomorrow. Neville will come back tonight and ——"

"I don't want you to have to see him alone."

"I've got to, Mark. This is something I've got to do myself. You don't know mother. She needs—well, a special approach."

Mark held her at arm's length and studied her for a few moments. "If she takes it badly?" he asked slowly. "Sir Lawrence hinted that she might."

"She's fond of Neville, and she'll be disappointed—but she'll come round. She knows, I think, that I was never entirely sure about Neville."

"And you're sure about me?"

Teresa walked forward into his arms and laid her head on his chest. "I love you," she said steadily. "I'm sorry it happened so—so fast and so suddenly, because it makes us look as though we . . . as though we lost our heads. But I love you and I want to spend the rest of my life with you, and nothing matters any more—much—except you. I hope mother will be happy, and I hope Lolly won't be disappointed—but it won't make any difference in the end. I love you."

He did not speak. Gently, he put his lips on hers and held her close to his heart. Sir Lawrence, turning to urge them to hurry, changed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

Sympathy is never wasted except when you give it to yourself.
JOHN W. RAPER
What This World Needs
The World Publishing Co.

Shine as a cook



Shine your pans with S.O.S®



Simple recipe:

Take one S.O.S. pad; add water; squeeze to bring up soap. Place in pan and rub briskly. Rinse.

Result: Sparkling pans that look better and cook better.

© 1956 The S. O. S. Company, Chicago 38, Ill.
S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



Your grandmother never dreamed of such a thing

...lovely china Pepper Mill Sets by Lenox

In grandmother's day, a *pepper mill*, heaven forbid. just had to be ugly as a butter churn, a flatiron, or a plow!

A pepper mill was, just by nature, an infernal machine—in spite of the delightful tastes and flavors it dispensed.

Now, oh what a difference! It's that lovely Lenox difference. These are the *first*, the very first, china pepper mill and salt shaker sets ever made—to match fine china patterns. What's more. they're in lovely Lenox, the china preferred by Presidents and Kings. You can have them today—in your own chosen Lenox pattern, or in cool, chaste ivory to blend with other fine things.

You'll really wish grandma could see you, with your good-looking table settings. your exquisite Lenox China, your pretty table linens, your charm and candlelight. And most marvelous of all, your graceful new Lenox China Pepper Mill Set. Wonderful gifts. Perfect for you and yours. Heirloom pieces for today—and years to come.

Pepper Mill mechanism warranted. Prices from $14.95 to $19.95 a set.

For name of your nearest Lenox dealer, write Lenox Inc., Dept. Y-84, Trenton, N. J.

LENOX CHINA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

mind and remained silent; his eyes, resting them, were full of affection, but there were ases of worry on his brow.

Teresa stood on the drive to watch them go, d then went slowly back into the house. She nd her mother alone in the drawing room, r hat, her fur and gloves thrown on a chair.

"Where's Lolly?" Teresa asked.

"Gone to see about an extra place at dinner. rling, who was that man?"

"Mark Tudor."

"Why should Lawrence suddenly produce n? It was odd, I thought, to bring him on a thday call. Unless, of course, he's staying h him."

"No, he isn't," said Teresa. "As a matter of t ——"

She paused. A car had driven up to the use, and Teresa, who had not looked forrd to Neville's coming, felt grateful at least the timeliness of his arrival. She had felt rself, a moment ago, equal to explaining the uation to her mother—but with Mark's deerture, something of her courage had evapoed. She felt tired, and a little more than prehensive; something in her mother's voice d disturbed her: a note of hardness below casual questions. It wasn't, thought resa, going to be too smooth.

She decided, suddenly, that she would put explanations until Mark could be with . She did not think that Neville would ce the issue—not this evening.

When the door opened to admit Neville, wever, he greeted Coralie with an obvious ort. Then his eyes, black with anger, rested Teresa.

"I've been looking for you," he said. lappy birthday—if it isn't too late."

"It isn't too late. Thank you," said Teresa. His eyes were on her hand, and he saw that ring was still on her finger; and he saw, p, from her look that she would have taken off—if she had remembered. For the first he, Teresa knew what he was feeling. Before could stop herself, she had gone forward d put her hands in his.

"I'm sorry, Neville," she said gently. "I'm—an only say I'm sorry."

He drew his hands away and she saw that he s suffering more anger than pain. Then ralie was speaking in a distressed voice.

"Have you two quarreled?"

"Not yet," said Neville, without taking his es from Teresa. "And when there's anything be said, it won't be said between Teresa and self. There's ——"

"Please, Neville!" Coralie held up a slender nd. "I don't know what sort of misundernding has arisen between you, but it can be ked over tomorrow."

"I'm not going to sit down to dinner preding that everything's fine and rosy," broke Neville abruptly. "I'm not in a social mood. e spent the last few hours chasing my tail d if I can't have it out now with Teresa, I'll me back tomorrow."

He strode to the door, opened it and turned a last look at Teresa.

"Don't let yourself go quite overboard," he rned her. "There are a few things you ought know about him first, and perhaps some of m will jerk you out of your dreams."

eresa and her mother stood unmoving as sounds of the car died away. Then Coralie ung slowly round to face her daughter, and sed her hands helplessly.

"Have I gone mad?" she asked. "Or has erybody else? Teresa, what is all this about?"

Teresa raised calm eyes to her mother's. m not going to marry Neville," she said. "I n't love him. I'm sorry I found it out so e—but it isn't too late, mother."

"Teresa, what has come over you? And o ——" Coralie stopped and her eyes narwed. "This man Lawrence brought ——"

"Yes," said Teresa, and waited.

"Are you telling me," Coralie asked, "that the mere few days that I was away, you met s man and decided to break your engagent to Neville?"

"Yes."

"You—you mean that you imagine you are love with this—this entire stranger?"

"I don't imagine it. I am in love with him," d Teresa.

Coralie walked slowly across the room to a table in the corner and poured herself out a drink. "How do you know?"

"Because I feel so—so certain about it all," Teresa told her mother. "With Neville, I was never sure. I liked him, I felt he would make a good husband and I thought that my—my lack of feeling for him was some kind of lack in myself. But when I met Mark—from the first moment, I felt something. Not love, at first; just curiosity, and then a sort of —— I can't put it into words," she ended helplessly.

"Well, try." Coralie spoke coldly. "I've got to know the whole story, surely?"

"If you can just try to trust me—I mean trust me to know my own feelings ——"

"My dear Teresa"—from coldness, Coralie's voice was now edged with contempt—"I've seen infatuated girls before. If you let a man like Neville go for the sake of a total stranger who's been glib enough to sweep you off your feet, you'll be insane. Crazy. What sort of a man can he be, to come near you at all when you're engaged to someone else? Or didn't you tell him?"

"He knew."

"And you can admire, look up to, love a man who could do that?"

"Need we argue about it?"

"Argue? Do you expect me to come home and see all my plans, all your plans in ruins, and simply offer my congratulations? Do you expect me to tell Neville that we're sorry, but you met a man last week you think you'd rather marry? Good heavens, Teresa, people can't do these things! Who is this man? What do you know about him—except that Lawrence knew his mother? Where does he come from? What has he to offer you? What ——"

She stopped. The door had opened, and Lolly had come into the room. Teresa had a curious feeling that she had been standing outside the door waiting for a suitable moment to interrupt, and her heart lifted in gratitude.

"I suppose you know what's been going on?" Coralie asked her as she entered.

"I don't know much," said Lolly. "If you're going to ask my opinion, I like him."

"Can you tell me anything at all about him?"

"Not much. Except he wanted Teresa and he got her. Must be something in him, wouldn't you say?"

"Every plausible schemer since the world began," said Coralie, "has been able to work on women. Has it struck anybody that Teresa is rather a good match?"

"I don't quite honestly think he's had time to cook up any dirty motives," said Lolly. "This is one of those cases you read about, when they take one look and go into a daze. And if you ask me," she proceeded without pause, "the most sensible thing for you to do, Coralie, is to meet Mark Tudor and see what you think of him."

"I have seen Mark Tudor, and I have no wish to talk to him," said Coralie. "What I want to do is get Teresa back to her right senses."

"Perhaps Neville will do that," suggested Lolly. "For the moment, I've cooked a very fine birthday dinner and it isn't going to be improved by neglect—so hadn't we better think about eating?"

Coralie gathered together her things. "If you'll forgive me," she said, "I'd rather not pretend that this is a small matter which we can all ignore. Will you have something sent up to my room?"

"If you prefer it," said Lolly. "But it's Teresa's birthday and ——"

" —— and I gave up my cruise and came home to see her—and she has made it clear that I might just as well have stayed away," said Coralie coldly. "So I may as well go to my room. Good night."

When Teresa got into bed that night and settled herself against the pillows, the telephone gave a ring and then Mark's voice was sounding in her ears.

"Good timing?" he asked. "I pictured you just in bed."

"I love you," said Teresa.

"I know. I knew all the time. Has your mother loosed all her fury?"

"She's disappointed, and I suppose she's angry, but ——"

"Then the worst is to come. I'm glad. I want to be with you. Will you promise to head off any crisis until I come?"

"Yes—but why should you expect a crisis?"

"One of the most dangerous creatures in all nature," said Mark, "is a mother going into action for her young. There's only one force more lethal, and that's a woman deprived of something she worked for and succeeded in not getting. Your mother will make trouble; will you believe that, my darling Teresa?"

"She might make a scene. But when she knows that my mind is made up, she'll understand that she can't do anything."

"And that's the point at which the curtain will rise on the big scene. And now forget everything but the fact that I love you with all my heart and that in future you're mine and not your mother's. Close your eyes; I'm going to kiss you."

Teresa closed her eyes.

She slept late. When she went downstairs to the small, sunny room in which she and her mother always breakfasted, she paused for a moment on the threshold, her eyes taking in the pleasant picture within.

Her mother sat on a high-backed chair drawn up to the oval table; she wore a pale pink housecoat with an immensely full skirt that billowed round her as she sat. The table was agleam with silver—the tall coffeepot, the milk and cream jugs, the sugar bowl. The china was pale green, the tablecloth a green of a slightly darker shade. The sun shone in through the long open window; outside, the grass lay under a faint haze; the hum of a mowing machine sounded in the distance. At one end of the table lay a neat pile of morning papers and new magazines; as Teresa came in, Coralie folded the newspaper she had been reading, and tilted a cheek for Teresa to kiss.

"Did you sleep well, darling?" she asked.

"Beautifully, thank you, mother. Where's Lolly?"

"She's shopping in Brighton."

Teresa helped herself to coffee and put two slices of bread into the toaster; she was outwardly calm, but within she was reassessing the peaceful scene. This room, the breakfast, her mother might look the same—but Lolly did not go shopping in Brighton at this time of

NEXT MONTH

SHOULD YOU CHANGE THE COLOR OF YOUR HAIR? (AND, IF SO, WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW FIRST)

It's "socially acceptable" now to dye hair any color, says Dawn Crowell Norman. But some hair takes artificial coloring better than others, some products are not safe for everyone. All the facts, cautions and advice from the Beauty Editor of the JOURNAL.

"I'M SORRY I GOT A DIVORCE"

A young woman who was "the injured party" in the divorce case five years ago and who is still in her twenties, successful at her job, and with a pleasant home, tells why she deeply regrets the break with her husband.

A NEW SERIAL BEGINS

What happened at the little French hotel during a few hot weeks in August, starting so quietly and then suddenly rocketing into intense drama. "The Greengage Summer" is the new novel by Rumer Godden, author of "The Story of Holly and Ivy," page 42.

AND A NEW CONDENSED NOVEL, COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

The big man asked, "Now what's all this about your roommate? About Miss Holbrook?" Linda said, "It's just ——" and stopped. Something was flashing in her mind as lights flashed in the tunnel the train sped through: *I didn't tell him her name . . . so how does he know?* Frances and Richard Lockridge tell the story in their newest mystery romance, "Catch as Catch Can."

SHE HUNG HER DIPLOMA (FROM BRYN MAWR) RIGHT OVER THE WASHING MACHINE

"At least she learned enough to choose the right man," said Priscilla Ricker's mother when her daughter, 21, married Ted, also 21. Cash assets: $18.46. Ten years later the Rickers have four children, a new home in Midland, Texas, and Ted has his own business as an oil broker. Next installment of How America Lives.

LEMON HONEY ON PINEAPPLE—DELICIOUS!

Or spoon it, warm, over gingerbread for a perfect winter-night dessert. The recipe is one of nine new ways to use winter fruits—beautiful to look at, nutritious and treats to eat. They're "Collector's Items."

SHE MAKES NEEDLE-POINT SLIPPERS

Richard Rodgers, the composer, is still wearing the slippers his wife made for him seven years ago. She also sews, knits—even designed a rug with colors and flowers borrowed from her favorite Chelsea plates. Mrs. Rodgers is No. 1 in the JOURNAL's new series, "Creative Women."

PRETTIEST QUILT YOU EVER SAW FOR A CHILD'S BED

There are eighteen appliquéd blocks (easy to make) set together with squares of print, telling the story of Pinocchio's adventures. In charming colors, it's a JOURNAL pattern.

Also Wilhela Cushman's news of first summer fashions with photographs in color; Dr. Spock's Talk With Mothers: floor plans for another JOURNAL house, "At Home in Any Neighborhood"; and many more recipes, menus and practical helps for homemakers, all coming

IN THE JANUARY JOURNAL

the morning; she went—if she went at all—in the afternoon, when the household matters had been arranged.

"That's unusual, isn't it?" she asked.

"Unusual?" Her mother's glance, faintly surprised, met hers over a large and glossy magazine. "Lolly going shopping?"

"If she wants to shop in the morning, she goes into the village. Why the rush into Brighton?"

"I imagine," said Coralie carelessly, "that she's gone in to see Lawrence. We had a slight argument. I imagine Lolly has gone carrying tales to her old friend."

The contempt in her tone brought the color to Teresa's cheeks. Slow, unaccustomed anger rose in her, but she kept her voice steady. "What was the argument about?" she asked.

"Don't try to be naïve, my pet," begged Coralie. "I go away for little more than a week, and during that time Lolly allows you to make a fool of yourself with a man nobody has ever heard of. Did you think I would let it pass without even mentioning it?"

"Lolly had nothing whatever to do with it. When she saw Mark, it was too late to do anything."

"You mean that you fell deeply in love with him after one glance?"

"I think so," said Teresa steadily.

"You met him, I understand"—Coralie's voice now held open contempt—"in your Uncle Hubert's house?"

Teresa hesitated; Lolly had obviously been under cross-examination. "Yes."

"And this man is living there as a boarder—a lodger?"

"Yes. At least, he was. He's not living there any more."

Coralie leaned back. "He has a job?"

"Yes. He's—he's something in the City."

"What, exactly?"

"I don't know."

"He has an income? Prospects?"

"We didn't go into it."

"He saw you at your uncle's, knew who you were, knew from what he had heard previously in the house that you were certainly not poor. He set out to make an impression on you—and he succeeded."

"Yes, he succeeded."

"I rang up Neville early this morning," proceeded Coralie, "and I asked him to go to your uncle's house and make inquiries about this man. They must know something about him. When we know a little, we can find out more."

"And if you don't find out anything discreditable?" asked Teresa.

"His behavior all the way has been discreditable. Why do you think he was in so great a hurry to pursue you? Because I was away. Why was he so anxious to get away last night? Because he didn't want to be questioned too closely by me. Why isn't he here this morning, to present his case?"

"He will be," said Teresa.

"And so will Neville. He's coming down as soon as he has been to your uncle's house."

Teresa sat unmoving, her hands clasped tightly on her lap, her toast untouched, her coffee untasted. She had expected some initial opposition from her mother, but she had not been prepared for this cool, swift action. There had been little talk of feelings; her mother was unreservedly, inflexibly on the side of Neville. She would not feel drawn to Mark because her daughter loved him; she would not see him until she had sufficient evidence with which to confront and if possible convict him.

A picture of Neville rose in her mind. He had, she supposed, been in love with her—but she had at no time experienced in his company any of the warmth, the confidence, the trembling joy that had come when she had lain in Mark's arms. Neville had been affectionate, but nothing more. Now she seemed to hear her mother's advice to him: "Give her time; don't rush her." She saw her own early misgivings brushed aside, and knew that if there had been no Mark to appear at this late hour to save her, she would have married Neville and spent the rest of her life regretting it.

She brought Mark into her mind picture and set him beside Neville. Two men: one broad and powerful, the other slight, tall, in his way as strong. Neville, dark and serious; Mark, fair and incurably lighthearted. Light of heart? Deep and generous of heart. He would not come up to her mother's material requirements; he had spoken little of his background or his prospects—but she knew that she herself was content to take him as he was, and she knew with a deep certainty that she would be safe with him all her life.

Her mother's voice brought her back to herself. "Did you hear me, Teresa? Neville is here. His car is outside, and I gave orders that he was to be shown into the drawing room when he came. I'm going upstairs to dress; will you go and see him?"

Teresa went into the drawing room. Neville turned to face her as she entered; he spoke at once, and his voice was quiet.

"Your mother asked me to come down," he said. "I've one or two things to tell her—but I would have come in any case. I had to see you."

Teresa stood helplessly in the middle of the room. "I'm . . . sorry, Neville," she said. "I can't say any more than that. I know it's inadequate, but . . . I should never have become engaged to you." She slipped his ring off her finger and, as he made no move to take it, placed it gently on the table between them. "Please forgive me."

He stared miserably at the ring. Then he picked it up and put it into his pocket.

"Perhaps you'll put it on again one day," he said. "I've no doubt that you're pretty well infatuated with this fellow—but he isn't exactly all you think he is, you know."

"I know that my mother asked you to go to my uncle's house and make inquiries about him. I hope you didn't do anything of the kind."

"Why not? Why shouldn't I? A man comes out of the blue and you hand me back my ring. If I didn't want to know who and what he was, I'd be a fool. And if those who've got your interests at heart didn't check up on him, they'd be even greater fools. You fell in love, or thought you did, and after that inquiries seemed superfluous. And that's why it was left to others to make the inquiries for you—to stop you from going any further before you've got your eyes wide open."

"I'm not infatuated, Neville."

"My dear, you are—deeply and thoroughly. You're a decent, gentle, trusting girl, just the right material for these parasites to get a hold on. But I'll wait and say it to your mother."

"If it concerns Mark, you can say it to me."

The door opened to admit Coralie, but close behind her came Lolly and Sir Lawrence. Coralie had no choice but to step aside and admit them. The cold look on her face told her extreme reluctance to see them at this moment.

"Good morning, Coralie," began Sir Lawrence at once. "I came back to see if you and I could talk over certain things."

"Lolly brought you. I told Teresa," said Coralie, "that she had gone running to you—and I was right."

"Quite right," said Lolly. She had turned to face Coralie—but before turning, her eyes had sought Teresa's and her lips had formed one word: *outside*.

It was enough. With a murmured excuse, Teresa fled out onto the drive to where Mark's car stood, and into the arms of Mark.

He could feel her swiftly beating heart, and his arms closed more tightly around her; his lips were on her hair.

"Losing your nerve?" he asked gently at last.

She freed herself and looked up at him. "No—oh, no! But . . . I thought mother would be angry and then come round. Only she isn't angry. She's—she's just cold and—and she sent Neville to find out things about you."

"I know. I saw Zoe." He cupped his hands about her face and smiled down at her. "And now you'll hear the whole sinister story."

She laughed up at him, love in her eyes. "Have you concealed anything from me?"

"Yes; I told you. Nothing that could affect us—you and me. But there are certain facts that Neville has brought to light, and you'd better come inside and let him throw them in my face."

"We could go now—go away," she said. "Couldn't we, Mark? Nobody could stop us. We could go away and leave all the recriminations behind, and all the arguments and all the quarreling."

"We could." Mark bent and kissed her. "We could—but I'd rather get it all over now. Are you frightened?"

"If you're with me—no."

"Then we'll go in and the music will strike up. Come on."

Coralie gave Mark a brief contemptuous look as he entered. "Here is Mr. Tudor." She swung round to face Teresa. "You formed your opinion of this man without having any knowledge of what he's really like. Neville made some inquiries about him from your uncle, and ——"

"Not her uncle," corrected Mark quietly. "It was her aunt who gave him all the facts."

"And the facts are these," said Coralie. "The first fact—isn't it so, Mr. Tudor?—is that you were living at Grosvenor Drive in order to find out all you could about my brother's monetary affairs."

"Absolutely correct," said Mark quietly.

"You went, in fact, to spy on them all?"

"You put it very harshly."

"You found out that if you could prove certain suspicions you had concerning Mrs. Towers and the other people in the house, you could use the knowledge profitably?"

"Correct," said Mark.

"You found out what you went to find out—and then you told Mrs. Towers what you know. But—for reasons of your own, you didn't go to the police. That's correct, isn't it?"

"Quite correct," said Mark, and put out a hand to take one of Teresa's. "Is that all?"

"All? A spy, an informer, and probably a blackmailer." Coralie's voice broke on an unpleasant laugh. "Should there be any more?"



"I have to go out for a short while, Mr. Grundy . . . I'll leave you in charge."

"Yes." It was Neville speaking. "Just on thing more. I told you that he'd found ou what he went to find out, but I didn't tell yo what it was. I would have said it before if hadn't thought that it would give pain to Lad Thurloe. It concerns her brother," said Nevill

"Nothing that concerns my brother will giv me the slightest pain," said Coralie. "Is he ill?

"No." Neville hesitated. "He's—he's dea He's been dead some time."

There was silence in the room, broken b Coralie's voice. "But I don't understand. M brother can't be dead, or I should have bee told of his death. The lawyers would have ha to know. I would have had to know."

"There were reasons why his wife didn want anybody to know that he had died."

"But that was impossible." Coralie frowne "On his death, his income was to go to me an then to —— Oh!" She stopped abruptly. "O course—the money," she said in a slow, tens voice. "The money!"

She swung round on Mark. "You knew— and you said nothing to Teresa. You knev that he had died and that that woman wa living on money that should have been mine?

"Yes, I knew," said Mark.

There was a pause. Coralie drew a long noisy breath. "When did he die?" she de manded, her voice vibrant with rage.

Mark's eyes went slowly round the circle: t Coralie, her face white, her eyes burning wit fury; to Neville, pale and expectant; to S Lawrence and Lolly and Teresa. Then his gaz came back to rest on Coralie.

"He died," he told her slowly, "fifteen yea ago."

In the long, tense silence that hung over th room after Mark's revelation, Teresa foun that her courage had returned. The storm w about to break—but there was something to b said first. She stepped to Neville's side; th words she said to him came easily and quietly and carried absolute conviction.

"You told me I was infatuated," she said "but you were wrong. Try to believe this Neville: nothing that happens now or in th future will affect what I said to you this morn ing. Whatever comes of this feeling betwee Mark and myself, I know one thing: I shal never marry anybody but him."

Neville's eyes rested on hers. "I don't know how you can bring yourself to care for him, o to trust him—but I know I'm washed up. An that"—he managed a smile—"doesn't leav me much to stay for."

"Don't go!" Coralie spoke sharply. "Nev ille, I forbid you to go!"

"If Teresa ever wants me, she knows where to find me." He looked at Teresa. "Good-by— and good luck."

He was gone swiftly. Then Coralie had ru to the door and was calling:

"Neville! Neville—come back!"

His only answer was the screech of tires a he turned out of the gateway. She closed th door and gave Mark a long look of utte hatred. She said slowly, "You will pleas leave my house and not return to it."

"I must make at least one more visit," pointed out Mark. "To take Teresa away."

Coralie's mouth tightened until the soft re lips hardened into a straight and ugly line After one glance, Lolly stepped forward.

"There's no point in standing here and say ing things we'll all be sorry for later on," sh suggested. "I think, Teresa, you ought to sen Mark home, and then we can ——"

"Get him out," came from Coralie in a strangled voice.

"Yes. Mark"—Lolly turned to him—"you can see, can't you, that it would be better i you went away at once?"

"Get out," came from Coralie in the sam strangled voice.

"Not quite yet," said Mark. "You mad certain inquiries about me and you have pu forward a number of accusations; if you won't discuss Teresa's future, you must allow me, think, to ——"

Coralie had taken a step toward Teresa, an was looking at her with burning eyes. "You got him in. Get him out," she ordered. "If you don't, you'll be sorry. I'm warning you."

Teresa stood quite still. She had seen he mother irritated, petulant, angry; she ha

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116



Hark, good people who play Santa or any reasonable facsimile thereof: Come bearing the solid silver that heralds the magnifique and merry life. It's Reed & Barton, the fairest sterling in the land and has been since 1824. Francis I, $39.75; Rose Cascade, $36.75; Silver Wheat, $33.75; Silver Sculpture, $36.75 per six-piece setting. F. T. I.

For special booklet, "How to be a Successful Hostess" and the name of the store nearest you, write Reed & Barton, Dept. J-127, Taunton, Massachusetts.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

become used to the quick changes from graciousness to querulousness; she had heard the soft tones become hard and even shrill. But the changes had been momentary; a word from herself or from Lolly had been sufficient to restore the smoothness to Coralie's brow, the sweetness to her demeanor. This woman with a drawn mouth and gleaming eyes was a stranger to her, and after the first moment of horror, Teresa's heart filled with compunction and pity.

"Don't worry, mother," she said in a low, hurried voice, "Mark will go. He'll go now." She turned to him. "Won't you, Mark?"

"No," said Mark gently.

"But"—Sir Lawrence spoke incredulously—"but my dear fellow, can't you see that you're upsetting Lady Thurloe? This is no time to demand explanations or to ——"

"I'm demanding nothing," said Mark in the same quiet voice. "Teresa has done me the honor of saying that she loves me and will marry me. I'm not presuming to ask liking or affection from Lady Thurloe; all I'm saying is that before leaving the house I should be allowed to clear my name and present my credentials. I shall then go away and return, if Lady Thurloe wishes, only once more: to claim Teresa."

"You sneaked in," Coralie told Mark, "behind my back. I was away, and you knew you had to act quickly. Nothing about you or your circumstances is of any interest to anybody here. You will never marry Teresa if I have anything to do with it—and I shall have a great deal to do with it. I refuse to listen to anything you want to say. Now get out."

Her last words were shouted, and Teresa's face slowly became chalk-white. She looked at Mark appealingly. "You can't do any good by staying," she said. "Please go."

"I'll go," said Mark, "when I've said this: I love you and I mean to marry you. Nothing your mother can say or do will alter this fact. You are of age and you are free—and you lo me." His voice softened. "You do love m Teresa?"

"Yes. Yes, Mark, but ——"

"Then nothing can harm either of us." H turned to Lady Thurloe. "Please understar that. Teresa's engagement was a mistak and ——"

"Damn you!" said Coralie in a low voic "Oh, damn you."

"—— and she is now in love with me. W shall marry as soon as ——"

"I'll see you dead first," said Coralie.

Teresa gave a little sound of misery, b nobody heard it; the room might have be empty save for the two who now faced ea other by the window: Coralie, tense with ra and hatred and looking like an animal abo to spring; and Mark, tall, calm, his gray ey held unmovingly on the distraught wom before him.

"Teresa is going to marry me—but that not why you are angry," he told her in a slo deliberate tone. "You are angry because ——

"You knew he'd been dead all those yea didn't you?" she broke in fiercely. "And y knew that that woman was living on mon that should have been mine? And you didn go to the police?"

"No."

"Why didn't you? Because you saw son thing for yourself in it?"

"I saw something for your brother's wid in it. She needed the money."

"She was a thief—and you knew it. F fifteen years she had been defrauding me—a you didn't expose her."

"I felt that she was using the money to b ter purpose than you would have done."

"Four hundred pounds a year—for fifte years. Did you work that sum out?"

"Yes, I did. The total came to six thousa pounds."

"And you knew that it should have cor to me?"

"Yes, I knew," said Mark. "But when I w certain that Mr. Towers had died—he di abroad, of a heart attack—I had to deci whether I should expose a woman who w using the money to good purpose, and ma her give it up to a woman who would use simply to add to the comfort she already e joyed. I thought you had enough—and I kn she hadn't. It was a very easy choice."

"You wouldn't by any chance have thoug of blackmailing her?"

Mark smiled; a brief, cold smile. "No knew that money meant a great deal to you knew that your quarrel with your brother h been caused by the fact that he wanted so of your money—and you refused to let h have it. You would have enjoyed taking t income from your brother's wife. If I h imagined that you would be generous, that y would have shared the income with her, t you would have given her all or part of it her needs—I would have told you the tru before I ever met Teresa. But I knew m about you than you realize, and I decided leave the income where it was—being used good purpose. What would you have do with it?"

For answer, Coralie raised a hand and l it viciously across his cheek. There was moment's dead silence, broken by a gasp horror from Teresa.

She had never in her life seen anybo struck. Nobody had ever raised a hand her; her childish chastisements had been the form of tasks or penalties suited to t wrongdoing. She had seen violence on the sta and on the screen; she had read of cruelty of brutality. But in her small, sheltered wo there had been no voice raised in shrill abu no hand lifted to inflict injury. Nobody in h experience had ever deliberately injured a other person.

Now before her was the spectacle of h mother: this morning an elegant wom seated before a breakfast table, quiet, finitely gracious; now a harridan, har curled like claws, a face twisted to incredil ugliness, eyes almost blind with fury.

She waited for Mark to turn and leave—b Mark stood unmoving.

"Please hear what I have to say." His vo was heavy with contempt, and tears, unfe



Why mommie kissed
Santa Claus . . .

'Twas a peck on the cheek,
Leaving lipstick . . . a trace,
A cloth was the reason . . .
Of fine Quaker Lace

At leading stores everywhere.

Cloth No. 5800
Design Patent applied for

About $19.95

MADE IN AMERICA BY THE MAKERS OF QUAKER

QUAKER LACE Tablecloths

Philadelphia 33, Pa.

unheeded, began to run down Teresa's cheeks. "I love Teresa and I am going to marry her. You cannot stop me and you cannot stop her. And you cannot hurt either of us any more."

For a moment Coralie's head went from side to side like someone seeking escape—then she had made a rush to a table and seized a heavy vase. For one appalled second it seemed that she would hurl it at Mark—but she dashed it, instead, to the wall and it shattered into a dozen pieces. Before they had fallen to the ground, she had thrown a delicate china plate and two delicate statuettes.

"Mother!" Teresa started forward, but Lolly's strong arm barred her way.

"Leave this to me," she said firmly. "I told him that this would happen." She was beside Coralie, and had taken her arm. "Come with me," she said gently. "Come and lie down. Come along and I'll settle you down with a good hot cup of something, and then you can sleep for a bit. Come along."

There was a moment's uncertainty—and then Coralie had turned and was accompanying her. When the door closed behind the two women, Teresa walked tremblingly to a window and stood with her back to it, staring across the room at Mark, her eyes wide and incredulous.

Mark took a step forward and then stopped. "Teresa ——"

"You—you knew," she said slowly. "You knew that mother would—would ——"

"Yes, I knew."

"You—you baited her. You said what you did to—to make her—to make her lose control and —— That's true, isn't it?"

"That's true," acknowledged Mark.

The government is us; we are the government, you and I.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"You knew, and you didn't care how she looked, or how she behaved, because you—because you wanted me to see her . . . like that."

Mark's mouth suddenly twisted in pain. "Yes," he said.

"You say you love me—and yet you could make my mother . . . you could expose her ——" Her voice became strangled and died away. "Please go away," she said in a low voice.

"Will you listen to me, Teresa?"

"No. What you did just now—it was horrible. And you did it deliberately, and ——" There was a pause, and when she spoke again her voice was inflexible. "Please go away," she said. "I never want to see you again. Never. Never."

She did not know how long she stood there. She heard no sound. But when at last she turned, she saw that Mark had gone.

Teresa did not see her mother until the following day. Then, passing her room before lunch, she saw the door open, and paused before it. Coralie lay in bed, behind her shoulders a pile of snowy pillows. She wore a loose jacket of palest blue; her eyes, of a deeper shade of blue, looked out at Teresa calmly, even placidly. Of yesterday's storm there was not the smallest sign, unless it showed in the slightly heightened color in her cheeks. She had never looked more lovely, more composed, more self-possessed.

Lolly, tray in hand, edged Teresa aside. "Let your mother have her lunch in peace," she urged. "Then you can come up and see her and talk as much as you please." She laid the tray before Coralie. "Chicken and mushroom," she told her, "and the teeniest bottle of white wine to make you feel good. Teresa"—she spoke over her shoulder—"I'll join you downstairs."

When she came down, Teresa was standing by the sideboard looking listlessly at the food placed upon it. She looked up as Lolly entered, but for a time neither spoke. Yesterday they had said little to each other; Lolly had spent most of the day waiting on Coralie.

"Well"—Lolly pulled out a chair and sat heavily upon it—"it's over. It's over and done with. And if I were you, I wouldn't let it worry me." She put up a hand and pushed back her hair. "You know what, Teresa? I'm a fool and that old livery Lawrence is a fool. We wanted you to grow up thinking your mother was an angel—and that was wrong."

"No—you weren't wrong," said Teresa.

"Yes—we were," said Lolly. "I feel at this moment like a woman who's been holding her ears waiting for an explosion to go off, only to find that there's no explosion and, what's more, no bomb. Any time during the past five years or more, you could have found out that your mother had hell's own temper—and it wouldn't have hurt you. But we were so busy protecting you that we didn't see you were grown up and not a baby any more. And now you can go ahead and talk."

"Do we have to? I mean, do we have to talk about—about that?" asked Teresa.

"Yes, we do. Mark understood that. And Mark was right."

"Mark was wrong. Please, Lolly, don't let's talk about it."

"If you don't want to, I won't. But why not give it all a good airing? What do you think it feels like for me to know that something your father wanted to protect you from has happened—is over, done with, finished with, and could have been over and done with years ago?"

"My father tried to —— I don't understand," Teresa said.

"Then sit down and I'll tell you."

Teresa sat down. Lolly pushed her plate aside, put her elbows on the table.

"When you first spoke of going to see your Uncle Hubert," she said, "I was frightened. If your mother found out, I knew it would make trouble. I was afraid she might make a scene—the kind of scene she made yesterday, the kind of scene she made when your uncle came and told her he'd married Zoe. It was



Two delicious ways to help reduce your waistline worries. With holiday dining coming up, save calories with non-fattening Sweeta,* Tablets or Liquid. Both are highly concentrated, both delicious. Tablets dissolve in a wink in hot drinks. Made by Squibb, a name you can trust... get them at your drugstore.

*TRADEMARK.

your father's first view of the other side of your mother—and it had an effect on him that never wore off. And he was afraid it would affect you in the same way. I promised him I'd come and live here and do what I could to keep your mother contented enough to prevent her from doing—well, what she did yesterday."

"You mean that all these years you've been giving in to mother because you thought ——"

"It wasn't a matter of giving in. You get to know how to handle certain people, after a time."

"When did you tell Mark that mother might ——"

"—— make a scene? I didn't. I hinted—and then I got Lawrence to talk to him."

"He worked mother up, deliberately and callously."

"He wanted a showdown—and he got it." Lolly looked at Teresa's white, strained face. "You're worrying," she said gently.

"If you think I'm worrying about Mark, you're wrong."

"Then you're worrying because you want to know what your mother means to do about Zoe."

"Yes."

"Why don't you go upstairs and find out?"

Teresa looked at her, and pushed away her plate. "I will," she said. "I'll go now."

Teresa, tapping gently on her mother's door, went in to find the tray still on her bed. Coralie had, Teresa noted, eaten and drunk everything. She put the tray on a table and sat on the edge of the bed, and Coralie studied her briefly. "How much did you know about what was going on at your uncle's house?" Coralie asked.

"Nothing whatsoever."

"You accepted, I suppose, the explanation you were given—that your uncle was abroad?"

"Yes."

"Fifteen years ——" Coralie spoke musingly. "She must have been laughing at me—for fifteen years. But I don't think"—her voice did not lose its gentleness—"I don't think she'll laugh much longer."

"I"—Teresa hesitated—"I did like her, mother."

Coralie gave a slight smile. "Darling, you liked her because you had no means of knowing what sort of woman she really was. Lying here, yesterday and this morning, I've been thinking about you. It isn't really wise to provide too much shelter for one's children. They should be taught what the world is really like, what people are really like."

"Yes, they should," agreed Teresa.

"Going to that house at all was a hideous mistake. You weren't equipped to judge them; you were taken in—and now, I hope, you'll see how near you were to wrecking your life."

Teresa sat quietly, and appeared to listen—but her mind was only partly on her mother's words. She was struggling to set her world straight once more, and she was aware that she could not arrange it exactly as it had been before her mother's outburst. Nothing, she realized, had changed—except her own focus. The picture had sharpened, and the defects were visible—but they had been there always, and if she had allowed herself to get a closer view, she would have seen them before. Lolly and her godfather had decided that she should get only the distant, softened view—but all their protection would have been in vain if she had not lent herself to the deception. She had joined in the conspiracy; she had exercised all Lolly's care, and more, to keep her mother's most charming side uppermost. She had preferred to keep the scene in all its lovely completeness: Folly Cottage in all its trim beauty, her mother in all her smoothness and elegance—and their lives a succession of pleasant, ordered days. It had been a façade—and she had been aware of it in the deep, deep recesses of her mind—and she had chosen to leave things as Lolly and Lawrence had arranged them.

But Mark. . . . Mark had been resolved to sweep away pretenses. He wanted her to see her mother as she was—and he had shown her.

He had shown her. He had been right—but he had been cruel. He had glimpsed, before it was too late, the ugliness of what he was about to reveal—and he had torn aside the last shreds of pretense and left her mother naked under the white light of truth.

Coralie reached for the little book in which she kept telephone numbers. "I'm going to ring up Walter Creed. I'm sorry I shan't be able to see his expression when he finds out that for fifteen years he's been paying my income to somebody who wasn't entitled to it. I shall prosecute, of course," went on Coralie.

"Prosecute?"

"Naturally. Fifteen years—four hundred a year. I don't know what Walter will call it. Misrepresentation? She must have been signing my brother's name for all those years. False pretenses."

"Mother"—Teresa spoke gently, but urgently—"couldn't you just . . . let it go?"

"Let it go? You mean *not* sue her?"

"Couldn't you perhaps see her or ask Walter Creed ——"

"Teresa, would you leave this to me, please? Do you think for one moment that I shall behave as though six thousand pounds meant nothing at all to me? After my brother's death, it was mine—and she stole it."

Teresa waited, but there was nothing more; no word of regret for Hubert's death, no curiosity regarding his end. Coralie had been wronged, and was in pursuit of those who had wronged her.

She rose and picked up the tray. "I'll take this downstairs," she said.

After much searching, Teresa found Lolly seated in the small summerhouse at the end of the garden, staring out with a blank and uninterested gaze at the little fish swimming in the pond nearby. She had been crying; her square, ugly face was mottled and her eyes red-rimmed. As Teresa came up to her, she made a clumsy attempt to get rid of the traces of tears.

"Lolly"—Teresa sat on the wooden bench beside her and took her hand—"Lolly, I've never seen you cry."

"Cry—crying's no use," said Lolly heavily. "Except to make me uglier than I am."

"Was it very difficult, all these years—keeping mother happy?"

"No. It became a sort of habit. If an argument developed, I had to let the thing slide and bring it up in a different way, that's all."

"I've been doing it, too, in my own way, haven't I?" said Teresa gently.

Lolly turned to look at her. "I suppose . . . yes," she said slowly. "We think children are fools, but they're not. Certainly not you. What we really feared was that you would feel the horror your father did at finding out how ugly your mother could be when she was thwarted."

"She's going to tell Walter Creed to—to ——"

"Institute proceedings?"

"Yes. Lolly, I've got to do something."

"What can you do?"

Teresa rose and stood looking down at the older woman. "I'm going to see Zoe."

"Now? This minute?"

"Why not?"

"If your mother wants to know where you are?"

"At this moment," said Teresa, "mother isn't really interested in me, or in my future—or even in Mark. All her mind is on ——"

"—— getting her own back on Zoe. Well, give Zoe my love, and tell her she'd better gird her loins, or whatever. And Teresa ——" She paused. Her tongue trembled with the urge to put questions about Mark—and then, with a mighty effort, she fought back the words.

"What were you going to say?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all," said Lolly stoutly.

Zoe answered the door at Teresa's summons, and ushered the girl inside. Teresa, entering, was at once aware of a change in the house. All was quiet; there were no trembling airs on the violin, no furious clacking of castanets, no whir of a sewing machine—and no anxious heads peering from the landing.

"The baron and his wife—they are out," said Zoe. "Maxie is in the kitchen, and Paloma is in her room. She is—she is unhappy. Please—will you go in." She paused and looked at Teresa. "You . . . know everything?"

"I know something. I came to find out the rest. I—I was worried about you."

"Each year, each half of a year when I received your uncle's money, I prayed that God would forgive me. Because I did not"—her dark eyes rested on Teresa—"I did not do it from greed."

She indicated a chair, but Teresa remained standing. "Zoe"—her voice was urgent—"my mother knows, and—and she's angry."

"She will send me to prison if she can—yes?"

"I'm afraid so."

Zoe shrugged. "It had to be so; soon—or now," she said. "I did not hope that I could go on for so long. Fifteen years." She fell into a reverie and then roused herself. "Please sit down. I would like to tell you everything."

They sat on stiff, high-backed chairs, face to face, intent, absorbed.

"He died in France," began Zoe quietly. "It was true what I told you—that he traveled all the time. He found this house, I think, very dull; and because he could not afford to pay for so much traveling, he began to make certain . . . arrangements."

She paused and went on with her story.

"The arrangements were not honest; he received money—and other things—from people, but he did not pay them back. He arranged with the baron that he would live in their house and that he would in his turn entertain them in England. House? No, theirs was not a house; it was a palace, a château. I know, for I worked there when I was a girl. It was through my descriptions that he knew so much of the baron and the *baronne* and of their home. He made himself known to them—not as my husband, *mon Dieu*, no! As a rich traveler only. He lived with them; he could be charming, like your mother, and they liked him. And then—war came. And the baron, living in France, was not French—but German. He thought that if he could get to England, he could perhaps use this house, as your uncle had promised him. But . . . he had no papers. And your uncle, who wished to stay at the château, who did not wish to come back here—your uncle got papers for him. They were forged—for the baron, for the *baronne*, and also for Maxie, who had for many years been their servant, and Paloma. It was dangerous—but they came, and they found that the house was not grand, and that I, their old servant, was mistress here. And the money that your uncle owed them—how could I pay them? But they had nowhere else to go. I had to keep them—feed them."

She paused, and Teresa put a question. "My uncle?"

"When the Germans came near, he tried to leave France—but he was too late. He hid for some time—and he died in hiding. The news was sent, by this one and by that one, to Maxie."

"And—and the authorities didn't ——"

"Nobody knew—only those who had hidden him, and those who had passed the news of how he had died. But I knew that if I told the lawyers—Creed and Creed—I would have no more of the money. I was keeping all four of them here—and I had not a penny. The old people had given much—and had got nothing in return. Maxie—he could not earn much. Paloma was a child. And so ——"

A long sigh came from her—a sigh almost, Teresa thought, of relief.

"It is over," she said slowly. "And I think that I am glad. For years we felt safe, we were almost happy. But then . . . people began to come. Walter Creed came. His brother came. Mark guessed what we were hiding. But Mark did not make accusations, as the other man did—your fiancé. When he had gone, Mark came to see me again and I told him what had happened."

"Mark would never have told the police."

"No. But your fiancé would tell your mother, and your mother ——" She stopped. "That is why you have come—is it not so? Your mother—I think that she will try to send me to prison."

"Zoe"—Teresa broke in impulsively—"I'm going to see the lawyers. I can tell them what you've told me just now and they can ——"

"What can they do?" asked Zoe gently. "Nothing. But you are kind, Teresa. The lawyers will perhaps wish to be kind—but they will have to do as your mother wishes."

"Walter will talk to her. When I've been to see him," said Teresa, "he'll talk to mother and he'll make her act reasonably. You didn't use the money for yourself—you used it to help people to whom my uncle owed something." Teresa rose and stood looking down at the older woman. "We're not going to sit down and let mother have things all her own way, Zoe."

Zoe put out a hand and touched Teresa's. "You are very good, and I am glad that you came—and that we liked each other. But I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

REFERENCE Library

LAST-MINUTE GIFTS
FOR THE SMALLEST ONES
ON YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST





BEANBAGS. Amusing clown faces trimmed with felt and bright yarn. 2516.

OILCLOTH BLOCKS. Each a different size, color. Transparent drawstring bag. 2518.

Send 15c* for each pattern to: Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

* Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.

How to make a good cup of Coffee!



Drip Maker

Rinse with very hot water. Never use less than ¾ capacity of drip pot. For each cup of coffee, bring to boil 6 fluid oz. fresh cold water (¾ measuring cup) in kettle or other pot. Put 1 Standard Measure (2 level tablespoons) of "drip" grind coffee, per cup, into filter section. Slowly pour vigorously boiling water into upper section. After dripping, remove upper section and stir. To keep hot: place over very low heat or on an asbestos pad over lowered flame. *Do not boil.* Serve as soon as possible. Because coffee is at its best only when fresh, do *not* re-heat it.



Vacuum Maker

Rinse with very hot water. For each cup of coffee, bring to boil in lower bowl 6 fluid oz. fresh cold water (¾ measuring cup). Never use less than ¾ capacity of maker. Use 1 Standard Measure (2 level tablespoons) of "drip" or "fine" grind coffee, per cup. Remove boiling water from heat. Fit upper bowl with filter over lower — twist tight. Place on reduced heat. When most of the water has risen into upper bowl, stir. In 1 to 3 minutes, depending on grind used and strength desired, remove from heat. Serve at once. (Rinse filter thoroughly and store in cold water.)



Percolator

Rinse with very hot water. Never use less than ¾ capacity of maker. For each cup of coffee, bring to boil in percolator 6 fluid oz. fresh cold water (¾ measuring cup). Put 1 Standard Measure (2 level tablespoons) of "regular" grind coffee, per cup, into basket. When water boils, lower heat, put basket into percolator, cover. Percolate *very slowly* for 6 to 8 minutes. To keep hot, place over very low heat or on an asbestos pad over the lowered flame — *do not boil.* Serve as soon as possible. And because coffee is at its delicious best only when fresh, do *not* re-heat it.

© 1957

SEND FOR
this exciting, helpful, new booklet — dozens of ways to enjoy America's favorite beverage



A collection of the world's finest coffee recipes—glamorous serving suggestions—proper brewing methods—all tested and approved. (Brewing directions as formulated by The Coffee Brewing Institute, Inc.) 32 colorful pages. Send name and address and 10¢ to:

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU
Dept. GC, P.O. Box 33, Old Chelsea Station, N. Y. 11, N. Y.



There is nothing so satisfying as a good cup of coffee

Give somebody a lovely figure for Christmas

Gladden a heart—slim a figure—with a Borg, this Christmas. Everyone wants this precise bath scale whose accuracy you can trust. Makes figure-watching simple, dieting easier. Now, Borg is still more beautiful, with choice of platforms in colorful tile or luxurious "fur" (pile-fabric). Lifetime-guaranteed under a Service Warranty—$7.95 up, at stores everywhere. How simple—how perfect—for Christmas giving!

BORG scale



The 400, in Green, $10.95

The 1900, with "fur" platform, in Pink, $19.95



The 800, in Blue, $7.95

The 1900, in Blue "fur", $19.95

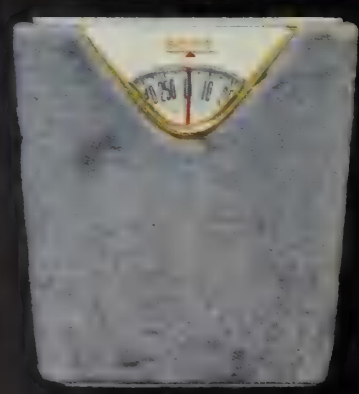
The 400, in White, $10.95



The "Flight", in Yellow, $15.00

The [illegible], in Black, $7.95

The "Flight", in Pink, $15.00



The 1900, in Gray "fur", $19.95

See the Borg sales girl at a nearby store

For West slightly [illegible]. Available in [illegible] by Claire McCardell. [illegible] Corp., Chicago.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

am not afraid. I know what I did, and I know hat there are penalties for doing it—and I am eady. I ask only that the old people should be ooked after—and Maxie, and Paloma."

Teresa bent over her and kissed her gently on her wet cheek. "I'll come back, Zoe," she aid. "Please, please don't worry."

Zoe did not move; as Teresa closed the door of the room behind her, she knew that the older woman was praying.

She went through the hall, into the little outer hall, opened the door—and then stood rooted to the spot, fear flooding her heart.

On the steps stood a policeman—and Teresa had seen him before. He had tried to detain Paloma in the street—and Paloma had broken away from him and had run to the house.

There was silence for some moments; Teresa struggled to get her fears under control, and then spoke coolly. "Are you looking for anybody?"

"I am." The strong young face came closer as the man came on to the topmost step. "I'm looking for ——"

A fear, black and shaking, welled up in Teresa. She broke into the man's sentence with a trembling question. "Who—who sent you here?" she asked.

"Mr. Mark Tudor sent me," he replied.

"He—he told you to come here?" she heard herself asking.

"He did. And now if you'll ——"

But Teresa heard no more. With a swift movement, she had pulled the front door shut behind her and had slid past the man barring her way. She was running, heedless of his shout behind her; she was running toward the taxi rank at the corner of the street. She had reached it and was fumbling at the door of the foremost taxi. She was in and was giving a breathless direction.

"Pym's Court."

"City?"

"Yes. Hurry, please."

Walter would know what to do. He and Lawrence would see that nothing was done to hurt Zoe. She, Teresa, had money; she would give it to make up the loss her mother had incurred throughout the years. Zoe ——

Mark. Had Mark betrayed them? Mark, of the clear gray eyes and the light manner that concealed—concealed what? The police at the house—sent by Mark.

A sob shook her, and she strained forward as though she could speed the taxi on its way. Kingsway . . . Aldgate . . . Fleet Street; they were coming nearer. They were turning down the narrow alley; they had come to a halt before the door with the series of small brass plates. She was paying the taxi; she had turned and was running swiftly up the dark, narrow stairs leading to Walter Creed's office.

She saw the mild surprise on the old clerk's face as she came to a panting halt at his desk.

"Mr. Walter Creed?"

"Yes, Miss Thurloe. He's expecting you."

Teresa followed him down the familiar passage. They skirted a workman who was busy painting a door, and edged their way past his pails and brushes. Then they were before the door on which was displayed Walter's name. The next moment Teresa was in the room and the tall, white-haired man was rising from his chair and coming round the desk to greet her.

"Teresa, my dear!" He took in her flushed, breathless air. "Did you run all the way from Brighton?"

"No. I just —— Oh, Walter," she burst out, "you've got to help me."

"That is what we are here for. You want us to help your Uncle Hubert's widow?"

Teresa gave a gasp of relief. "Oh—has Lolly told you?"

"She told us a part." He leaned forward. "Why did you come here looking so panic-stricken?"

"My mother is going to prosecute, and ——"

"She rang me up. What else?"

"I went to see my uncle's widow at Grosvenor Drive. The—the police are there."

"The police!"

"Yes. And I came here at once and —— Oh, Walter, I know the money wasn't hers to use—Zoe, I mean—and I know she had every right to it—mother, I mean—but there was a good reason why she had to have it—I'm talking about Zoe. She's *good*, Walter, she's *good* and you've got to believe me when I tell you that ——"

"Please!"

Teresa came to a breathless halt and gazed miserably at the man before her. Walter Creed waited for a moment and then spoke slowly and clearly. "You will have to add your knowledge to ours," he told her, "and then we shall be able to form a clear picture. We have a file on the subject, and you had better see it. Will you come with me?"

Teresa began to speak, thought better of it, and rose. She knew Walter and she knew Hilary; they went at their own pace, and it was a slow, steady tramp. She could not rush them; she could not even hurry them.

He opened the door for her and she stepped into the corridor. Walter led her past two doors and stopped at the third, and Teresa saw that it was the one on which the painter had been at work. He was collecting his pails and brushes, his task done; she saw on the glass panel the newly painted letters of a name. Then Walter opened the door.

But she did not go in. She did not see through the open door the desk, the filing cabinets, the swivel chair and, rising from it, a young model of the City lawyer, black of coat and striped of trousers. Her eyes were on the letters and she was staring at the name that they spelled. Motionless, speechless, she gazed at it. Walter, beside her, smiled gently.

"Our new junior partner," he purred, "will put you in touch with all that we know of the affairs of your uncle's wife. Teresa, I think you know our Mr. Tudor?"

Without waiting for an answer, he went out and closed the door behind him.

Of that moment, all Teresa could remember later was the smell of paint in her nostrils. The rest was a haze: she was in Mark's arms; she was safe. In the long silence she stood quite still and felt his lips on her hair and his heart beating close to hers.

"You were angry with me," Mark said.

"Not for long."

"I had to hurt you."

"I know. And you were right. But Lolly was right too—before that."

"Yes. How is your mother?"

"Exactly as usual." She freed herself and looked at him. "Mark, Zoe ——"

"I know. Your mother's after her blood. Well, that's what we all expected. Why are you staring at me?"

"I haven't seen you dressed like this before."

He looked down at his immaculate attire. "I should have prepared you. But Walter would have his little joke."

"He knew . . . about us?"

"From the first moment. I rang him up that first day and told him you'd come to your uncle's house. He agreed with me when I said that it was a miracle—and he wished me luck."

"Mark—begin at the beginning."

"It's a long story." he said. "I'll take you home with me and you can ask all the questions you like on the way."

But Teresa asked no questions as they drove; she was content to sit beside him and watch his long, lean hands on the wheel and remember the first time she had seen him outside her uncle's house.

He turned into a quiet street and brought the car to a standstill before a large mansion. "Well, there it is," he said. "I suppose you think this is a more suitable background for me than the house in Grosvenor Drive?"

"It's slightly smarter, isn't it?"

"David and I enjoyed being at Zoe's; we were both sorry to leave."

"Walter sent you there, to—to find out things, didn't he?"

"He did. And so Neville was right; I was doing a nasty, low-down spying job. But it had to be done. We had to find out what had become of your uncle—because we were pretty certain something had happened to him. At one time he was always dropping in to see Walter or Hilary; not in a friendly way—merely to say harsh things about your mother. Then he stopped coming and they began to wonder. Walter went alooking and ——"

"And didn't get in."

"Quite. And neither did Hilary. Zoe recognized the name. And so they thought it might be a good idea if I had a go—not as a member of the firm, but as a stranger looking for rooms. On the purest impulse I took David along. When she opened the door and saw us both standing there ——" He frowned. "It was almost too easy. She took us both in."

"And how soon did you ——"

He laughed. "You were in the house—you saw them all," he said. "It didn't take a Sherlock Holmes to know that they were all as frightened as blazes every time strangers came to the door. But the real question was: where was Hubert? No letters came from him—Zoe used to read out bits from letters on days when I knew that the postman had passed the house without delivering anything. And the letter she read from was always the same one. I thought, once or twice, that Zoe would tell me the truth. She trusted me—but she always stopped just on the brink of bringing it all out."

"Did you tell Zoe who you were? In the end, I mean?"

"Yes. I told her when I knew that your mother would make some inquiries about me. She would send somebody to the house, and I wanted to prepare Zoe. And I wanted to tell her what to say. Neville went to see her—and then went back to your mother with what he thought was the full story."

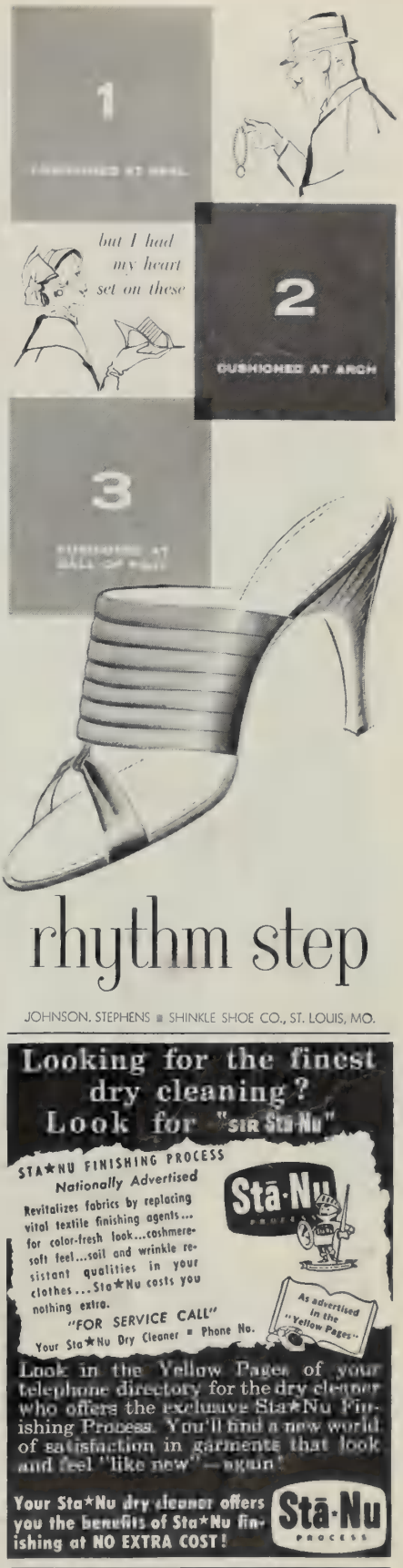
"But ——"

"He told your mother—and from that moment her mind swerved off your affairs and became centered on her own. The big blow-up was not caused by the fact that you were going to marry me; it arose from her sudden realization that for fifteen years she'd been missing out on a pay check." He kissed Teresa gently. "She's selfish—so what?" he went on. "She's apt to go off the handle if she finds herself in a corner without something she wants—who cares? You and I will love her when she'll let us, and duck when she starts throwing things—and either way, it won't matter much to either of us."

SONNET FOR THE GOOD WARRIOR

By RALPH L. KINSEY

Let no proud ritual or trumpet's blare
Disturb the quiet laurel on your brow:
Who lies companioned by a holy vow
Lies equal with the immortal and the fair.
Alike, as Bruce, with heather in his hair,
Lonely and hunted through the lowland slough,
Or Jason, putting the bronze-legged bulls to plow,
You mock the legioned makers of despair.
Sleep dreamless from the hills of holocaust,
While golden suns burn astral-white with age
And weary populations drift to dust.
Some gleaner in the field of final rage,
Sifting with idle hands the crumpled stone,
Will marvel at the beauty of your bone.



rhythm step
JOHNSON, STEPHENS ■ SHINKLE SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Looking for the finest dry cleaning? Look for "STA-NU"
STA★NU FINISHING PROCESS
Nationally Advertised
Revitalizes fabrics by replacing vital textile finishing agents... for color-fresh look...cashmere-soft feel...soil and wrinkle resistant qualities in your clothes...Sta★Nu costs you nothing extra.
"FOR SERVICE CALL"
Your Sta★Nu Dry Cleaner ■ Phone No.
Sta-Nu PROCESS
As advertised in the "Yellow Pages"
Look in the Yellow Pages of your telephone directory for the dry cleaner who offers the exclusive Sta★Nu Finishing Process. You'll find a new world of satisfaction in garments that look and feel "like new"—again!
Your Sta★Nu dry cleaner offers you the benefits of Sta★Nu finishing at NO EXTRA COST!
Sta-Nu PROCESS

EXPECting?
Heartburn and acid indigestion are often a problem during pregnancy. Tums gives total relief in just 4 seconds from excess stomach acids. Tums are high in calcium—convenient to carry in pocket or purse.


3 rolls 25¢



Smart Santas look to **Oster**® *for gifts she's sure to love!*

Suit by Stanley Korshak—Chicago
Hat by Halston

and smart girls will clip this ad . . . circle the gifts of her choice, and serve . . . some day soon . . . with *his* morning breakfast. OSTER products are all *electric* . . . all available wherever quality electric housewares are sold.

Standard Knife & Scissors Sharpener, exclusive double action. Hollow grinds without scratching or gouging, $16.95

Deluxe Knife & Scissors Sharpener, exclusive overlapping wheels hollow grind all shapes and sizes of knives. Ebony with copper trim. Automatic slide switch, $19.95

Airjet Hair Dryer, combination stand-handle, powerful, fast drying, hot or cold, $19.95 to $20.95

Oster-Icer for Osterizer, crushes ice coarse or fine as fast as you can feed it. $16.95

OSTERIZER, the original liquefier-blender, blends, chops, grinds, mixes, liquefies, purees, whips and churns. Opens both ends for easier emptying and cleaning. Processing blades fit standard canning jars. Model illustrated in chrome $49.95. Other models $29.95 and up.

Juice Extractor for Osterizer, gives clear, pulp-free juices, complete with shredding and slicing discs, $39.95

Stim-u-lax, Jr., fits onto hand, delivers thousands of rotating-patting movements to fingertips for invigorating massage. Exclusive patented suspended motor action. With illustrated instructions, $29.95.

Massagett, fits onto hand for applying Swedish-type massage with fingertips for light penetrating massage. In simulated red alligator travel case with instruction booklet, $19.95

3-Speed Portable Mixer, lightweight, powerful, three-point heel rest, automatic beater ejector, $19.95 to $20.95

Ice Crusher Head, fits on Meat Grinder base. Crushes ice to nine chip sizes electrically, fast as you can feed it, $12.95

Can Opener Head, fits on Meat Grinder base. Opens all sizes and shapes of cans electrically. Magnetic lid catcher, $9.95

Electric Meat Grinder, grinds everything from the toughest meats to the hardest nut meats, effortlessly, at the flip of a switch. Cuts and chops cleanly without tearing or squeezing. Grinds coarse or fine, $49.95

For more information on any of these quality products write to:

John Oster MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 5, 4967 N. Lydell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

© John Oster Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

"Lolly did it because ——"

"I know. But you'd been wrapped up long enough. My guess was that you didn't really imagine your mother was the twenty-two-carat charmer you all made her out to be. But you didn't want a scene because it was easier, it was more comfortable, it was more in keeping with those pleasant surroundings to avoid jarring notes. In other words, you didn't want your sugar house to fall down. Am I right?"

"Yes. Were you always so bright," asked Teresa, "or was it a late flowering?"

"You think I'm too clever?"

"I think you're wonderful."

"Good. And don't worry about Zoe. And speaking of Zoe, when you saw that policeman, why did you bolt straight to Walter?"

"The policeman said you'd sent him. I thought —— No," she corrected herself, "no, I didn't really think you'd done anything like that." She rested her cheek against his. "I'd seen him before. He—he was after Paloma."

"That must be what they call woman's intuition. Because that's just what he was—after Paloma. He's been hanging round her, desperate with love and longing, for nearly four months. I don't suppose he's noticed one single criminal activity on his beat during all that time—he's just been in a daze, dreaming of Paloma and wondering how he could get past her papa. And so when I happened to drive past him this morning, I stopped the car and leaned out and said to him, 'Brother, the door's open; go in and get her.'"

"Little friend of all the world," said Teresa gently.

Lolly waited impatiently as Lawrence's birthday present was wrapped and tied; then she hurried awkwardly out of the shop and walked to the bus stop. Once on the bus, she relaxed for the first time since leaving the cottage. Her mind went back to Teresa's announcement that she was going up to stay in London and shop—and to see Mark—for a couple of days. She, Lolly, had waited for Coralie to fall down dead with shock—and what had Coralie done? Coralie had looked up from the morning paper and said, "Oh, really, dear?" and gone on reading. No arguments, no recriminations—one might have added, no interest.

A judge remarked last week that a wise husband never forgets his wife's birthday. He merely forgets which one it is.

The house was the same, reflected Lolly—and not the same. Something had stretched, something had snapped—and no great damage had been done. And things would go on exactly as before. Coralie would be charming and she, Lolly, would try to keep her so. Teresa would marry and go away, and whether she would come home from time to time to stay at the cottage all depended upon Coralie.

She fell into a dream; it was all very confusing, but on the whole it was all very pleasant. Teresa—and Mark. And their children. They would live in London and—with luck—come down to the cottage for weekends and holidays, and drive to the sea, and she would teach the children the breast stroke and show them how to float. Leave the cottage? No, she would never leave the cottage. Coralie would never ask her to stay, and would show no sign of wanting her to stay—but Coralie needed her, and knew it. There would be no more affection between them than there had been in the past—but there would be no more strife either.

A glimpse of unfamiliar roads made her realize that she had passed her bus stop. She got off the bus and walked back toward Sir Lawrence's house. As she reached it, she saw Mark's car turn into the road, and stood waiting for it to draw up. Teresa and Mark got out and she greeted them affectionately.

Sir Lawrence came as usual to the door to let them in, but he led them not to the little study, but to the drawing room. Lolly stood on the threshold looking round and clicking her tongue.

"How did you get the old she-bear to let you in here?" she asked. "Aren't you frightened of her any more?"

"I am not."

"Then perhaps you'll grow into a ma after all. Would there be any nice healt tomato juice among those poisons on t table?"

Lawrence laughed and brought her a glas "Here," he said. "How was Coralie when yo left her?"

"Plotting vengeance," Lolly told him. H face became anxious and she looked Mark. "What's going to happen to Zoe?" sh asked.

"Nothing," said Mark. "Nothing u pleasant. Sir Lawrence has seen to that."

"What did you do?" Lolly asked the ol man.

"We've arranged," Sir Lawrence told he "to let Coralie have the six thousand pound Teresa will pay the money out of the inher tance she got from her father. If Corali doesn't spend it, it will come back to Teres eventually. Walter will tell Coralie that Zo has managed to raise the money—and she wi never be told how."

"She won't care how," said Lolly. "Bu she'll still sue."

"She won't," said Mark. "Suing means go ing into court and giving evidence—and lis tening to evidence presented by the other side There are certain aspects of the case whic Teresa's mother wouldn't care to have widel known."

"Such as?"

Sir Lawrence smiled grimly. "Such as th fact that Hubert spent years on the Continer cheating people. Pure swindling. The pictur of Zoe trying to make reparation for her hus band's misdeeds isn't quite the one Corali wants to paint for the jury. No"—he raised his glass t Teresa and Mark—"Goo bless you both. Coralie won't prosecute. Revenge is sweet, but six thousand pounds is sweeter, and she'll settle for it. When are you two going to be married?"

"Four weeks and two days from now," said Mark "I'm going to drive Lolly and Teresa home after lunch and see what Lady Thurloe has to say about it. Somehow I feel she'll be at the wedding."

A gong, booming softly through the house brought Lolly's amazed eyes to rest on her host.

"In the name of Moses," she said slowly, "how did you get that old crow to ——"

"Lunch." Sir Lawrence offered her his arm. "My birthday lunch and"—he led them to the dining room—"my new and most valued housekeeper."

The neat, smiling woman standing by the sideboard turned for a moment, and Lolly after a single glance, had given a cry of amazement.

"Zoe!"

Zoe smiled. "Please—sit. The food should not get cold."

But Lolly did not sit. She was wringing Zoe's hand and congratulating Sir Lawrence and asking questions all at the same time.

"Did Sir Lawrence import the whole household?" she asked.

Zoe smiled and shook her head. "The others? No. I am here; I am cook; I am housekeeper."

"And the others?"

Zoe placed a bottle of wine by Sir Lawrence's plate; she looked serious, absorbed, entirely professional. "Please sit," she said once more. "Sir Lawrence will tell you of the others."

She went out to bring in the food, and Teresa answered Lolly's question.

"Maxie," she said, "stayed at Grosvenor Drive to look after the old people. Lawrence is going to buy the house from me—because it's mine and not mother's—and is going to let them live there."

"And Paloma," said Mark, "is going to marry her policeman. And Teresa and I are going to make Lolly our first godmother. And"—he turned to drop a light kiss on Teresa's cheek—"we are all going to live happily ever after."

"Amen," said Lolly. END

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

The wrapping of gifts, I think thankfully, is ver. I have absolutely no manual dexterity, nd the struggle with ribbons that break and y papers that always crack along the edges the package has worn me out. I could never ze it without cellulose tape, which repairs eaks.

We always think of Christmas as a time of ow and pine trees and icicles and the tree corated with shiny balls and tinsel. But I d a friend who was newly married and went live in the tropics. She told me recently that e felt sorry for herself at first. The tropics re not for Christmas, and her family had ways done everything traditional for Christas in the North. Her husband came of a mily that did not make anything of Christas. So he paid no attention to the fact that was not snowing. She wept and was a homek young woman. And then it came to her at Christmas was not weather nor a place, t a state of mind. After all, Christ was not rn in the North; He was born in a subpical climate. And why not use a small lm tree as a Christmas tree? She could pin wers on the flat leaves. She could make her vn Christmas, because it was in her heart. This, I think, is true about Christmas. It y be in the country with snow clean and ld outside, or in the city, in a small apartnt, or in a hot climate with flowers bloomg and nights steaming. No matter, it is still ristmas. Whether you serve forth the plump spy turkey or some exotic thing wrapped in ndanus or grape leaves—what does it mat? The feeling of Christmas can grace any ard.

Christmas is not only in the mind, but is a rt of the heart. The family gathers, the ace is said, and somehow one feels the eat strength of hope and faith, like a tide ing above the problems of our time, a lief in God's world.

As always, I snuff the candles Christmas ght when the house creaks into quiet. I eck to be sure nobody has left a turkey ne where Holly can get to it. The colored bons and tissues are swept up, but there always a few I can gather and lay on the wing embers. I let the dogs out, and they e in new-fallen snow. They nip it up and it, they roll in it.

As I turn to the fire, my Honey pads behind me. Although she died a time ago, she is there, padding on velvet paws. She helps me shut the house up for the night. I see her golden tail wagging, just a small feather of a cocker tail. Some might say this is foolish, for she was, after all, only a dog, and she is dead. But the fourteen years of love and loyalty she gave me are very much alive. Good night, Honey.

The house talks, as old houses do. A beam creaks. A chair rocks. A floor sighs. I like this, for it reminds me of all the lives that have been lived in this house in the past. I feel a friendly presence as I poke the embers on the big hearth. The Christ child's candle burns steadily. The candle is modern wax but the flame, I reflect, is exactly as flame was in a tallow dip long ago.

Christmas is over. It is time to burn the wrappings, write the thank-you notes, return the calls, set the house in order for the New Year. It is also time to consider where our lives are bound, to what destination do we set forth? What purpose steadies our course? How much have we helped our fellow men? What good have we done? How often have we prayed? If Christmas means anything, it means good will to all. I doubt many of us really live up to that, but we can try.

As I go to the door to see how deep the snow is, I smell the snow. The walk is silver, the picket fence wears pointed caps. Night herself is luminous with the soft-falling snow. No two snowflakes, I am told, are exactly alike, and with millions of them coming down, it seems incredible. How can anyone be sure of this? A flurry comes in the open door and melts on the wide floor board. The intricate shapes are gone, only a spot of water remains.

It is not very practical to stand in an open doorway at midnight with snow blowing in. But it has been my habit for a good many years to close Christmas Day with a thought for all the people in the world, those I know well and love, and those I shall never see. It is not enough to consider those in the small house which is home. A self-contained life is only half a life. So, as I close the door, I repeat again my Christmas message:

God rest you merry, gentlemen.

APPLEYARD OPEN HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

ef in the crock and cover with the follow- molasses mixture: mix with the remain- salt and saltpeter 2 cups dark molasses, 1 nce ground cloves, 1 ounce allspice, ½ nce cinnamon and ½ ounce nutmeg. (The ces are easily measured because they usu- y come in 1- or 2-ounce containers.) Cover crock well and place in the refrigerator. will take 5 days of marinating—and the ef should be turned over every day. When 5 days have elapsed, rinse off the piece of ef in cold water, and put it in a large ket-. Cover with water and bring it slowly to a l. Allow 20 minutes to a pound (or 1 hour 1 40 minutes). Let it cool in its liquid. The y of the party, mother slices the beef thin ough to read "The night before Christmas" ough it and serves it in small, feathery king-powder biscuits.

n Appleyard Center our parties are defiely family style. There are great-grandmoth-, and infants wrapped up like cocoons. All s toast marshmallows and pop corn, and l molasses taffy. Our skiing neighbors come fresh from a day on the lift at Mad River, nging a big succulent ham, glazed with Ver- maple syrup, as their contribution to the st. My brother Hugh's wife, Emily, makes ig vegetable salad in the true and traditional pleyard style, and my sister Sally creates a h of golden, bubbling perfection—her casole of scalloped oysters and mushrooms. e conversation is rising to that steady pitch t means a good party. We are all so glad to one another, and especially in winter, appreciating the effort it takes to gather boots, mittens, hats and snow suits for a large family and to negotiate the snowy roads successfully! I ask my skiing neighbor just how she achieved such perfection of beauty with her noble ham, and she is delighted to tell me.

BAKED HAM—VERMONT STYLE

Take a 12–14-pound smoked tenderized ham. Carefully trim off most of the skin, leaving skin on the shank end. Score the fat in a crisscross pattern, stud here and there with cloves, and paint it all over with maple syrup. Put it in a large open roasting pan and bake it in a slow oven, 325° F., allowing 20 minutes to the pound. Around it pour 1 cup maple syrup mixed with ½ cup fizzy cider, and baste the ham every 10 minutes with this mixture. When the ham is baked, decorate it to your holiday taste with bright red candied cherries before serving.

Sounds of music and dancing drift in from the music room, paneled in old silvery-gray barn boards; in the winter kitchen there are knots and drifts of people who like to get as close to the heart of the house—the kitchen—as possible. I begin to carry our white ironstone plates into the dining room, where the food will be set out on the long table, on an old-fashioned red-and-white woven cloth, serve-yourself style. Hugh is slicing the spiced beef—it falls in slow transparent rosy slivers, waiting for the feathery biscuits. At one end of the table glows Emily's vegetable salad, on a broad silver platter.



Just open and bake
in 9 easy minutes
Sweetmilk or
new Buttermilk!

at your grocer's
dairy case



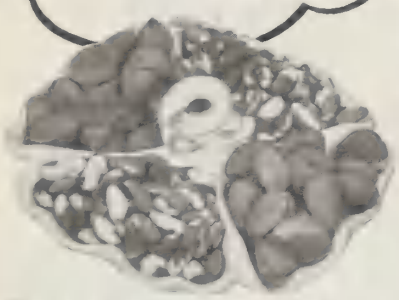
raisins
the taste surprise
fruit

CALIFORNIA RAISIN ADVISORY BOARD
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

KERNEL NUT OF BRAZIL SAYS

HOLIDAY TIME
IS BRAZIL NUT TIME

Fill the nut bowl with sweet, crunchy Brazil Nuts!



New crop Brazils are here! Buy them in handy cellophane bags and keep plenty on hand in your kitchen!

CAKES, PIES, COOKIES, candies and dozens of main dishes are made more delicious—more nutritious with versatile Brazil Nuts.

Try Brazil Nut Turkey Stuffing
Just add one cup of chopped or ground Brazil Nuts to every 4 cups of bread cubes. Gives turkey stuffing marvelous new flavor!

FREE—79 other fascinating Brazil Nut recipes. Write: Brazil Nut Association, Dept. LH-15, 100 Hudson Street, New York 13, N.Y.

APPLEYARD CENTER VEGETABLE SALAD

The maker of such a salad needs an eye for color, and a big platter, preferably round. Have tender fresh vegetables for this, if you can. If fresh are not available, use frozen and canned. Marinate for 2 hours in a sharp French dressing, 1½ cups each sliced cooked beets, carrots, wax beans and peas, each in a separate bowl. Wrap a whole small head of cauliflower in cheesecloth and poach until tender. Marinate this in the French dressing also. Peel and slice 3 rosy tomatoes. Sprinkle with a little basil. One large stalk of cooked broccoli can be marinated, also, as well as 1 cup diced crisp celery. Chill all these vegetables well before arranging on the platter. You will need 3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced also. Drain the vegetables well, then start with the head of cauliflower in the center of the tray. Put a ring of carrots around it. Then in the next row alternate the peas, beans, beets and celery in little mounds. The final row will be tomato slices and hard-cooked eggs. Garnish with romaine and sprinkle the whole plate with chopped chives. Serve with a bowl of cold commercial sour cream mixed with a little mayonnaise, dry mustard and a touch of grated onion.

Cynthia, my fifteen-year-old, who takes a serious interest in cooking pleasing to her mother and grandmother, has been watching her Aunt Sally reheat her scalloped-oyster-and-mushroom casserole. "I'd like the rule," she says intensely to my sister, and Sally murmurs the ingredients and amounts for

SCALLOPED OYSTERS AND MUSHROOMS

Sally begins by draining 48 oysters, setting aside the liquor. Then she slices ¾ pound mushroom caps and sautés them with 1½ tablespoons grated onion in 2 tablepoons butter until the mushrooms are tender. She has on hand 1½ cups cracker crumbs and the same amount of dried French-bread crumbs. These she now seasons with ¾ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, the same of nutmeg and a generous ⅛ teaspoon dry savory. She stirs in ¾ cup melted butter, 3 tablespoons heavy cream and some of the liquor from the oysters. She says the mixture should not be too wet, nor too dry either. Cynthia says that's not much help, so Sally admits it was about ¼ cup. She next butters a shallow glass baking dish and puts a thin layer of crumbs on the bottom, on top of that a layer of oysters and mushrooms mixed, then another layer of crumbs, the rest of the oysters and mushrooms, and then the remaining crumbs. She says you should use a dish big and shallow enough—9″x12″x2″—so you will have only two layers of oysters. If you have more layers, the outer ones will be overcooked or the inner ones will be half raw. She dots a little more butter over the top and bakes the dish for 30 minutes in a moderately hot, 375° F., oven. It will serve 8 generously, more at a party supper where, after all, there is a limit to what plates and guests will hold.

Children who have been exploring the secret stairs seem to sense that the moment for serving is at hand, and clatter down the steps in Civil War caps and tall beaver hats. "I am a volcano," announces Camilla, my youngest. Never did a volcano smile so sweetly, or put away so quickly so many biscuits, slices of ham, and cookies. Plates are loaded and rapidly emptied. The wintry season sharpens all our appetites as we think of the frosty ride home and just a little something more to fortify ourselves. If a car or sleigh should slide off the road, it's well to be prepared internally. I have my eye on some of mother's famous tomato marmalade, to go with my slice of ham—this is how she makes it:

TOMATO MARMALADE

To make 4 pint jars, Mrs. Appleyard needs 4 quarts ripe tomatoes, measured whole, 3 oranges, 3 lemons, ½ ounce stick cinnamon, 3 whole cloves, 1 cup seedless raisins, sugar, salt to taste. She peels the tomatoes by holding them over the gas flame until they pop and sizzle, peels off the skin and slices them. There will be a good deal of juice. She pours off about a pint of it and chills it to drink or to use in soup. Now she measures the rest of the tomatoes and puts an equal amount of sugar to heat in a very slow oven with the door open. She slices the oranges and lemons thin and cuts the slices into quarters with scissors. She ties the spices in a bag and puts them into a large preserving kettle with the tomatoes, lemons, oranges and salt to taste. When the juice begins to bubble, she adds the heated sugar. She cooks the marmalade stirring it often until the juice begins to crinkle when tested on a saucer. Then she turns off the heat and leaves it overnight. The next morning she reheats it till it just starts to boil, stirring it gently from the bottom, puts it into sterilized jars and seals them. She serves it with cold meat, fish or curry, or whenever anyone says, "Have you got some of that delicious tomato marmalade in the cellarway?"

As we eat, the firelight flickers on our Christmas tree, cut from our own woods, after much anxious consultation as to shape, height and

TELL ME

By BARBARA SHOOK

Tell me the wind is but a whimper—
Low the flame that leaps the grate;
Tell me that lightning's but a simple
Evidence of starlit fate.
On the rooftop beats the rain.
Bend my ear
Far from fear
And tell me spring will come again.

Tell me the grass will green as pure—
Not from fear the lambs are bleating;
Tell me the sun will shine as sure—
Not from doubt the darkness, sleeting.
Thunder breaks beyond the door.
Hold me tight
Far from night
And tell me we will love once more.

so on. Our trimmings are cranberry and popcorn chains, paper flowers made by the various children, well-loved family ornaments grown slightly seedy with the years. (Each Christmas we buy a special new ornament and pray the kittens don't pick that one to bat around the room.) Mother's delicious candied applesauce, all innocent and golden, occupies a cut-glass compote on the dining table, beside a cake plate with my Florentines and fruitcake.

CANDIED APPLESAUCE

When my mother is asked for this rule she says gently, "Of course I'll give you the rule, but I can't give you the tree." Her apple tree is at least a hundred years old. It is never sprayed, pruned or fertilized. It takes every other year off, looking as sulky and tired of life as a tree can look. The next year it is a fragrant fountain of pink and white, a resort for bees for miles around in the spring, and in August is hung with candy-striped pale gold globes of tart sweetness. She puts what she always hopes will be a two-year supply of applesauce into her freezer. So far she has underestimated with great regularity. Mix together in a large heavy kettle 3 cups sugar and 2 cups water. Season with 4 whole cloves, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg. Peel and core 12 large green apples; cut into eighths. Add all at once to the sugar and water. Cover and bring slowly to a boil. Simmer, uncovered, gently. Stir only from tim to time to keep the apples from completel cooking apart. When the apples turn tran parent, the sauce is done. Cool. These qua tities make 2 quarts.

FLORENTINES

I first encountered these delicious wafers i England, on the most elegant tea tables, an have always felt since then that they we worth struggling through fog and sleet t meet socially. For these I take 1 cup mixe candied fruits and peels—a third of it che ries—chop them fine, and mix them with cup finely chopped sultana raisins and ⅓ cu finely chopped almonds. In a saucepan I me ¼ cup butter, ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon ligh corn syrup and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. I to the fruit in ½ cup sifted flour and stir it int the mixture in the saucepan. Now I drop te spoonfuls on a buttered baking sheet, leavin plenty of room between, and flatten the slightly with the bottom of a wet tumbler. cook them 8–10 minutes in a moderate, 350 F., oven till they have stopped sizzling an are a deep golden brown with crisp lacy edge the fruit showing like jewels in the middle. let them stand a minute, lift them from th pan with a spatula and set them on a wi rack. When they are cool sometimes I tur them over and frost the flat undersides wit semisweet chocolate bits melted over water- one package will do the lot. This makes dozen. They can be frozen or will keep in cool place for two weeks.

APPLEYARD FRUITCAKE

Many people feel that fruitcake is not frui cake unless the fruit is soaked in brand This cake is delicious either way. For tho who want brandy, put 1 pound each seede and seedless raisins, 1 cup currants and cups candied fruit peels in a bowl and pou over this 1 cup brandy. Cover and let stan overnight.

If you choose to omit this part of the rec ipe, proceed by sifting together 4 cups flou 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon each nu meg and clove and ½ teaspoon each salt an baking soda. Add 2 cups whole filberts and si ½ cup flour over all. Cream 1½ cups butte with 2½ cups sugar. Add 6 eggs, one at time, beating well after each. Add ½ cu dark molasses and beat the mixture unt well combined. (While this is going on, lin three 9″x5″x3″ loaf pans with oiled brown pa per or wax paper.) To the fruit mentione above, with or without brandy, add ½ cu flour and mix well. Then pour over the bu ter, egg and sugar mixture. Mix well. The add the flour mixture alternately with ¼ cu strong coffee if you used the brandy and cup if you did not. Divide the batter eveni among the 3 pans. Bake for 1 hour in a slo oven, 275° F. Reduce the heat to 250° F. an bake 1 hour and 45 minutes longer. The cak will be done when it is golden brown an pulls slightly away from the pan. Keep a pa of hot water on the bottom of the oven t keep the bottoms of the cakes from brow ing too fast. Remove the cakes from the pa and liners and cool them thoroughly. Wra them and store for several weeks before serv ing. Makes 5½ pounds fruitcake—3 gene ous 9″x5″x3″ loaves.

It's close to midnight now and the last piec of taffy has been pulled, the last square dance swings his partner and promenades. Glass an china clink in the dishpan, for cleaning up is co-operative project too. In the front parlo Hugh is tuning up for Auld Lang Syne. Sall has brought her flute to add to the ensemble We all make a circle and sing.

The party is over and the problem of con necting the right feet to the right overshoe must be solved. Inevitably there is one over shoe left over. The baby baskets are carrie out. Outside, motors are roaring and puffin out great clouds of steam across the sparklin snow. Tommy brings up our sleigh from th barn. Hugh helps tuck my pink-cheeke children among the buffalo robes, and th sleigh bells set up their crystal tinkling. You ca hear them through the dark woods long afte the last automobile has skidded off across th frozen ruts. Merry Christmas, they say, Happ New Year!

EN

Lipton Soup gives you

FRESH HOME-COOKED FLAVOR

...wholesome, hearty nourishment in every bowl



SO MANY good things go into Lipton Soups—the same kind of delicious, wholesome ingredients *you* would select for homemade soup.

And because you do the cooking just before serving, your family gets to enjoy each treat at its fresh-tasting best.

Aren't you glad it's so easy to serve fresh home-cooked Lipton Soups? Be sure to try all 5 varieties!

TASTES SO GOOD you know it's good for you! Lipton Tomato Vegetable combines luscious red tomato broth, bright garden vegetables, and lots of tender, wholesome egg noodles.



HOME-COOKING BRINGS the fragrant chicken broth to its flavor peak, makes the enriched egg noodles tender and nice. Lipton Chicken Noodle provides needed nourishment, too.

LIPTON SOUP MIXES

Give you body-building proteins, carbohydrates for energy, minerals and vitamins essential for good nutrition.

CHICKEN NOODLE • GREEN PEA
ONION • TOMATO VEGETABLE
BEEF VEGETABLE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Seven smart, new Gifts...

Complete your Christmas list with these beautiful, new PYREX Casseroles and Beverage Servers



1 **New PYREX Cradled Decorator Casserole** in beautiful turquoise with delicate white lace pattern. Has handsome brass-plated cradle and double candle warmer. Cover can be used as extra serving dish, or as a tile to protect your table. 2½ qt., **$5.95.**



2 **New PYREX Cradled Space-Saver Casserole** in smart yellow with black needlepoint pattern. Has attractive brass-plated cradle. Cover may be used as extra serving dish, or as a tile to protect the finish of the table. Holds 2 full quarts. Only **$4.95.**

These smart new PYREX ware items make ideal Christmas gifts for the modern woman . . . because they're so wonderfully practical as well as beautiful.

● **See these,** and a host of other great gift ideas—including modern PYREX ware Bowl Sets, Dinnerware Sets, Oven-Freezer-Server Sets, smart Range-top ware, and many other handsome casseroles—at your nearest PYREX ware dealer's!



3 **New PYREX DeLuxe Carafe,** with electric warming tray of gold-hued anodized aluminum that keeps beverage at right temperature for serving. Carafe has 22-kt. gold decorations with capacity markings. Holds 12 cups. Only **$9.95.**



4 **New PYREX Carafe** with or without candle warmer and brass-plated base. Has 22-kt. gold decorations, capacity markings. 8-cup, **$2.95;** with warmer, **$3.95** —12 cup, **$3.95;** with warmer, **$4.95.**



5 **PYREX Instant Coffee and Tea Maker** has 22-kt. go decorations, capacity markings. Many us 8-cup, with tea ball, **$3.95;** with warmer, **$5.95** 12-cup, with tea ball, **$4.95;** with warmer, **$6.9**



6 **New PYREX Cradled Decorator Casserole,** with beautiful black tulip pattern on white background, has smart, brass-plated cradle. Cover makes an extra serving dish, or may be used as a tile to protect the table finish. Holds 1½ quarts. Only **$3.95.**



7 **New PYREX Cradled Casserole** in smart egg shell white, with decorative brass-plated cradle. Cover is ideal for use as an extra storing or serving dish, or is equally handy when used as a tile to protect the table. Holds 1½ quarts. Only **$2.95.**

● **Each of these** beautiful PYREX ware items comes in an attractive box which you can easily gift wrap. The gay packages shown here are suggestions that may be helpful.

PYREX
WAR

The perfect answer to your gift problems

THERE'S ONLY ONE **PYREX** BRAND WARE, A PRODUCT OF CORNING GLASS WORKS, CORNING, NEW YOR

VISIT THE CORNING GLASS CENTER, CORNING, N. Y.

CORNING MEANS RESEARCH IN GLA



1956 *Our last-Christmas picture. Every year we vow we'll never sit for one again. Wyman shouts, the children cry, I cry, and eventually the photographer almost does.*

NOT FOR SALE

The life of the Rileys— a Christmas story in twelve acts.

By MARJORIE WESTERN RILEY

Along about five o'clock, when the confusion reaches a crescendo, I decide that I am psychologically unequipped to be the mother of seven children, and co-owner, with my equally unequipped husband, of a seventeen-room, run-down old white elephant of a house.

How we ever got ourselves into this remarkable predicament is a puzzle even to us. We started out fairly intelligent, rather literary (we thought) newspaper people, living in a tidy two-room apartment.

There's no use writing an autobiography covering the years between then and now; the usual things happened—the war, a baby now and then. Somewhere along the way we had the misfortune to fall in love with a house.

It was no passing fancy. I don't know what my husband thought when we first stood in the entry of the big old twin-gabled house high on the Georgia Street hill in Vallejo, California, but I had a vague and wonderful dream of having all three floors filled with very old furniture and very young children. A sort of vision of little girls in rose-papered rooms under the attic eaves and little boys with bear rugs on the floors, and rainy days, and oatmeal cookies baking in the oven.

"It has four fireplaces," I said faintly. "It has an attic and a back stairway. It has five bathrooms."



Wyman concedes that their house is family asset. "It will equip the children for anything— including life on an alligator farm."

HOW AMERICA LIVES



1945 Just after the war we were paying $90 a month for a miserable little house and dreaming of a home. Wyman balked: "I don't have $16,000."



1946 And so we bought it. The next year it had furniture in only one room—where we took the pictures.



1947 By the second Christmas Tim was six months old. Margaret is holding him. We've since throw away that fat old chair.

My husband had about him the peculiar look of a man who is backed into a corner, trapped, his destiny interwoven, once and forever, with a house.

"We have no furniture," he said. "I can't afford it. Why, there must be a hundred light globes alone to buy. There is something almost indecent about any house with five bathrooms."

The sunlight slanted through the tall, narrow windows on either side of the front door, glinting on the dark, waxy floors. Although devoid of furniture, the house had an aura of beauty. One entire side of the big dining room was a glittering expanse of French doors and ceiling-to-floor windows, opening out onto a flagstoned terrace. The old oak paneling and crisserossed beams in the room had been refinished in a driftwood gray—just the natural wood, grayed somehow, and waxed. It was no ordinary dining room.

I envisioned enormous Thanksgiving dinners, with chrysanthemums and candles, and little children sitting on chairs made high enough with books and pillows. I saw two-year-old Brendan sailing boats in the little wading pool in the shady garden beyond the terrace. I said, with the sweet reasonableness of a woman with three children and the fourth on the way:

"We can manage somehow. We *must* have this house."

He was the most wonderful newspaperman in the state of California. He was fresh from the service, and we had a lifetime before us in which nothing but glorious things could possibly happen.

"Marjorie," he protested, his eyes swimming with love for the redwood-paneled study with the little black brick fireplace, and the bookshelves all the way around just waiting for all his books, "sixteen thousand dollars is an awful lot of money. I don't *have* sixteen thousand dollars. I can't *get* sixteen thousand dollars. I know you want a home—but —— "

It was an awful lot of house. And an awful lot of money. He was just out of the Navy. He had a few hundred dollars in severance pay, and a weekly pay check of $100. He said something about taxes and upkeep.

I was imbued with that wonderful optimism common to pregnant CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

"I wanted to found a dynast



1951 Sixth Christmas... all the children rebelled at posing in pajamas in the doorway. I don't blame them.



1952 The seventh Christmas we got into the act. The old gilt mirror hangs over the ancient piano in the living room. Tim was just beginning to come down with diabet

d you can't found a dynasty in a two-bedroom house."



948 Tim was eighteen months old and an accomplished scene stealer when the third Christmas in the old house rolled around.



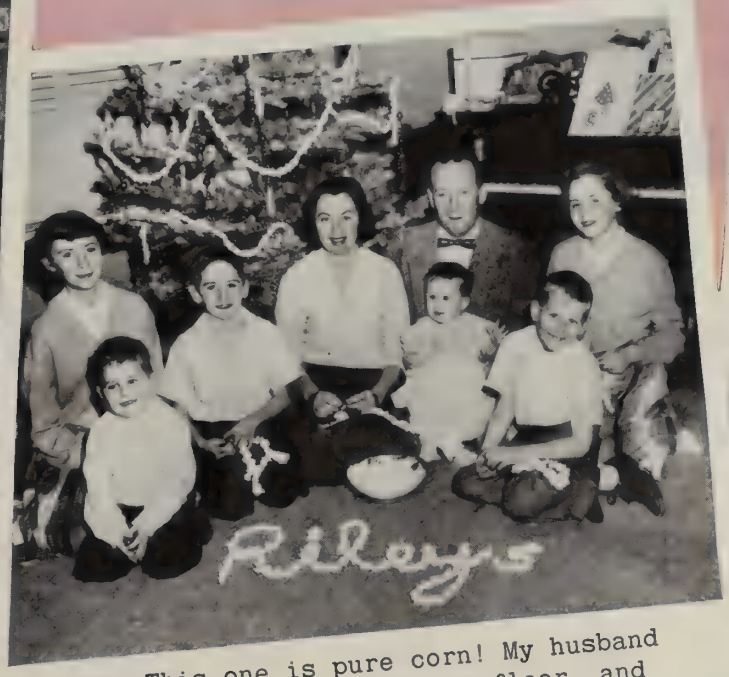
1949 Margaret and Ellen had just had their tonsils out three days before this picture was taken on the landing. The star is a light fixture.



1950 By the fifth Christmas we had Michael. If Tim looks a little put out by the fat lump of a Mike—well, he is. Ellen is holding him.



3 It seemed too good to be true that we were all together the eighth Christmas. Tim has had a bad bout with diabetes. (That's him with the missing tooth.) My mother died and three weeks later Sheila was born. It was a full year.



1954 This one is pure corn! My husband refused to sit on the floor, and is still mad about it! He's a difficult man—and one of the funniest!



1955 This picture—the tenth Christmas in our old house—was delayed a little by Megan. If we all look a little bedraggled. . .I guess we were—especially me.

HOW AMERICA LIVES



Holiday fun foods :

New kind of breakfast and timely new recipes enriched with Quaker Oats



Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are exactly the same

PARTY CREAM PUFF APPETIZERS

Quaker Oats adds delicate, nut-like flavor to pastries.

- 1 cup hot water
- ½ cup shortening
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ cup sifted flour
- ½ cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
- 4 eggs

Heat to boiling, water, shortening and salt in heavy saucepan. Quickly stir in flour and oats. Stir vigorously over low heat about 2 minutes, or until mixture forms a ball. Remove from heat. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating after each addition until smooth and satiny. Drop by teaspoons on greased cookie sheet about an inch apart. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Remove from cookie sheets; cool; cut off tops. Fill with your favorite lobster salad. Makes 40.

DATE-BLENDED OATMEAL

Here's a brand new kind of oatmeal! And a new taste delight! It's an intriguing new way for youngsters (and grownups) to get the high-protein benefits of good hot oatmeal. The flavor of chopped dates or other fruit blended into the oatmeal *during the cooking*—deliciously flavors every spoonful of creamy oatmeal. Try it!

Follow oatmeal recipe on package for 4 to 6 servings. During cooking, stir in ½ cup chopped dates. Each serving may be garnished with halved dates.

WATCH "SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON" ON CBS-TV

"CANDY CANE" OATMEAL COOKIES

High-protein Quaker Oats adds nourishment and nut-like goodness to cookies.

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 2 tsp. vanilla
- ½ cup confectioners' sugar
- 2 Tbsp. water
- 2½ cups sifted flour
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1½ cups Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)

Beat butter and vanilla until creamy. Add sugar gradually; beat until fluffy. Add water. Sift together flour and salt; add to creamed mixture, mixing thoroughly. Stir in oats until blended. (Dough will be quite stiff.) Shape into canes. Place on ungreased cookie sheets. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) 20—25 min. Cool. Frost canes white; stripe with red. Makes 36.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

women. After all, houses in the most ordinary subdivisions were selling for $16,000 and more. I had a sort of wordless dream about having a great, noisy Irish family, with wedding receptions and holiday reunions and all that. A dynasty. And you can't found a dynasty in a two-bedroom modern house with no fireplace. If my husband belonged to that most insecure and vagrant of all professions, the newspaper profession, that just made it all the more necessary that we should behave and live in a most permanent manner.

About that time, my husband was called back into the Navy to act as Admiral Blandy's press officer on the first atom-bomb test. I needed no further proof that God was on my side; with him out of the way, all practical opposition to the house—staggering, by anybody's measure—was removed.

Where the $4000 down payment came from is so complicated that I dare not go into details, even if I could remember all of them. It is enough to say that two relatives, one my brother, and one my mother-in-law, came to the rescue when all seemed lost, with the loan of the cash, and only my fervent promise to repay as security.

The bank officials, unimpressed with their investigation of our financial status, asked fearfully if the $4000, appearing as it did out of the blue, had "any strings attached." I replied that there were none. After all, there *were* none, except that the Rileys were to eat an awful lot of spaghetti and hamburger the next forty months while repaying the big sum, and that I considered purely a personal matter.

The FHA men looked bleakly at the clauses about the age of the house to be insured, and I said, "I'm sure it *cannot* be more than twenty years old," while every weathered shingle and every lofty beamed ceiling proclaimed the words sheer fantasy. I learned later that the house had dominated the Georgia Street hill a full fifty years, but the massive beams and brick foundations must have convinced everybody that it was destined to at least finish out the century.

We moved in, and the house echoed with emptiness, even with three children. I ached with desire to furnish it, and was stopped only by the fact that we had no money. Really no money. We closed off the living room for two years and called it the ballroom, and sometimes on rainy days the children ran and played there.

I haunted junk shops and read classified ads. I discovered there is a type of furniture, big and bulky and marble-topped, termed, vaguely, "Victorian," which nobody much wants, and when we had a few spare dollars I would drag home a piece. I bought a massive Steinway square piano which took four men to cart into the house, and which struck my husband dumb with incoherent rage for nearly as many days.

The furniture in our bedroom came from the home of a sweet little ninety-year-old woman who died one day, and her son said I could have it all for $100.

"Can I give you twenty-five dollars a month for four months?" I said, and he said yes, of course; he had no place for the furniture. So we ate some more hamburger, and my husband remarked sadly that from a free and footloose newspaperman he seemed to be fast becoming a man weighed down by a number of things, both inanimate and animate. By then the fourth little Riley, Timothy, was here, and the fifth little Riley on the way.

A lovely woman sold us another roomful of bedroom furniture—walnut twin beds, a gigantic but beautiful wardrobe, marble-topped night stands, a chest and a dresser with jewel drawers in which I keep safety pins—for $200. Her mother had brought it back from Germany eighty years or so ago, and it had a wonderful European look about it—just right for a storybook house.

Anyway . . . here we are, ten years later, I in my extremely late thirties and my husband a little over the line into the next decade, the somewhat reluctant heads of a teeming household that has left both of us physical, mental, emotional and financial wrecks. Beside us, the clan in The Whiteoaks of Jalna looks sickly and pallid indeed.

In a way I blame it on my grandmother. She had a serene, unruffled way about her and used to paint her own kitchen every spring even when she was past ninety. Not white, either, but red and yellow and blue and green, befitting a little old lady of spirit. She had ten children, and I think probably had lost track of the number and names of all her grandchildren. She sort of generated peace, and it used to make me feel good just to look at her.

You might think, since my grandmother was my ideal, that God would have been kind enough to endow me with her temperament and virtues. He did nothing of the sort. He gave me the desire to be an Ideal Mother, all right, but to fulfill it a wretched disposition, a dislike for noise, an aversion to a kitchen range, dizzy spells when I look at dirty dishes, and a friendly tolerance for cobwebs hanging from the ceiling. About my only qualification is that I can type.

When my husband points out, reasonably enough, that I should be an example to my daughters, in the matter of dusting, house cleaning, sewing, cooking, and the like, I tell him I am resigned to being a Horrible Example. Through observing me, they can learn what to avoid in their own adult lives.

As for all those wonderful things I was going to accomplish—well, I've sunk so low that now I'm congratulating myself just because I don't give way to a nervous breakdown. I'm willing to admit that life, like my family and my house, is considerably bigger than I am.

Strangely enough, our oldest daughters, Margaret and Ellen, seventeen and sixteen, when they aren't chasing boys, talking on the telephone or putting their hair up in pin curls, show rather surprising domestic talents.

In their turquoise sewing room on the third floor, furnished with odds and ends painted pale yellow (don't ever paint an old treadle sewing machine; it never stops sticking), they turn out a wardrobe that leaves me wordless with admiration.

They put in zippers and tucks and gussets and make Capri pants and Bermuda shorts, and even, this past summer, tackled bathing suits with stays. The suits looked wonderful until they wore them in the water, whereupon they filled up like balloons. The girls ended up with $20 elasticized models from a downtown shop, because—well, I thought their efforts to create should be rewarded. That old milk bill was too big to pay with $40 anyway.

Both Margaret and Ellen have, just as in my long-ago dream, quaint little rooms with sloping ceilings opening off the sewing room. In the dream, I don't recall seeing the assortment of hoop skirts, Orlon sweaters, tennis rackets, ski shoes and phonograph records which now litters the floor to a depth of eighteen inches or so—but that's the nice thing about having them up on the third floor: I don't have to look at their rooms; just stay downstairs and pretend that all is as it was in the dream.

There is a tiny room papered with pink rosebuds and furnished with a little pink-painted bed and bureau waiting for Sheila, who is only three and a half and still a little reluctant about sleeping way up there by herself. The only third-floor room still unoccupied is one which contains a big old tank which used to be used for an auxiliary water supply. Eventually it will be a room for Megan, who is eighteen months old, and serenely indifferent to interior decorating.

On the second floor is the family sitting room, papered in deep red paper with little Victorian ladies riding bicycles, and with ruffled muslin curtains. A little carved barrel-back sofa and matching chairs are covered in a dull green cotton, and there are a lot of books, mostly the children's—really very attractive. We sit there and watch Ed Sullivan and Disneyland and Playhouse 90, and once in a while, when all nine of us are there, all together, I feel such a surge of affection for them that I almost go right downstairs and bake them peanut-butter cookies. Almost.

Also on the second floor is Timothy's room. Timothy is nine years old, with blue eyes, a butch haircut, freckles and a talent for business. When he's tired of his old toys he sets up a store in the back alley and sells them to the neighbor children. He starts out every day with a needleful of insulin in his arm, having fallen heir to diabetes when he was five. Whom he inherited it from we can't imagine, but I suppose some remote ancestor handed it on down to him.

My idea of pure happiness would be to watch Tim eat a big wedge of cake with fudge frosting and four scoops of ice cream with caramel sauce on top. His, too, poor lamb. How he hates raw carrots and all the other pallid stuff that is the lot of a diabetic!

It seems to me almost comical that anyone so averse to cooking and meal planning and calories as I should have the never-ending problem of keeping an active, diabetic child on a sugar-free diet. I do it, but there's no use trying to be noble and say I like it.

Tim's room is a joy. It's all windows, like a solarium, with a peaked ceiling. Windows, uncurtained, open out to an enormous walnut tree—lacy green in summer, bare brown branches etched against the sky in winter.

Everything, walls and furniture alike, is painted a soft, sandalwood color. The furniture was so disreputable to begin with that I thought painting it like the walls would make it unobtrusive. It turned out to be a most interesting and effective room. Tim has a black bear rug (full of moths, and perfectly horrible) on the floor. I have vague plans for getting rid of it someday, but since at present he is somewhat fonder of it than he is of me, I hesitate to bring the matter up.

There is a bathroom between Tim's room and Mike's. So far, Mike's room is without distinction, principally because he hasn't started collections, except of hand-me-downs, as the other children have. He collects all the old junk his brothers get tired of, with the result that you can hardly get into his room. He's also collected Sheila, aged three, who sleeps in his lower bunk while he sleeps in the top one.

Sheila loves Mike with a selfless and complete love, and he loves her in a big-brotherly, amused way that is sweet to behold. The devotion of these two little people seems to me most unique in this big, bickering, temperamental, opinionated family. Just to be with Mike is all Sheila asks.

Across the front of the house on the second floor are my husband's and my own rooms. Since he is tidy by nature and always picks up his clothes, I'm glad he has the luxury of his own room. With the cocoa-brown wallpaper, heavy old furniture, plain white draperies and woodwork, the room has an uncluttered, masculine look about it. Only touch of whimsey is the strip depicting the Four Seasons, above his built-in closet and cabinets.

My room is filled with a hopeless litter of clothes, unfinished manuscripts of Great American Novels, the beautiful old German furniture, and immense, billowy white ruffled cotton-lace curtains, the price of which I have never yet admitted to my husband, even after six years.

I papered it myself (after buying the curtains I had no money left to pay a paper hanger) in a little provincial wallpaper with a black background and a pink-and-white geometric design. Someday I'll find a pink rug (on sale) that will just fit the floor, and match the lovely little pink dressing room adjoining.

In the course of painting the woodwork in my room, I began to churn with indignation because my husband won't help with such worth-while chores. I suggested the following compromise, which still seems to me fair and just:

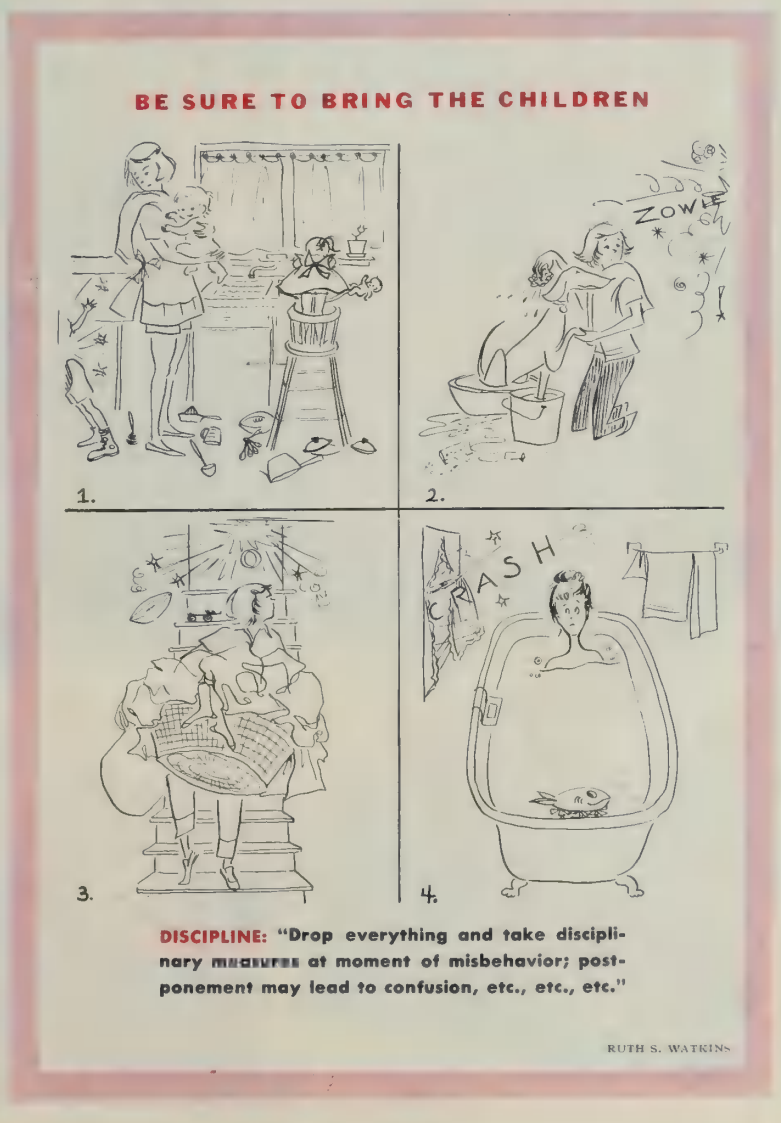
DIVISION OF LABOR

Oh, I'll do the painting,
A job I adore;
If you will clean up
What I spill on the floor.

This met with only the most unenthusiastic response, and the brief explanation that he is a newspaperman, not a painter.

In this room, in turn, our babies live in the first year or so of their lives, before being ejected into the swirling tides of life that flow just outside the door. There's even a rocking chair, and for the first three months or so after a baby is born I just sit and rock back and forth with the little one in my arms,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133



Men of Action, and ladies too, need Canada Dry Ginger Ale for a quick-energy lift! *Completely thirst-satisfying!*

When the excitement of waiting for Santa means a missed meal, serve quickly-digested, energy-reviving Canada Dry Ginger Ale. The natural ingredients—sparkling bubbles with exclusive "Pin-Point Carbonation," pure, pure water, select imported Ginger, and premium, larger-crystal nourishing sugar—perk people up right on the spot.

It's so easy to serve...no extra kitchen work. Just lift the cap and enjoy the fizz...flavor...fun...and distinctive taste.

Canada Dry Ginger Ale—so light, dry (less sweet), not filling. Never disturbs mealtime schedules. Keep plenty on hand for the holidays...to keep youngsters from 5 to 95 mentally alert, physically alive.

FIRST IN TASTE: Canada Dry, the Original Pale Dry, Ginger Ale...often imitated but never duplicated.



Canada Dry makes 10 other completely refreshing, tasty flavors. Try these favorites! Today!



Canada Dry Hi-Spot Lemon Soda

NEW! Bright, fresh tasting, with a lively lemony flavor! Serve the family a tall glassful at mealtime. Refreshes your mouth, refreshes thirst.



Canada Dry True Fruit Grape

NEW! Delicious at meal time. Made from luscious, plump, sweet grapes. A fragrant refresher. It's alive with flavor and sparkle.



Canada Dry True Fruit Orange

NOW! Over cracked ice in a tall tumbler, pour the golden goodness of True Fruit Orange. Made from finest Valencia and navel oranges.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

mpervious to the racket and the clatter of the older ones. They all stay out of my room unless they are invited to come in.

On the landing is a lovely old statue of Mary, which for a hundred years was in an old Dominican convent, now torn down, here in Vallejo. She is my favorite possession. Our Protestant friends look warily at it, privately fearing, I think, that since forsaking their ranks to join the Catholic church four years ago I have now come to the worship of idols. Even my husband calls the landing "St. James Cathedral." Here, after the hectic day, we all gather briefly to say a decade of the rosary each night.

I can't say the children always come happily (except Mike), especially if they're watching a good television program, but they come, and I, at least, find the little nightly ritual oddly reassuring. We have lived through another day, after being scattered like leaves all over town, at school, at work, shopping, swimming, crossing busy streets—all the things a big family does—and here, for a few minutes, we are all together, on the little ten-foot-square landing, saying together, "Hail, Mary, full of grace ——"

What thoughts go through the children's heads at this time I have no idea. By the expressions on their faces I doubt that they're too spiritual. Sheila frequently puts on her clown act, and the other children all start laughing at Skip, our fool dog, who sits up on his haunches, front paws drooping as he looks soulfully around, for all the world as if he's saying his prayers too.

I'm usually filled with an emotion combining about equal parts of thankfulness for the day lived through and the hope that the next night, twenty-four hours hence, will find us all here again.

On down the paneled stairs is the long front entry, painted oyster white, from which open the library, the living room and the dining room. All these rooms have fireplaces, as does my husband's upstairs.

Once, years ago, we had a party, and I lit the fires in the three downstairs rooms before the first guests arrived, failing to take into consideration the fact that we had only one fire screen, in the living room. My husband had to dash from room to room with the screen as the blazes danced high, to keep from turning the place into an inferno.

In the living room now, in addition to the old rosewood square piano, are some exquisite gold frames, two with mirrors and four with paintings, an old chest with a brown marble top, an old love seat with a great high back and wings, and a lush and lovely sage-green rug which I devoutly wish were paid for.

The walls and woodwork alike are painted the same oyster white as the entry, and the draperies are a cotton brocade in the same off-white shade.

The study has two old linen-covered wing chairs—English hunting scenes—that belonged to my husband's mother. They sort of go with the little paintings of hunting scenes, above the bookcases, that also used to be in my husband's childhood home. He says they're the first memory he has; they hung in the dining room, and he used to gaze at them as he ate baked Alaska and chicken pie and twenty-egg angel cake and all the other wonderful things he always remembers from that magical era on nights I serve him hamburger sandwiches.

In the dining room is the little maple open cupboard filled with pink Spode that we got when we were first married. The high-backed dining chairs came to California in the gold-rush days. We bought eight of them for $20 from a man here in Vallejo who had them stuck away in an old shed. In a fine frenzy of energy I refinished them (they were painted). Never again. They stand as a monument to my solitary achievement in the backbreaking field of furniture refinishing. The drop-leaf table we have outgrown, and someday we hope to find a big old walnut Victorian dining set, with a marble-topped buffet.

Outside the dining room is a redwood terrace, built to follow the contour of the doors, and bordered with a built-in planter for pink ivy geranium.

Originally the terrace was stone, but the combined weight of the rock and the years was too much. It fell apart. We stumbled around over it for years, and finally Frank, who does everything for us from painting to whittling out toy guns for Mike and Sheila, took all the old stone and built a rather incredible patio, forty feet long, in the big area where lawn wouldn't grow because we never took care of it. It's the most beautiful patio I ever saw.

Beyond it is a wading pool for the little ones; in back of it is a sunken garden (well, it would be a garden if I had time to set out some plants in it) and above it reach the unkempt branches of huge redwood trees and oaks which do nothing but shower tons of debris down on any poor plant that has the temerity to even try to grow.

The children sleep in the garden all summer long. They pretend that the roar of traffic along busy Georgia Street, just below, is actually the roar of water, and that the garden is far off somewhere in the mountains. It's amazing the feeling of being away from the world we have, just twenty feet or so above the city's noisiest street.

The kitchen seemed enormous when we first moved in, but now I wish it were twice as big. It's painted white, with a pale turquoise ceiling. Over the range (a beautiful double-oven affair to encourage the girls to bake) is

THIS IS A SOUND-BLASTER





By MUNRO LEAF

This thoughtless little nuisance is a Sound-Blaster, and if you don't want to be blown right out of the room with a blast of noise, don't let it get near a TV set, a radio or a record player. Nobody else can relax or read or even think when a Sound-Blaster is being its selfish self. Some of them say they don't think about how loud they are being. But we wonder if this one even thinks.





WERE YOU A SOUND-BLASTER THIS MONTH?

Let BUDS do it!



Baby care . . . Use 100% Sterile BUDS for baby's most delicate cleansing needs. The soft cotton is tight-spun—won't slip off!



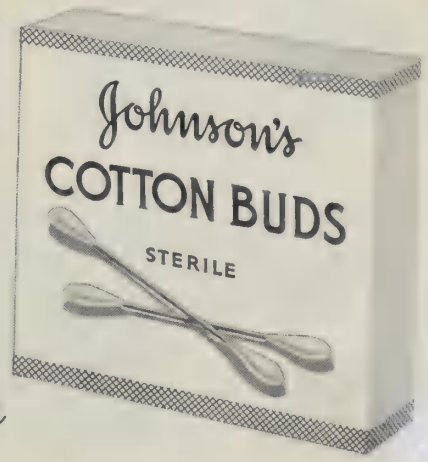
Soap in the ears... Use 100% Sterile BUDS to cleanse ears, nose gently. Only the softest, finest cotton is used on BUDS.



Skinned knee . . . Use 100% Sterile BUDS to cleanse open cuts safely, to apply medication. Tight-spun BUDS won't "fuzz up"!



Treating hangnails . . . Use 100% Sterile BUDS to cleanse and treat tiny skin wounds easily, accurately . . . to apply cuticle cream.



100% STERILE

Made by the most trusted name in surgical products

Johnson & Johnson

pasted up a *découpage* of bright-colored birds cut from a great stack of Audubon prints I'd saved for years. The birds sort of symbolize my attitude toward cooking in particular and housework in general.

Off the kitchen is the back hall, which leads to the back porch.

En route, doors open, first, to the joy of my life: a great big laundry room with a glistening automatic washer and dryer. I say the room is a joy because all the dirty clothes—at least three tubs a day—can be dumped there and the door closed, keeping the offensive sight from the critical eyes of more tidy passers-by.

Farther down the hall is Brendan's room. It is a sunny, window-filled room with its own bath, officially designated "maid's quarters" by the real-estate man who sold us the house. I'd like to see a maid get it from Brendan, who, at twelve, has acquired a collection of priceless belongings that, like the laundry, I am happy to have out of sight. He, too, has a bear rug, even more horrendous than Timothy's, and as greatly loved.

Brendan leaves the house each morning at five on his paper route, and wakes me each morning at seven when he comes upstairs to give me the morning paper (which my husband has more-or-less edited a few hours earlier) along with a good-morning kiss. At four in the afternoon he goes out on his route again; in one year he has put $462 in the bank—an achievement we have not been able to equal in eighteen years of married life.

He's saving for college, seeming to realize already, with a wisdom over and above his age, that by the time his older sisters get through school and engagement parties and weddings, there will be mighty few gold pieces left in the old family treasure chest.

Needless to say, in a household such as ours, there is never any money. I find myself in the position of feeling a little sorry for our friends who are always so concerned with stocks and bonds and dividends and profit and losses and taxes and all that dull stuff. If you have no money to worry about, you find all sorts of interesting things to occupy your mind. Chief among them, how to *get* some money.

My husband actually makes a good salary. Without his eight millstones around his neck, he could drive a sports convertible, belong to the country club and wear pale yellow imported Italian suits to and from the San Francisco Press Club. As it is, he drives a bulky, family-sized station wagon, wears his suits until they shine like the noonday sun, and spends what leisure time he has trying to catch his breath so he can go back to work again.

Everywhere we look we see unfinished projects: cracked concrete in the retaining walls, missing shingles, acres of walls needing repainting, battered floors that need refinishing. One summer the plumbing all backed up in the five bathrooms and it took men four days to find the main line out in back. Ours had to be the one residence in town for which there was no map on file in the city engineer's office. The plumbers dug up the whole garden—the first and last time, incidentally, that there's been any digging to speak of done there. My husband is a great one to remind me I can't keep house, but to me it looks as if his education as a handy man was a little neglected too. He is the original "Well, call an electrician, dear," man if a light fuse needs to be replaced.

But despite the sorry state he's brought me to for giving him the best years of my life ("Best years!" he yelped, reading this over my shoulder. "If these are the best years, may God deliver me from the bad ones!") well despite that, I'm extremely fond of the man.

We agree about almost nothing. He says all the bad traits in the children came from my family and I say they all came from his. He claims all the children look like him, and I say they all look like me. Especially the pretty ones, which includes all four girls.

He says I'm "penny wise and pound foolish," and I say he's a spendthrift. Actually our purchases are by necessity limited to washing powder, pancake mix, toothbrushes and school shoes, once we've paid Mrs. Kelly, who keeps house because I'm too lazy to do it, and Frank, who I think averages about 7½ cents



"We spend $12,000 a year," says Priscilla. "Some years Paul makes more, sometimes we wind up minus. We have up to eighteen parties a month—for his oil-business friends. When it comes to groceries for just us (and four children), I'm the stingiest person I know!"

The Rickers, of Midland, Texas, live on a roller-coaster budget—

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Rich one year... Poor another!

By ELIZABETH LAND

HOW AMERICA LIVES in the January JOURNAL

NOW! A *Domino* SUGAR CUSTOM-MADE FOR PERFECT "NO-COOK" ICINGS EVERY TIME!



Domino Confectioners 10-X Powdered Sugar is 50% finer for the smoothest icings ever!



Every cake's a "party cake" when you make your "no-cook" icings with Domino—the *original* Confectioners 10-X Sugar! *Custom-made*, 50% finer than old-style frosting sugars—Domino 10-X blends completely in a twinkling! Remember, there's no icing so tasty as a *real* homemade icing! Smoother, creamier—and you can flavor a Domino 10-X icing to your individual taste!



Only minutes from start to finish—no other icing is easier to make!

In just a few minutes, you can have a real homemade icing with Domino 10-X. No other icing is easier to make! No other icing is more economical! Easy-to-follow directions on the package.

P. S. For different, delicious taste treats—DOMINO BROWN SUGARS. Now in new Picture Packages.



an hour for the endless hours he spends trying to carry out my plans for beautifying this old plantation.

Were our friends right who warned us about the pitfalls of buying a big old house? Of course they were right! We could keep a staff of four busy here with no trouble at all. Except with the authorities for paying them in counterfeit money.

Of course they were right! It would take a millionaire to keep up this place: to keep the 30-odd windows glistening and the 130 square yards of floor in the main downstairs rooms properly wall-to-wall carpeted.

Mealtime looks like the noon hour in a high-school cafeteria, despite the silver candlesticks, and the electric buzzer under the dining table. Just let anybody try to buzz me for faster service and he'll get the spaghetti right on top of his head.



Everybody was right! At the rate we're going, all our friends will be retiring to beach houses in Florida about the time we get the mortgage paid off. By then it'll be time to send Megan and Sheila to college.

Just when we want nothing but the soothing quiet of our graves, the grandchildren will all start rolling in for Christmas dinner with dear old grandmother and grandfather. If each of our children has as many children as we have, there will be forty-nine little tots here for the holidays.

We weren't cut out to be parents, and we weren't cut out to be grandparents. We aren't jolly, easygoing people, lovable and whimsical. We try to be, but the interior effort to just be civil is so great that anything more makes nervous wrecks out of us.

In any given twenty-four-hour period we break just about all the rules in all the books about rearing children. When I get to the point where I think I can't live longer than another day at the most, I say, "Let's go on a picnic," and off we go, loaded down with a picnic basket, for the hills, or the beach, or someplace. Regardless of how cross we've been, the magic word "picnic" seems to dispel all hard feelings. We get so tired we don't even have the strength to quarrel, so things are usually peaceful for a day or two afterward.

When I look at this great, sprawling house, and this great, troublesome family, I am willing to agree with the experts who have long since figured out that it's economically impossible to do what we're doing. I remember an incident when I was a little girl, when I nearly choked to death trying to swallow a piece of meat that was too big. That's exactly what I've done again, bitten off more than I can chew, and so has my husband.

We'll both agree that everybody is right, and we're wrong as wrong; but change things? Where would we begin? What year would we eliminate, or what child could we do without? Can we imagine life without Megan, or Sheila, or Michael, or Timothy, or Brendan or Ellen or Margaret? Can we imagine them sleeping two or three to a room, or growing up without a Secret Garden, or a back stairway for hide-and-seek, or an attic for rainy days?

We don't know why it seems so important to us that our children have an old-fashioned rearing in a big, old-fashioned house, but it just does.

People speak of the "sacrifice" entailed in having a big family. Do they mean giving up cocktail parties and weekends at Tahoe and that sort of thing? I was glad to give up those things; as a matter of fact, I found the gay life infinitely more tiring and exhausting than home life. And without its rewards. The rewards are so wonderful, even if they don't come too often, that there are no words to describe them.

Christmas holidays, for instance. They seem so sort of touched with magic in this house. We hang evergreen garlands all around the dining room, and cover the mantels with pine cones brought back from our summers at Bolinas. We have a formal tree in the living room, with all the decorations saved down the years—even the little broken spire off our first tree. We have a tree decorated with popcorn and paper chains and sequin-covered eggshells in the dining room. Margaret and Ellen play It Came Upon the Midnight Clear on the old square, out-of-tune piano, and the little children sing.

I feel, at such times, a great wave of affection for this old house, and forgive it for all the trouble it causes us. Leaving it would be like leaving one of the children. We just couldn't. As an investment it was the biggest financial error we'll ever make. We'll never make another because we'll never have any money to make one with; that commodity all disappears, like sand down a rathole, into the dim and dusty recesses of our home.

But do we regret it? Heavens, no! I love it all so that I just may place an advertisement, someday, in the newspaper that my husband edits, and which my son brings to me each morning:

"NOT FOR SALE: Huge old house, four fireplaces, five bathrooms (two don't work); heavily mortgaged, in need of paint, shingles and repairs of all kinds; filled with old furniture, children of varying sizes, one harassed housekeeper, overworked and underpaid, and enough crisp, unopened, unpaid bills to provide kindling all through the month of January . . . but filled, too, with a family's hopes, and dreams, and memories that they wouldn't trade for all the money in the world."

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

hard thing for me, and asked him to stay away from the party to demonstrate his loyalty. He refused. We argued the matter for weeks. Eventually we compromised.

"Josh agreed to eat dinner at the country club, take two drinks at the most, dance once and come home by ten P.M. After he left the house and the children were in bed I put up their Christmas tree by myself. It wasn't any fun. Ten o'clock came and went, but Josh didn't come. By half past ten I had begun to worry. At eleven o'clock I was frantic; one minute I would imagine a terrible traffic accident, the next minute I would picture Josh complimenting Marilyn or some other girl on her glamorous evening dress.

"At eleven-fifteen I telephoned the country club. The bank party was still in full swing. In the distance I could hear music and singing and people laughing. My call was answered by a waiter. It took forever, but finally Josh came to the phone and said in a cold, curt voice that he had been unavoidably delayed but would be home in fifteen minutes.

"He broke that promise too. It was half past twelve before he arrived. The moment he came weaving in I discovered the cause of the unavoidable delay. His face was plastered with lipstick; there was lipstick on his collar, there was lipstick in his hair. His hair was tousled where some girl had been running her fingers through it. His necktie was hanging out. There was lipstick on his necktie too.

"Josh had drunk so much he was incoherent. He mumbled something about the lipstick's being a joke, but that type of joke is not hilarious to me. I thought his behavior was a disgrace and I said so. I started off to bed and he grabbed my arm. I pulled loose. He lost his temper and hit me. Both our daughters—Sally is seven, Jane six—were awakened by the noise and came running in. It wasn't the first time Josh had hit me by any means. Sally and Jane knew the score immediately. Their reaction was pitiful. Sally threw herself in my arms and began to sob. Jane joined in. It took me hours to get them back to sleep. Josh collapsed on the living-room sofa and did his sleeping there.

"The next night was Christmas Eve. Josh and I decorated the tree together, but we were hardly speaking. Josh refused to apologize for his conduct or to admit he was in the wrong in any way. On Christmas afternoon we drove the children to see his mother, a trip of ninety miles, without exchanging a single word. By

bringing up baby®



Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, mother of five . . .

Santa Claus Suggestions

One of the nicest things about babies is that they don't care how little Santa spends . . . it's the play value of a toy that counts. All manner of easy-to-grasp rattles or small plastic toys are inexpensive and fun for wee ones. Do-something toys, listen-to and cuddle toys are easy on the budget and enchanting for toddlers. A few toys can be more fun, less bewildering than a raft of playthings.

Short Story . . . Meat-y Subject

Holiday or any day, babies and toddlers need protein foods to provide strength and promote growth. Gerber Meats for Babies make it easy to give baby those all-important proteins. Made from savory, selected Armour cuts, they're carefully processed to eliminate most of the fat and coarse tissue for easy digestibility. Of course they're all pure meat, with just enough broth to enhance flavor and texture. ARMOUR

Safety Story for Christmas

A Christmas tree is a delight to behold, but with wee ones about, certain precautions should be taken.



- Base of tree should be broad, sturdy and securely anchored.
- Tree lights and sockets should be checked to see that they're in good condition.
- Aluminum foil icicles and breakable ornaments are best placed at the top of the tree.

Energy for Sale

You can't count calories where babies are concerned, because active babies need them for energy. That's why calorie-rich Gerber Baby Cereals are so good for your little one. What's more, baby gets other nutritional benefits from Gerber Cereals, because they're fortified with iron, calcium and B-vitamins.



Feature of the Month

Nogs are traditional for the Christmas season, so why not make one for a snack-begging toddler?

HOLIDAY NOG

2 tbs. Gerber Egg Yolks* — 1 can Gerber Orange Juice
1 cup cool milk — 1 tbs. sugar

Blend thoroughly and serve.
Yield: 2 servings.

*For a younger baby, Gerber Strained Egg Yolks are luscious served as is. Babies take to the custard-like texture, fresh-egg flavor, and they're rich in iron and vitamin A.

Calming Idea

With holiday excitement in the air, it's good to see that baby doesn't get over-stimulated. Reasonable firmness about bedtime and mealtime can make holidays happier for everyone.
And ■ Merry Christmas to you and yours from me and mine.

Babies are our business . . . our only business!

Gerber® BABY FOODS
FREMONT, MICHIGAN
5 Cereals • Over 75 Strained & Junior Foods, Including Meats





the shoe that understands children...

. . . the shoe that knows the world is full of whispers,
closets full of gifts, children full of giggles . . . and Christmas
such a long time coming. Whether for dress-up holidaying,
or rough and tumble playing . . . *this* is the shoe
made with the same care, the same quality,
the same exacting fit . . . always.

THE STRIDE RITE SHOE

Green Shoe Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass.

New Year's Day the strain in our house was terrific. The situation has now become unbearable. Sally and Jane are creeping around like little mice, afraid of their own shadows. Even three-year-old Tommy is affected.

"If the office party were an isolated incident, I suppose I could file and forget it, although it is difficult for me to forget an injury. Unfortunately, I have just about exhausted my capacity to forgive and forget. This latest quarrel between Josh and me is typical of our dismal, unsatisfying marriage. Josh and I have been wrangling and arguing for years.

"We had serious trouble in the town where we lived before we moved to Los Angeles a year ago. There was a woman in the bank there—another bleached blonde, incidentally—who almost pushed us to the brink of divorce. Josh got romantically involved with her and he confessed as much. I halfway thought he was deliberately trying to upset me and I halfway thought he really preferred Irene, the other woman, to me. Although I was deeply wounded, I didn't create a big dramatic scene as many wives would have done. I simply told Josh that unless he broke off the acquaintanceship permanently I would sue for a divorce. Josh took me at my word and broke with Irene. However, he complained bitterly at my very natural jealousy.

"Josh is twice as jealous as I am, and without reason. I have never given him the slightest cause. He feels affronted if I attend a P.T.A. meeting. He is jealous of my women friends. I try to confine visits to my neighbors to the daytime, although daytime visiting is very little pleasure. All of us have small children and we spend our time bobbing our heads and bobbing our eyes to see what the youngsters are doing.

"Josh refuses to visit or to entertain neighboring couples in the evening. Too tired, he says. Just last night I ran next door and stayed awhile and he flew into a jealous rage and locked me out of the house. It wasn't the first time either. We have no friends in common. We go practically nowhere. A drive-in movie once a month is big-time stuff for us.

"Josh thinks his companionship should satisfy and stimulate me. Yet he talks of nothing but his job and the bank and I've grown to detest the whole subject. There is prestige in Josh's job, I admit, but prestige won't support a family of five in this inflationary day and age. After eleven years of working in banks Josh earns $380 a month; that's no bonanza. He has to wear good clothes too. We can't afford to own our home. We rent a small, cramped house on an inconvenient street. Josh disapproves of installment buying, which means we do without nearly everything that other couples take for granted. We don't even own a washing machine. An electric iron is my most expensive piece of equipment. I'm still nursing along a pop-up toaster I bought when I was single. Our rattletrap car is ten years old and Josh needs it virtually all the time. Banking hours sound like a snap to the public, but Josh puts in endless overtime without extra pay and his irregular schedule won't allow him to join a car pool.

"I believe I could take the financial sacrifices in my stride—economizing is no new thing to me—if Josh would treat me with dignity and consideration. When he abuses me in the presence of our children, when he humiliates me before the neighbors, I want to curl up and die. There is an ache deep in my chest, in my heart. I feel physically sick. I hate him and I hate myself. I just can't understand what happened to Josh and me.

"When he and I started out together it appeared we had everything in our favor. Our backgrounds were similar. We were engaged for six months; we had plenty of time to talk over our hopes and our dreams. Both of us seemed to want the same things. We wanted a home and children. We wanted security and standing in the community. I wanted desperately to belong to somebody.

"After my mother's death, for many years I didn't seem to belong anywhere. One day I had a home and a place in the world and then my mother died of a coronary attack and in two weeks' time our family fell apart. My brother and my sisters were older and they scattered and my father couldn't take care of me. I stayed with four different aunts in succession and adjusted my ways to their ways, but none of them wanted to keep me. At sixteen I was sent to the Pacific Coast to live with my oldest sister. She was newly married and her husband objected to my coming; my bed was in the living room, but the walls were thin and night after night I would hear them in the bedroom arguing about me and my heart would nearly break. I finally moved in with a high-school classmate whose parents operated a greenhouse. I earned my keep by working in the greenhouse and nobody was ever unkind to me, but it wasn't *my* family, and I didn't feel I belonged there.

"When I met Josh I was nineteen and had my own one-room apartment. There was a peanut-sized kitchenette and I bought a big secondhand refrigerator for it just for the pleasure of seeing my own food on the shelves. I was working as a secretary and attending college in the evenings and cooking two meals a day as well. Josh, who shared a hall bedroom with another boy, proposed to me in that apartment. I had baked a meat loaf for him. As I set the meat loaf on the card table and began lighting the candles, he asked me.

"I was too awed and impressed at the idea of marrying a banker—as I thought of Josh in those days—to inquire into his prospects and the exact status of his income. I expected we would buy a house and furnish it and live on the scale other young couples lived. What I didn't know was that Josh's salary at the time was $180 a month, less than mine, and that after banking hours he was working part time as an usher in a motion-picture house. He was also taking college courses at night. He wiped out his savings account to buy my engagement ring, which was sweet of him, but it was foolish too. He needed the money to pay tuition charges.

"I didn't ever plan to be a career wife. I held my job out of sheer necessity until Sally was born. Even before that I was disillusioned with my marriage, although I did my best to conceal it. In my girlhood I learned not to air my feelings. Whenever possible I conceal my emotions. Josh is the opposite. He has no self-control whatever. When Sally was born he carried on at the hospital as though he were the mother. At the same time he showed plainly his disappointment that the baby wasn't a boy, something I will never forget. And when the baby and I came home and I stayed in bed and let him prepare his own breakfast, he was outraged and yelled so furiously all the neighbors heard him. He picks a quarrel over any triviality.

"The other morning Jane meddled in the tooth paste and he exploded and threw the child into such a nervous state she couldn't go to school. When Tommy misbehaves, Josh thinks it is cute. His partiality to our son is bad for all three of our youngsters.

"At best Josh has a hair-trigger temper. Some time ago he got into the habit of stopping at a neighborhood tavern on the way home. Drink makes his disposition completely unpredictable. One evening last month he came home very late—I'd already dished up supper—and I didn't offer a word of comment on his tardiness. Not one word. I did ask him to carry out the trash; merely that, nothing more. His response was to aim a blow at me. I jumped aside and Sally burst into tears. Jane rushed at her father and started beating at him with her little fists. Josh spanked and put both girls to bed without their supper.

"That night I locked myself in the bathroom and cried for hours. Josh and I don't seem to be capable of achieving companionship, tenderness, harmony. Living with him is killing my self-respect. What shall I do?"

Josh Tells His Side:

"My wife is making me into a cipher," said thirty-two-year-old Josh, a dark, handsome man conservatively dressed in a pin-striped suit. "Just last night she went over to a neighbor's house on the pretext of discussing a meeting of the P.T.A. I felt sure she and the neighbor—a woman I particularly dislike—had met to hash and rehash my failings as a husband.

"I waited an hour for Elsa to return, getting angrier by the minute. Then I locked the doors

teach her a lesson. Sally happened to be ake. Both of my daughters take their ther's part in everything. Sally slipped out bed and unlocked the back door. I heard fooling with the latch and went to the hen just as Elsa stepped on the back porch. napped on the light. Sally screamed in r—fear of me, her father—and Elsa flew in- and took the child in her arms. She held ly close and gave me a contemptuous look. a's scorn either makes me mad or makes feel like crawling. Last night I felt like wling.

Elsa neither admires nor respects me. I've to the place where I need a little help and pathy at home. I don't receive it. All day g I work under tension trying to get an est day's work out of a bunch of stupid, ficient kids who couldn't care less about r jobs. Our bank doesn't seem to attract scientious, efficient girls. We get the drift- and the clock watchers. I bawl them out stantly, but it doesn't do one iota of good. y mock and laugh at me behind my back. y ignore my orders for the fun of seeing lose my temper.

My average working day runs from eight until half past four. Not long ago I had tay until eight P.M. tracking down a short- of $1.85 that resulted from the sloppy kkeeping of a girl named Marilyn. Next ning I confronted Marilyn with the error she sailed into the rest room to smoke a rette. The other kids laughed like zanies for the balance of the day they flouted authority in every conceivable way. Mar- is the ringleader; because she spends a lot her time varnishing her fingernails and bing her hair, the rest follow suit. The r day my immediate boss dropped in and department looked like a beauty parlor. I ld like to fire Marilyn, but if I discharged it would only convince my superiors that I 't control my own staff.

"When I come home in the evening after a day of battling subordinates and bucking traffic—it takes me an hour to cover eighteen miles—I'm dead beat. All I want is to change into slacks and play with Tommy or maybe relax a little over television before supper. What Elsa wants is to rush me through a list of chores she's been saving up all day—it seems to me she could dispose of the trash herself—and then rush me through my meal. Many an evening I'm so depressed by the prospect ahead that I stop on the way home and brace myself with a few drinks.

"I wish Elsa would try just once to see my side of things. It shouldn't be hard for her to understand I was obliged to attend our office party. My boss specifically ordered me to go and keep my staff in line. Elsa's telephone call to the country club made me look ridiculous. It lowered me in the estimation of my superiors and, in my opinion, jeopardized a raise I've been sweating out since September. As I was leaving the phone booth I ran smack into a bank vice president and he cocked an eyebrow and cracked, 'Domestic trouble? Wife wants you home, I suppose.' I told him no. Promotions seldom go to men tied to apron strings.

"The vice president stayed on at the party and I did too. I was so miserable and disgusted I drank twice as much as I had intended. I can barely recall the kids' ganging up and plastering me with lipsticky kisses, but I can distinctly recall Elsa's reaction later—the contempt in her eyes, the flat, unloving note in her voice. I'm sorry I hit her, as I've told her repeatedly, but I just couldn't help myself.

"I'll admit I didn't distinguish myself at the office party, but Elsa has been paying me off for weeks. She doesn't say much, but she keeps on the pressure. She lets me know in dozens of oblique, left-handed ways that she is clinging to her grudge. On Christmas afternoon she maneuvered me into visiting my mother, al-

Card Table Playhouse



A fabric playhouse that fits over a regulation card table is easy to make and can be used indoors or out. The walls in heavy-duty muslin are topped with a gay red denim roof, a crepe-paper chimney. The door, also in denim, has a brass-button knob. Cut-away windows have striped canvas awnings edged with fringe . . . felt flower-box appliqués. At Christmastime add a wreath and tinseled trees. Journal Pattern No. 2919. 25c.*

Order from Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pa.
*Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.



COME TO THE PARTY!



"Map and Compass"
Cotton lisle skirt with Interlon: $5.98 and $8.98
Lisle blouse: $2.98 and $3.50

"Carousel"
Scalloped felt skirt: $4.98 and $6.98
Cotton lisle blouse: $2.98 and $3.50

"Melody"
Skirt of cotton lisle with Interlon: $5.98 and $8.98
Lisle blouse: $2.50 and $2.98

"Susie Longlegs"
blue, red, pink, honey, black. $4.98

It's a wonderful, glitterful holiday whirl, in styles with that happy Sacony feeling. New spinabout skirts, gaily patterned for built-in entertainment. Tops that repeat the motifs to show they belong, matched exactly for the all-of-a-color look. An extra contrasting top gives you two outfits!

No fastenings to adjust; Sacony's elasticized waistband fits any waist. No crinolines needed; just "Susie Longlegs" underneath, stretch-knit for smooth fit from hip to toe.

All styles come in sizes 3 to 6X and 7 to 14, and a wide range of party colors.

Just head for the store where the Sacony Sue doll is waiting. For store nearest you, write SACONY, College Point 56, N. Y., or 423 Mayor St., Montreal. (*Prices slightly higher in Canada.*)

SACONY on the label means SACONY *all the way*—from fabric through fashion—in children's wear, suits, dresses, sportswear, swimwear, girdles and bras.

that SACONY® feeling

though my mother and I have no fondness for each other. The visit was meant to punish me.

"All things considered, I don't think I've done so badly in life. I climbed from the bottom with nobody's help. When my mother was sixteen her parents, ignorant people, married her to an old man of sixty on the mistaken theory he had money. My mother had to go to work to support him and us five children. In those days I was terribly ashamed of my dad; the other youngsters in the neighborhood called him grandpop and I did too. I'm sorry now. He died when I was ten and my kid brother nine. We then found out how he had shielded us from my mother. She had a fiery temper and a great fear we children would wind up as juvenile delinquents. Many a night my kid brother and I would wake up in bed to find her beating us for practically no reason. One time he and I ran out of the house in our underclothes with her after us and climbed up in the rafters of a big barn. She poked us out with a broomstick and then whaled away at us until the broomstick broke.

"I was a big kid for my age and at twelve I got my first paying job—singing birthday messages for the telegraph company. About the same time, I was put in charge of our school bank and was allowed to deposit the funds in the real bank. My mother was excited by the honor, but she had no real understanding of what it meant to me. When I told her I intended to be a banker when I grew up, she laughed scornfully. In our circumstances my ambition seemed as distant as the moon.

"I can still remember the store where we traded when I was little. My mother would send my brother and me to buy the cheapest foods, and we always had to cool our heels until the store was empty before we were waited on. One day I noticed a number of spoiled bananas in a garbage barrel in the back alley. I asked a clerk—he was a smart-alecky young fellow—if my brother and I could have them. He said I could take a spoiled banana for every red pepper I would chew and swallow without a drink of water. I can still see the clerk laughing as I hopped from one foot to the other, tears streaming from my eyes. I finally quit with six overripe bananas for my kid brother and myself.

"It never occurred to me to break the bargain and swipe the bananas from the alley when nobody was looking. Honesty is a cardinal rule with me to this day. Another rule is paying my bills on the dot and staying out of debt. Elsa thinks I should use my GI rights to buy a house. To me a mortgage is debt and I would rather camp out than assume an obligation I can't liquidate promptly.

"When Elsa attacks my principles, I can defend myself. But I am cut to the quick by the way she belittles my job. Three months ago at a big general meeting of all the bank officials I was named an assistant cashier as a reward for devising a more effective method of keeping our records. The president of the bank congratulated me personally and then made a speech outlining policy for the coming year. That evening I tried to describe the meeting to Elsa. A glazed look came in her eyes. When I finished talking she first asked who had sat next to me at the meeting, whether it was a man or a woman. Then she asked why my promotion to assistant cashier didn't carry an automatic raise. She never did congratulate me on my new title. She takes no pride in it.

"It is true many men of my age make more money than I do; a bank job is no quick way to big pay. But I am doing what I want to do and what I am qualified to do. Preferment is slow, but, if she'll help, I think I can go places. So far she hasn't helped me—she has handicapped me. She has never been cordial to any of my associates, even when she pops unexpectedly into the bank. A few months ago I introduced her to my boss and at once she began hinting around I should have a raise. In business or in banking, this is neither good practice nor practical. It didn't boost my stock.

"I started in a small-town bank in Oregon. I was doing well and I was getting promotions. We left because Elsa was jealous of a woman who worked beside me. I negotiated to get the job here, resigned, and, of course, lost my seniority. Frankly, I was a fool throughout. The woman in question, Irene, was very little interested in me and I was very little interested in her. Irene's main object was to make her husband jealous. My object was to alarm Elsa into paying a little attention to me. I was hungry for attention and warmth.

"When I was courting Elsa I thought we were ideally matched. I fell in love with her almost at first sight. I was just out of the Army and going to college in Oregon on the G.I. bill; I was studying economics and banking. I heard a lot about Elsa from mutual friends and, even before we met, admired her energy and courage; I knew she was carrying both a job and college courses. Then one evening we were both invited to dinner at the last minute. Elsa had just washed her hair. Most girls would have excused themselves. Not Elsa. She wound a scarf around her wet hair and walked into the restaurant beside me with her head held regally high. I knew I loved her then.

"Our six-month courtship only made me love her more. We used to eat by candlelight in her apartment. Nobody had ever asked me what foods I preferred to eat. Elsa did. I shopped and she prepared the dishes. She was a dandy cook and an excellent housekeeper.

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE

Vogue Design No. 9380. "Very Easy to Make" blouse; 10–18 (31–38). 60c.

Vogue Design No. 8908. Shirt and slacks; 12–20 (25–32 waist measure). 75c.



She was thrifty and clever in the handling of money, and she still is. But somewhere after marriage a change set in. I can't tell you exactly when. Probably it was after Sally was born and money got hard.

"Anyway, happiness was a long time ago. If Elsa wasn't sniping away at me because of the office Christmas party, she'd be at me for something else. At times she gets a certain look on her face and a contemptuous note in her voice, and I go plain haywire. My temper boils over and I literally don't know what I'm doing. Afterward I am ashamed—which I suppose is no help. I realize I should have more self-control, but the truth is I haven't much incentive to mend my ways.

"Tommy is the only member of my family who is in the least impressed by me. When I leave the house in the morning Elsa doesn't kiss me and say good-by—she is usually still in bed—and on my return in the evening I can be sure she and the girls won't smile at me and say hello. When I come through the door Tommy is the one who smiles.

"Our marriage is unsatisfactory to me and I guess it is unsatisfactory to Elsa too. However, I believe we should stay together for the children's sake. To do so—I am sure—we will have to stop our incessant quarreling."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"I am no enthusiast for office parties that exclude husbands and wives. I have seen too many of these celebrations mar the joy of the Christmas holidays for families. A good many times the participants themselves, like Josh, enjoy neither the party nor the aftermath. Particularly the aftermath.

"Speaking for myself, I question the propriety of a business firm's sponsoring a social event where youthful employees are served alcoholic beverages and permitted to make fools of themselves. However, the office party wasn't the real problem in this case. Both Elsa and Josh acknowledged that their difficulties began long before. But they didn't understand the reasons for their unhappiness.

"Elsa and Josh were unusually likable young people and I very much wanted to help them. They wanted help and needed help. Well educated and intelligent, both were immature emotionally. Groundless jealousy—even jealousy itself—is always a sign of immaturity and personal insecurity. Elsa was jealous of Marilyn, a girl Josh actively disliked. Josh was jealous of Elsa's friendly interest in their neighbors; he childishly revenged himself by locking her out of the house.

"I had a big advantage in assisting them to a satisfying marriage. Elsa and Josh accepted me at once—just as though I were the father they both had missed so sorely during their formative years. Since they regarded me as what we psychologists call an 'authority figure,' I was able to spell out my advice in specific terms. In our interviews we went back to their courtship. At that time Elsa had decided her background and Josh's were similar. It is true they had poverty in common. But she hadn't taken into account a striking difference in their environments and temperaments.

"Josh's ancestors came from Southern Europe. He grew up in a family climate that was exciting, dramatic, emotionally supercharged. Even now he has a sharp need for outward expression of feelings. Elsa's people were Scandinavian, reserved and undemonstrative. As she was shunted from household to household in her childhood, Elsa learned to curb any show of emotion. Trouble between her and Josh began almost with the honeymoon. Josh wanted warmth, attention, appreciation. When he felt he received too little from his reticent, inhibited bride, he reacted with outbursts of rage worthy of his violent-tempered mother. These outbursts, often occurring in public, humiliated Elsa and drove her even further into herself. Josh's undisciplined behavior, as Elsa saw it, robbed her of what she most wanted from marriage—a stable home and a solid position in the community.

"Elsa was jolted and shocked when I told her she was partly at fault. If she wanted a serene family life, she would have to learn to give Josh what he wanted from their marriage and thereby help him control his temper. Could she be more outgoing, more appreciative, more demonstrative in love? Elsa didn't think so. She was so emotionally inarticulate, she said, that even when she had 'warm words in her mind for Josh, the warm words stuck in her throat.'

"I told her about a marriage problem I had failed to resolve as a counselor. This was the case of an inarticulate husband who couldn't bring himself to say 'Thank you' to his wife for anything she did. He was generous with money, he was generous with cars and charge accounts, but he was stingy with courtesy and praise. And he was so stubborn that he preferred divorce to surrender. Stubborn Elsa caught on. She changed her tack and forced herself in many small ways to demonstrate to Josh her inward affection and good will.

"Instead of lying abed in the morning, she got up and prepared his breakfast and kissed him warmly before he went to work. She welcomed him with a smile and a kiss on his evening return. She taught her small daughters to do the same. Josh's response—it was an easy change for the little girls, difficult for Elsa—was immediate. He found virtues in his daughters as well as in his baby son. Josh had been jealous of Sally and Jane and their partiality for Elsa, which I suspect she may have encouraged. The little girls were delighted to be affectionate to Josh when he showed affection for them.

"Elsa cut down on the dull array of evening chores she used to have lined up and awaiting Josh at the very moment he stepped in his door. She set the dinner hour thirty minutes later so he would have a chance to relax. Josh was deeply appreciative of her thoughtfulness. It meant a lot to him. Previously Elsa had made him feel like an insignificant handy man not the breadwinner and head of a family. Nowadays if Elsa happens to forget her new resolutions and does break into his period of relaxation with some tedious request, he usually is able to keep his temper in hand instead of flaring up at once. To Elsa's pleased amazement, he often volunteers to take out the trash and so on.

"Whereas Elsa learned to stop and think and express her feelings on every possible occasion, Josh learned to stop and think and repress some of his feelings. He has studied and familiarized himself with Elsa's reactions. He now knows if he succumbs to sudden rage and roars at her, the result may be that she will remain glumly silent for the balance of the evening. He realizes his anger has a price and he seldom cares to pay the price.

"Josh had virtually no insight into his relationship with others. If everybody in his department at the bank was behaving badly, as he reported, it seemed fairly clear that his personality and his methods as an executive must be to blame. The truth was that Josh expected too much of his staff. As a boy, he had struggled fiercely to satisfy a mother who expected too much of him and had always felt he was failing. Instinctively he expected and demanded that his giddy young subordinates struggle just as hard.

"Although Josh was abnormally sensitive it didn't occur to him that the youngsters working under his direction also had feelings, self-esteem, vanity. I suggested he put himself into his subordinates' place, praise them when they deserved praise, and refrain from bawling them out for minor infractions. After he grasped the fact that his attitude as an executive was a reflection of his frustrating childhood, Josh followed this quite obvious advice. To his surprise, the morale of his staff quickly improved, and office efficiency too. Taking his courage in hand, he then discharged Marilyn, a clock watcher to the end, and was gratified to discover that neither his staff nor his superiors protested his decision.

"Elsa deserved a new shake in the matter of the family budget. It was all very well for Josh to have principles against debt, but in the case of his family a modest amount of installment buying was sensible. He and Elsa bought an automatic washing machine, something she long had yearned for. They made the down payment by saving all their two-dollar bills for seven months. At present the money market is so tight they have postponed buying a house but Josh has agreed to obtain a G.I. loan as soon as feasible. Elsa has high hopes they will own a home in the not too distant future. Right now she has the pleasure of driving around every Sunday with Josh and the children to explore current housing developments and to plan the kind of house she wants.

"Elsa and Josh's recreation picture is now entirely different. Elsa was cooped up far too much. Now that Josh has less strain to cope with during his business day, he comes home less exhausted and he comes home earlier. The tavern stops are a thing of the past. He and Elsa occasionally entertain their neighbors at a simple cook-out in their back yard and Josh has learned to enjoy the company of people he previously thought of bitterly as Elsa's allies and his enemies. Elsa and Josh regularly trade off baby-sitting with their neighbors, and once a week they go square dancing.

"If Elsa hadn't been so housebound and deprived of the normal pleasures of the young I doubt if she would have been so outraged by Josh's office party. Last September I had a note informing me that Josh had finally received his long-awaited raise. When I telephoned to congratulate him I heard that plans for this year's office party were already in progress. Josh intends to go to the party, once again by himself. Elsa is resigned if not enthusiastic. Both she and Josh now feel too secure in themselves, too sure in their mutual love and understanding, to anticipate a renewed quarrel. Indeed, both of them declared to me their belief that this Christmas of 1957 will be the happiest they have ever shared."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by

DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

The Picture of Health for December



by MAXINE DAVIS

That "harrumph" that annoys you so isn't in itself dire. Coughing is a red light, signalling trouble on the respiratory line and also helps the body's airways to expel germs, phlegm, coal dust—anything you happen to breathe in. Thanks to that protective cough the air passages can expel irritating matter and bacteria.

Your bark is triggered by irritation of nerve endings in the air passages. If you swallow something the wrong way, inhale smog, or phlegm collects, those nerve cells flash "Go," the larynx closes up, diaphragm muscles put the air in the lungs under pressure—and you cough!

When you're down with flu or pneumonia or just a cold, you don't appreciate it but your hacking helps protect your lungs. That's why it often hangs on after you think you're OK.

But you can have too much of a good thing! A pointless, nervous, dry cough can actually be quite harmful; the sooner you get rid of it the better. That's why we use so many NEO-AQUA-DRIN Throat Lozenges in our family. Their pain-soothing ingredient quiets throat irritation and roughness, and the antibiotic content fights germs. NEO-AQUA-DRIN helps prevent trouble from digging into the throat.

This holiday time everyone is on high—children teetering with anticipation of Christmas, all of us giving and going to parties with a sublime seasonal disregard of proper nutrition as well as calories! But if we're to enjoy holidays we need to feel good. That's why I'm doubly careful to see that everyone in the house gets their BEXEL Vitamins. BEXEL offers special vitamins for every age, from Gramp to the baby. With BEXEL help, we can all have fun.

Dear old Uncle Joe will arrive in time to help trim the tree. We know he's just acquired new dentures but doesn't like to say so. Well, of *all* times one wants to enjoy eating . . . it's Christmas. So I've invested in ORA-FIX and ORA and put them on Uncle's bedside table. ORA-FIX will hold his new teeth in place so well he'll munch nuts and hard candy with complete comfort. ORA cleans them thoroughly within twenty minutes.

His vitality is incredible, though Uncle Joe is well over seventy. When my husband and I are collapsing with fatigue *he's* on the crest. His one real trouble is arthritis.

When it isn't paining him he blithely pretends it doesn't exist. So I know he'll have been toting armsful of gifts all over town and driven 250 miles from his home to ours with the window down and cold air blowing on his bad shoulder.

Not being the Superman he thinks he is, he's in for a rough time—unless I take steps. I get a supply of SURIN and state firmly: "Uncle, for rheumatics this is, as the kids put it, great. It's no cure for arthritis; there isn't any. But you go and smooth on SURIN and then apply hot moist towels for two minutes. SURIN brings relief at the point of pain. You'll be feeling happy as Santa Claus!"

Remarkable development in the fight against

TEEN-AGE ACNE

the scourge that shames and disfigures so many of our young people



How wonderful Teen-Age Years can be!

Utol greaseless medicated cream hides—helps heal acne, pimples, blemishes—soothes itching and soreness fast—to clear and keep skin clear.

THE TRAGEDY of acne strikes just when life holds every promise, just when boys and girls long for popularity and fun. Even recurring temporary attacks can leave scars that are far more than skin deep.

Now, UTOL offers joyful help against this mortal enemy of youthful happiness. UTOL, product of the most extensive and careful research at the McKesson laboratories—and scientifically tested—brings relief through medically effective ingredients, combined as in no other preparation.

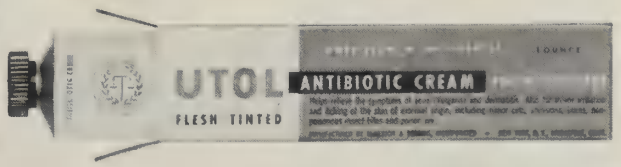
First, UTOL hides unsightly, even deeply colored acne, pimples, and blemishes. Second, UTOL starts soothing instantly. Painful, itching places can be forgotten; fingers are less tempted to play with "spots" and so spread infection. Third, UTOL searches out and inhibits insidious germs.

This soft, non-greasy, medicated cream literally "melts" its way into infected places by its penetrating action. UTOL loosens skin surface impurities and sebum scales to help free blackheads and refine pores. Medication settles into pores to reach acne germs, stop their growth, keep them from spreading.

Apply UTOL over a freshly washed complexion, night and morning. Let UTOL bring soothing, hiding, healing help during twenty-four hours.

At the first sign of acne infection, get UTOL from your drug store. Your doctor and your druggist know that treating this infection *early* is the wisest, safest way to keep its harm under control.

And use UTOL too, as a splendid antiseptic cream. Healing to open acne lesions, it gives real germicidal protection to cuts and skin abrasions too. Ask your druggist to show you the helpful leaflet in every UTOL carton. Like all fine McKesson products, UTOL is *made better—so it's better for you.*



BETTER . . . by McKESSON



74% more food energy than fresh whole milk

in every delicious serving!

Milk is Nature's best food—as every mother knows. It's needed for strong, sturdy bodies, for growth, for vitality. But a serving of ROYAL PUDDING gives you all the benefits of the milk you make it with *plus 74% more Food Energy*. Get *Regular* ROYAL for easy-to-cook, velvety-smooth Pudding and Pie Filling . . . no-cook *Instant* ROYAL for quick, melt-in-your-mouth desserts.

FOR SCRUMPTIOUS DESSERTS EVERY TIME . . .

Always Reach For Royal



TWO FINE PRODUCTS OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

JUST PLAIN GOOD

At the Wyman Rileys', of Vallejo, California, everyone takes a turn in the kitchen.

By MARJORIE WESTERN RILEY



The epicurean high light of our year is the arrival between Christmas and New Year's of a Virginia ham from my husband's ex-commanding officer. Every year we plan a party for that ham—serve it festively decorated with little melt-in-your-mouth biscuits that Ellen makes and lots of relishes and a lovely light apple punch. The ham is always a big one. It serves our family and friends and then the family some more. Usually I try to cook so there aren't any leftovers. I find my family totally detached. They just don't want leftovers! But with the Virginia ham it's different. I put it into a spaghetti sauce. And they adore it. Such a simple, sensible way to use up the ham.

SPAGHETTI MICHAEL (with ham sauce): Dice 2 cups leftover ham (Virginia ham is wonderful for this recipe). Brown in a skillet with 2 minced onions and 1 minced green pepper. Add 1 bay leaf (crushed). Stir in three 6-ounce cans Italian tomato paste thinned with 3 cans water. Stir in about 1 cup grated American cheese (I like to use any scraps of cheese on hand)—just mix the cheese into the hot sauce and stir until cheese is melted. Season sauce with 1½ teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Serve over cooked, buttered spaghetti (makes enough for 2 pounds of spaghetti).

It makes a whopping pan, often leaves leftovers. But this is one leftover the children will eat. Spaghetti is their favorite food.

My husband has a favorite too. Clams. Or rather, clams and clamming.

With these clams we do two things. He makes a chowder, and I bake deviled clams. Being so close to the coast, we use fresh clams, but my clams and his chowder are also delicious made with canned clams.

DI PIETRO



My two best helpers: Ellen and Margaret. They're both good cooks.

MY CLAMS: To 2 cups finely minced fresh clams (or three 7½-ounce cans) add ½ cup minced onion, ⅓ cup each minced green pepper and finely chopped celery and 1⅓ cups dry French bread crumbs (slice and toast 1 loaf bread and then finely grate). Stir in 1 cup heavy cream, 2 beaten eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, 1½ teaspoons salt and 1 teaspoon pepper. Scoop mixture back into the clam shells. Bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. Remove and sprinkle heavily with grated Parmesan cheese. Place ½ strip bacon on top of each shell and heat until the bacon is crisp. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

Although my husband feels it is a sacrilege to suggest this, the mixture can be baked in pottery shells. The authentic shells give the dish true glamour. We have served the clams during the holiday season as appetizers.



STUART

For a special holiday treat we like spicy deviled clams.

HIS CHOWDER: For each person use 1 small onion and 1 medium potato, peeled and quartered. Dice 2 stalks celery and simmer all slowly in 2 cups water until the entire mixture is smooth and thick. The vegetables will boil down completely—but you'll have to watch the chowder closely, and stir it frequently to keep it from scorching on the bottom of the pan. Cut 10 strips bacon into small pieces (use scissors) and brown until crisp. Drain on paper toweling. Add bacon to the vegetables, stir well and simmer for 5 minutes. Add 2 cups finely minced clams and juice (either fresh or canned clams) and let cook for 10 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper. The chowder will be very thick. Thin with 1 cup water. Simmer a few minutes more and serve. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

Turkey, of course, is traditional—traditional with others, traditional with . But we don't have the traditionally Titanic Tom. We did for a while. But e were forever eating him up. Turkey leftovers we don't like. So we buy two naller turkeys, eat them up at one meal—and have twice as many drumicks for the children.

With the turkey we serve different salads—sometimes an old-fashioned fruit lad using what California fruits we have in season, sometimes we make a jellied anberry salad. It's spicy and good, especially with a mayonnaise-fruit dressing.

OLDED CRANBERRY SALAD: Drain 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple. dd enough water to the pineapple syrup to make 1 cup liquid, then ften 3 envelopes lemon-flavored gelatin and 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in e syrup. Cook 1½ pounds fresh cranberries in 3 cups water until skins pop. rain cranberries and add 3 cups hot cranberry juice to the gelatin mixre (if necessary, add boiling water to make 3 cups). Purée cranberries and r in 1½ cups sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Chop ough celery and walnuts to make 1½ cups each. Add the celery, walts, puréed cranberries, 1 cup crushed pineapple, 1 finely ground orange d the juice of 1 lemon to gelatin mixture. Pour into a 3-quart ring mold d chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce and serve with a mayonnaiseit dressing. Makes 10 to 12 servings.

AYONNAISE-FRUIT DRESSING: Combine 1 cup mayonnaise, 2 teaoons grated orange rind, the juice of ½ orange, 3 tablespoons sugar, ¼ spoon nutmeg and ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Whip 1 cup heavy cream until F and fold into mayonnaise. Serve over molded cranberry salad.

Generally we aren't much on sweets. We can't be and feel good about it. You see, Timmy, our eight-year-old, has diabetes. So we plan things we can all eat. But the girls do bake a wonderful Dutch shortbread. The recipe wasn't ours originally. We have a friendly neighbor who almost never comes to call without something just out of the oven. She gave us the recipe for Boterkoek. Now the girls make it, and we eat it up—before it's scarcely cold.

BOTERKOEK (DUTCH SHORTBREAD): Cream together 1 cup powdered sugar and ½ pound butter until light. Stir in 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Sift and measure 2 cups cake flour. Beat into the sugar-butter mixture and add ½ teaspoon salt. Bake in a square pan (9″x9″x2″) in a moderate oven, 350° F., until golden brown on top. Cut into squares while hot. Cool and serve.

These are the things we like. Plain food it is—but very plainly, we think pretty good.

UNIVERSAL Coffeematic

with the FLAVOR-SELECTOR

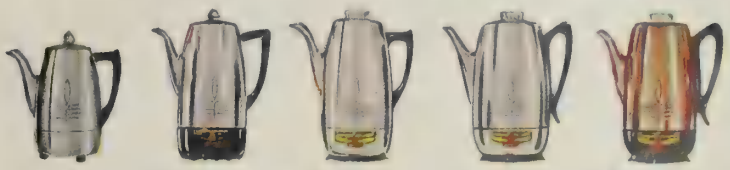


CHROME ON SOLID COPPER



"Brightest" Gift under the tree!

For those who are seeking the perfect cup of *real* coffee, there's no finer gift than a Universal Coffeematic with the Flavor-Selector. With this coffeemaker, they'll find a new enjoyment in coffee brewed quickly and exactly to the strength they select. They'll be proud to pour from this gleaming chrome-on-copper beauty and *you'll* be pleased to know you have given the finest coffeemaker money can buy. This year make someone's Christmas morning one to remember . . . give America's favorite. ■ Universal Coffeematic. *from* $19.95



5-cup chrome or copper | 8-cup chrome | 8-cup chrome | 10-cup chrome | 10-cup copper

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

DAUGHTER OF THE SULTAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

recognize his mother only by her shoes. In the modern part of the city pretty French girls in sun-back dresses rock and roll to the latest American rhythms.

On a central hill, in a jumbled white-plastered palace, half Oriental and half modern in style, lives the man who is trying to unify these two cultures: Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef, descendant of the Prophet, eighteenth member of his dynasty to be a monarch, Sultan of Morocco (only recently has he decided to call himself King). Approximately a mile square and dotted with royal residential and administrative buildings, the palace compound is the real nerve center of Morocco—for the country, although now independent, is still an absolute monarchy. If the sultan wishes, he can chop off the head of a subject who happens to step on his toe. Luckily, he is a benevolent ruler.

The sultan was not always as powerful as he is today. The third son of Sultan Moulay Youssef, he was a shy and scholarly young man who expected, when his father died in 1927, that one of his elder brothers would be chosen for the throne by the all-powerful French. But France ignored the elder brothers and saw to it that the young man they thought would make a good puppet ruler was chosen as sultan. There was, after all, nothing much for him to do—he could busy himself with his sixty inherited palaces, his 10,000 retainers, his vast wealth, his books, his racing cars, horses and pretty women.

Underestimating the sultan's searching curiosity about the world outside Morocco, the French permitted him to tour Europe a year after his enthronement; he returned with a conviction that his country must adopt those progressive Western customs which did not actually conflict with the basic beliefs of Islam.

He began with his first child. The sultan's wife, a woman of the upper classes from the Berber (or indigenous, pre-Arab) population, was barely sixteen when Prince Moulay Hassan was born in 1929; the sultan was nineteen. Before the birth he went to Paris and brought back home with him diapers, a crib, nursing bottles, baby scales and a French midwife. "I want my child's umbilical cord cut in the twentieth-century manner," he explained. It was.

A year later Princess Aisha was born. She was followed in 1933 by Princess Malika, in 1936 by Prince Abdullah, and in 1939 by Princess Nzah—all children of the same mother.

As is customary in many royal families, and particularly in Islamic countries where a father has "modern" ideas, the children were separated from their mother soon after birth, and given into the care of professional nurses and, later, governesses. The sultana visited them daily, but had no voice in the rigid system of child care in which they were reared—adopted by the sultan from the ideas which then prevailed in Europe and America. On schedule they ate, slept, exercised, were weighed, inoculated, disciplined.

"We each had a Moroccan nurse and a French nurse," Princess Aisha recalls. "We learned the two ways of life at the same time: French and Arabic; European manners, Moroccan customs. Never were we really French, but neither have we ever lived exclusively in the Moroccan fashion. We like to think that we have been able to choose and adapt the best of two ways of life."

Remembering these early days in the nursery, and the efficient French nurses, Princess Aisha shivered a little.

"Oh, they were strict!" she exclaimed. "But, of course, they had to be," she added hastily.

The nursery wing of the huge, jumbled palace was, at first, their world. At night the French nurse slept in an enormous brass bed, surrounded by the high French cribs of the children, each crib draped in festoons of white mosquito netting. In the daytime there was a fairyland of toys to amuse them, ordered from Europe and America by their doting father: Teddy bears and blocks, jolly rocking horses and tinkling music boxes, Paris dolls with satin dresses and staring blue china eyes.

And every day their father managed to spend several hours with his children, watching over their meals and their playtime, encouraging them to climb on his lap, his arms and his shoulders as he sat in his big gilt armchair in the nursery courtyard. Outside these secluded rooms and gardens he was "Your Majesty"; here he was "papa."

"It was our father who gave us most of our sense of security and love," Lalla Aisha once explained. "It was he who kissed the bumps when we tumbled and hurt ourselves, and made us feel happy again. Isn't it natural that it is the father who does this?"

As the children grew older there were more presents: cameras and radios and phonographs, and beautifully colored books of French fairy tales, where the young children gazed as in a mirror at pictures of other princes and princesses. And in their own looking glasses their reflections were often as magical: for family parties and gatherings of the sultan's clan, Aisha wore a jeweled headband and a long Moroccan robe of green velvet, embroidered and belted with gold; Hassan wore a white muslin gown, a little cap twinkling with jewels, and slippers with turned-up toes. And in their closets were rows and rows of smart clothes from Paris—long pants and brass-buttoned jackets for Hassan, rose-sprigged frocks with matching bloomers for Aisha.

And always, everywhere, there were servants. Nurses who called them "Your Highness" no matter what the naughtiness or the spanking to come. The palace guard, tall Moroccan Negroes majestic in red-and-white uniforms, gravely returning the salutes of the self-important young royalties. Barefooted serving girls from the far-off mountains, bowing to the children with reverence and perhaps the hint of an indulgent smile. And slipping through the palace on pointed yellow slippers, the sultan's petty palace officials, elfin in their pointed red caps, their soft white gowns. If spoiling took place, it was, perhaps, inevitable.

Their world expanded, and they began to explore. There were huge rooms in the palace, paneled in dark wood and hung with glittering chandeliers. There were deep sofas covered with red cut velvet. There were floors of mosaic, blue and green and yellow, glowing with intricate patterns. There were plaster walls and arches carved in marvelously delicate designs. The palace grounds were wonderland, for they contained a zoo stocked with species of animals which had once been native to Morocco: elephants, lions, panthers, monkeys, ostriches. The children's pet was a baby gazelle, brought up from the Moroccan part of the Sahara Desert, which would eat from their hands. Until recently, when the gazelle died, the princes and princesses continued to visit their childhood pet.

In the stables of the palace compound were sleek and gleaming Arabian race horses with flowing manes and tails, and the children's own little fat ponies, tiny but spirited. In a nearby garage—once an old coach house—stood the sultan's collection of European sports cars, his gold-embellished procession carriage, and a gay red pony cart for the children.

Unlike her new little sister, Amina, daughter of the sultan's second wife, Princess Aisha did not often appear in public during her early childhood. Fridays were an exception—the day of special prayer for Moslems, as Sunday is for Christians.

Mohammed V, who is believed by Moslems to be a direct descendant of the Prophet, is not only the temporal but also the spiritual leader of his people. In this capacity every Friday noontime when he is in Rabat he mounts a great gray stallion at the doors of his palace and, under the protection of a red-and-gold umbrella held by a runner, rides across a quarter mile of dusty palace compound to worship within the walls of his pure white mosque—his procession watched and acclaimed by thousands of his subjects. "Yoo-yoo-yoo!" the veiled women wail in the warbling cry of admiration for which they are famous—and their pink or yellow chiffon veils flutter with the force of their cries of joy.

And every Friday morning when she was little, Lalla Aisha would be dressed by her nurses in a short white frock, a white sunbonnet and little white gloves, and sitting beside her brother (dressed in a white Moroccan gown touching his ankles) would ride in the red pony cart behind her father's stallion, would wait until he had completed his worship, would look curiously at the staring, cheering crowds and return in a cloud of dust to the peacefulness behind the palace walls. These were her first, and formative, experiences of appearing in public.

They were a happy family of children, with the little Aisha trailing after her elder brother like a shadow, the younger children following in their wake. But sometimes, as they grew older, there were quarrels.

"Hassan was always good at sports, and I always wanted to beat him," the princess remembers. "Once, when I was about nine years old, we were playing tennis and he was winning every point. I became so angry that I threw my racket at him—and he didn't duck! He still has the scar of three stitches on his nose, and I still feel guilty every time I notice it."

Such occasions were few, but they always resulted in a lecture from the Moroccan governess: "Your Highness is named Aisha, and that is a very important name, although a common one. The Prophet's favorite wife was named Aisha, and she was a very wise woman, worldly and spiritual at the same time. When needed, she could help to lead her people, but she was also a good and obedient wife. That is because she never, *never* lost her temper!"

About this time, when Aisha was nine years old, the sultan decided to follow royal tradition and establish each child in his own separate household. A villa near the palace was chosen for ten-year-old Moulay Hassan and another for three-year-old Abdullah, each villa staffed with housekeeper, governesses and servants. Aisha and Malika, because the two sisters were so close in age, were allowed to stay together in their own household within the palace compound. The little Princess Nzah, who was then an infant, remained in the old nursery. The separation, however, was only one of living arrangements; at school and at play the children remained together.

In the schoolhouse, a small stucco building within the palace compound, the children studied the same subjects: reading, writing and arithmetic—in French—and later on, history, literature, geometry, algebra, science. Side by side went studies in Arabic language and history and study of the Koran, the Bible of the Moslems. The teachers ranged from a nun to a cavalry officer to the wife of a French civil servant—a Mrs. Hugen, who directed the school for eight years, and whom the princess remembers as a general favorite of all the children.

Newspapers and magazines of the time described the sultan as a man much given to pleasure. They report that the toys he heaped on his children were nothing to the racing cars, rare guns and expensive sports (including concubines) with which he indulged himself. But everyone who knew the royal family in those early days remembers first that he was a remarkably good father to his children.

"We could always talk to him about anything," Princess Aisha recalls. "He expected us to do our best, to excel in whatever we did. But he gave us every opportunity to learn how to do our best. We knew he loved us very much. Even when he gave us something very hard to do, or asked more of us than we thought we ever wanted to or ever could give, we knew, the way children *do* know, that he was right. We realized from the beginning that he wouldn't have asked us if he hadn't loved us so much."

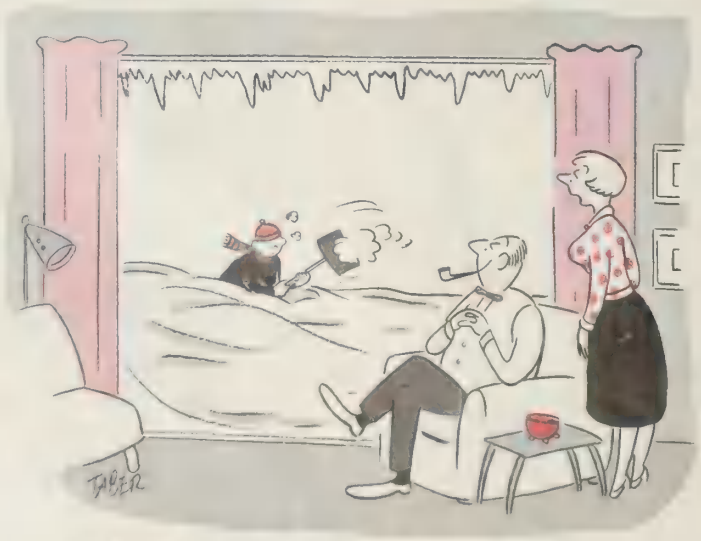
Almost daily the sultan visited the schoolhouse, standing sometimes silent in the back of the room while one of the children recited or asking test questions himself. Nor did he neglect their athletic development. When Hassan and Aisha were about six and five, the father installed a tiled swimming pool and a small gymnasium in the basement of the palace. There, every day, an instructor gave the three oldest children lessons in swimming and led them through strenuous calisthenics. Horseback riding and tennis lessons were also started very early; so was skiing instruction during the winter, when the whole family went on vacation to the Swiss-style town of Ifrane up in the Atlas Mountains.

"I still love to swim and to ride, to play tennis and to ski," says Princess Aisha. "Yet I remember how strict our instructors were and that father was even stricter. Still, we learned to love these sports and to do them well, so they must have been right in the way they trained us."

Only vaguely did Aisha realize how unconventional this training was, or comprehend that she and her sister were the first generation of Arab women to be trained in sports, to be allowed to continue them after they had reached the age of puberty, the time for putting on the veil.

But: "I promise you that you will never have to wear a veil," her father told the young girl. Not until later did she realize the full import of his decision. Her life within the palace walls had been so free that she still

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144



"You know very well he's shoveling his way up to see Alice. Aren't you going to tell him Alice isn't home?"



Here's a surprising way to make fruitcake...
and it's wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!

Betty Crocker's new MYSTERY Fruitcake!

- You start with a pre-baked cake!
- You use frosting as a liquid!
- You never bake the fruit!



Start with Betty Crocker Cake Mix!

With our new never-fail method, every bit of fruit stays holiday-bright and beautiful. Every bite of cake tastes rich, moist . . . grandmother-good!

No chance for your fruitcake to burn or scorch. No risk of a costly failure. And it's ready to cut just 24 hours later — no long "mellowing" time!

You can make a spectacular 6½-lb. fruitcake in the tube pan you use for angel food. Or make fruitcake in loaf pans —two from each package of cake mix—for gracious holiday entertaining, and the nicest kind of holiday giving!

"I guarantee a perfect* fruitcake — homemade-perfect—
cake . . . after cake . . . after cake!" Betty Crocker General Mills

Betty Crocker's MYSTERY FRUITCAKE

STEP 1: BAKE Betty Crocker Honey Spice Cake Mix, following package directions. (Or you can use Betty Crocker White, Yellow or Chocolate Devils Food Cake Mix.) Cool and crumble into very large bowl or pan.

STEP 2: Add fruit to crumbled cake.
4 cups candied mixed fruit (two 1-lb. jars)
½ cup *each* whole red and green candied cherries (½ lb.)
1½ cups seedless raisins (½ lb.)
1 cup dates, cut up (6½-oz. pkg.)
4½ cups pecan halves (1 lb.)

STEP 3: Make up Betty Crocker Fluffy White Frosting Mix, following package directions. Mix with cake and fruit.

STEP 4: Pack TIGHTLY into foil-lined 10" tube pan, or two 9 x 5 x 3" loaf pans. Cover cake with foil, and chill in refrigerator *at least* 24 hours. Cake should be kept refrigerated.

Makes ■ 6½-lb. fruitcake!

THIS YEAR BAKE YOUR GIFTS!

* PERFECT! Yes, every mix we make for you is guaranteed to come out perfect, or send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.

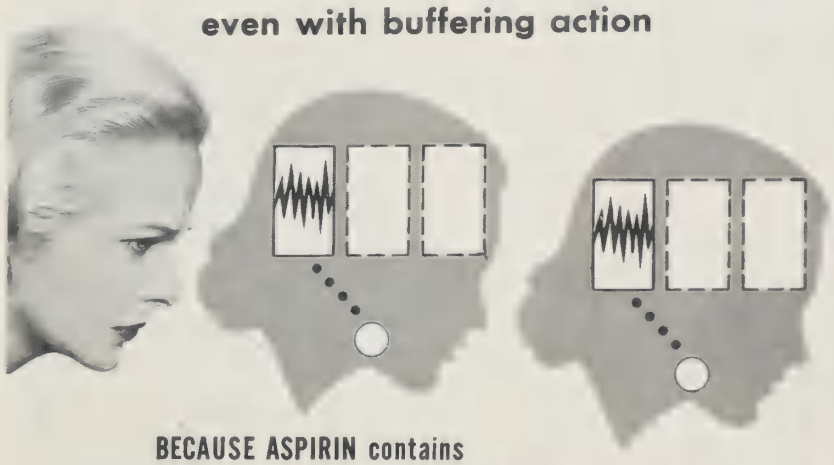
Here's why

ANACIN®

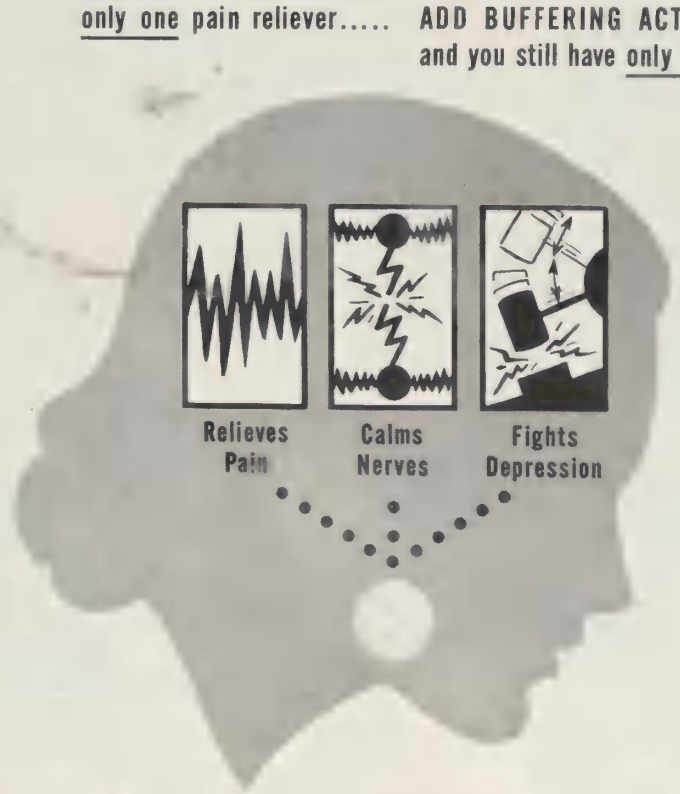
gives better TOTAL results in

PAIN RELIEF

better than aspirin...
even with buffering action



BECAUSE ASPIRIN contains only one pain reliever..... ADD BUFFERING ACTION and you still have only one.



BUT ANACIN relieves pain, calms nerves, fights depression.

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven active ingredients. Anacin (1) gives fast relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. (2) Calms jittery nerves—leaves you *comfortably relaxed*. (3) Fights depression. Thus. Anacin gives you better TOTAL results in pain relief than you get from aspirin, even plus buffering action. And Anacin does *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin Tablets today.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

had no real comprehension of the iron-banded restrictions which surrounded the other women of Morocco.

Hassan was seventeen, about to enter the college which his father had built for him and other aristocratic boys near the palace compound. Aisha was sixteen, just finished with her studies in the little palace schoolhouse. One day her father summoned her, and handed her a sheaf of papers.

"This is a speech called The Emancipation of Women," he told her solemnly. "I want you to go to Tangier and read it at a public meeting of women. I want you to appear unveiled." So Aisha, speech in hand, went to Tangier and stepped out on the platform. There was a gasp from the audience: she was the first Moroccan woman ever to appear without a veil on a public platform.

"I had no stage fright, and I was completely unconscious of the effect of my appearance or of what I was saying," she recalls. "I was just doing what my father had told me to do, and I didn't understand that there was anything very extraordinary about it."

She soon learned that there was. Overnight the royal teen-ager became a national heroine to the women of Morocco. Letters poured into the palace blessing her, begging her to go on with her "crusade." More and more Moroccan women, particularly those of the upper classes, began leaving off the face veil. When Aisha and Malika went shopping alone in downtown Rabat, which they were now allowed to do, there was a new expression in the stares which followed the princesses.

But the young heroine was still a schoolgirl, now a pupil at the French *lycée*, a vine-covered building in the European section of Rabat, where the princess attended all-girl classes. Most of her schoolmates, daughters of French government officials or Moroccan aristocrats, remember her at this time as "very intelligent," "simple and direct" and "shy." Her friends today still use the same adjectives in describing her.

The years passed, her routine of high-school and junior-college studies punctuated by skiing trips to the mountains, by more unveiled speeches and by much, much political talk.

The sultan—some say with the urging of President Roosevelt—had abandoned his unwelcome role as puppet and begun to take an active role in the liberation movement which was then sweeping Morocco. Most Moroccans wanted freedom, wanted the French to relinquish political control, and the sultan agreed with them. But his position was delicate: El Glaoui, the powerful Pasha of Marrakesh, had cast his lot with the French and rallied to his side all the conservative, traditional elements who feared that liberation might endanger their feudal privileges.

Lalla Aisha, just finishing at the *lycée* in her early twenties, found her relations with her French schoolmates strained to the point of tension. Much worse was the news that a photograph she had thoughtlessly posed for in a one-piece bathing suit was making a sensation in all the bazaars of Morocco. Hundreds of copies were circulated by the Glaoui's men (and some say by the French) in an effort to discredit the sultan by proving the immorality of his daughter. To an ordinary Moslem, any woman who allows her picture to be taken in a bathing suit is quite clearly a bad woman.

Aisha, when she heard these rumors, was angry. Malika was calm but worried, and young Nzah was merely wide-eyed. But all three agreed that they wanted at last to put on veils, to hide from the stares and the criticism. One day, sitting with their father on the white wrought-iron benches in the palace garden, the dragonflies darting above a nearby reflecting pool, they told him of this wish, and of their anger at the men who criticized them as loose women.

"Hypocrites!" Aisha exploded.

"Not at all," their father replied, as Aisha remembers. "They are sincere. But none of them can prove that I should put you in veils, and keep your heads empty. I've tried to warn you that you would be criticized for wearing European clothes. You'd be criticized by others if you didn't. You are princesses, and that is what you must expect." He looked at them from the corner of his eye. "Did you know that the French women criticize you for not being chic enough? They think you should wear hats and gloves and long stockings every time you appear in public, like European princesses."

The girls looked at one another, startled.

"But never mind," the sultan continued. "You're in Morocco where it is often hot, and it is foolish to dress for the climate of Paris. I haven't trained you to be sportswomen, or fashion models, or religious leaders. I've trained you to be princesses. Leaders don't hide behind a veil or anything else. And once they're convinced something is right, they go ahead with it to the end. Do you understand?"

They nodded their heads. "Yes, father."

"But ——" The sultan paused. "Aisha."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't be posing in swimming suits any more. It is enough that they know that you swim."

Only once, after that, did the Princess Aisha put on a veil—not in fright, but for fun. The sultan was to appear one evening in the old streets and squares as the high point in the celebration of "The Feast of the Throne"—Morocco's gayest festival, commemorating the day when the sultan acceded to the kingdom. Aisha thought it would be exciting to see a ceremony to which she had not been invited, this time as an ordinary Moroccan. Whether or not Aisha first suggested the idea no one will say (the whole escapade is considered amusing, but embarrassing). At any rate, the princess and a group of her friends dressed up in the Moroccan woman's customary all-concealing gown and the little chiffon triangle of veil, and went off to the old section of the city, on foot, to see the sultan from the viewpoint of the ordinary respectable woman-in-the-street.

"The veils kept slipping off our noses," one of the girls recalls. "We didn't know how to tie them on properly at the back of our heads. And of course we walked more like French women than Moroccan women. You have to take shorter steps when you wear a robe down to your ankles. But still, no one recognized us. I think the princess had more fun that night, mingling with a crowd without being stared at, than she has ever had before or since."

But there was not much more fun in store, for the political clouds had gathered into a hurricane. Her father was more and more identified with the Istiqlal, the freedom-seeking independence party which by this time had been outlawed by the French. Her brother Moulay Hassan had graduated from his college with a Bordeaux-granted degree in law, and had thrown himself ardently into the fight for Moroccan independence. Her own speeches on behalf of the emancipation of Moroccan women were interpreted by the French as subversive and she was ordered to stop them Now the entire family was suspect.

Everyone was tense. One August evening ir the summer of 1953, Aisha sat at dinner with her father and the rest of her family. One more member had been added: a fair-skinned young Berber woman whom the sultan had recently taken as his second wife, and who was already pregnant. Koranic law permits a man to have four wives simultaneously, provided he treats each one equally; so familiar were the women of the family with this idea that there was little resentment of the newcomer or of the child she would bear. The two wives sometimes made formal calls together (heavily veiled, of course) on the wife of the French Resident.

Help Fight TB



Buy Christmas Seals

Now the family toyed with their dinner at the great mahogany table under the chandeliers, and talked of the political crisis which had brought the country almost to the point of armed revolt. A servant entered, whispered in the sultan's ear. He excused himself and went away. An hour passed, and he did not return. Dinner finished, the family went into one of the palace's many living rooms, heavy with ornately carved dark wood and deep-piled rugs. Someone turned on the radio to hear the hourly news.

"Sultan Mohammed V," his family heard, "has been exiled from his throne by the French, and is already en route by airplane to Corsica."

French soldiers surrounded the palace. Young Abdullah, who had been out in one of his sports cars, had trouble trying to get back home and was almost arrested. Heavy with apprehension, the family waited for their unknown future.

On the third day they were told to pack the barest necessities. There was no time to make provisions for the care of the treasures in the palace—when they returned two years later they found that most of the palace had been looted.

Within a few hours the five royal children, their mother, the sultan's second wife and a small retinue of waiting women and servants were in a plane headed for exile. "Aisha was even more affected than any of the others by that experience," says a friend. "She has never really recovered from the shock."

For anyone the life on Napoleon's rough little Mediterranean island would have been difficult. For a family which had never known anything but soft beds, delicate foods and the silken surroundings of royalty, it was nightmare. For many days suitcases did not arrive—they were evidently being examined by the French—and the women were without even a comb. Shuddering, they used forks.

They were confined to an old police station, which had been converted to a "hotel" for the family. But the hotel would scarcely have won four stars from Michelin. The beds were two-inch straw pallets on concrete floors. The roof leaked, the food was coarse. Old cardboard cartons and orange crates served as furniture. They were finally permitted to have a tiny radio, and they learned to their outrage that an ancient, semi-illiterate uncle of the sultan's had been installed in Morocco by the French as the new sultan.

"The sultan and his family were treated one hundred times worse by the French than Napoleon was ever treated by the English!" the devoted friend recently exclaimed.

Mohammed V protested, officially, vigorously and often. After four months they were transferred to Madagascar, the large French island off the east coast of Africa. Here they lived in a rather crowded villa, where although there was little furniture at least the roof didn't leak. The tropical climate and the scarlet flame trees seemed unfamiliar, after the cool sea winds of Morocco—but at least the children could swim and play tennis. There were no schools available to them, so Hassan held daily classes for his younger brother and sisters in the subjects which he had already mastered. There was no other schooling.

Memories of this period are few, for it is a time which none of them likes to recall—except for the birth of little Amina, the sultan's youngest daughter. To all her family, as well as to Moroccan patriots, she became a symbol of faith, of rebirth as well as of birth. Today, at three, she is still a potent symbol as well as an enchanting child.

Two years passed. Women in Morocco wore black veils, to show that they were in mourning for their exiled sultan. Agitation for his return erupted daily. The mosques were empty, a sign that the people of Morocco had no faith in the spiritual leadership of the imposed sultan. Around the world there were pressures for self-determination, for independence. The French at last were forced to bow to modern history: the exiled sultan was summoned to Paris to discuss his reinstatement and the future independence of Morocco. He brought his family with him.

Negotiations for the independence of Morocco and the reinstatement of the sultan were concluded. One bright blue day in August, in 1955, the sultan flew to Rabat, preceded by a few minutes by his children, in another plane.

"We flew four times over Rabat, just five hundred feet above the houses," Aisha remembers. "We could see the crowd. We all cried with joy."

At the airfield a delegation of veiled women, all leaders of the independence movement, awaited her. As she stepped down from the plane all these women, with one gesture, reached up and ripped off their veils.

"Long live Aisha!" they shouted. "Long live the emancipation of women! Long live the independence of Morocco!"

Independence had come quickly, but the final emancipation of Moroccan women was still a long way off. There were more unveiled women on the streets than Aisha remembered from the time before the exile, and a number of women's organizations had been formed. Nevertheless, it was thought better for the royal princesses to remain in virtual seclusion until the political strength of the traditional elements in Morocco society could be determined. For several months Aisha was not seen in public.

Perhaps as compensation, she was allowed to visit the United States in the winter of 1956–57 with her brother Moulay Hassan, who was to take part in ceremonies admitting Morocco into the United Nations.

It was not, on the whole, a particularly successful trip. The time in New York and Washington was consumed by official receptions, tours, banquets—and Aisha, speaking no English and accustomed to a more informal life, was bored.

From a Western point of view, Aisha's training in public manners and behavior has been spotty. European and British princesses are carefully taught how to smile, how to wave to crowds, how to sit correctly on a public platform, how to make polite small conversation, how to conceal boredom.

The Perfect Gift for This Moment in This World

—AND THE AMAZING STORY BEHIND IT

This Christmas you can give those you love a Bible they'll turn to twice as often because it is written in the language we use today. It is the great Revised Standard Version.



Most important Bible news in 346 years. In the 346 years since the King James Version, new discoveries of ancient manuscripts have shed added light on the Scriptures (in a long-forgotten cave near the Dead Sea, for example, Bedouin shepherds recently chanced on an Isaiah Scroll—a nearly complete text dating from about the time of Christ!). Manuscripts such as this have enabled scholars to find more than 6,000 errors in the New Testament alone.

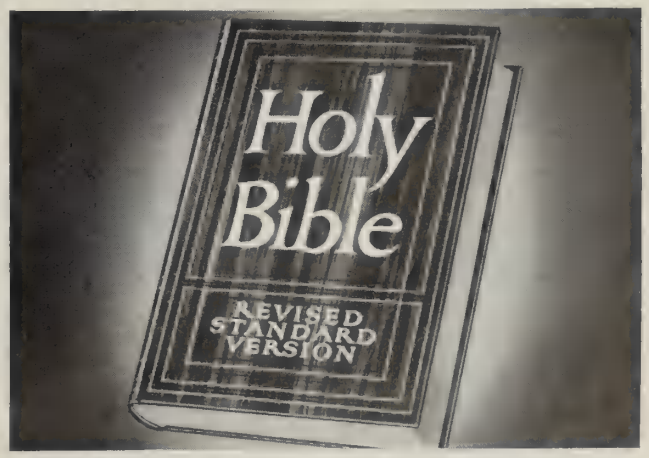


Why it is easier to understand. Hundreds of words in the Bible have changed in meaning through the ages. (Did you know, for example, that a man's "conversation" once meant his *conduct;* that "by and by" meant *immediately?*) In the RSVB outmoded expressions are rephrased into the easy-to-understand language of today. A test of some 1,350 people showed that the average reader understood the RSVB better and responded to it more readily.



NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY

It can bring you closer to God. Here is a hallowed passage from Luke 18. See how easy the RSVB is to understand: "Now they were bringing even infants to him that he might touch them; and when the disciples saw it, they rebuked them. But Jesus called them to him, saying 'Let the children come to me and do not hinder them; for to such belongs the kingdom of God. Truly I say to you, whoever does not receive the kingdom of God like a child shall not enter it.'". . . How easy to understand . . . how beautiful!



A Bible for the family that already has a Bible. This Bible, praised by religious leaders of more than 40 major denominations, is the perfect Christmas gift. It solves many of your gift problems in a few minutes, and you'll be long remembered for such a treasured present . . . Illustrated edition (recommended for children) $3.50. Maroon-buckram edition with handsome, two-color jacket (shown above) $6. Magnificent black-leather edition with gold-edged pages, red silk ribbon marker; boxed $10. Other fine editions priced to $17.50.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS
Exclusive publishers of The Revised Standard Version Bible

Aisha, daughter of an absolute monarch, royal product of a different civilization, knows little of these arts. In private she is gay, informal, spirited. In public, particularly where there are men, she stands in the background, her eyes downcast, looking almost sullen. She is inclined to slouch in her chair on a public platform, and cross her knees. At one reception in her honor in Washington she remarked audibly to another Moroccan woman, "Let's get out of this terrible party and go somewhere fun!" The fact that she invariably is late to appointments—if she arrives at all—created a certain amount of resentment on the part of her American hosts.

But there were a few bright moments. At the airport she had been welcomed by, among others, a New York taxi driver of Moroccan descent. He invited her to his little apartment and Aisha insisted on going, saying that she wished to see how ordinary people lived in America. The taxi driver and his wife entertained the princess in their kitchen, serving her with lovingly prepared Moroccan-style roast lamb, couscous (a national dish of seminola), sweet mint tea and little Arab cakes. She says now it was one of the few *real* experiences she had in the United States.

Hassan discovered shrimp cocktails, and Aisha discovered hamburgers; these foods became and have remained a passion. They heard Harry Belafonte sing, and fell in love with Latin American rhythms. They felt at home in California, for it looks much like Morocco, and enjoyed swimming in the Pacific surf. But Aisha's favorite experience was Disneyland.

Her first visit there was official, and there was too much protocol to permit much fun. The next morning Aisha said to some of the women who accompanied her on the trip, "We have a whole afternoon free today. Let's go back to Disneyland by ourselves. Let's even pay our own way!"

Avoiding the official entourage, the four girls sneaked off for the afternoon—and spent most of it riding again and again through Snow White's dark forest, where the leaping witch trees made them scream and giggle with terror and joy. Before they left Disneyland Aisha bought pictures of Mickey Mouse and Pinocchio and all the other Disney characters for her littlest sister's nursery; then, sighing, she returned to Los Angeles and another official banquet.

Back at home Aisha was setting style, for Moroccan women read in their papers that on public occasions in America the princess appeared in the native dress of Moroccan women—a long jeweled, embroidered or brocaded robe, gathered in by a jeweled belt. In the past these dresses were never seen outside the Moroccan home, for the tradition was that women must be so heavily covered when they went outdoors that not even the hem of their skirts must show. More becoming than Western clothes to the short, rather stocky Moroccan feminine figure, these robes were quickly adopted. Gold-threaded silk batistes, brilliant Indian brocades and swaying, heavy Moroccan earrings, chokers and pendants now adorn Rabat government and embassy receptions—worn by women who found the confidence to "emerge" because they now know they look their best.

Informally, Aisha prefers to wear Italian sports shirts and pedal pushers or slacks—sometimes a plain golf dress with a matching cardigan tossed casually over her shoulders. She usually wears light pink lipstick and matching fingernail and toenail polish. Her concern with dress does not seem intense, and she aroused some surprise when she remarked, after her first few days in the United States, that she was "interested to find that American women could be chic." American women in Morocco, unlike the French women there, dress informally for the climate—and do not consider Aisha's style sense outstanding.

Since her return to Morocco from America Aisha's life has settled into a routine of public duties and private family life. She is the head of a dozen charitable organizations, and frequently is invited to speak, to dedicate, to preside at bazaars, school graduations or cornerstone layings. Often she is invited to appear with her father and her elder brother; usually her father brings little Amina along—and Aisha and Moulay Hassan are kept busy trying to keep the three-year-old from trying to climb on her father's lap during ceremonies. Amina has been saved from many a platform tumble by the careful white-gloved hand of her big sister, reaching out quietly to restrain or rescue the wriggling child.

Aisha and Malika still share their own palace within the large palace compound, a sprawling, white-plastered building with flagged patios, splashing fountains, marble terraces and lush gardens. The same French couple who have been in charge of the household since the little palace was built eleven years ago have remained to "take care of the girls." The girls include not only the two princesses and their Spanish companion-secretary, but a fluctuating crowd of feminine cousins and friends, and a bevy of soft-speaking barefooted little serving girls. Male guards and chauffeurs and messengers have business occasionally at the palace, but on the whole the atmosphere is that of a girls' dormitory, with giggles and phone calls and banging doors, and glimpses down long corridors of pretty young girls rushing off on some suddenly important errand.

Until recently the two princesses shared the same room. It overflowed with books and phonograph records, and was furnished in the heavy, dark furniture which the sultan prefers and which he chose. Now Aisha has her own bedroom, furnished to her taste—light and airy with modern furniture of blond wood, with blue and yellow cushions and drapes. There are books, a radio, a record player—her record collection is large, particularly in the field of modern jazz. Louis Armstrong is a favorite.

In the downstairs section of the palace there is a huge carpeted hall, hung with chandeliers and paneled in green marble and dark wood. There the palace inmates gather two or three evenings a week to see the newest French and American movies, shown on a full-sized screen. Because it is used so often, the screen is never taken down.

Each of the princesses drives her own American car, or Italian sports car. Aisha drives well, and likes to go fast. Occasionally she is stopped by policemen for speeding—but she forgives them and apologizes after they have recognized her.

CHILD AT DUSK

By ALEXANDER D. TAYLOR

In the dusk with the given phonograph
The little girl outsings the barren years
Oblivious of the war's sad aftermath.
Not for these does she shed her tiny tears.

But for the little duckling, ugly and alone,
And for witch-haunted children in the dark.
She who calls all day friends on a toy telephone
Sees with the gradually coming night her friends embark.

Not for the mighty men fallen from their height
Or for the great and grandiose dead,
But for the doll in dusk fading from her sight
She weeps, feeling a mightier truth instead.

Malika and Aisha see much of their brothers and sisters. Nzah, now a pretty eighteen-year-old, lives in a California-style villa on the outskirts of Rabat with five girls of her own age and a French governess. She and her housemates attend the same French *lycée* where Aisha was educated, and share a passion for popular records and Paris fashions.

Last year this passion ran away with young Nzah: on a trip to Paris she was photographed for the newspapers in a black strapless evening dress she had bought at Jacques Fath. The next day she received a telegram from her shocked father: "If that is how you dress at seventeen, what on earth will you be wearing at twenty-five? Come home immediately."

Abdullah, at twenty-two, is a handsome, likable young-man-about-town, studying law with a private tutor. Hassan, now the official Crown Prince, is busy with the duties entailed by being the heir to an absolute monarchy. Both young men live in elegant little stone-and-glass villas outside Rabat, furnished with French antiques and Chinese bric-a-brac; both young men often invite their sisters to dinner, to parties or beach picnics. Hassan frequently serves food he obtains from one of the several American air bases in Morocco; he is devoted to American canned soups. Sometimes the whole family gathers together for dinner at the sultan's palace.

Anyone who knows the taboos of Morocco does not easily question a princess about her mother. A French journalist, however, did so recently.

"Do you see your mother?" she asked.

"A little every day," Aisha answered.

"How does she dress?"

"In the Moslem fashion."

"Are you friendly with her?"

"She is like a sister to me; she is only sixteen or seventeen years older than I am."

"What is her name?"

A long silence. "I cannot tell you."

Princess Aisha's friends do not talk of her easily. Like the first Aisha, the wife of the Prophet, she has been much maligned by gossip, and her loyal friends have learned to be careful. They are amiable, but around them there is still the faint atmosphere of fear, of mystery—the shrugged shoulder, the expressive Arab hand waved in a gesture of hopelessness, the voice murmuring, "But it is so difficult . . . so difficult!"

One of them, more Westernized than others but not enough to wish to be named, agreed, however, to describe Aisha's family life as she had seen it on numerous visits.

"The mother is a delightful and very intelligent woman," she said. "She speaks and reads perfect Arabic and is studying French. She is a handsome woman, slightly darker-skinned than the second wife. She drives her own car—veiled, of course. She runs the palace, and plans all the big receptions for delegations of women, and all that sort of thing.

"Lonely? Goodness, no! She's far too busy to be lonely; and anyway, lots of friends live in her section of the palace with her. And then she's with her family a lot too. In the summertime she often goes swimming at the beach with the sultan and the rest of the family—the private beach at the summer villa, of course. The girls keep teasing her, and borrowing her jewels and scarves and things like that, and she pretends to be cross but she really isn't. Naturally, they all wear bikinis at the beach—that's the only kind of chic bathing costume in France or in Morocco, and we all like to be chic even in private.

"Well, *certainly* the second wife is there on the beach, too—why not? They get along very well together, there's no jealousy at all. The second wife, lighter-skinned and very pretty, is still in her twenties. The royal mother is forty-five, so they're more like mother and daughter, you see.

"The mother is very curious about the world, and questions all the children a lot on what goes on outside. I think His Majesty would like to let her go unveiled. But he really can't. The public has just about accepted his daughters' coming out—as long as they don't come out too far—but they'd never stand for the sultan's *wives*' violating tradition. That would be too much."

The big question is how far is "too far." Too far is apparently the point at which the princess might meet or talk to unmarried Moroccan men. "She can go to a mixed dinner party, for instance," a friend reported, "but the hostess must be very careful in planning the other guests. Every man there must be accompanied by his wife; there must be no single young men and not even a married man whose wife is not present."

This restriction, imposed by a strict tradition which even the princess is unable to break, places her squarely in the middle of a dilemma. And the dilemma involves that question so often discussed in whispers, but never openly: When is she going to be married?

"Princess Aisha will never marry," said a Moroccan servant recently. "Her life is dedicated to the people of her country, and can never be dedicated to just one man."

"Nonsense!" said a friend. "She wants to marry and would be much better off if she were married."

"She is not, by nature, a leader," mused another.

There have been indications lately that Aisha has slowed down in her "leadership" of Moroccan women, that at twenty-seven she is weary of the role and anxious to turn it over to a still younger generation. The struggle for equality with men, and even for the vote, still has a long way to go.

"The older generation is not going to do anything," she once said. "It's the children who must revolutionize Morocco."

And another time she remarked sadly, "It is so much pleasanter to be skiing, or swimming, or riding somewhere, than to have to think about evolution and becoming modern, and learning the sciences."

"How can she be happy?" brooded another friend, a dashing girl with smart French clothes and a gay manner. "None of us are happy. "A Moroccan woman can be happy only after she is married—then she can go anywhere, do anything. Then life begins! But until then we unmarried women, even if we are unveiled, must think of the effect of everything we do, of our slightest gesture or word. And for a princess it is even worse.

"Aisha would like to marry a Moroccan—someone of ambassadorial status, for instance, would be ideal. And then she would like to settle down and be a good wife and mother and a happy private kind of person. She hopes, as we all do, that her husband will be contented with her and never take any other wives.

"The sultan is very modern, and refuses to pick a husband for her. To arrange a marriage, he thinks, would be an imposition. He says she can pick whom she chooses, as long as he is a Moslem.

"But how can she pick? The poor girl isn't even allowed to meet any Moslem young men. Oh, maybe she can meet one now and then at a reception or something, but it would be unthinkable for her to enter into a real conversation with him, to dance, to date or to flirt. They might meet at Hassan's or Abdullah's villa, but in that case the sultan would certainly not approve.

"The only way for her to get married is for some suitable young man to ask the sultan for her hand. But so far, no one has dared."

Marking time until the daring young man with the golden touch knocks at the gates of the palace and asks for the hand of the king's daughter in marriage, life goes on much as usual. Opening bazaars . . . swimming on the beach . . . horseback riding up in the mountains . . . long telephone conversations with friends . . . family parties . . . fast drives in the latest sports car through the golden fields of Morocco.

The lights are on late in the airy bedroom of the princess. Friends say that she reads in bed for hours every night, long after even the palace watchmen and their dogs are asleep. Friends say that she has taken to reading Jean Paul Sartre, André Malraux and the French existentialists. Friends say that the shy little princess is growing cynical.

She is caught, they think, between two worlds, at home in neither and lonely in between. Only love can fill that loneliness. But where is love? END



Always a special need...now a special laxative

...for women only!

Sure, gentle, more normal relief . . . even after childbirth and during menstrual periods

Constipation presents special problems to a woman.

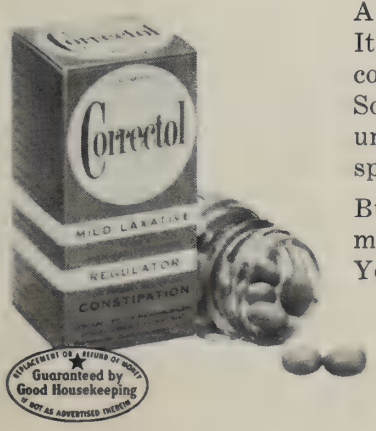
A woman's system is complex and sensitive. It repeatedly undergoes cycles of change, during which constipation may make discomfort even more severe. So it's almost unbelievable that science never until now has developed a special laxative for woman's special needs!

But only a major medical discovery could make such a laxative possible... and today it's here! You can get it by asking for Correctol.

The miracle of Correctol is a new, *non-laxative regulator*—with a wonderful, harmless action that simply softens waste. Along with this, Correctol contains just enough mild laxative to give normal regularity a gentle start.

So Correctol acts promptly but unhurriedly. It gives the relief a woman wants and needs . . . but it's pleasant, more natural relief. And thanks to its miracle regulator, Correctol gives these results with far less laxative medicine than other preparations using the same ingredient for their effect.

You'll want to try this new feminine laxative. So get a bottle of these tiny pink tablets today, to have when you need them. See how much better you feel with Correctol... and how much more naturally it brings relief. 30 tablets, $1.00—any drug store.



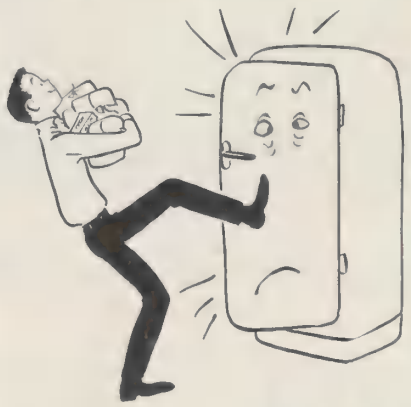
ALSO AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Correctol

the first laxative especially for feminine use

Vox Humana





By BENTZ PLAGEMANN

Will the sensitive machine stand up under the onslaught of the jet generation?

Now that our son has gone back to college after a fairly hectic weekend, our family car is beginning to quiet down again. It is a new car and normally it enjoys good health, but our son has always been in too great a hurry to get where he is going, or to come back from where he has been, to let the car really get to know him. It still trembles a bit when I start it, and there is a distinct irregularity in its breathing pattern, but I am convinced that it will be all right in a day or so, with a little gentleness and understanding. I have always had this sort of trouble with any car of ours, after our son has been allowed to use it, and I am prepared to be patient.

He thinks, my son, that this attitude of mine toward our car is preposterous, especially—gad!—in the father of an embryo engineer; but since I have learned that most embryo engineers regard any paternal attitude as preposterous, I do not allow myself to care what he thinks. I know he makes our car nervous, just as he frightens the freezer. Our freezer has a heart condition, an audible murmur, and I do not think it does it any good to slam the door shut with a foot, from three paces away. Someday it may just drop dead. And I have forbidden him to approach the television set. Our television set is very emotional, but it is ours, and we love it, and it has been hit on the top with a fist for the last time.

These modern children, born into a world where the machines that serve them already existed, have no idea of the individual quirks and idiosyncrasies, the personalities involved here, as do we who saw most of these machines come into being. Even the men who have invented the magic brain acknowledge that it has good days and bad, days when it makes mistakes for no reason at all, and it will go hard with succeeding generations if they forget this and begin to take the magic brain for granted.

When I was a boy we had no motorcar, and no machinery of any kind in the house. We did have electricity, which we always regarded in much the same manner as James Thurber's aunt, I believe it was, who went around screwing plugs into empty sockets, to keep the current from dripping out. We also had a telephone, which hung on the wall in the hall, and I clearly remember how my mother used to have to humor it. Some days it was just confused. When you took the receiver off the hook it babbled incoherent, unrelated conversations to you, all at the same time, and this was probably due to the fact, as mother said, that too many people tried to use it at the same time and its wires got hot and tired. When this happened mother made a point of not calling her neighbors for several days, until it had a chance to be rested.

I must admit that with this example of her concern for the telephone, my sister and I were plainly baffled by her attitude toward our new phonograph, when that arrived. On the inside of the top lid, when you raised it, was the familiar picture of the dog listening, with his head to one side, in front of an earlier phonograph horn. "His Master's Voice," it said below. My sister and I knew, however, that the master was not alone inside the box. There was a woman in there, too, because we often heard her voice from the open slats which slanted downward into the machine. We did not know if they were married or not, so we simply referred to them, discreetly, as "the man and the lady who live inside." We fed them fresh bread, rolled into pellets, which we pushed through the open slats. Mother reprimanded us when she discovered this, and said that we were not to do it again. This cruelty shocked us. (Was she really our own mother, after all, or some wicked stepmother who had snatched us from our rightful cribs?) Anyway, after that we always waited until she was gone to feed the phonograph. It played better afterward.

But naturally, with this sort of early conditioning, I have a protective feeling about the machinery in my own house, and it disturbs me that I cannot inculcate this attitude of manly responsibility in my son. Not only does the freezer have a weak heart, but the refrigerator has its off days, too, when it just seems too exhausted to go on, and you have to take the plug out of the wall and turn it over, to give it a fresh viewpoint. You don't call a serviceman for these minor complaints, just as you don't call the doctor when you have a common cold. You just have to get to know the constitutions of your machines so that you will be able to judge when love and personal care must give way to impersonal professional attention.

Our son was more understanding about the old furnace, I will have to admit. It was in place when we bought the house, an old house with a coal furnace in which a ring for an oil burner had been installed. It was the most disagreeable oil ring I have ever known. It went into action angrily, as if imposed upon; it roared loudly the whole time it was working; and it shut itself off with an offensive hiss, rather like a Bronx cheer. In my opinion it resented city dwellers who came to buy country houses from old residents. It dried out the entire house with its baleful breath. There was a water pan for evaporation which had been left in place in the old furnace, and we tried to keep this filled, pouring water in from a basin, in what was rather like a ceremony intended to placate a vengeful minor deity. "Would you please water the furnace, son?" was a familiar request around our house during those years. He always did it willingly. Visitors looked puzzled, but we gave up trying to explain.

We finally had to send the whole thing packing. It made us feel too unwanted in our own house. The new furnace is much better adjusted. It has a benign, happy sound about it when it is called into duty, and on especially cold mornings, when I turn up the thermostat, it has a little song it sings, quite cheerfully. Sometimes on a winter night I wake up and hear it humming to itself below, and I am tempted to go down and sit with it to keep it company, as I did one afternoon in the early winter when it developed a leak somewhere which could not be found, and I had to watch its poor dials as they struggled to keep their equilibrium, while the furnaceman went around upstairs testing the pressure in the radiators.

I suppose my son will have to be a family man and the head of his own household before he will learn to cherish and understand the virtues and the weaknesses of his machines. We have an alarm clock, for example, which sometimes becomes quite hysterical, setting up a wild whir of protest in its wheels and springs, and it has to be put down carefully on its face until it grows calm again. I think I know what caused this condition. A neighbor boy, cutting grass at so much an hour, took it outside to time himself with, and forgot it there, overnight. It rained. I brought it in in the morning, soaking wet. I couldn't find the light machine oil, so I poured olive oil into all its little openings, and then put it on a pie tin in the oven, set at 350°, for an hour and a half. It has worked fine ever since, but I think it never really recovered from its traumatic experience.

My greatest problem now, the sort of concern a man feels for his least favored child, is with our new washer-dryer, which has had a terrible time adjusting itself to its environment. When we first used it, it shook so much that I had a special platform built under it to give it a sense of security. The laundry room is directly below the room in which I am working, and I have given up trying to do any original work on Monday mornings, in spite of my wife's protests that she will take care of it. She has a thoughtless tendency to load it, turn it on, and then go outside to garden, or up to the attic to read old love letters. In such moments I drop whatever I am trying to do, and sit upstairs and think positive thoughts, and listen. *Now it is going into its rinse*, I say, holding my breath, and timing it with my watch. *Will it get up its nerve to go into a spin?* We did call the repairman once, and that was a mistake. It couldn't remember how to get from washing to drying on one particular Monday morning when my wife went upstairs to sort out her bureau drawers after I had gone to the post office, and the poor thing just kept trying over and over again without success for about twenty minutes. The repairman, when he came, was a callous, insensitive type, who looked as if he might enjoy pulling the wings off flies, and before I knew what he was doing he had ripped out the whole inside of the machine and spread it all over the floor. He was so noisy in his work that I went down to see what was going on.

"It's a delicate piece of machinery," I said, wincing as he jabbed at its intestines with a red-hot soldering iron. "Why be so rough with it?"

"Huh?" he said, giving me an odd, rather frightened look.

I went back to my study with dignity, and waited until he had gone. The machine was running when he left, but after a minute or so it made a sound like a sob or a hiccup (between the second rinse and the spin), and stopped, with a sigh. I went down and shut it off. I let it rest for a few minutes while I smoked a cigarette. Then I turned it back to the beginning and started it off again, gently, holding my hand on top, for comfort. It went through the whole cycle without any trouble at all. I think it will be all right now if we just keep that repairman away.

There was one incident while our son was at home this weekend which has given me some hope. He has acquired a car for himself, an ancient coupé of some unidentifiable persuasion, which has a rather Victorian look about it, and which, for some reason, brings the name Adelbert to my mind. I have not been invited to ride in it since its trial run, when I courteously volunteered to chop wood for the boiler whenever that was needed. It cost $37.50, I believe, and runs fine if you can start it from the top of a hill. Actually, my son says, it will be a better car than ours, when he gets it fixed—which, come to think of it, may partly explain why our own car is so upset after he leaves. He spent all Sunday afternoon waxing his car's finish, and admiring the glow, before he put it away. And then, while we were in our car, ready to return him to school, he had to go back to the barn just once more to "check something." I like to think that he went to tell it good-by. Sometimes a father just has to go on faith that his son will turn out to be a responsible man. END

Do not open 'til hungry – then

PEELABANANA!



Help yourself to a happy holiday idea!



Banana nog. For happy holiday toasting, blend one fully ripe banana, one egg, ■ dash of salt and 1 cup milk in your blender — or beat in a bowl until frothy. Top with nutmeg. Enough for two.



Holiday Banana Quick Bread. What a beautiful "Merry Christmas" gift . . . and what a good-tasting treat to have on hand when holiday guests drop in! Clip the easy recipe from this page.

Banana Quick Bread

- 1¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 2¾ teaspoons double-action baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup chopped nuts
- ⅓ cup shortening
- ⅔ cup sugar
- ■ slightly beaten eggs
- 1 cup mashed bananas* (3 to 4)
- 1 cup mixed candied fruits and peels
- ¼ cup raisins

*Use fully ripe bananas . . yellow peel flecked with brown

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add nuts and blend. Beat shortening until creamy – 300 strokes, or 2 minutes at medium speed on your mixer. Gradually add sugar, beating until fluffy after each addition. Add eggs and beat until thick. Add flour mixture and bananas alternately, blending thoroughly after each addition. Fold in fruits and raisins.

Grease bottom only (not sides) of 4½" x 8½" ■ 3" loaf pan. Turn batter into pan. Bake in ■ moderate oven (350° F.) 60 to 70 minutes.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

WHEN IS LOVE WRONG?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

kissed me. I would have died if he hadn't—honest. I was ready to trip or fall overboard or anything, just so he'd show that he liked me, and maybe kiss me. Already I liked him a lot. He's a *very* attractive boy—everybody he meets likes him.

"But that's all there was to it then. He went back to college where he was studying on a G.I. grant, and I went back to my job. After a month he wrote me, just a chatty note enclosing some snaps, and I wrote back. Then I didn't hear from him until nearly the end of the summer. I thought, 'Oh, well, it was just one of those things, I guess.' But two days before I was to leave on my vacation in August at that same little seaside hotel, I got a letter from him saying he was planning a vacation there, too, on the exact same dates! He was surprised and happy to see me, and it was a wonderful vacation—sailing and swimming and walking on the beach and picnicking. And almost every night we sat up late talking about everything in the world. Jim loves to talk, and so do I. We just keep on and on.

"I didn't hear from him for about a month. Then he finally wrote and asked if I'd like to go camping with him the next weekend. I did, and we had just a nice friendly time, although by this time of course he was kissing me, and I was beginning to realize I was in love with him. A few weekends later I drove up to his town—about a hundred miles away—for a football game, and after that we started seeing each other almost every weekend. Either he'd come down to my place, or I'd go up to his town. He'd get me a room in a motel and leave me there after our dates. And all the time we were getting more and more interested in each other, more and more mentally and physically attracted. It was getting so we didn't want to be apart for a moment.

"Anyway, one football weekend in November, he couldn't find a room for me anywhere except in a motel fifteen miles out of town. He took me there late at night and it was raining. Somehow it seemed foolish for him to drive all the way back in the rain—and anyway, it seemed so natural and right that he should stay. So he did, and that was the first time. I've felt ever since that I was married to him, 'for better or worse.'

"But I told him, 'I'm going to do this because I love you very much, and I hope that's why you're doing it too. If you ever change, so that I'm just a woman to you, and not *me*, please don't bother any more.' He said he loved me—although it was never easy for him to say the words—and I think he did, at the time.

"I was so *sure* that we were going to be married. And whenever I wondered about maybe having a baby someday, Jim would say, 'If I like a girl well enough to get her in trouble, I'll certainly like her well enough to marry her!'

"After that, it was just about every weekend, and sometimes even in the middle of the week he'd drive that hundred miles at night just to be with me for a few hours. We used to laugh and say that we could write a guidebook to all the motels in his town and mine!

"All during this early part I really believed he was going to marry me, and I guess I kept on believing it right up until I finally signed the adoption papers for the baby. I remember the first time he asked me to marry him, sitting in the car late one night outside his dormitory. 'I guess we might get married,' he said. And then he went, 'Woo-oo! What I said!' He'd talk that way every weekend I came up to see him, and then a couple of days later I'd get a phone call and he'd say, 'Jenny, I just can't go through with it. I can't. I want to be free.' Jim doesn't like a girl hanging on to him, but I kept thinking that if he just got the habit of me he'd finally see that I'd make him a good wife. After all, we like the same things—talking and sailing, for instance—and we never got tired of each other. I wouldn't tie him down—I'd go anywhere with him.

"This went on for four months, more or less the same. Jim was talking marriage more and more, so I started collecting a trousseau and buying household stuff. And I even told my mother that Jim had asked me to marry him, and we thought we'd be married sometime in the summer or early fall.

"Oh, why don't we listen more to our mothers! Mother liked Jim all right, but she warned me he would be unstable in the long run. But I wouldn't listen to her—I was too much in love. I would have jumped over the moon for him then.

"At Eastertime the lady who ran that seaside hotel asked us if we'd come and take care of the place while she went South for a week, and we did. One other man was staying there, a middle-aged lawyer and bachelor. He had a sour attitude about women, and we used to sit up late at night talking about it. I'd argue with him like mad, and Jim would just sit there listening, not saying a word. I often wonder whether that man's ideas had anything to do with the way Jim seemed to change after Easter. Or maybe it was because I'd skipped a period and thought I might be pregnant—when I finally got the next period he seemed more relieved than I was! But whatever it was, he'd changed.

"That spring I found out that Jim was going out with his old girl, Sally. He'd invite me up for a weekend and then he'd just dump me somewhere and disappear with Sally. I used to ask his roommate to go find him, and after a few hours they'd come back. I didn't like the situation, but I thought that if I just stuck around he'd find out how faithful I was. He's always saying that women are faithless. Sometimes I wonder whether his mother's death when he was a child made him feel that way—but I guess I don't know enough psychology to figure him out. I just know he's been hurt.

"In late May we had a kind of reconciliation when he invited me up for a big college weekend. I guess that's when I got pregnant. And in June he took a job as a counselor in a very remote camp for boys and girls in New England, and got me a job there too. I quit my library job, and I thought it was going to be a wonderful summer. But it turned out to be a nightmare.

"From the moment we got there, Jim hardly spoke to me. I knew he was worried about Sally and about me and about the bad grades he'd been getting—he's really bright, but he likes to argue with the professors—so I left him alone for a while. But it used to burn me up that at every mail call there'd be a letter to him from Sally, and I guessed that he must be writing her too. Once in a while we'd get away from the camp and be together, but I knew it wasn't the way it used to be—he was just doing it.

I am convinced that the truths about God and man, about right and wrong, for which the Christian gospel stands, are man's indispensable necessity.
HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK
The Living of These Days
Published by Harper & Bros.

"Then in June I missed a period. I didn't say anything to Jim, but I started worrying. In July I missed another, and I began feeling kind of sick whenever I went horseback riding with the kids. So one day I took some time off and rode a bus to the nearest town, about twenty miles away. I found a clinic, and told them I had only an hour between buses, and could I please see a doctor? I used Jim's name, as if I were really married. So then I saw a doctor, and he said he thought I was probably pregnant.

"That night I got Jim away from the crowd, and told him about it. Right away he said we'd be married and he talked about veterans' housing and said he'd write to a friend and make all the arrangements. That's one reason I never seriously thought about an abortion—I really believed he was going to marry me, and I kept on believing right up to this very minute. That night was the last time he ever said he loved me.

"The next day, though, he was almost like a different person. He avoided me, he wouldn't talk to me. This went on for several days, and I didn't know what was the matter. I felt we had to get things straight, so late one night when I could see he was alone in his tent, I went to him and begged him to talk to me, at least. 'I can't marry you, Jenny,' he said. 'I just can't. Go away. I don't love you any more. I don't even *like* you.' So I went away. He talked that way several times that summer, and once he hit me. I don't want to talk about that, though. He didn't mean it.

"My contract with the camp still had another month to run, and I didn't feel I could break it. Anyway, I still thought that if I stuck around, Jim and I would have a better chance of patching things up than if I went away. And as time went on we did start joking again, and talking, although never about anything serious.

"At the end of the season we hitchhiked home with Mary, a counselor who had been my roommate and who knew all about the situation. Home, I'd decided, was going to have to be in Jim's college town, close to him and far enough from my parents. We had a lot of fun on the way—Jim's wonderful fun when he's not worried. But then we got there, all three of us riding a bus by this time, and Jim just got off the bus and walked away. He never



Pimples dry up fast!

THYLOX MEDICATED CREAM

heals and clears blemishes while you sleep!

Thylox Medicated Cream treats and heals pimples from the very *first* application, as proved in hundreds of clinical tests.

At the first sign of pimples, don't wait. Even little blemishes can develop into acne pimples that may leave scars! Get Thylox! Its exclusive curative ingredient has been recommended by doctors for over 10 years—now, no prescription needed. Thylox will give you a cleaner, clearer, better-looking skin—quicker than you ever thought possible!



Also make Thylox Medicated Soap your daily soap. Cleans and erases blackheads, clears pores. Contains a germicidal agent that prevents spread of acne infection. Relieves oily skin without drying it . . . . . 50¢

PRODUCTS OF THE PHARMACEUTICAL DIVISION OF SHULTON

oked back, and he never said good-by. That is one of the worst moments, I guess.

"Anyway, I went to stay with Mary until I und a room and a job. I didn't really have y plans—I just knew I'd have to support my- lf until the baby came, and that it was too e by now for a safe abortion. Anyway, I anted a baby terribly, and I thought that mehow I'd convince Jim so that I could keep baby. 'If I could just get him to live with e,' I used to tell Mary, 'I'm sure he'd find out w nice and comfortable it would be to be arried.'

"Although he knew where I was, Jim didn't ephone. But one night he showed up with lly. I saw them coming, and I sneaked out e back way, because I couldn't bear seeing em together. I sat in my car and waited for em to come out. Then I followed them all e way back to Sally's house, because I was termined to talk to Jim alone, and I couldn't to his college dormitory.

"When I saw him come out of Sally's, I got t of the car and stopped him as he was get- g into his car. It was one of the few times I as ever angry or cold with him. 'There are st three things I want from you, Jim,' I told m. 'I want three hundred dollars to pay the doctor and hospital bills. I don't want to be left alone at Thanksgiving and Christmas. And I want someone around when it comes time for the baby's birth. That's all. I won't ask anything else.' 'O.K.,' he promised. 'You'll have all three.' And he drove away. He kept his promise too.

"After that I read newspaper ads for rooms to rent, and I found just what I wanted—a nice room and kitchenette and dining nook in a private house on a residential street. Thirteen dollars a week, furnished. I bought myself a gold wedding ring for two and a half and told the landlord that I was married, but that my husband was working on a job in another state, and I didn't know when he'd get home. Then I found a good doctor only two blocks away, and I told him the same story—thank heavens he went on vacation two days before the baby was delivered, so I didn't have to tell him the truth. I don't know what I'll do when I have to go back for a checkup—I feel too ashamed and embarrassed to tell him about it. Maybe I'll just skip the checkup.

"Then I got a job as a receptionist in a bank—it seems they're so desperate for help these days they don't mind pregnant receptionists. I did a little filing on the side and

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 56 AND 57

Vogue Design No. S-4846. One-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38). $1.50.
Vogue Design No. S-4844. One-piece dress and stole; 10–16 (31–36). $1.00.
Vogue Design No. 1391. One-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38). $2.50.
Vogue Design No. S-4847. Coat; 10–20 (31–40). $1.00.
Vogue Design No. S-4848. One-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38). $1.00.
Vogue Design No. 994. One-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38). $2.00.
Vogue Design No. 9378. One-piece dress and cummerbund; 10–16 (31–36). 75c.





BEATRICE PINSLEY

She's always satisfied most with a BRAND that's made a NAME for itself!



"I MADE IT... and I make sure that the best materials and workmanship go into any product with *my* name on it. Naturally, people blame *me* if my product is unsatisfactory, and they stop buying it. I can't risk turning out anything that may be only 'second-best.' "



"I SOLD IT... recommended it because the name it has made for itself tells me it's one of the best, most up-to-date products in its field. In fact, a good brand name is the best *guarantee* my customers can have when they buy. And for me, too . . . I know they'll buy it again."



"I BOUGHT IT... because it's an advertised brand I can trust completely. I just won't risk my family's welfare on some product I don't know anything about—even when they say it's 'just as good.' I feel safer, somehow, when I stick to a brand I *know* I can depend on."

THE BRANDS YOU SEE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE NAMES YOU CAN TRUST!
They stand firmly behind every product and claim they make.
BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC. ▪ 437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

the family gift

for *better* living
morning, noon
and night





WEST BEND®

automatic skillet
with true balanced heat



for:
pan broiling
frying • roasting
simmering • stewing
candy-making
popping corn
baking

- large 11" x 11" family size; extra deep, 3¾ qt.
- vented cover for dry-heat browning
- exclusive all-round pouring lip
- true balanced heat over entire cooking surface

'Round the clock—morning, noon and night—
the magic of *true "balanced" heat* insures delightfully perfect
meals that make Mom the hero of the household. West Bend
makes gift-giving a pleasure and offers a world of family fun.
Bake perfect pancakes or an appetizing coffee cake
. . . prepare a delicious stew . . . or 4½ qts. of quick popcorn
for a party. What's more, West Bend's Automatic Skillet
is so good looking, it's as much at home in the dining room as in
the kitchen. With polished aluminum cover, **$22.95***;
with copper-color cover, **$23.45***.

WEST BEND ALUMINUM COMPANY, Dept. 67C, West Bend, Wisconsin

other West Bend favorites



FLAVO-MATIC PERCOLATORS
POLISHED ALUMINUM
2-5 CUP, $11.95*
6-8 CUP, $13.50*



CANISTER SET
$8.95



automatic ELECTRIC GRIDDLE
$27.95*



30-50 CUP
$39.95
48-72 CUP
$42.95
12-24 CUP
automatic PERCOLATOR
$29.95

*includes cord and excise tax

WEST BEND

FASHIONING NEW IDEAS FOR HAPPIER homemaking

AT HOUSEWARES, HARDWARE, GIFT AND APPLIANCE STORES. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA AND HAWAII

earned about fifty dollars a week, and that was enough to live on. But the hardest part was the other girls in the bank—they all took such a friendly interest in my 'condition' and they kept wanting to know what my husband was like, and what I was going to name the baby, and they kept talking about how beautiful and happy I looked. Happy, huh!

"I was worried all the time about my parents' finding out, of course. Before I began showing I went home for a few weekends, and I told them I had a job for the winter and spring in Jim's town. After I started showing I just kept writing them I was too busy to come see them—but what really frightened me was the idea that one or the other of them might get awfully sick, and send for me. And just before I had to put on maternity clothes, I had a scare when an old friend from my home town happened to drop in. She didn't really guess, but she looked at me kind of suspiciously and said, 'Jenny, are you still wearing size nine?' I told her sure I was, but she looked doubtful.

"At first I was sort of lonely, but after a few weeks Jim called up—he'd found out where I lived from Mary—and asked if I'd keep his dog for a while for him. I liked the dog, so I said O.K. After that Jim started dropping around two or three times a week, mostly to see the dog, I guess. Then I started cooking supper for him, and he seemed to think it was better than dormitory food, because he started coming by almost every night. I didn't care why he came, as long as he was there, talking to me.

"One night, though, I really blew up at him. His car was out of commission, so without even asking me he came and took mine to take Sally out on a date—he already had one of my spare keys. At first I thought the car was stolen, but when I found out what had happened, I really hit the ceiling. I told him to get his stuff out that he'd been leaving around the place, and never to see me again. I was really mad, as mad as I've ever been.

"All of a sudden he got very tender and loving. He apologized and said it would never happen again. So all right, I'm a fool, I know I'm a fool, but I forgave him and let him stay. That night, and a few times after, we had intercourse. But I didn't feel right about it, and I know I would never feel right about it again—unless we were married, of course.

"Thanksgiving he stayed with me, and all I remember is that I seemed to spend the whole day cooking. But Christmas was the hardest. I couldn't go home, because I was seven months pregnant, and I showed. So I wrote my parents I was spending Christmas with Jim's family they were hurt, but they weren't as hurt they would have been if they'd known t truth. So anyway, we stayed here and I cook a ham we'd won playing bingo at a movie few nights before. I gave Jim a shirt and sweater, and he gave me perfume and a b jacket and a sailing cap. On my birthday February he gave me five dollars, and I spe it all on a nightgown for the hospital.

"I felt fine all during the last two months my pregnancy, partly because Jim was ba and was acting nice most of the time. course when he had trouble with his math, he often does, then he'd feel awful, and have to comfort him and jolly him out of The trouble with Jim is he just thinks he's good. That's one reason he said he wouldn marry me—he said a no-good husband a father wouldn't be right for me or the bab

"I used to beg him to marry me, just so could keep the baby, and I'd even promise hi I'd divorce him afterward. But he didn't b lieve I'd ever let him go, once I had him. Ju the same, he was pretty good to me, on and o He can be very tender and considerate, but course he's all kind of mixed up inside and th means that he isn't the most stable person the world, to say the least. For instance, can't stand me crying. Sometimes in the nig I just couldn't help it, but he'd wake up a say, 'Oh, shut up!' And so I'd try to stop.

"Just the same, in January and February felt so optimistic that he'd give in at the l minute that I even went shopping for the ba in lunch hours and after work. I bet I kn every baby store in town—I spent all my spa time wandering around them, and I boug diapers and blankets and little nightgow Just in case some miracle would let me bri the baby home, I wanted to have somethi ready for the poor little thing!

"I quit work two weeks before the baby w due, and the girls at the office gave me a lot baby presents. I don't know what I'll do if ever see those girls again—tell them the bab died, I guess. But I probably won't—Jim's g ing away on a trip this summer, and then I going home to try to begin all over again. have to stay for a while, anyway, because can't work yet, and Jim is paying all my bill I've only got twenty dollars right now.

"Anyway, that's how the plans are. But Jim should change his mind, even now, well, guess I'd still marry him. Oh, for months ar months I've watched him chip away all my b lief and faith and trust in him, and I real



"Frankly, [redacted] hadn't intended to put down thirty-thousand-dollar roots."

know he's no good. But he just has to look at me and grin—and I'm lost. I don't trust him, I don't even like him very much. But I love him.

"I know I'm a fool, and I guess it's too late to help me any. But I hope other girls won't be as foolish as I am. I wish they could know beforehand what I've learned: I'll never again believe anything a man tells me until I get a real wedding ring on my finger. And from now on I'm going to ask from men a little bit more for me and give a little bit less to them.

"I haven't lost faith or hope, of course. In fact, I'm keeping this box of little bootees and caps and everything for the other baby I'm going to have someday. Lots of babies, I hope, even if I can't ever forget this one, or stop wondering where she is or how she is. It's funny: I used to want the baby so I could keep Jim—but at the end I wanted Jim so I could keep the baby.

"I kept on hoping until the last minute that I could keep her, but the day before I was due I finally decided that I had better face up to the fact that I'd have to give up the baby for adoption. So I went to the hospital and talked to the social worker there and told her the whole situation. She was awfully nice and straightforward, and arranged for me to have a 'confidential admission' to the hospital, so that no one could check up on me. She agreed with me that in my case it was out of the question for me to keep the baby, unless Jim married me. Like everyone else who knows about us, she thinks that Jim has been terrible—I can't seem to convince anyone that this whole thing is as much my fault as his. After all, I should have known what I was getting into. I'm convinced, though, that you never know anyone until you've lived with him a long, long time.

"Anyway, the labor pains finally started at two-thirty one morning in March. I pottered around for a couple of hours, packing things, and at four-thirty I woke Jim up and told him. He said I was probably imagining it, but since I was ten days late, I said no—the pains were seven minutes apart. So then we telephoned the substitute doctor and the hospital, and they told me to come right in. Jim drove me there, dropped my suitcase at the reception desk, patted my shoulder and said 'So long.' Then he scooted off. I do wish, though, that he had stayed—it would have been easier knowing that he was there in the hospital. Easier for him too. He was really awfully worried about me.

"Late that morning the doctor gave me a shot which made everything fuzzy. But I remember the delivery, and somebody saying it was a seven-pound girl. And I looked at her then, and saw that she was beautiful. Then I went to sleep.

"The next day Jim came to see me. He didn't bring flowers, but he brought what must have been ten little bags of cashew nuts—seemed as if he was pulling them out of every pocket! He knows how much I like them. He came to see me every day, but he didn't ask to see the baby.

And when I left the hospital he sent Sally to bring me home. I guess he was afraid someone would ask him whether he was the father, or something. Jim doesn't like to take responsibility, you know.

"The second day after she was born, I asked the social worker to let me see my baby. Somehow I just had to, to know what she was like. A nurse brought her in and I held her for five minutes, patting her and loving her and making sure that she had come into the world healthy and perfect. Me, a mother! I couldn't believe it then, and I still can't. She had blond hair and blue eyes, and she just lay there quietly and sweetly, while I held her in my arms. I was the one crying, not she.

"Then they took her away, and I didn't ask to see or hold her again. I couldn't bear it, I simply couldn't bear it. But four or five times a day I used to wander down the corridor and look through the nursery windows, trying to find her. I think I did, and I used to stand there, staring in at her and loving her through the glass wall.

"I felt like a little kid without any money, looking in a candy-store window. That's why, the day I left after I'd signed the adoption papers, I walked straight by, and didn't turn my head to look at the nursery. If I had, I would have run in and grabbed her, and never let her go. Never, never, never."

DO WE GIVE THE MENTALLY ILL A CHANCE?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

parties, nurses and attendants are kept busy helping select just the right fragrance (for the ladies), seeing to it that party dresses and shirts are back from the laundry in time, and escorting everyone to the courtroom—where for lack of recreational space parties in the psychiatric unit are held.

"When I first realized I was ill," an aged man confides to the nurse as he shuffles down the corridor to the party, "I thought I was never going to have any fun again."

In the courtroom the record player is going full blast and the teacher, a volunteer from a local dance studio, is lining up couples for his class. There are certain rules for the volunteers, such as, "Never turn your back on a patient—but only so as not to exclude him from the group," and "Volunteers should not stand and talk together or dance together." But occasional minor infractions of this latter rule are permitted because it is often difficult to tell who is a patient and who is a volunteer!

There are no rules for patients, though. Those who so choose may sit all evening on the side lines just watching. But this rarely happens. Everyone is so eager to participate that occasionally, for lack of men partners, two girls will dance together. Doctors report that after the parties everyone sleeps well, and with fewer sleeping pills than usual.

At Stanford, a private hospital with facilities for 19 psychiatric patients, volunteers work much more closely with patients than at San Francisco Hospital. In the small but cheerful sunroom, playing cards for an afternoon or working on a knotted belt or finger painting, the volunteer comes to know more about a patient and may even develop a strong attachment.

"It's hard to be objective," Mrs. Harris, the craft teacher, tells a new volunteer, "but if you're not, your value as a volunteer goes down."

The new volunteer may meet a woman with scars on her wrists from a suicide attempt; a young girl walking around aimlessly, her head in the clouds; an elderly gentleman who tells of having built many famous bridges.

"This work is so gratifying," Mrs. Harris says. She can't explain why in so many words, but she can point to a gray-haired woman in a pink bouffant negligee who for days has sat watching others make stuffed dogs of felt, protesting all the while, "*I* could never do that."

"Today," Mrs. Harris smiles, "that woman mustered up all her confidence, asked me for a needle and thimble and went to work on a little brown dachshund."

Mental illness is largely social maladjustment, the young resident on the Stanford ward feels, and the problem is to learn to get along with people. This is where the volunteers are helping. "They don't wear uniforms, for one thing," he says, "and that means they're here only because they *want* to be. That's important to someone who feels rejected by society and needs incentive to face community life."

"But once you are outside the hospital, all your problems seem to begin all over again," one little gray-haired woman has confided to Miss Boddinghouse at Fellowship Club. The Association for Mental Health, through its Fellowship Club and its Employment Committee, is trying to minimize those problems as much as possible. And there are encouraging stories of success. Bob S. recently reported at Fellowship Club that he had at last told his employer about his illness. "You know what he said?" Bob asked. "'You just go back to your desk and don't worry about it. You're doing a good job here, aren't you?'" END

He said: 残念ながら 失礼しなければなりません (Translated) **"So sorry must leave!"**

He meant: 空気が悪いから 急ぎなければなりません (Translated) **"Must go quick. Air here terrible!"**



She Must Have Used An Ordinary, "Cover-Up" Deodorizer!

This couldn't have happened with air-wick

Did you know that *America's* leading home deodorizer is the world's leader, too? The popularity of Air-Wick has spread all over the world—to France, Italy, Japan...sixty-two countries in all!

People of all nationalities depend on Air-Wick because it has been proven 3 times as effective... faster...more pleasant to use.

Use handy wick or speedy spray...deodorize the Air-Wick way!



TRICKLING... NOISY? TOILET



GET THE GENUINE **WATER MASTER**

America's Largest Selling **TOILET TANK BALL**

Noisy running toilets can waste over 1000 gallons of water a day. Stop this annoying noise, waste and expense. The efficient patented Water-Master Tank Ball instantly stops the flow of water after each flushing, stops the flow everytime, not just some of the time.

75¢ at hardware stores EVERYWHERE
Higher in Canada

LINIT® STARCH

gives cottons that smart like-new look

Adds the finishing touch to dresses, shirts, curtains ...makes ironing easier, too!





MORE PEOPLE USE Sugarine®

SWEETER THAN SUGAR YET NO FOOD VALUE

Doctors recommend Sugarine for diabetics, overweights, lo-calorie diets. Pure, Harmless, Economical.

GUARANTEED NON-FATTENING 4 OZ.—75¢

AT FOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

LIPS SORE?



POCKET SIZE **39¢** HIGHER IN CANADA

BEST FOR COLD SORES, CHAPPED LIPS, FEVER BLISTERS



Christmas Magic

for your gifts, for home decorating . . .
with the shining new excitement of
"Scotch" Brand Gift Wrap Tapes



Gay new patterns in "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tapes—solid colors, patterns, "metallics"—help make exciting tape-it-easy designs! The trees are swirls of tape with the sticky side out, glitter-sprinkled. Shirt box complete with buttons 'n bow, the stocking, candy cane, and red-headed angel are all made with Gift Wrap Tape, too.



Tape your Christmas wish on a picture window with the new "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tapes. Try this stick-at-a-touch magic on windows and mirrors all over the house. To make a friendly "Friendship Tree", tape your nicest Christmas cards to the tree with "Scotch" Cellophane Tape.



Traditional Christmas treats are even more appealing when glasses, mugs, napkins carry the joyous patterns and Christmas colors of the new "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tapes. Personalize the punch bowl, holiday ware with designs, initials, names . . . it's fun!

"SCOTCH" is a [illegible] trademark of [illegible] Company, St. Paul 6, Minn. Export: 99 Park Ave., N.Y. Canada: London, Ontario.

Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company

. . . where Research is the key to tomorrow

3M COMPANY



Take a seventeen-room house, add seven lively children—and the result is a perpetual state of emergency, according to Marjorie Riley, mother of this month's How America Lives family. "In a home like this, everything gets to be a crisis." And that is exactly why we decided to ask Marjorie about her ideas of home management.

Coping

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor

Does she have a system? The "be-prepared" school may have its supporters, but Marjorie Riley isn't one of them, she says! "When I read all the wonderful ways of doing things systematically, I am struck with a sense of my own shortcomings." Actually, although she claims to be free-wheeling, there is an underlying pattern about who does what that smooths out daily life. Some people feel bogged down without a plan, others too regimented with one. Perhaps like most of us, Marjorie finds a compromise best. "I cannot lay claim to much more than a dream of a well-ordered, beautifully run home and family—but we have fun." Everyone pitches in to help.

PARTIES ARE AN INCENTIVE. A party of any kind—and there are many—is powerful motivation for getting the house clean, Marjorie has found. "The only times I have great and violent emotions about house cleaning is just before we entertain. *Then* things get done so quickly we don't think of methods. A sort of pinnacle of feverish activity is reached during which we polish silver, scrub bathrooms, haul out old magazines, clean kitchen drawers and sweep walks until finally, self-consciously clean and tidy but pale and shaking with fatigue, we open the door for the first guests." When Margaret and Ellen invite the "gang," they make their own refreshments—trays of brownies and date bars, and a beautiful punch for the cut-glass bowl.

MONEY MATTERS. When Margaret and Ellen were younger, they were paid for tasks. Cleaning a bathroom was twenty cents; washing dishes, five cents; sweeping steps, ten cents; French-door windowpanes, one cent.

"I thought they would get rich on the dining room alone—one hundred and two little panes! I soon learned, however, that with as much as a quarter saved up they had no wish to earn more. Keeping the girls and boys busy was contingent upon keeping them penniless. As soon as they finished a chore, I urged them to hurry two blocks down to the dime store to spend their money. Finally they decided their thirty-five-cents-a-week allowance was sufficient for all their needs.

"They still do the windows and I pay them for the job. They do the dishes just because they are part of the family, and they keep their rooms clean (under duress, it is true) because they themselves occupy them. Other tasks, such as silver polishing, errand running and baby sitting, they are paid for—if not with money, with a gift, often clothing."

MANY HANDS. "You might call us a 'do-it-yourself' family," Marjorie's husband offers helpfully. "When we ask you to do something you just say, 'Do it yourself.'"

Even 12-year-old Brendan and 9-year-old Timmy keep their rooms clean, and little Mike, 6, is learning to put things away neatly and run errands. Tim waters the lawn. Margaret and Elly make up school lunches in the morning, set the supper table, make their own clothes, do their own ironing and bathe the babies, $3\frac{1}{2}$-year-old Sheila and $1\frac{1}{2}$-year-old Megan. Plus that, the two older girls have wrapped packages in department stores during the Christmas holidays and held clerks' jobs at the county fair. And Brendan has two paper routes—one in the morning, one in the evening. In one year he put over $400 in the bank, now has more than $700.

"See why I don't get too alarmed over all the things they *don't* do?"

MAJOR BREAKDOWNS. "The day the washer broke down was well on its way to being a crisis," Marjorie says, but she bought a new machine over the telephone from an astonished salesman. "Don't you

DI PIETRO



Every day could be a crisis with seven children, but isn't. "Each one teach one" is basic. Two older girls help two youngest. Boys hand down skills to each other.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

with Crisis



vant to come *in*," he asked, "and try it ut?" Marjorie said no—if a machine ad been pronounced washworthy by actory designers and experts she was ure any defects in its operation would ot be apparent to her, as long as it would et clothes clean.

"Without a washer we would be sub-nerged in piles of laundry. Four tubfuls re done each day, and when I think of he women who used to wash by hand or families bigger than ours, I'm speech-ess with what almost amounts to rever-nce."

The two older girls began doing their wn ironing when they were very small, lthough their school uniforms were done or them until they were twelve. "We've ever looked the same since," Margaret nd Ellen say ruefully. Actually, Mar-orie says, their ironing results are very ood, "and having to do it has had a eadying influence! School and date resses that used to be worn once and hen tossed in the laundry heap are now arefully hung up, pressed and repressed."

THE FLOOD. "Crises always seem o spur us on to our best joint efforts." ne such, happily survived, happened eptember 15th, a day long set aside for quarterly Ladies' Aid meeting. At A.M. Brendan called up to his mother hat there was a flood in his bathroom nd right then four other bathrooms eluged too.

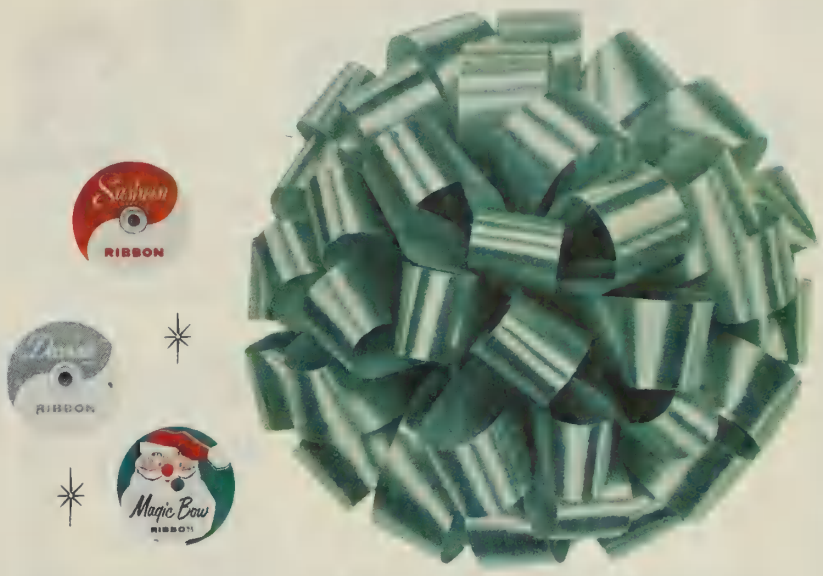
While committee clubwomen arrived at the house bearing platters of cookies, the plumber was trying to find the blocked main line and men were digging up the back yard. "At five P.M. the grounds looked like a foxhole and the plumber blithely announced, 'quittin' time.'"

Marjorie pleaded. He worked on and forty-five minutes later found the line, by 6:15 had everything running. At 7:30 a houseful of guests arrived. "We had a lovely party. It had all seemed dire at the time, but like all our crises, after it was solved it made a good story." The moral, if any, Marjorie thinks, is that all you can do in an emergency is do *something* but don't waste time fretting.

SICK-BAY BLUES. Six cases of mumps and three of measles in a two-month period were all nursed back to health by Marjorie. "I rather loved the look of the upstairs infirmary—with Wyman, Michael, Brendan, Sheila, Megan and Tim lying quietly and helplessly in bed, giving me weak and grateful smiles when I brought them food, tea, magazines or conversation. The house was so silent and serene; since the ones who mess it up were all sick, it stayed gleamingly clean; and the flowers from well-wishers made me feel cherished. All these lofty thoughts faded away," Marjorie says, "when the patients began to get better and the halls echoed with a

At Christmas everybody helps spruce up the big house, for parties are a great incentive. Sometimes the preparation is chaotic, but the results are always a success.





Christmas Magic

in a twinkling with "SASHEEN"® and the "Magic Bow"

World's easiest way to glamorous gift wrap is with the one and only ribbons that tie the "Magic Bow." No other ribbons make it so simple . . . and so much fun . . . to do things like this "gay sleighful" and the other bright ideas shown here.

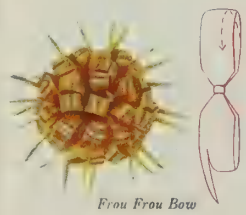




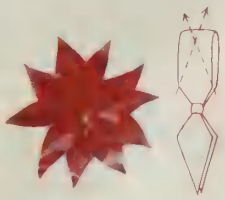
Shooting Star Bow



Diamond Glitter Bow



Frou Frou Bow



Poinsettia Bow

Like magic, these variations spring from the simple bow-tie stage of the basic "Magic Bow" (directions on every roll). Make the indicated cuts, pull out the loops and . . . a bow is born! For the "Diamond Glitter Bow," back the cuts with "SCOTCH" Cellophane Tape, sprinkle with glitter.

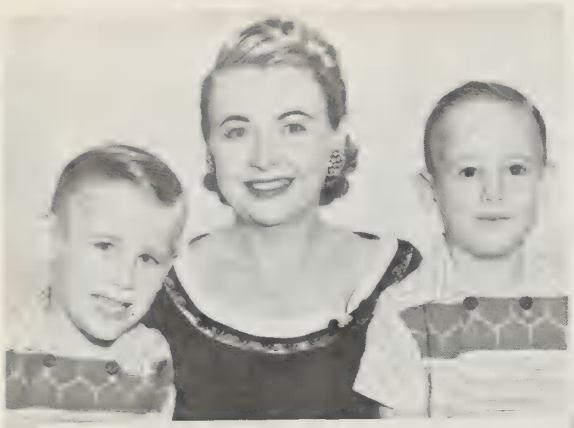
Be plain or fancy! Some gifts call for glitter and dash, some for the simple elegance of a white Decorette "Magic Bow," some for a unique idea like the "Hat," with a brim trimmed with Sasheen poinsettias and a "Magic Bow." They all become "almost too pretty to open" when you go the "Magic Bow" way with SASHEEN, DECORETTE and "MAGIC BOW" Brand Ribbons!

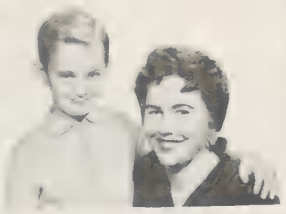


"Magic Bow" and Method of Making Patented U.S. Pat. RE 23835. © 3M Co., St. Paul 6, Minn.

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
. . . where Research is the key to tomorrow

3M COMPANY





MRS. J. OSMUSSEN, *Minneapolis, Minn.* "St. Joseph Aspirin For Children is easy to take because of its orange flavor, and the 1¼ grain tablets assure accurate dosage."

MRS. RICHARD NEY, *Houston, says:*

"My doctor agrees that St. Joseph Aspirin For Children is a safe choice"

St. Joseph Aspirin For Children is approved by more doctors for fever and pain than any other medication for children. You give dosage "just as the doctor orders" with these 1¼ grain tablets. No cutting or breaking, no messy liquids to measure. It assures the best, fastest pain-relieving, fever-reducing help money can buy. Pure orange flavor.



World's Largest Selling Aspirin For Children

COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

...for my family's adult needs, I buy St. Joseph Aspirin"



Get the BEST for LESS... get St. Joseph ASPIRIN

200 Tablets 79¢
100 Tablets 49¢
12 Tablets 12¢

FINE SOAP IN HANDY TUBE!



WHY put up with harsh soaps in wash rooms? (or no soap at all) Keep your hands well groomed. Carry modern lanolin-enriched TRAVEL SOAP in purse or pocket wherever you go. Wonderful for working women, traveling men, or the Scout kit. Super-lathering, leaves hands really clean and lotion smooth. Over 150 hand washings $1.25. Better Stores or TRAVEL SOAP CO., Box 400, Ann Arbor, Mich.

VARICOSE VEINS

Tired Legs, Leg Cramps Relieved

Dr Scholl's Super-Sheer

51 GAUGE ELASTIC STOCKINGS

Nylon, full-footed, full-fashioned. So sheer, they look just like regular nylons—yet give comfortable, uniform support. No overhose needed. In French Nude, White, Black. At Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shops, Drug, Dept., Surgical Supply Stores. For free booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. E2, Chicago 10, Ill.

Can't Use MILK????

If for any reason you cannot use regular milk, don't miss all its pleasures and benefits! Join the thousands who have discovered a new, highly nutritious all-vegetable milk—**Soyamel**® —an instant powder. A delicious drink! Fine in recipes! Has no allergy reactions. Trial 12-ounce can $1.00 ppd. in U.S. (money back if not satisfied). **Worthington Foods, Inc., Worthington, Ohio**

THE ONE WAY TO HELP

SPLITTING NAILS

which has been proved by published medical research, is that tried and true

KNOX Gelatine



Once a day drink one 5¢ envelope (115-120 grains) in bouillon, fruit juice or water. In 90 days it makes most nails lovely and pliant. Directions in package. For scientific proof write to Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N. Y., Box LH-27.

AT YOUR GROCER'S



© 1957 Knox Gelatine Co

cacophony of 'Mommeeeeee' with occasionally a deep-toned 'Marjorie!' from Wyman thrown in for variety.

"Remembering those days—the countless trays Margaret and Ellen carried upstairs, the paper dolls they cut out for Sheila, the TV set they rolled from room to room for various patients, the records they played to amuse the little ones—I realize that whenever they are needed they are wonderful, and always rise to meet an emergency."

Wyman's office sent over a complete roast-beef dinner one night to all the patients, too, and Marjorie includes friends as among the "indispensable aids" of running a household.

AWAY FROM IT ALL. "There are times," Marjorie admits, "when it would be very nice indeed to run away and be a pirate," when the household business closes in around you. "I find my little 'island of serenity' by going for an entire weekend to a retreat house. Maybe it's the three days' rest and all the quiet and good food. Whatever it is, I come back with a new lease on life. Those infrequent weekends are the only times I have ever left the children in their entire lives. But that, in my case, is no special virtue. I really prefer the walls of my home to anywhere else in the world."

KITCHEN MANEUVERS. Providing food for a family like the Rileys is a large-scale operation. "Twenty-seven meals a day, any way you look at it," mused Marjorie. "But looking at it that way it sounds a little hopeless. Of course, it isn't when you take one meal at a time."

From the time they were small, the older girls were allowed to make anything they wished in the kitchen, on the condition that they clean up afterward—"and *that* put a brake on their housewifely instincts!" The happy result: they potter creatively and never chaotically. "Ellen, without a doubt, is the world's champion peanut-butter-cooky maker. Margaret leans toward cake frostings—she uses cake mixes with no apology, but the frostings are her own concoctions." Suppers are often simple, and served in one dish or casserole—spaghetti, fried chicken, salads are all favorites. Everybody helps—"some serve, others carry dishes back to the kitchen."

AS TIME GOES ON. "We enjoy being together and try to keep Sunday as our 'family day.' Wyman saves his time, then, for all of us, too, and would never go off to the golf course and miss it. Lots of times on Sunday mornings he'll even get up a little early to make some French pancakes." As they go along Marjorie finds to her pleasure that "the older children are turning out to be guides and helpers to the little ones. When Mike, aged all of six, had to go to the dentist this year, I sent him with Brendan and Tim to go and 'watch' first. Later he informed me that at the next appointment the dentist would take him, and he marched up after school and had a tooth filled. And of course we used to read bedtime stories to the two older girls, and then they read to the boys, and now the boys are reading the same stories to the littlest girls." And Marjorie concludes happily that "while I planned to spend my old age writing, I have the feeling I'll be passing on my 'systems' to the whole flock of grandchildren after I fix the rooms over for them."

THE STORY OF HOLLY AND IVY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

Ivy was a little girl six years old with straight hair cut in a fringe, blue-gray eyes and a turned-up nose. She had a green coat the color of her name and red gloves, but no lady or gentleman had asked for her for Christmas. "I don't care," said Ivy.

Sometimes in Ivy there was an empty feeling and the emptiness ached; it ached so much that she had to say something quickly in case she cried and, "I don't care at all," said Ivy.

"You will care," said the last boy, Barnabas, who was waiting for a taxi. "Cook has gone, the maids have gone, and Miss Shepherd is going to her sister. You will care."

"I won't," said Ivy and she said more quickly, "I'm going to my grandmother."

"You haven't got a grandmother," said Barnabas. "We don't have them." That was true. The boys and girls at St. Agnes' had no fathers and mothers, let alone grandmothers.

"But I have," said Ivy, "at Aylesbury."

I do not know how that name came into Ivy's head. Perhaps she had heard it somewhere. She said it again: "In Aylesbury."

"Bet you haven't," said Barnabas, and he went on saying that until his taxi came.

When Barnabas had gone Miss Shepherd said, "Ivy, I shall have to send you to the country, to our infants' home. There is nowhere else for you to go."

"I'll go to my grandmother," said Ivy.

"You haven't got a grandmother," said Miss Shepherd. "I'm sorry to send you to the infants' home, for there won't be much for you to see there or anyone to talk to, but I don't know what else to do with you. My sister has influenza and I have to go and nurse her."

"I'll help you," said Ivy.

"You might catch it," said Miss Shepherd. "That wouldn't do," and she took Ivy to the station and put her on the train.

She put Ivy's suitcase in the rack and gave her a packet of sandwiches, an apple, a ticket, two shillings, and a parcel that was her Christmas present; onto Ivy's coat she pinned a label with the address of the infants' home. "Be a good girl," said Miss Shepherd.

When Miss Shepherd had gone Ivy tore the label off and threw it out the window. "I'm going to my grandmother," said Ivy.

All day long people came into and out of the toyshop. Mr. Blossom and Peter were so busy they could hardly snatch a cup of tea.

Crumple was made into a parcel and taken away; Teddy bears and sailing ships were brought out of the window, dolls were lifted down from the shelf. The boy doll in the kilt and the doll with gloves were sold, and baby dolls and brides.

Holly held out her arms and smiled her china smile.

"I am here. I am Holly," she said and she wished, "Ask for me. Lift me down. *Ask!*" but nobody asked.

"Hoo! Hoo!" said Abracadabra.

Ivy was still in the train. She had eaten her sandwiches and opened her present. She had hoped and believed she would have a doll this Christmas, but the present was a pencil box. A doll would have filled up the emptiness and now it ached so much that Ivy had to press her lips together tightly and, "My grandmother will give me a doll," she said out loud.

"Will she, dear?" asked a lady sitting opposite, and the people in the carriage all looked at Ivy and smiled.

"And where does your grandmother live?" asked a gentleman.

"In Aylesbury," said Ivy.

The lady nodded. "That will be two or three stations," she said.

"Then—there is an Aylesbury," thought Ivy.

The lady got out, more people got in, and the train went on. Ivy grew sleepy watching the snowflakes fly past the window. The train seemed going very fast and she leaned her head against the carriage cushions and shut her eyes. When she opened them the train had stopped at a small station and the people in her carriage were all getting out. The gentleman lifted her suitcase down from the rack. "A . . . b . . . y" said the notice boards. Ivy could not read very well, but she knew *A* was for Aylesbury. In a moment she was out in the street, and the train had chuffed out of the station.

"I don't care," said Ivy, "this is where my grandmother lives."

The country town looked pleasant and clean after the city. There were cobbled streets going up and down and houses with gables overhanging the pavements and roofs jumbled together. Some of the houses had windows with many small panes, some had doors with brass knockers. The paint was bright and the curtains clean. "I like where my grandmother lives," said Ivy.

Presently she came to the market square where the Christmas market was going on. There were stalls of turkeys and geese, fruit stalls with oranges, apples, nuts and tangerines, that are like small oranges, wrapped in silver paper. Some stalls had holly, mistletoe and Christmas trees, some had flowers; there were stalls of china and glass and one with wooden spoons and bowls. A woman was selling balloons and an old man was cooking hot chestnuts. Men were shouting, the women had shopping bags and baskets, the children were running, everyone was buying or selling and laughing. Ivy had spent all her life in St. Agnes', she had not seen a market before and, "I won't look for my grandmother yet," said Ivy.

In the toyshop Mr. Blossom had never made so much money, Peter had never worked so hard. Peter was fifteen; he had red cheeks and a smile as wide as Mallow's and Wallow's; he took good care of the toys and did everything he could to help Mr. Blossom. "That abominable boy will sell every toy in the shop," grumbled Abracadabra.

"What's abominable?" asked Holly.

"It means not good," said the dolls, "but he is good. Dear, dear Peter!" whispered the dolls, but Abracadabra's green eyes had caught the light from a passing car. They gave a flash, and rattlebang! Peter fell down the stepladder from top to bottom. He bumped his elbow, grazed his knee and tore a big hole in his pocket. "Hold on! Go slow!" said Mr. Blossom.

"Yes, sir," said poor Peter in a very little voice.

"Did you see that, did you see *that?*" whispered the dolls. Holly wished she were farther away from Abracadabra.

Soon all the baby dolls but one were sold, and most of the Teddy bears. Mallow and Wallow were taken for twin boys' stockings; they were done up in two little parcels and carried away. Hardly a ball was left and not a single airplane. The sailor doll was sold, and the doll with the umbrella, but still no one had asked for Holly.

Dolls are not like us; we are alive as soon as we are born, but dolls are not really alive until they are played with. "I want to be played with," said Holly. "I want someone to move my arms and legs, to make me open and shut my eyes. I wish! I wish!" said Holly.

It began to be dark. The dusk made the lighted window shine so brightly that everyone stopped to look in. The children pressed their faces so closely against the glass that the tips of their noses looked like white cherries. Holly held out her arms and smiled her china smile, but the children walked away. "Stop. Stop," wished Holly, but they did not stop.

Abracadabra's eyes shone in the dusk. Holly began to be very much afraid.

One person stopped, but it was not a boy or girl. It was Mrs. Jones, the policeman's wife, from down the street. She was passing the toyshop on her way home when Holly's red dress caught her eye. "Pretty!" said Mrs. Jones, and stopped.

You and I would have felt Holly's wish at once, but Mrs. Jones had no children and it was so long since she had known a doll that she did not understand; only a feeling stirred in her that she had not had for a long time, a feeling of Christmas, and when she got home she told Mr. Jones, "This year we shall have a tree."

"Don't be daft," said Mr. Jones, but when Mrs. Jones had put her shopping away, a chicken and a small plum pudding for her and Mr. Jones' Christmas dinner, a piece of fish for the cats and a dozen fine handkerchiefs which were Mr. Jones' present, she went back to the market and bought some holly, mistletoe and a Christmas tree.

"A tree should have tinsel," said Mrs. Jones. She bought some tinsel. "And candles," she said; "candles are prettier than electric light." She bought twelve red candles. "They need candle clips," she said, and bought twelve of those. "And a tree should have some balls," thought Mrs. Jones, "glass balls in jewel colors, ruby red, emerald green and gold." She bought some, and a box of tiny silver crackers and a tinsel star. When she got home she stood the tree in the window and dressed it, putting the star on the top.

"Who is to look at it?" asked Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Jones thought for a moment and said, "Christmas needs children, Albert. Couldn't we find a little girl?"

"What's the matter with you today, my dear?" said Mr. Jones. "How could we find a little girl? You're daft," and it was a little sadly that Mrs. Jones put holly along the chimney shelf, hung mistletoe in the hall, tied a bunch of holly on the door knocker and went back to her housework.

Ivy was happy in the market. She bought a bag of chestnuts from the chestnut man; they were hot in her hands and she ate them one by one. She had a cup of tea from a tea stall on wheels, and from a sweet stall she bought a toffee apple. When her legs grew tired she sat down on a step and wrapped the ends of her coat round her knees. When she was cold she started to walk again.

Soon lights were lit all along the stalls; they looked like stars. The crowd grew thicker. People laughed and stamped in the snow to keep their feet warm; Ivy stamped too. The stall keepers shouted and called for people to come and buy. Ivy bought a blue balloon.

At St. Agnes' a telegraph boy rang the bell. He had a telegram for Miss Shepherd from the infants' home. It said, "Ivy not arrived. Suppose she is with you. Merry Christmas."

The boy rang and rang, but there was no one at St. Agnes' to answer the bell and at last he put a notice in the letter box, got on his bicycle and rode away.

In her house down the street Mrs. Jones kept looking at the Christmas tree. "Oughtn't there to be presents?" she asked. It was so long since she had a tree of her own that she could not be sure. She took Mr. Jones' handkerchiefs, wrapped them in white paper and tied them with some red ribbon she had by her, and put the parcel at the foot of the tree. That looked better, but still not quite right.

"There ought to be toys," said Mrs. Jones, and she called to Mr. Jones, "Albert."

Mr. Jones looked up from the newspaper he was reading.

"Would it be silly to buy . . . a little doll?"

"What *is* the matter with you today?" asked Mr. Jones, and he said again, "You're daft."

Soon it was time for him to go on duty.

"I shall be out all night," he told Mrs. Jones. "Two of the men are away sick. I shall take a short sleep at the police station and go on duty again. See you in the morning."

He kissed Mrs. Jones good-by and went out, but put his head round the door again. "Have a good breakfast waiting for me," said Mr. Jones.

In the toyshop it was closing time.

"What does that mean?" asked Holly.

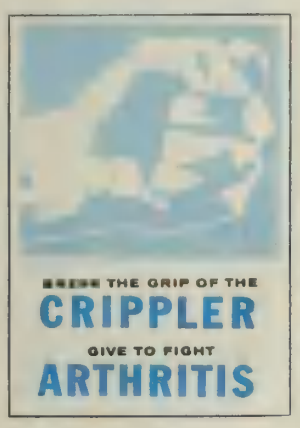
"That it's over," said Abracadabra.

"Over?" Holly did not understand.

Mr. Blossom pulled the blind down on the door and put up a notice, "Closed."

"Closed. Hoo! Hoo!" said Abracadabra.

Mr. Blossom was so tired he told Peter to tidy the shop. "And you can lock up. Can I trust you?" asked Mr. Blossom.





Ericofon® the one Christmas gift that cannot be duplicated

When you give a gift subscription for an Ericofon, you are giving the only modern, one-piece, upright telephone in the world — the Ericofon, with the dial in the base for greatest dialing ease and convenience.

Once you have entered a gift subscription with the telephone company, your gift cannot be duplicated.

For your family, and those friends to whom you wish to give that "special something," an Ericofon extension subscription is a perfect gift.

Choose from six delightful colors.

Consult your telephone company — arrange for your Ericofon gift subscriptions now.





In case HE has a private telephone system in his office or at home, write North Electric Co., Dept. L-2, Galion, Ohio, for information on how to give the ideal personal Christmas gift for the modern man — an Ericofon®

"Yes, sir," said Peter proudly. It was the first time Mr. Blossom had trusted him with the key.

"You have been a good boy," said Mr. Blossom as he was going. "You may choose any toy you like—except the expensive ones like air guns or electric trains. Yes, choose yourself a toy," said Mr. Blossom. "Good night."

When Mr. Blossom had gone, "A toy!" said Peter, and he asked, "What does he think I am? A blooming kid?"

Peter swept up the bits of paper and string and straw and put them in the rubbish bin at the back of the shop. Then he put on his overcoat to go home. He turned out the lights—it was no use lighting the window now that the shopping was over—stepped outside and closed and locked the door. If he had waited a moment he would have heard a stirring, a noise, tiny whimperings. "What about us? What about us?" It was the toys.

Peter heard nothing. He put the key in his jacket pocket to keep it quite safe and turned to run home.

The key fell straight through the torn pocket into the snow. It did not make a sound.

"Hoo! Hoo!" said Abracadabra, and the snowflakes began to cover the key as Peter ran off.

The market was over as well. The crowd had gone, the stalls were packing up, the last Christmas trees were being sold. Ivy had spent all her money, the blue balloon had burst, her legs ached with tiredness and she shivered.

Then the lights went out; there were only pools of yellow from the lampposts, with patches of darkness between. A bit of paper blew against Ivy's legs, making her jump. Suddenly the market place seemed large and strange; she would have liked to see Miss Shepherd.

You might think that Ivy cried, but she was not that kind of little girl. Though the empty feeling ached inside her she pressed her lips tightly together, then said, "It's time I looked for my grandmother," and started off to look.

She walked up the cobbled streets between the houses.

How cozy they seemed with their lighted windows; smoke was going up from every chimney. "There are fires and beds and supper," said Ivy. Some of the houses had wreaths of holly on their front doors, paper chains and garlands in their rooms, and in almost every window was a Christmas tree.

When Ivy looked in she could see children. In one house they were sitting round a table eating; in another they were hanging stockings from the chimney shelf; in some they were doing up parcels, but, "I must look for a house with a Christmas tree and no children," said Ivy.

She knew there would be a tree, "Because my grandmother is expecting me," said Ivy.

The toyshop was still and dark. "There will be no more shopping," said Abracadabra, and the whisper ran round the toys, "No shopping. No shopping."

"Then . . . we are the ones not sold," said a doll.

There was a long silence.

"I can be sold any time," said a bride doll at last. "Weddings are always."

"I am in yellow, with primroses," said a bridesmaid. "I shall be sold in the spring."

"I am in pink, with roses," said another. "They will buy me in the summer," but Holly had a red dress, for Christmas. What would be done with her?

"You will be put back into stock," said Abracadabra.

"Please . . . what is stock?" whispered Holly.

"It is shut up and dark," said Abracadabra as if he liked that very much. "No one sees you or disturbs you. You get covered with dust and I shall be there," said Abracadabra.

Holly wished she could crack.

"*This* is my grandmother's house," said Ivy, but when she got to the house it was not. That happened several times. "Then it's that one," she said, but it was not that one either. She began to be very cold and tired.

Somebody came down the street. Even in the snow his tread was loud. It was a big policeman. (As a matter of fact, it was Mr. Jones.)

Ivy knew as well as you or I know that policemen are kind people and do not like little girls to wander about alone after dark in a strange town. "He might send me to the infants' home," said Ivy and, quick as a mouse going into its hole, she whisked into a passage between two shops.

"Queer!" said Mr. Jones. "I thought I saw something green."

At the end of the passage was a shed and Ivy whisked into it and stood behind the door. There was something odd about that shed: it was warm. Ivy did not know how an empty shed could be warm on a cold night, but I shall tell you.

The shed belonged to a baker and was built against the wall behind his oven. All day he had been baking bread and rolls for Christmas and the oven was still hot. When Ivy put her hand on the wall she had to take it away quickly, for the wall was baking hot.

Soon she stopped shivering. In a corner was a pile of flour sacks and she sat down on them. Then she took off her coat, lay down on the sacks and spread the coat over her.

In a moment she was fast asleep.

The toyshop was close by the passage. It was too dark to be noticed, though Abracadabra's eyes shone like green lamps.

"Shopping is over. Hoo! Hoo!" said Abracadabra.

"Over. Over," mourned the toys.

They did not know and Abracadabra did not know that it is when shopping is over that Christmas begins.

Soon it was not dark, for the snow had stopped and the moon came up and lighted all the town. The roofs sparkled with frost as did the snow on the pavements and roads. In the toyshop window the toys showed, not as bright as day but bright as moonlight, which is far more beautiful. Holly's dress looked a pale red and her hair was pale gold.

Dolls do not lie down to go to sleep; they only do that when you remember to put them to bed and, as you often forget, they would be tired if they had to wait; they can sleep where they stand or sit and now the dolls in the toyshop window slept in their places, all but Holly. She could not go to sleep. She was a Christmas doll and it was beginning to be Christmas. She could not know why, but she was excited. Then all at once, softly, bells began to ring.

Long after most children are in bed, on Christmas Eve, the church bells in towns and villages begin to ring. Soon the clocks strike twelve and it is Christmas.

Holly heard the bells and . . . what was this? People were walking in the street . . . hurrying. "Hsst! T-whoo!" said Abracadabra at them as they passed, but they took no notice.

"Then . . . it has started," said Holly.

"What has started?" said Abracadabra.

"It," said Holly. She could not explain better than that, for she did not know yet what "it" meant—this was, after all, her first Christmas—but the bells grew louder and more and more people passed. Then, it may have been the pin of Holly's price ticket, or a



PAPER TREE DECORATIONS. Three dimensional angels or choir boys are easy to make. Have children cut out a paper circle, fold in half and cut out an angel silhouette (see above)...a head with a crown, wings and a skirt. Unfold, color and join edges of skirt to form a cone. Or, to make choir boy costumes, bring wings forward, eliminate crown and color. For a personal touch, paste on faces from extra snapshots of family and friends.

MAKING GIFTS. Tin cans, oatmeal containers and all kinds of boxes can be made into attractive gifts, such as pencil holders, yarn baskets, and trays. Let children create their own over-all designs on plain or colored paper. Cut strips of paper to fit can or box and paste on. Even old wastepaper baskets can be renewed this way.





"CRAYOLA" HOLLY. Holly leaves and berries made from bits of worn-down crayons make unusual decorations. Peel off paper and soften crayons on radiator. (Don't use direct flame.) When crayons are soft enough, even small children can model glossy leaves and berries. Binney & Smith Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y. 7.14

THE CRAYOLA® MAKERS BINNEY & SMITH

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT

required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, published monthly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1957.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor, Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould, Hopewell, New Jersey.

Managing editor, None.

Business manager, None.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cary W. Bok, Camden, Maine.

Mary Louise Curtis Bok Foundation, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. Curtis Bok, Cary W. Bok and Edith Evans Braun, Trustees of the Locust Trust, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. Curtis Bok, Cary W. Bok and Edith Evans Braun, Trustees of the Swastika Trust, Philadelphia, Pa.

Trustees U/W of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Deceased, Philadelphia, Pa.

Friends of the Curtis Institute of Music, Philadelphia, Pa.

William G. Welsh, New Bedford, Mass.

Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bache and Company,* New York, N. Y.

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane,* New York, N. Y.

Josephthal & Co.* New York, N. Y.

Thomson & McKinnon,* New York, N. Y.

*Held for account of customers.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

MARY C. BASS,
Executive Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of August, 1957.

WILLIAM C. ZIMMERMANN,
[SEAL] Notary Public.
(My commission expires February 3, 1961.)

pine of tinsel come loose from the shelf, but Holly felt a tiny pricking as sharp as a prickle n a holly leaf. "Wish," said the prickle, wish."

"But . . . the shop is closed," said Holly, the children are in bed. Abracadabra says I ust go into sto——" The prickle interrupted. Wish. Wish!" said the prickle. "Wish!" It ent on till Holly wished.

Ivy thought the bells woke her, or perhaps ie passing feet, but then why did she feel omething sharp like a thistle or a hard straw one of the sacks? She sat up, but she was alf asleep and she thought the feet were the . Agnes children marching down to breakst and the bells were the breakfast bell. Then ie saw she was still in the shed though it as filled with a new light, a strange silver ght. "Moonlight?" asked Ivy and rubbed er eyes.

She was warm and comfortable on the cks under the green coat—though that had eat white patches on it from the flour—o warm and comfortable to move and she y down, but again she felt that thistle or arp straw. The light seemed to be calling r, the bells, the hurrying feet; the prickle emed to tell her to get up.

Ivy put on her coat and went out.

In the street the moonlight was so bright at once again Ivy thought it was morning d she was in St. Agnes' and the bells were e breakfast bell. "Only . . . there are so any of them," said sleepy Ivy.

She walked a few steps to the toyshop. She d not know how it came to be there and e thought she was in her St. Agnes bedroom d it was filled with toys. Then, "Not *toys*," id Ivy, "*a* toy," and she was wide awake. ie did not even see Abracadabra glaring at r with his green eyes, she looked straight Holly.

She saw Holly's dress and socks and shoes, She is red and green too" thought Ivy. She w Holly's hair, brown eyes, little teeth and autiful joints. They were just what Ivy ked, and, "My Christmas doll!" said Ivy.

Holly saw Ivy's face pressed against the ndow as she had seen so many children's ces that day, but, "This one is different," id Holly.

Ivy's hands in their woolen gloves held to e ledge where it said "Blossom, High Class ys and Games." Holly looked at Ivy's nds. "Soon they will be holding me," thought olly. Ivy's coat even in the moonlight was beautiful a green as Holly's dress was a autiful red, so that they seemed to match d, "My Christmas girl!" said Holly.

"But the window is between," said Abradabra.

The window was in between and the toyop door was locked, but even if it had been en, Ivy had no money. "Hoo! Hoo!" said racadabra, but, remember, not only Holly t Ivy was wishing now.

"I wish ——"

"I wish ——"

The toys woke up. "A child," they whisred, "a child," and they wished too.

Wishes are powerful things. Ivy stepped ck from the window and Abracadabra's es grew pale as cr-runch went something der Ivy's heel. It was something hidden just der the snow. "Hsst!" said Abracadabra. -whoo!" but Ivy bent down and picked up key.

In the moonlight it was bright silver. eter's key. Peter's key," whispered the toys. Footsteps sounded in the street, people re coming from church; Ivy put the key in r pocket and quickly ran back to the shed. She had to wait a long time for the people pass as they stopped to say "Merry Christas" to one another, to give one another rcels, and Ivy sat down on the sacks to rest. esently she gave another great yawn. esently she lay down and spread her coat er her. Presently she went to sleep.

The toys had gone to sleep too. "But I n't," said Holly, "I must wait for my ristmas girl."

She stayed awake for a long time, but she s only a little doll . . . and presently she l asleep where she stood.

Very early on Christmas morning Mrs. Jones got up and tidied her living room. She lit a fire, swept the hearth and dusted the furniture. She laid a table for breakfast with a pink-and-white cloth, her best blue china, a loaf of crusty bread, a pat of new butter in a glass dish, honey in a blue pot, a bowl of sugar and a jug of milk. She had some fresh brown eggs and, in the kitchen, she put sausages to sizzle in a pan. Then she set the teapot to warm on the hob, lighted the candles on the Christmas tree and sat down by the fire to wait.

The baker's oven cooled in the night and Ivy woke with the cold. The shed was icy; Ivy's eyelashes were stuck together with rime and the tip of her nose felt frozen. When she tried to stand up her legs were so stiff that she almost fell over; when she put on her coat her fingers were so numb that they could not do up the buttons.

Ivy was a sensible little girl; she knew she had to get warm and she did not cry, but, "I m-must h-hop and sk-skip," she said through her chattering teeth and there in the shed she swung her arms, in-out, out-in, and clapped her hands. Outside she tried to run, but her legs felt heavy and her head seemed to swim. "I m-must f-find m-my g-g-grandmother q-q-quickly," said Ivy.

She went into the street and how cold it was there! The wind blew under her coat, the snow on the pavements had turned to ice and was slippery. She tried to hop, but the snow was like glass. Ivy's fingers and nose hurt in the cold. "If-f I l-look at m-my d-d-doll, I m-might-t f-feel b-b-b-better," said Ivy, but she turned the wrong way.



It was the wrong way for the toyshop, but perhaps it was the right way for Ivy, for a hundred yards down the street she came to the Joneses' house.

"I must look for a house with a tree and no children." That is what she had said. Now she looked in at the window and there was no sign of any children, but there was a Christmas tree lit. Ivy saw the fire, "To w-warm m-me," whispered Ivy and, oh, she was cold! She saw the table with the pink-and-white cloth, blue china, bread and butter, honey and milk, the teapot warming, "My b-breakfast," whispered Ivy and, oh, she was hungry! She saw Mrs. Jones sitting by the fire, in her clean apron, waiting. Ivy stood quite still, then, "My g-g-grandmother," whispered Ivy.

Holly woke with a start. "Oh! I have been asleep," said Holly in dismay. "Oh! I must have missed my little Christmas girl."

"*She* won't come back," said Abracadabra. "It's Christmas Day. She's playing with her new toys."

"I am her new toy," said Holly.

"Hoo! Hoo!" said Abracadabra.

"I am," said Holly and she wished. I think her wish was bigger than Abracadabra, for when Ivy lifted her hand to Mrs. Jones' knocker, a prickle from the bunch of holly ran into her finger. "Ow!" said Ivy. The prickle was so sharp that she took her hand down and, "F-first I must g-get my d-d-doll," said Ivy.

If Ivy had stopped to think, she would have known she could not get her doll. How could she when the shop was locked and the window was in between? Besides, Holly was not Ivy's doll and had not even been sold. A wise person would have known this, but sometimes it is better to feel a prickle than to be wise.

"Hullo," said Ivy to Holly through the toyshop window, "g-g-good morning."

Holly could not say "Hullo" back, but she could wish Ivy good morning—with a doll's wish.

In the daylight Holly was even more beautiful than she had been by moonlight, Ivy was even dearer.

"A little girl!" sneered Abracadabra. "There are hundreds of little girls."

"Not for me," said Holly.

"A little doll!" sneered Abracadabra. "There are hundreds of little dolls," and if Ivy could have heard him through the toyshop window she would have said, "Not for me."

Ivy gazed at Holly through the window.

She gazed so hard she did not hear footsteps coming down the street, heavy steps and light ones and a queer snuffling sound. The heavy steps were Mr. Jones', the light ones were Peter's and the snuffling sound was Peter trying not to cry.

"I put it in my pocket," Peter was saying. "I forgot my pocket was torn. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" said Peter.

Mr. Jones patted his shoulder and asked, "What sort of a key was it now?"

A key? Ivy turned round. She saw Mr. Jones and jumped. Then she made herself as small as she could against the window.

"A big iron key, but it looked like silver," said Peter. He and Mr. Jones began to look along the pavement.

"Mr. Blossom trusted me," said Peter. His wide smile was gone and his face looked quite pale. "I don't like boys" thought Ivy, but Peter was saying, "He trusted me. He'll never trust me again," and though Peter was a big boy, when he said that he looked as if he really might burst into tears.

"A boy cry?" asked Ivy. She had never seen Barnabas cry. "I didn't know boys could," thought Ivy.

Peter was saying, "A thief might have picked it up."

"It w-wasn't a th-thief. It was m-m-me," said Ivy and put her hand in her pocket and pulled out the key. "S-so you n-needn't c-c-cry," said Ivy to Peter.

Can you imagine how Peter's tears disappeared and his smile came back? "Cry? Who cried?" said Peter scornfully, and Ivy thought it better not to say "You."

Mr. Jones put the key in the lock and it fitted. "I suppose I had better go in," said Peter, "and see if everything's all right."

"Well, I'm going home," said Mr. Jones. "You know where I live. If anything's wrong, pop in." It was as he turned to go home that Mr. Jones saw Ivy. "So . . . there was something green," said Mr. Jones.

Ivy knew how she must look: her coat and her hair, her socks and her shoes were dusted with flour from the sacks; she had not been able to comb her hair because she had no comb, and her face had smears across it from the toffee apple and "I think you are lost," said Mr. Jones.

His voice was so kind that the empty feeling ached in Ivy; it felt so empty that her mouth began to tremble. She could not shut her lips, but, "I'm n-not l-lost," said Ivy, "I'm g-g-going to m-my g-g-g-grandmother."

"I see," said Mr. Jones. He looked at Ivy again. "Where does your grandmother live?" asked Mr. Jones.

Ivy took his hand and led him down the street to the Joneses' house. "This is m-my g-g-grandmother's," said Ivy.

Mr. Jones seemed rather surprised. "Are you sure?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Of course," said Ivy. "L-look in at the w-window. There," she told him, "th-there's my Ch-Christmas t-tree."

Mr. Jones thought a moment, then, "Perhaps it is your Christmas tree," he said.

"Sh-shall we kn-knock?" asked Ivy, but, "You needn't knock," said Mr. Jones, "you can come in."

The toys were all in their places when Peter opened the door. "No thanks to you," said Abracadabra.

Perhaps Peter heard him, for Peter said, "Thanks to that little girl."

I do not know how it was, but Peter had the idea that Ivy was Mr. Jones' little girl. "He was kind to me," said Peter, "and so was she." Peter was very grateful and, "What can I do for them?" he asked, then, "I know," said Peter. Mr. Blossom had told him to take any toy and, "I'll take her a doll," said Peter. "I can slip it into their house easy, without saying a word, but . . . what doll would she like?" asked Peter.

The toys all held their breath. "What doll would she like?"

"A bride doll," said Abracadabra with a gleam of his eyes.

A bride doll was standing on the counter and Peter went to pick her up, but he must have put his hand on the pin of her price ticket or a wire in the orange-blossom flowers on her dress, for, "Ow!" said Peter and drew back his hand.

Abracadabra looked at Holly. Holly smiled.

"All little girls like baby dolls," said Abracadabra. "Take her a baby doll."

There was one baby doll left. She was in the window; Peter reached to take her out, but the safety pin on the baby doll's bib must have been undone, for, "Ow!" cried Peter and drew back his hand.

"Hsst! T-whoo," said Abracadabra to Holly. Holly smiled.

It was the same with the primrose bridesmaid. "Ow!" cried Peter. The same with the

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Girls' Schools

Kent Place

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS · SUMMIT NEW JERSEY

Since 1894 ■ school of distinctive purpose—to graduate alert, poised girls, well-trained in every respect for college life. Spacious dorm on extensive campus 20 miles from NYC—country and cosmopolitan living. Music, art, dramatics, sports, riding, all activities. Catalog.
Miss Florence A. Wolfe, B.A., M.A., Headmistress

Oak Grove A Friends' School for Girls. Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious, Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Speech. Grades 7–12. Broadening interests of international enrollment. Riding included. Indoor ring. Winter Sports Featured under Experts. Beautiful new fireproof Quadrangle.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Owen, Box 128, Vassalboro, Maine

Junior College

Co-educational, Campus College
Associate In Arts Degree
Terminal and Transfer Courses. Small, friendly, co-ed college near Boston. Athletics. Swimming pool.
W. L. Garner, Pres.
Franklin Mass.
Dean JUNIOR COLLEGE

Boys' Schools

McDonogh A leading preparatory school for boys. Grades 1–12. Accredited. Prepares for all colleges, service academies. Small classes. Individual guidance. Music. Dairy and animal husbandry. Semi-military. Sports. 80 horses; 2 gyms, indoor pool. 835-acre country campus near Baltimore. Est. 1873. Catalog.
Robert L. Lamborn, Ed. D., Box 117, McDonogh, Maryland

New York Military Academy
Develops today's Youth for tomorrow's world by building mind, body, character, leadership. R.O.T.C. Graduates all colleges. Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery. Band scholarships. Grades 1–12. Catalog.
17 Academy Ave., Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY
In Beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Thorough college preparation; fully accredited. Individual guidance. Band. All sports. 2 gyms. Pool. Fine health record. Fireproof buildings. Separate Junior School. Illus. Catalog write Supt. S.M.A. Box J12, Staunton, Va.
BASIC COURSE R.O.T.C. BY U.S. ARMY INSTRUCTORS. Founded 1860

Ohio Military Institute Ohio's only military academy. Brings out the best in your boy. Large faculty—small classes. Upper school certifies to colleges. Lower school for boys 7–11. High, healthful, wooded 52-acre campus. Est. 1832. Sports, music, rifle club. Moderate tuition. Catalog, write: **5571 Belmont Avenue, College Hill, Cincinnati 24, O.**

Home Study School

HIGH SCHOOL at HOME
You can still finish High School—at home, in your spare time. No interference with job, or social life. Win more pay, a better job, social recognition. Take only the subjects you need. Complete lesson and answer service. Personalized instruction. Low cost. Diploma to graduates.
I.C.S. is oldest and largest (257 courses). Write today for 3 free books: (1) 36-page "How to Succeed," (2) sample lesson (Math), (3) Career Catalogue—indicate course desired.
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
SCRANTON 9, PENNA. DEPT. 39112L

Fine & Applied Arts

Ray-Vogue Schools
Fashion Merchandising with Modeling. Dress Design, Fashion Illustration. Interior Decoration, Commercial Art; Photography. Coed. Attractive residence for girls. Enter Jan. 6, Feb. 2. Write Registrar. Room 706. Specify course.
Ray-Vogue Schools, 706 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11

These schools will be glad to send Bulletins and arrange personal interviews. When writing to them mention your specific requirements. For a free booklet listing over 100 academic and vocational schools and children's camps write: **School Advertising, Ladies' Home Journal, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.**



"Christmas! Bah! Humbug!"

The man in the wheel chair leaned into the microphone. "Christmas!" he snarled. "Bah! Humbug!" And, as they had in Christmases past, millions of young listeners chilled at the mental picture of the baleful Scrooge.

It was a Christmas institution, back in the Forties, this annual reading of Charles Dickens' classic. Its reader was something of an institution himself. In his turbulent lifetime he had been an unsuccessful painter but a good amateur second-baseman, a composer whose music was played by the New York Philharmonic, and a model for Frederick Remington.

To most people, though, he was Lionel Barrymore, the actor, and they loved him.

He was both crusty and kindly (he loved reading "A Christmas Carol"), adventurous, stubbornly independent in thought and outlook. And game as they come. Although an accident in 1936 imprisoned him in a wheel chair, he went resolutely on—working in motion pictures and making public appearances for nearly twenty years more.

No question but that Lionel Barrymore was one-of-a-kind. Yet the qualities so richly combined in him exist in a large measure among all the 170 million of us who call ourselves Americans.

They're why we are what we are, why our country is one of the strongest on earth. And why there is no wiser investment than an investment in America—through U. S. Savings Bonds, which guarantee the safety of your savings, up to any amount, and the rate of your return. Start buying Bonds today, through Payroll Savings or where you bank. And hold onto them!

Now Savings Bonds are better than ever! Every Series E Bond purchased since February 1, 1957, pays 3-¼% interest when held to maturity. It earns higher interest in the early years than ever before, and matures in only 8 years and 11 months. Hold your *old* Series E Savings Bonds, too. Remember, they earn more as they get older.

SAFE AS AMERICA . . . U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

rose. "Ow!" and "Here, I'm getting fed up," said Peter. "Who's trying this on?" I do not know what made him look at Abracadabra. Abracadabra's eyes gleamed, but just above Abracadabra, in her place, Peter saw Holly.

"Why, of course! The little red Christmas doll," said Peter. "The very thing!" but as he stepped up to the glass shelf Abracadabra was there.

Peter said that Abracadabra must have toppled, for a toy owl cannot fly, but it seemed for a moment that Abracadabra was right in his face; the green eyes were close, the spread wings, the hooked beak and the claws. Peter let out a cry and hit Abracadabra, who fell on the floor. "Out of my way," cried Peter, and he gave Abracadabra a kick. Then Abracadabra did fly. He went sailing across the shop and landed head down in the rubbish bin.

"Oooh! Aaah!" cried all the toys in terror, but Peter sprang after him and shut the lid down tight.

Then he picked up Holly from the shelf in the window and ran pell-mell to the Joneses'.

When Mr. Jones and Ivy came in Mrs. Jones was in the kitchen turning the sausages. Mr. Jones told Ivy to wait in the hall.

"Merry Christmas," said Mr. Jones to Mrs. Jones and kissed her.

"Merry Christmas," said Mrs. Jones, but she sounded a little sad.

Mr. Jones had a present in his pocket for Mrs. Jones, a little gold brooch. He took it out, unwrapped it and pinned it on her dress. "Oh, how pretty, Albert," said Mrs. Jones, but she still sounded sad.

"I have *another* Christmas present for you," said Mr. Jones, and laughed. "It can walk and talk," said Mr. Jones, and laughed still more and then he brought Ivy in.

When Mrs. Jones saw Ivy she did not laugh; for a moment she stood still, then she dropped the fork and knelt down on the floor and put her hands on Ivy's shoulders. "Oh, Albert!" said Mrs. Jones. "Albert!" She looked at Ivy for a long time and two tears came into her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. Ivy, with her glove, wiped the tears away and the emptiness went out of Ivy and never came back.

"Dearie me!" said Mrs. Jones, getting to her feet. "What am I thinking of? You must have a hot bath at once."

"Breakfast first," said Mr. Jones and Ivy asked, "Couldn't I just see my Christmas tree?"

Mrs. Jones' living room was as bright and clean as it had looked through the window. The fire was warm on Ivy's legs, the table was close to her now, and in the window was the tree, "With a star on the top," whispered Ivy.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same scales.

AESOP

"But why, oh why," Mrs. Jones was saying to Mr. Jones outside the door, "why didn't I buy that little doll?"

"And the shops are shut," whispered Mr. Jones. "We shall have to explain."

Ivy did not hear them. "Red candles!" she was whispering. "Silver crackers! And glass balls!"

She stopped. Mrs. Jones came in and gave a cry. "Well, I'll be danged!" said Mr. Jones, for at the foot of the tree, by the parcel of handkerchiefs, stood Holly.

Though Mrs. Jones was a little young to be a grandmother, she and Mr. Jones adopted Ivy, which means they took her as their own, and of course Holly as well. Miss Shepherd came to visit them and arrange this. "Please tell Barnabas," said Ivy.

Mrs. Jones made Ivy a green dress like Holly's red one, but with a red petticoat and red socks. She made Holly a red coat like Ivy's green one and knitted her a pair of tiny green woolen gloves so that they matched when they went out.

They pass the toyshop often, but there is no Abracadabra.

"Where is the owl?" Mr. Blossom had asked when the shop opened again, and Peter had to say, "I put him in the rubbish bin."

"Good gracious me!" said Mr. Blossom. "Get him out at once," but when they lifted the lid Abracadabra was not there.

"Sir, the dustman must have taken him away," said Peter, standing up stiff and straight.

I do not know if that was true, but Abracadabra was never seen again.

"Never seen again," said the toys. They sounded happy. "Never seen again," and long, long afterward in the toyshop they told tales of Abracadabra.

Sometimes Holly and Ivy meet Crumple, who waves his trunk at them. Once they saw Mallow and Wallow put out on a window sill. They often see Peter and Mr. Blossom; in spite of Abracadabra's disappearance, Mr. Blossom trusts Peter.

"But if you had not found the key," says Peter to Ivy.

"If I had not come to look at Holly," says Ivy.

"If I had not gone to Mr. Jones," says Peter.

"If Mrs. Jones had not bought the Christmas tree," but it goes farther back than that. If Ivy had not slept in the shed . . . if the baker had not lit his oven . . . if Ivy had not got out of the train . . . if Barnabas had not laughed at Ivy . . . if Holly ——

"If I had not wished," says Holly.

I told you in the beginning that it was a story about wishing.

DESERT CHRISTMAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

No visitor is allowed to feel himself a stranger. Not a single Christmas package reached us from home—we had warned against taking a chance in catching up with us—but people we had never met until a few days before dropped by with token gifts: a carton of cigarettes, prettily wrapped; a lovely piece of native handiwork; a box of homemade cookies. And every day there was an invitation: "Please come and see our tree"—and have tea or a bit of lunch, or a welcome American dinner.

Although one can love "strange foreign parts"—and few people more than I—at Christmas one yearns for one's own people and it can be a homesick time. I missed my son and daughter-in-law, and even more my small grandchild. But we celebrated Christmas with other people's children and grandchildren as we would have done with our own.

And now, as the glorious season rolls round again, I find my mind going back to the desert Christmas. I wonder what sweet-faced girl will be this year's Madonna; whether the camels will kneel on schedule or buck obstinately and snort, as they often do, in a most supercilious way; whether the boy shepherds will be able to herd their silly sheep; whether the evening star will come up at exactly the appropriate moment.

And in my ears I hear once again the golden chorus:

"*Joy to the world, the Lord is come!*"

Not once for all time, I think, but over and over, reborn in the heart, reborn in the mind, reborn in the will, ever ready to be received:

"*Let earth receive her King* ——"

and to

"*Make the nations prove,*
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love."

So let us send a message from home across the air, to the Persian Gulf, to far-off homes where the JOURNAL is also read, and to everybody everywhere: the old, homely message—Merry Christmas! END

Printed in U.S.A.